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and

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This newspaper invites its readers to express their opinions on matters of public interest through its columns. The Press-Maconian is independent in its policies and is glad to print both sides of any question. Letters to the editor should be written legibly on only one side of the paper and should be of reasonable length. The editor reserves the right to reject letters which are too long, are of small general interest or which would violate the sensibilities of our readers.

Our Oceans and Our Navy

IN 1922 delegates from the principal nations of the world met in Washington and agreed to limit their navies until January 1, 1937. Again, in 1936, the United States, France and Great Britain signed a naval treaty limiting the size of guns on naval vessels to 14-inch caliber. That treaty also expired on January 1.

Now the great sea-powers are again engaged in a race for naval superiority. Japan is starting to build 38 naval craft, four of them huge battleships with 16-inch guns. The United States has 83 new naval craft planned, two of them big battleships with 16-inch guns. Great Britain's new navy program contemplates 99 new ships, Italy is planning 66, France 43 and Germany 39.

Someone once defined the word "peace" as meaning "the interval between wars," and that seems to fit present conditions.

Naval authorities in this country are urging an even greater and faster program of warship construction. Ever since the Panama Canal was opened we have been on a "one-navy" basis,—because our ships can be moved so quickly from one coast to the other. Now there are beginning to be doubts as to whether that is a safe policy.

The recent earthquake in Central America was much too close to Panama to be pleasant. All of that region is volcanic, and it would not take much of a 'quake to block the Canal. Our navy, which is mostly in the Pacific, based on San Diego, would have to steam around South America to get into the Atlantic in a hurry if the canal were choked up. Enough more ships to provide two navies, one for each coast, and a second interocean canal, across Nicaragua, are what the big navy people are now calling for.

Whatever the cost, such a program would be cheaper than war.—Selected.

This Cockeyed World

THE people of Germany have been put on short rations because of the shortage of Germany's 1936 wheat crop.

American farmers have sowed the largest acreage on record to winter wheat, with a prospect of a bumper crop of 600 million bushels or more. Unfortunately, however, Germany's international political policies are such as to make it difficult, if not impossible, for the people of that great nation to obtain sufficient supplies of wheat from this country, or for the farmers of America to sell their surplus to them.

The wheat shortage in Germany is so acute that the sale of fresh bread has been prohibited by the government. Bread must be at least one day old. This is expected to reduce bread consumption, since people will not eat as much stale bread as they would of fresh bread. Thus 60 million people are made to suffer because their government seeks to be self-contained and rigidly restricts the importation of even food supplies from other countries.

It would be a different picture if Germany were "broke." But while its people are on short rations, the Hitler government goes ahead with preparations for war on a tremendous scale.

This is indeed a cockeyed world in which we live.—Selected.

He's On His Way

—by A. B. CHAPIN



BRUCE BARTON Says:



OUR PRAYERS ANSWERED

A lady from Kansas sends a very personal question: "Have you," she asks, "ever known of any instance of the efficiency of prayer?" The answer is, Yes. And this is the story.

Years ago when Dr. William Doodell Frost left Oberlin College to take the presidency of the struggling little college at Berea, Kentucky, his friends thought he had made a mistake.

The buildings were old and dilapidated. There were plenty of debts, and no income. In addition to his scholastic duties he was expected to beg for funds to meet expenses. Full of courage, he journeyed up to Cincinnati and called upon the pastor of the leading Protestant Church.

"Will you invite some of the generous people of your city to a meeting and let me tell them about the needs of the mountains?" Frost asked.

"Oh, no," replied the pastor. "I couldn't think of that?"

"Will you let me preach in your pulpit Sunday morning?"

"No. We have a positive rule that the Sunday morning service is never to be devoted to any charitable appeal."

Frost persisted. "Will you let me speak Sunday evening?" Again the preacher refused. "How about the Wednesday evening prayer meeting?" "No."

"My brother, since you can do nothing to help us, will you join me in prayer for your church and your ministry?"

The pastor could not refuse. Down on their knees they went together, and Frost proceeded to send up to the Pearly Gates not only a prayer for the church but a most eloquent and moving presentation of the needs of the Kentucky mountaineers and to the little college.

When the prayer was finished the preacher's eyes were full. "You must come to my church Sunday morning. My people must hear you."

he had some important information. "They are going to put the market up in the next few weeks," he said.

"Who are they?" I asked him.

He looked at me scornfully, as though I ought to be ashamed to confess such ignorance. "Why they," he answered, "are the big shots, the insiders, the international bankers, the interests."

"Oh, I said, and thanked him and I went on my way.

When I graduated from college I had a great deal of awe of the interests, and at that period they were indeed pretty powerful. Important corporations were comparatively few. Their stock was controlled by a compact group of men who, could often make or break the market.

But times have changed. Corporations are enormous; shares are scattered among millions. They, the interests, are not what they used to be.

One time I served on a civic committee, most of whose members were bankers. The executive secretary was a bright young college graduate. He said to me: "I don't have to worry; when this job is over these big bankers will take care of me."

Well, the job was over, and I told him: "You are going to have a great shock as to the power of these men. They may control millions, but one thing they can't do is to get you a job.

It turned out as I predicted. The young man finally secured a job, but not by any help of the bankers. In the last analysis, who are they?"

I'll tell you. You and I are they. We run things. A business may have millions of capital, big plants, and huge sales forces. But if you and I do not like its product, all these huge assets are merely liabilities.

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HOLLAND (PA)—Dr. de Hass, University of Leyden, succeeded in recording a temperature only one-fifth thousandth of a degree above Absolute Zero—minus 459.6 degrees Fahrenheit.

Lake Emory

By LUTHER ANDERSON
RAINFALL FOR NEW YEAR OFF WITH GOOD START

December rainfall amounted to 7.30 inches. The year 1936 totaled 64.10 inches. Comparative figures for Franklin are not available, but this is 14 inches above the state's average for the past 47 years. Franklin's rainfall for 1934 was 49.32 inches; for 1935, 39.32 inches. The year 1937 is off to a good start with 3.08 inches for the first three days.

Records are being kept at several points in Macon county. If these records were available for publication in The Press each month, it would not only prove interesting, it would be surprising to see the difference in rainfall at places only a few miles apart.

Miss Pauline Reid has returned to the Dorland Bell School at Hot Springs, after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Reid. Pauline has a rating of "A" on every subject so far this year—her usual record.

Frank Jones, CCC enrollee at Barnardsville, has returned to camp after a few days at home.

Everett Sanders, another of our CCC boys who was located near Fort Bragg, is at home and will not return to camp because of ill health.

Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Ford, of Georgia, have been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Z. D. Buchanan.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gibson, of Cowee, were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Downs.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Shytte have returned home after spending several months at Marion, N. C.

Warren Guest spent the holidays with his parents here, and has returned to Gastonia.

Mr. and Mrs. Wade Buchanan have returned to their home in Atlanta after a brief visit with the former's father, "Uncle" Ben Buchanan.

J. R. Berry, miller and miner, seems likely to become the champion hog grower. He has marketed hogs to the amount of over \$300 this season. Mr. Berry deals in feeds, but finds it much more profitable to turn the feed into pork at present prices.

DALLAS, TEXAS (PA)—The price of imported Chinese tung oil, now being produced in six southern states, fluctuated from five cents a pound in 1933 to more than 40 cents in 1935.

EVERYBODY RULES ANYBODY

A man stopped me to say that