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and

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### Death on the Highway

WHILE the year's tally of automobile deaths is not yet complete, the figures already available make it clear that the record of 1936 is higher than that of 1935. About 37,000 persons were killed in motor accidents in the twelve months. This brings the total number of persons killed in America by motor cars, in the 15 years since records began to be kept, up to above 425,000. That is more by half than all of the Americans who have been killed in all our wars from the Revolution down to the World War. The motor car has become the nation's deadliest weapon. With 2,000,000 more cars on the roads, we may expect even more highway deaths in 1937.

Those who have given this subject the closest study agree that the blame for most of these motor killings lies not with the car or the road, but with the driver. There are still twenty states in which no license is required to drive a car; in many others, the examination of drivers for licenses is so perfunctory that possession of a driver's license is no proof that its owner is a good driver.

The most dangerous place to drive is on a wide, well-paved highway on a clear day. That is where and when motorists get careless. Sunday is the most dangerous day in the week, Wednesday the safest. Twice as many persons are killed by cars between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening as between 7 and 8 in the morning.

The motor death rate in the cities is coming down, by reason of better lighting, more effective traffic control, and better enforcement of the traffic laws. The rate is going up in the country. It would take more money than the taxpayers would stand for to light and police a million miles of highway.

The solution of the problem would seem to be the better education of drivers, not so much in the art of driving but in what might be called "motor manners." If every driver behaved on the road with the same consideration for others that he shows elsewhere, the toll of motor murders might be greatly reduced.—Selected.

### Good Men are Scarce

EVERY once in a while somebody's name will be mentioned and everybody present will say: "He's a good man." But how often are most of us moved to pay that tribute to one of our fellow citizens?

The truth is that good men are scarce. Good men, that is, in the sense of being first-rate workmen at their trades or professions, honest and upright, in all their dealings with others, independent and self-reliant, industrious and sober. The highest tribute one man can pay to another is to say "He's a good man."

Of how many in any community can that be said? How many farmers are really good farmers? How many workers in any trade can be relied upon to do an honest day's work, and do everything as well as it can be done?

From all over the country the complaint is heard that good men are scarce. Industrialists are saying that there is a real shortage of competent workers, in spite of all the talk about unemployment. Good men are seldom unemployed and never for long.

Public attention has been directed in these recent years to the plight of those who, for one reason or another, have not been able to earn a living. It might be a good idea to pay a little attention to the good men who have got along without calling for help. They are the "forgotten men." Maybe there are a lot more of them than we realize. They are not heard from so loudly as are the second-raters and the no-goods.—Selected.

## Reviewing 1936

by A. B. CHAPIN



# BRUCE BARTON Says:



### YES, BLESSED—AND EASIER

It is customary for all writers and speakers to do something particularly sweet and tender about Christmas—and quite properly so. At no other time of year does so much of the goodness of human nature come to the surface. Stern, repressed people open up; lonely people emerge from their seclusion into waiting companionship; the miserly develop a streak of semi-generosity; the hearts of the multitude of fathers and mothers are lighted with a brighter glow of affection for the youngsters; laughter and friendliness and good fellowship seem to be everywhere.

But there is also another side to the picture. The very happiness of the fortunate is a more acute reminder of how unevenly the good things of life are passed around. On those who already have too much are showered a profusion of gifts and gadgets, while those who have too little are made only more keenly aware of their lack.

At the risk of sounding a sour note I venture to remind the fortunate members of my congregation that they are fortunate, and that they ought cheerfully and gratefully to undertake whatever responsibilities that fact involves. If you are called upon to give to those less lucky; if you are supporting some relatives who have had a tough break, for heaven's sake don't grumble or think you are abused.

A friend of mine, wise in years and experience, has a private pension list as long as your arm of poor relatives, ex-employees, and beaten folk of every sort. I saw him the other day in the act of drawing his Christmas checks. He shook his head. "Takes a lot of dough," he said, "but one thing I know: I'd a lot rather be on the giving end than on the receiving end."

It is said in the Book from which Christmas takes its name that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is also easier.

### SOME MERIT IN LOBBY

You might think the annual report of the Corporation Counsel of the City of New York would be a dull document, but my friend Paul Windels has made it a truly fasci-

nating story of public service. The following paragraph in it, however, made me stop, look and listen.

"The chief function of the legislative division continues to be a determined and continued opposition to the host of bills introduced each year (at Albany) which are inimical to the best interests of the City of New York."

This means that the City of New York's chief law officer conceives it as part of his duty to see that "lobbying" is continuously and effectively carried on in the interests of his bosses, the tax-payers. He is absolutely right, of course.

Then why isn't the officer of an industrial corporation equally right in considering that he has a duty to present to members of the legislature or Congress the arguments against any piece of legislation which threatens the interests of his bosses, the stockholders?

Once, for a period of a week, I myself was a "lobbyist." A certain measure was proposed which would have been harmful to the publishing business, and a group of us went to Washington.

One Senator said: "You gentlemen do us a service by coming down here. So many thousand bills are introduced that we cannot possibly know about all of them. The only way we can prevent an unintentional injury is through getting the facts from the people who would be hurt."

Legislators are the servants of the people, not their bosses. Even "a cat may look at a king"—and even a tax-payer ought to have a right to look at and talk to a Senator.

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### Lake Emory

By LUTHER ANDERSON

The Christmas season has come and gone with about the usual celebration and performances, some appropriate, some inappropriate. Judging by accidents on highways and by what one could see in passing, the drunken revelry was up to normal. Say, worshippers of Bacchus, why not choose some other than the Christmas season for your Bacchanalia? All Fools Day, for instance? Why treat the example and teachings of Jesus with con-

tempt by bowing the knee to the god of wine, yet seemingly in celebration of the birth of the lowly Nazarene?

Miss Mildred Moore is spending the week with friends at Sylva.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Johnson, of Asheville, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Z. D. Buchanan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Higdon spent Christmas with the family of Mr. Davis Dean at Etna.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Sanders and son, of Canton, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Downs.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Davis and children, accompanied by Ruth and James Downs and Mrs. Eva Robinson, of Canton, visited relatives here Saturday.

Lon Thompson and brother, Jesse Thompson, visited their homes here during the Christmas season. They have returned to work at Charleston, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Smith and daughter, of Sylva, spent Christmas here with relatives.

Robert Sanders, of Canton, is spending some time with his father and other relatives here.

Billy Buchanan, of Copper Hill, Tenn., spent several days with his father, Uncle Ben Buchanan, of upper Watauga.

Miss Emma Hyatt has returned to Western Carolina Teachers college after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hyatt.

Arthur Mincy and J. R. Berry each lost a cow Monday. Dr. West, veterinarian, pronounced it a case of poison. A small quantity of arsenical powder left over from bean spraying last summer had been accidentally spilled where cows could reach it—the only cause that could be found. Farmers should use care with these poisonous sprays.

### RABBIT CREEK

We are glad to report an increase in our population by the moving of Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Pendergras and family into our community.

Harold Cabe spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cabe.

Miss Evelyn Kinsland and Miss Esther Seay, from W. C. T. C., spent the holidays here.

Wayne Franklin, who is attending N. C. State college, spent the holidays at home.

The Lake Emory staff was almost disorganized during the Christmas season. But as school bells ring again we expect to get going once more. And to those who read this column we express our usual wish: May the coming year be the worst you ever shall see and the best you ever have seen.