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CALAMITIES AND POLITICS

THE entire country has been shocked by the deaths of ten army aviators in carrying the air mail, but few persons of balanced judgment will take seriously the charges made on the floor of the United States Senate that President Roosevelt is personally responsible for these unfortunate fatalities.

When the air mail accidents continued to mount President Roosevelt manifested great strength of character in calling a temporary suspension in this field of the postal service in order that steps might be taken to reduce the hazards involved. As some sage put it, he is a strong man who will admit his mistakes.

Out of the gruesome experiences of the army's first attempt at carrying the air mail there promises to develop a more efficient, better trained corps of fliers equipped with more trustworthy machines. The air mail episode has served to emphasize the weakness of the army's flying forces and to center attention of their lack of proper equipment and adequate training. These shortcomings doubtless will be corrected in the course of time, due largely to the discussion of the matter which has been brought about by the recent mishaps.

Accusations by Senator Robinson, the Indiana Republican, that the president is guilty of "murder" or "manslaughter" in the deaths of the army fliers are utterly without just foundation and constitute a gross violation of senatorial privilege.

If there was any intention on the administration's part to make political capital out of its expose of the air mail contracts let under a Republican administration and in cancelling these contracts, it has been overshadowed by the patently partisan charges of minority party leaders in Congress who manifestly are endeavoring to "cash in" on a popular wave of human sympathy.

PERMANENT RELIEF

IT IS a fine plan Harry Hopkins, national relief administrator, has outlined for putting families now largely dependent on the government for sustenance on a self-supporting basis.

Addressing relief directors from twelve southern states in Washington Tuesday, Mr. Hopkins advised them to "forget emergencies" and work for permanent relief. That is a step in the right direction. Emergency treatment tends to prolong emergency conditions. Why continue feeding the patient medicine when he needs a major operation?

"It is absurd," the administrator said, "to think of 600,000 families in the country being on relief rolls. We are now taking care of ten per cent of all farm families in America."

He estimated that approximately 120,000 families were on relief rolls in the south. A large proportion of these dependent southern families are tenants on cotton and tobacco farms, where crop production limitations have left many in helpless circumstances, or small farmers working ground which is utterly unfit for agricultural purposes.

In our own county one finds that a large proportion of the families on the relief list are farmers who are attempting to eke an existence from mountain-sides hardly worth tilling. Given a new start on more fertile land, many of these families would be able to live well without assistance.

"First," Mr. Hopkins said, in outlining how the new plan would help the man now receiving relief, "he must have a small tract of land—decent land; then he must have a house—a decent house—in which to live. After that has been done, the government can lend him a mule, a cow, a hog, chickens and, if necessary, provide him some groceries until he becomes self-sustaining."

The plan also contemplates the establishment of small industries which would afford an opportunity for many families living in or near small rural communities an opportunity to earn some cash income. It is to be hoped that the location of small industrial plants in the non-metropolitan areas will be a natural development and that governmental action in this direction will not become necessary.

The next decade may see a surprising change in our economic set-up with even more surprising sociological results. Some industrialists, Henry Ford for instance, already are changing their tactics and spreading out into smaller communities. There their employes are not totally dependent on their wages for a living, for they can have gardens, chickens and cows. The effect is more stable and better satisfied labor.

The government cannot long continue doling out food and clothing to millions of idle people. It not only is a

disastrous drain on the federal treasury, but it also is a practice decidedly deleterious to the people who must depend on such assistance. A few more years of this and we will have on our hands a large class of individuals who will always be dependent. We must not allow this to happen, for it would undermine the very moral fiber of our people.

The Hopkins plan is still in an embryonic stage and any critic can find flaws in it with little difficulty, but it is decidedly a constructive theory and deserves patient, public support. Those who look for its culmination in a few months, or even a few years, will be disappointed, for it will require a long time, probably a decade, to carry out. But once accomplished, the standard of American living will be hoisted one notch higher.

TOURISTS AND RETURNING PROSPERITY

THIS talk of returning prosperity in Florida is not all buncombe. Many skeptical persons may be inclined to discount recent newspaper reports about the wonderful tourist season in the peninsula state; but it is mostly true.

The editor had the pleasure of spending Christmas week in Florida and, although the season was just then getting started, things looked so prosperous that one forgot all about the depression. There was a distinct buoyancy in the atmosphere, and we are not talking altogether about the weather, which of course was fine.

Later visitors to Florida have assured us that this is the best season the state has ever experienced. Things are not like they were in the boom days, of course, but Florida doesn't want another boom. The flow of tourists has been steady and they have left a pretty sum behind them. Despite high tax rates, property again seems to be worth having and trading in real estate has increased perceptibly.

Now, we are not telling all this for the sake of boosting Florida; we are not trying to sell anybody a lot down there. Rather, we are attempting to encourage our folks right here at home. We don't have sand beaches bathed in tropical sunlight; but we do have mountains of unsurpassed beauty. And if we were as enthusiastic about our scenery and climate as Floridians are about theirs, we could attract just as many tourists in the summer as they do in the winter, perhaps more.

If Florida is any barometer, and we believe that it is, times most certainly are getting better, meaning that we should prepare for a heavy influx of visitors next summer. But the visitors can't be expected to discover the advantages we have to offer unless we help them. The time is propitious for some private and public advertising on a large scale. No time should be lost in starting it and Florida is a good place to aim the first broadsides.

DARN THAT PROOFREADER

IF our proofreader were a Methodist, an error in last week's Press-Maconian would not have occurred. In a communication printed in the "Public Opinion" column, W. S. Davis of Highlands warned voters beware in the forthcoming election lest they be hornswoggled into casting their ballots for wet wolves parading in dry sheep skins.

"But mere promises won't do now," the communication read, "they must come in (the fold) like Methodists used to take in members (and here's where the mistake occurred)—on production' x x x x"

Of course, any good Methodist would have known, even though it did take some imagination to read the copy, that what Mr. Davis meant was "on probation."

But "production" and "probation" both carry the same implication—good works—and we trust our error has not caused Mr. Davis' pastor to suspect him of heresy.

BREVITIES—BY E. E. F.

Evil lures only by false promises.
Keep your temper; nobody else wants it.
War never kills the ones who need killing.
Love creates blindness; marriage cures it.
The world is now a safe place for loose talk.
The less one sees of church the more he knocks it.
Describing a filthy book or show only popularizes it.
Marriage between age and youth is disastrous to both parties.
Tell me when he turns in, and I'll tell you how he'll turn out.
Be sure to praise your child as often as you find fault with it.
Strong men have strong features. A doll's features indicate a doll's mind.
"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Right or wrong thinking makes the right or wrong man.
For a limited time God seems to be on the side of the largest purse and the largest cannon, but justice is as certain as it is slow.
Curiosity leads to knowledge.
To keep love you must return it.
The hardest work is dodging work.
The politician has a PROMISING career.
Only one person can defeat you—yourself.
Love grows only as wills bend and minds reflect.
No great achievement without great enthusiasm.
Moses was the meekest man—yes, he was married.
The modern youth seeks diplomas rather than knowledge.
A light heart makes light work; a heavy heart, heavy work.
Worrying is so bad that some folks let their creditors do all of it.
From Confucius: "National prosperity is found in righteousness."
First banquet feature, turkey stuffed with sage; last feature, sages stuffed with turkey.
In practically all sickness, the blood contains an excess of acids, caused chiefly by bread, meat, eggs and condiments.

CHEROKEE LORE

By Margaret R. Siler

INDIAN WIT, AS RECALLED BY LAURA SILER SLAGLE—SOME MORE CHEROKEE WORDS AND PHRASES

INDIANS supposedly have little or no humor, but there are exceptions to the rule. Will Indian, previously mentioned in these articles, was an outstanding exception.

A son of Chief Chuta-sotee, he was well known among the white people of Macon County and enjoyed their respect and friendship. He was a good hunter and taught many of the youngsters in the community how to trap the muskrat, track and kill panthers, bears and other fur-bearing animals. His sense of humor was keen and many of his comments contained a dry wit which was greatly appreciated by his white neighbors.

One day while gathering corn for Albert Siler he informed his employer he would not return to work the following day.

"Going hunting?" Mr. Siler inquired.

"No," answered the Cherokee, "Got to make spoons."

Mr. Siler was surprised. "But you make fifty cents a day working here," he said, "and you can make only about one spoon a day, and perhaps sell it for fifteen cents. Who wants spoons, anyway?"

The Indian's eyes danced mischievously. "Man buy spoons," he explained. "He say he want old Indian relics."

I have often wondered what the collector paid for those "relics" and whether they are now on display in some museum.

One day Will approached the Siler home just as Miss Laura Siler, now Mrs. T. M. Slagle, was calling her small sister, Fannie.

"Will meet Pannie in path," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "She say she gone to Boston."

A little bare-headed, bare-foot girl, but according to Will she was on her way to Boston. The picture was so funny to Laura Siler that she burst into laughter with Will joining in the merriment.

Will was once called to Bryson City to appear as a witness in the trial of a hog-stealing case. He was among strangers and did not care to have anything to do with the case. So he gave the court as much trouble as he could to avoid testifying. He protested he could not speak or understand a word of English and met every question put to him with a blank stare, although he fully understood his inquisitors. After some trouble and expense the court had a Cherokee who understood English brought in to act as an interpreter. Will stuck to his guise and every question asked him had to be interpreted into his own language. After the trial had ended and Will had returned home he took great glee in telling trusted friends how he had played a great joke on the court at Bryson City.

Some years later an unprincipled white man attempted to cheat Will out of his home. The Cherokee went to Albert Siler for advice and the latter promised to help him, saying he would carry the case to Federal Court, if necessary.

Shortly after that "Uncle Rube" Woods met Will Indian and asked him if he had to give up his land.

"No," Will replied. "Albert Siler say white man not get my land. He say damn his soul he take him to Confederate Court."

"Rube" Wood had served in the Confederate army with Albert Siler and he knew him to be an extremely mild-mannered man who had never been known to curse; but "Uncle Rube" was greatly amused at Will's story and took peculiar delight in telling of the incident.

In his later years Will Indian moved to the Cherokee reservation in Swain County. One day when he returned to the Cartoogehaye community in Macon County on a visit an old friend inquired about his two daughters.

"Sallee," Will replied, "he get married. Corneliee, he heap big squaw."

This expression illustrates a unique feature of the Indian language. They almost invariably confuse the male and female genders when speaking in English. Another interesting characteristic is that they also place an adjective after the noun which it modifies.

Following is a list of Cherokee words, as recalled by Mrs. Slagle:

Wau-ka—Cow	"Chees-too" because of his big eyes.)
Sog-will-lee—Horse	San-touch-ee—Panther
Keet-la—Dog	You-nan-tee—Milk
Skee-na—Devil	Stee-gees-tee—Key
Sha-lo-la—Squirrel	Nog wah—I going
Nee-ta—Deer	Ah wah—I willing
How-o-we Nee-ta—Little Deer	Osse-you-sa nar-la—How you this morning?
Yoana—Bear	Osse-you-sa hi-yah—How you this evening?
Yoana-cun-a-heet—Long Bear	Calla-lan-tee—Heaven
Keet-la Cut-tee—Hanging Dog (A township in Cherokee County.)	Car-too nog-a-toola-ha—Bread okees called Will Bryson want I.

An Indian squaw once went to the Siler home and made the request: "Car-too nog-a-toola-ha." Miss Nettie Siler, puzzled at the inverted statement, inquired:

"Why don't you say, 'Ha nog-a-too-la car-too'—I want bread?"

The old squaw, evidently incensed, turned and walked off with her head in the air. She would not touch the bread offered her and never came for more.

(In her next article, Mrs. Siler will tell of the clasped silver hands which were the proud possession of Chief Rabbit.)

Public Opinion

ANOTHER MACONIAN MAKES GOOD

Dear Editor:
After living in Richmond, Va., for some time I learned that a lady from old Macon County, North Carolina, was principal of one of our largest and best schools here, Mrs. J. C. Barrington, formerly Miss Lola Penland.

I met Mrs. Barrington and her husband, who entertained me in their attractive home on Broad Rock Road. I found Mrs. Barrington, quite a popular and busy woman. Besides her school work, which is thoroughly organized and modern in every way, she is secretary of the Virginia Educational Association; treasurer of the Chesterfield County advisory board; chairman of the Business and Professional Woman's Circle; departmental superintendent of her Sunday school; chairman of the board of deaconesses in her church; a member of the Eastern Star; young peoples director, and quite active in the social life of her community.

Mr. Barrington, who recently died, also was a "tar heel" and was quite a prominent business man.

Macon county can well afford to be proud of her contribution to the different parts of our country by sending out such noble citizens as Mrs. Barrington and many others.

Five of my happiest years were spent in Macon county and in all my experience I have never found a more loyal, hospitable people. It does my heart good to come in contact with them.

"Doc" Whitten.
Richmond, Va.
March 1, 1934.

FOOLISH FANCIES

BY ROY L. GRIFFIN
Of N. C. Camp F-9
Civilian Conservation Corps

NOW, listen hyah, lady friends, don't think too badly of me for what I'm going to say. I've just gotta get it off my mind, somehow. Being that I'm out here at camp with only two hundred men, I figure that the best medium for saying the little "sax" which I'm going to say is through this column. Huh? Well, to get back on the not aforesaid subject, I'll say that the thing I'm trying to get out is a few words about that hip-flippin', torso-tossing, shady lady, Mae West. I'm 'no' movie critic, understand, but show me one man out of a dozen that can resist that nerve-wracking "Come up 'n see me sometime." (I often wonder what upper floor she struts in.)

From the way the Macon theatre was packed last Monday night, I think it would pay our friend Mr. Lyle to grab everyone of her pictures as soon as they are released.

I'm hoping that "ye olde columnist" will find himself a smaller edition Mae West in the near future. Huh?

Did you know—that "Cowboy" Owens is very much talented in drawing? That one-third of the boys in camp spend half their time in the recreation hall shooting pool? That "Nigger" Young has an unequalled past? That he can also down five bottles of pop (the contents, I mean) as fast as Yours Truly can open them? That there are more "Georges" in camp than any other name? That Ed Harris does more work trying to get out of work than he actually does working? That Lewis Hargrett's middle name is Bernard? (Isn't it lovely?) That while I'm on the subject, Mrs. Griffin's Roy was named Lee before he was old enough to object?

I wonder who the Franklin girls are who wrote a poem about several C. C. boys, and mailed it out to camp. I can't criticize. In fact, it was extraordinarily good.

I'm no poet, but I am fairly good at repeating. So gals, here's your answer:
Here they stand upon a stump,
Come and kiss them before they jump.

Musings of a canteen clerk—
I would that I would never see another canteen check. . . . They're more trouble than I've ever seen in my trouble-full life. . . . I also would that I were a duck this kind of weather. . . . My favorite pun—Annie doesn't live here Annie move. . . . Sorry, but th' old canteen clerk is sorta muse-less to-day. . . . Bye.

GROW LEGUME SEED

Enos Blair says North Carolina farmers, now seriously handicapped by an insufficiency of legumes, could easily increase legume production by 1,000,000 acres in the next few years by growing their own seed. It is hard to get enough good seed from outsiders and the high prices prevent many from purchasing as much as they need.