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Try Again, Mr. Allen

WRITING about politics in Ohio, Robert Allen, Washington columnist, the other day made a remark that typifies the thinking of a great many persons who call themselves liberals. Referring to the Ohio congressional races, in one of which Rep. Mike Kirwan is the Democratic nominee, Mr. Allen said:

"Kirwan, running for his seventh consecutive term, is a militant liberal".

And then Columnist Allen explained:

"He has a 100 per cent pro-labor and pro-administration voting record."

So a 1950 liberal is one who invariably favors labor-sponsored measures and the Truman program? And liberalism is a mere matter of group and party loyalty?

We wonder . . .

What is liberalism, any way? Isn't it a deep and burning conviction that men should be free? And isn't a liberal one who consistently favors the greatest freedom, for the greatest number? And can a genuine liberal confine his efforts to measures in behalf of a single group, or his loyalties to a single party?

Liberalism seeks freedom, and freedom for all. And a true liberal easily may be found opposing, today, the extreme application of the very program he favored and called "liberal", yesterday. For not infrequently what started out as a liberal program develops into one that pinches freedom's toes. That is why a genuine liberal appears, politically, so unstable, and why liberal parties usually are so short-lived.

Your 100 per cent liberal could never support all the measures advocated by a single economic group, because some of those measures are sure to interfere with somebody else's freedom. And your 100 per cent liberal could never vote 100 per cent with any party, because all parties ultimately tend to subvert freedom to party advantage.

An honest liberal's devotion is to all the people, and his loyalty is to freedom, for all.

With Coupons, Too

"And now for a word from our sponsor." Well, that "a word" is the trouble of it all. For, true to form, five minutes and two thousand words later those syrup-voiced announcers are just beginning to warm up.

It's no wonder that it is a world for neurotics, and the cause lies with that "a word" . . . Individuals are no longer individuals, they are slaves to the radio commercial. Announcers' words sear their souls and pocketbooks, taunting, even forcing them to buy the sponsor's product. Fear enters into it, too. "If you don't use it" your neighbors will laugh up their sleeves, dogs will shun you, you will be ostracized by all . . . Yes, an outcast in the modern world.

"Mothers! Attention! Think of your child's health . . . are you thinking?" Good . . . Imagine little Rollo, emaciated, a shell of his former self, only because you, mothers, refused to feed him Rancid Reubin's Red Rhubarb, the only vegetable in the world with a built-in automatic swallower for reluctant children."

That's the way they usually go. Mother just won't look in proper form unless she wears one of Gruesome Grieselda's Glamor Girdles, and Junior is shunned, or will be shunned, by the girls because, preserving some of his individuality, he downright refuses to use that sensational new underarm deodorant for men, that counteracts that "fresh-dainty" odor of ordinary deodorants, and replaces it with that "manly" smell.

And Father? Why, he just wouldn't be able to go to work in the morning unless he devoured a bowl of that delicious Cream of Sawdust. Without it, the announcer warns, father may become irritable and grouchy, and might even blow the top of his head off or something.

And Sis just must read Mouldy Malcomb's Movie Mag which gives the inside tips on how to snag a man, and what all of the male movie idols are doing, and what all of them want in a woman, in addition to their just being a woman.

And on and on it goes, every day something new

has been added or taken away . . . all other brands of cigarettes except Old Bootlace use alfalfa instead of tobacco . . . and be sure to get the genuine article . . . the original wrapped in a circus tent with 1900 coupons glued to the back . . .

Yes indeed, 'tis a world for the psychiatrists . . . and no wonder!

He Deserves It

Cynics among the newspaper fraternity in Asheville, a bit fed up with that city's emphasis on its ideal tourist weather, used to assert that the Asheville Weather Bureau had two places for its thermometer—just over the furnace, in winter, and under an electric fan, in summer.

Nobody really believed that, of course, but it made a good news room gag.

Now the Los Angeles Weather Bureau actually comes out with one that would make the Asheville story, even if the latter were true, a piker by comparison.

Admitting a 104-degree downtown temperature in Los Angeles one day last week, the Los Angeles Weatherman blames it all on Florida—an unusual "six-day flow of Florida air" and a "Florida sky pattern" are responsible, he asserts.

That, we submit, is one for the book.

And we respectfully suggest to Californians that the Los Angeles Weatherman has won the right to election as an honorary life member of the California Chamber of Commerce!

Reminder To Candidates

The attention of party organizations and candidates is called to the policy of The Press, under which this newspaper accepts no political advertising for the last issue before an election.

Only two more issues of The Press will be published prior to the general election November 7, the issue of October 19, for which political advertising will be accepted, and that of October 26, which will carry no political advertising.

Letters

A NAME FOR OPERATION ROOM

Editor, The Press and Maconian:

It seems to me that it would be most fitting for the emergency operating room of the Highlands hospital to be dedicated to the memory of the late Dr. Hays, a young surgeon who once did some splendid work in and around Highlands (Dr. Hays, by the way, was the husband of the late Mrs. Mable Hays, and Miss Eva Cleveland's brother-in-law).

Many times I have heard of an operation performed by this doctor, which I think is a good example of not only of his work, but of the work of all the doctors who have served in the past and are now serving Macon County. Work that only men of courage and resourcefulness can do. Work done by men who are free to follow their own initiative and who take more "second-mile" steps to relieve suffering humanity than any other group of men, including the ministers of the gospel.

This operation was a major operation and an emergency. It had to be done "then and there". The late Dr. Rideout, also of Highlands and a sick man himself at the time, was drafted to administer the chloroform. Neighbors and members of the patient's family were detailed to hold the patient on the kitchen table, which had been placed near the room's one small window.

When the operation was well under way, members of the family, who were assisting, became hysterical and wanted to call it all off. They desisted, but the young doctor, just out of medical school, carried on under these conditions. The operation was entirely successful.

CORA TALLEY.

Route 2,  
Franklin, N. C.

Others' Opinions

HARSH OLD DAYS

A quip in one of the current magazines was to the effect that at least "grandmother didn't have to defrost the old spring house." Grandfather didn't have to pay electric bills either, but somebody in the household had the "smelly" job of cleaning and filling the old oil lamps and keeping their wicks trimmed. When we speak of the "good old days" we are apt to recall the pleasant things they gave us and forget the unpleasant details and discomforts of life in the yester-year. —Morganton News-Herald

BUT WE WILL

We hope that we shall not have carried on during world war two to see again the silly practices when air raid wardens were required to run about over inland towns and cities ordering lights out, nor do we want to see the blackouts in inland towns and cities. There was never any danger of enemy bombings or attacks on small inland towns the last war, towns in which there were located no war-producing plants. But we had the blackouts and all the emergency precautions, whereas if the enemy had chosen to bomb the vast expanses of the United States, he'd have had a heck of time pinpointing any certain spot unless mayhap some large war-producing center of vital rail head or large seaport.—Asheboro Courier-Tribune.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST

A union representing 2400 employees of the John Wanamaker department store in New York, is spending thousands of dollars to place newspaper advertising for the store, mailing 10,000 letters telling of the store's advantages, sponsoring an essay contest. All this for bettering economic conditions where they work. By furthering business they feel they are keeping jobs secure. It is a bright picture of labor and management and adds to our hope that cooperation between union members and the employer will find another "Wanamaker Plan." To keep the position, to keep wages up, both employer and employee must prosper.

Another side of the picture comes with a speech by secretary-treasurer of another union, before a rally of leftist union leaders. The pro-Communist union official said: "We say that any worker who sits down with employers to speed production is merely working himself out of a job. And since when do we care about employers?" Who is to gain, who is to lose, who follow the leaders? You know the reaction, for past history has pointed the way.—McDowell News.

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

NOAH HAD A WORD FOR IT

WHEN NOAH WEBSTER, IN 1828, PUBLISHED THE FIRST AMERICAN DICTIONARY, HE GAVE POWER AND AUTHORITY TO A COMMON LANGUAGE IN A COUNTRY WHOSE PEOPLE CAME FROM MANY LANDS.



NOAH WEBSTER—1756-1843

HIS LEXICON WAS A SOURCE OF EDUCATION AND A FORCE FOR NATIONAL UNITY.

NOAH WEBSTER'S WORK—AND THAT OF OTHER SCHOLARS AND EDUCATORS INSPIRED BY AMERICAN IDEALS—HAS BEEN POTENT IN THE FUSION OF MANY RACES INTO A NATION THAT LEARNS AND TEACHES ITS DEMOCRACY IN A COMMON TONGUE.

MEN OF THE SOIL

When looking at the really wonderful farm products exhibited at our recent Western North Carolina Fair I thought about all the people who worked, most of them from sun up to sun down, to make the exhibits possible, the men of the soil. When we buy fruits and vegetables and farm products we merely take it for granted that these things are ready for our use. People in the city drink their milk, eat their eggs, bread and other products of the soil little thinking of the long hours and hard labor that was experienced to make it possible for them to enjoy these things.

Mostly men of the soil are God fearing men. They live close to the world of nature. They live clean, healthy lives and are intelligent citizens. They keep well informed, now more than ever, through the radio and efficient distribution of news and reading matter. The late Will Rogers said that when he lectured in the city his jokes which were mostly about public men and current events would often fall dead but when he told the same jokes out in "the sticks" he always got a laugh, the people knew what he was talking about and appreciated his wit. They keep abreast of the problems that are uppermost in the world. They do their own thinking and have hours alone in the fields when they can digest what they have read and heard. They do not have the many things to distract them that city people have.—Mrs. J. C. Sales in Western North Carolina Tribune.

'WHAT HAST THOU . . . ?'

The rush to hoard commodities likely to become scarce in time of war too seldom extends to those treasures which "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt." If some measure of the effort put into material preparedness were diverted into building up mental resources, mankind could become much surer of victory over the forces threatening national and individual security and world civilization.

Once in a while evidence of genuine civilization comes to light. The truly civilized store up the kind of rations which no foe can confiscate. The Belgian physicist Cosyns, remembered for his balloon exploration of the stratosphere with Professor Picard, furnishes the inspiring example.

During World II he was sentenced to death by the Gestapo, and while awaiting execution was confined for a whole year in a completely dark cell. His sentence was, it appears, commuted to a term at Belsen, which he survived.

Lt. Col. Vladimir Peniakoff, writing in a recent issue of the English magazine Time and Tide, quotes Cosyns as saying, apropos of the solitary confinement: "For 12 months I found I had enough material within me to keep my mind busy and productive. It was not an unfruitful time, nor an unhappy one. Toward the end, however, I began to feel the need of a reference library."

How many of us are storing up "enough material" to keep us "busy and productive" through a year's investigation of our thoughts? Or to meet even the normal day-by-day demands of the fight for individual freedom and world peace? Or to state the question as the individual must put it to himself: "Am I?" —Christian Science Monitor.

ADOPTS 77 CHILDREN

The Rev. John Vogel of Corbin, Ky., is taking a cue from Tommy Tucker to help support his 77 children.

They're his foster children, all young orphans of foundlings from the Kentucky mountain regions near Corbin that he and his wife have officially adopted as their own.

Mr. Vogel, his wife and daughter, brought eight of the girls up from Corbin to sing as a choir at churches in Grand Rapids, Mich., and incidentally, to obtain free will collections that will help support the family he acquired quite by accident.

It started 11 years ago while Mr. Vogel was preaching to his backwoods congregation. A postcard plea from a father asking the pastor to take care of his illegitimate son resulted in the Vogels' first foster child. The word spread through the hills and soon he had 11 youngsters in his tiny mountain cabin.

So he put a one-dollar down payment on a nine-acre tract of land, 14 miles by mule train in the mountains from Corbin. "prayed to God" and went to work.

Friendly mountaineers lent a helping hand to build cozy cabins to serve as dormitories, dining room, kitchen, and classrooms. They were paid in used clothing, contributed from Illinois relatives and fellow classmates at the Moody Bible Institute.

Any foster son or daughter can leave Vogel's Gallian Children's Home at the age of 18, but to date only two boys have left. Two of the girls have joined "the staff" as teachers and are helping care for the younger children. Besides regular schooling, the children get "on-the-job" training in such fields as gardening, sewing, and manual training.

Mr. Vogel stopped off in Grand Rapids because he and his wife met while students at Calvin College there and because there are a lot of places to sing.

But he wanted the reporter to get one thing clear.

"None of the children are available for adoption to outsiders. We're a family—not temporary residents of an institution."

—Religious News Service.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

**NORTH CAROLINA  
MACON COUNTY**  
Under and by virtue of the power of sale vested in the undersigned trustee by deed of trust executed by Herman Evans and wife Ava Love Evans, dated October 27, 1948, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, in Book of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust No. 42, page 367, said deed of trust having been executed to secure certain indebtedness therein set forth, and default in the payment of said indebtedness having been made, I will, on Monday, the 30th day of October, 1950, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Court house door in Franklin, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described land:

In Franklin Township, Macon County, N. C., BEGINNING at a stake in George Guest's line; runs Northeast with George Guest's line, 100 feet to Clint Ledford's corner; thence North with Clint Ledford's line 310 feet to a stake; Clint Ledford's and Walt Prater's corner; thence West 100 feet to a stake; thence Southwest to the BEGINNING, containing one-half acre, more or less.

Also the right of way described in a deed from Charles S. Love and wife Julia Love, to Avia Love Evans, said deed bearing date of 27 October, 1948.

This 27th day of September, 1950.

GILMER A. JONES, Trustee  
O5-4tc-O26

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of Estena G. Bidwell, deceased, late of Macon County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 8th day of September, 1951, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 8th day of September, 1950.

W. N. SLOAN, Executor  
S14-6tp-O19

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator C. T. A. of W. J. West, deceased, late of Macon County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 20 day of September, 1951, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 20 day of September, 1950.

EMLY WEST,  
Administrator, C.T.A.  
S21-4tc-O26

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of E. C. Wood, deceased, late of Macon County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 11th day of September, 1951, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 11th day of September, 1950.

H. S. TALLEY,  
Administrator.  
S14-6tp-O19

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of M. J. Talley, deceased, late of Macon County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 12th day of September, 1951, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 12th day of September, 1950.

HERMAN L. TALLEY,  
Executor  
S14-6tp-O19

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear husband and father, James T. Vinson, Sr., who departed this life two years ago, October 8, 1948:

Our Hearts are filled with sorrow,  
Our Eyes are filled with tears,  
God only knows how much we miss you,  
At the end of Two Long Years.

—Wife, Daughters, Sons.

TAXI

and Trucking Service

L. B. Roper

Phone No. 232