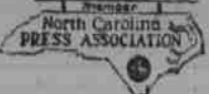


The Franklin Press

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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Obituary notices, cards of thanks, tributes of respect, by individuals, lodges, churches, organizations or societies, will be regarded as advertising and inserted at regular classified advertising rates. Such notices will be marked "adv." in compliance with the postal regulations.

The press invites its readers to express their opinions through its columns and each week it plans to carry letters to the Editor on its editorial page. This newspaper 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. Of course, the editor reserves the right to reject letters which are too long or violate one's better sensibilities.

JUDGING A JUDGE

In a court trial there is an ever-present possibility of a guilty person escaping conviction and punishment. Technicalities can be turned to advantage by adroit attorneys; the human sympathies of jurors may be cleverly molded in behalf of the defendant; delays almost without end can frequently be effected so as to thwart the ends of justice. The laws are so written and the customs of the courts so formed, lest an innocent person be misjudged.

But former Judge John H. Harwood, of Bryson City, knowing full well that some "shadow of a doubt" might arise to save him, refused to take advantage of any such possibility. He must have known that he had hundreds of friends who were inclined to trust him implicitly, preferring to believe him a victim of unfortunate circumstance. Familiar with the human errors of juries and cognizant of the loopholes of the law, he certainly could have seen some ray of hope for acquittal.

Notwithstanding, Judge Harwood bravely faced the grim eventuality of prison and loss of reputation, and pleaded guilty to mutilating state's records in an effort to save his only daughter, Lola G. Harwood, from conviction of embezzlement of state's funds.

It is not difficult to understand a fond parent's momentary aberration in a vain effort to preserve the good name of his child. Such an act, of course, should not be condoned; but Judge Harwood deserved sympathy even in this avert violation of the law he was sworn to uphold. Now his moral strength self-asserted, he warrants admiration and respect.

John H. Harwood no longer is a judge; he has even been disbarred from the practice of law in North Carolina. Now he is Prisoner No. 26-979 at the State Prison; but though he wears felon's stripes instead of the bench's toga he still retains his high ideals of justice and devotion to principle.

A REAL LOSS TO MACON COUNTY

The people of Franklin and Macon County, especially those living in the Cartoogechaye community, will suffer a sincere feeling of loss in the closing of Maxwell Farm Home for boys and the separation from this work of the Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Crockett.

For Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Slagle, who gave the property for Maxwell as a memorial to a deceased son, the decision of the Asheville Presbytery to close this institution must have been a great disappointment; but they have the faith to sustain it.

We will all miss the well-mannered, bright-faced youngsters who have found a real home at Maxwell. They are a fine bunch of boys—good students in the public schools, appreciative of what was being done for them and willing to do their share of work on the Maxwell farm. We hope they will be happy in their new surroundings at Mountain Orphanage, Black Mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. Crockett have won the respect and love not only of the boys over whom they had supervision but also of their neighbors on Cartoogechaye and hosts of other individuals in Franklin. To them: Best wishes for the future and an ability to forget frustrated efforts so that they may continue their earnest enthusiasm in new fields.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT

We realize it's attempting the impossible when we try to convince our readers that times are getting better, with corn still selling at forty cents a bushel and few buyers at that; but there really are some indications of a silver lining to the dark clouds to which we have become so accustomed. Scan this report of industrial activity from the Carolinas Department of Crum and Forster:

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Asheville Hosiery Mills announce business past four weeks the best in the mill's history. Now operating 24 hours per day.

MARION, N. C.—Local hosiery mills running day and night—2,500 men and women given steady employment.

WARE SHOALS, S. C.—New construction program of Ware Shoals Manufacturing Company totals \$250,000. Resumed operations giving 300 men employment.

WILMINGTON, N. C.—American cotton exports for the season of April 8th amounted to \$7,000,000 as compared with \$5,700,000 corresponding period last season.

GASTONIA, N. C.—Textiles, Incorporated, have orders insuring sixteen weeks full time operations.

HICKORY, N. C.—Southern Desk Company operating on a full time basis for the first time in six months.

WAYNESVILLE, N. C.—Jumaluska Tannery resumed full operations.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Many of the closed banks in the state report bright prospects of reopening, among them the United Bank of Greensboro, N. C.

ALEXANDER, VA.—Ford Motor Company, it is reported, will erect million dollar assembly plant. Locally, The Franklin Press can report:

Merchants are more optimistic than they have been in months.

An announcement is expected soon which will interest those possessing non-metallic mineral properties. From

present indications, it will mean profitable employment for a number of persons.

Macon County farmers are working harder than they have in years.

Summer is drawing near and Franklin, in all likelihood, will attract more visitors than last year or the year before, because city folk will want to go where the climate is cool and cheap rather than to resorts where the society is fancy and the rates exorbitant.

The Ritter Lumber company at Rainbow Springs has resumed operations, though not on a full volume basis.

One can live more cheaply now than at any period since pre-war days.

LAST BUT NOT LEAST, The Franklin Press is back on a six-page basis!

Across the Nantahalas and Through the Smokies

BY C. C. POINDEXTER

The Editor of The Press has asked me to give my impression of the Nantahala and Great Smoky mountains taken through a five-day hike I took over them last week. I am forced to meet this request with the confession that my linguistic proclivities are not highly enough developed even to begin such an expression. And, on the other hand, words can never express the feelings one has on such a trip. The best I can do is give a rambling sketch of the trip and some of the things I saw.

Route Traveled

Friday morning, April 8, at 7:55 we (my brother Woodrow, Dennis Ghormley, myself, Quarterback and Fred, the latter two names being those of our dogs) left home on the head of Iotla creek with three packs filled with camping supplies. Our path led up to the top of the mountain where we struck the government trail that leads from Franklin to Wayah Bald. Following this trail over peaks and through gaps, we arrived on top of Wayah Bald at 12:25 where we had lunch. After a delay of some hours due to rain, we continued our trek along the Government trail to the Dock Barnard camp on Gold Pit. Here we took up camp for the night.

Saturday morning at 7 o'clock we set out on a tramp that carried us around the trail through Burnington Gap, over Burnington, Tellico and Wesser Balds, down Wesser creek to highway No. 10, down said highway and Nantahala river to Almond, and hence down the railway and Tennessee river to a point below Judson, where we camped beneath the stars and some pine trees.

Sunday morning at 8:40 we hit the road again, following the highway and railway down the Tennessee river and up the Tuckasee river to Forney creek. Here we headed upstream along a path that had been converted from a logging railroad to a good automobile road. Sunday night found us camping at the foot of the Great Smokies in an old cabin that had at one time housed a lumberman and his family.

Monday morning we shouldered our packs at 7:35 and climbed up Huggins creek to the top of the Great Smoky divide between North Carolina and Tennessee. On account of a heavy fog that made scenic visibility impossible we made a "forced landing" at a cabin just down from the main divide on the Tennessee side. We spent the afternoon and night in this little cabin, with the wind and a snow storm raging outside.

Tuesday morning at 6:35 we broke camp and set out, through two inches of snow and a cold north wind, on a jaunt that proved to be the longest and most interesting of the whole trip. We climbed to the main divide, hung our packs on a tree and went around the top about a mile to Siler's Bald. Then we reversed our course to take up our packs again. This was the only retracing we did on the whole journey. Our path led around the main divide between North Carolina and Tennessee to Clingman's Dome, the goal we had set our minds on four days before. From Clingman's Dome we headed down the divide between Forney and Noland creeks, crossing Andie's Bald. After four hours of hiking, we turned off on Laurel branch, a tributary of Noland's creek. We followed Laurel branch to Noland creek and Noland creek to Tuckasee river. We had left the Smokies behind and were heading for home.

After crossing the river on a swinging bridge, we followed a short-cut across the hills to State highway No. 10, between Almond and Bryson City, up said highway to the intersection with the Bryson City-Franklin highway and of this highway to Lost Bridge on the Tennessee river, about ten miles below Franklin. We crossed Lost Bridge and headed up Burnington creek. After following this stream for several miles, we crossed Parrish mountain to the head of Iotla creek. Just as the hands of the clock indicated 4:30 Wednesday morning, we stumbled in through the door

at home, rolled into bed and fell asleep. We had been away five days and nights and had traveled more than 125 miles.

Variety

Someone has said that variety is the spice of life and, if this is true we sure had a spicy trip. There was variety galore on every turn. The weather range ran from warm spring sun through fog, rain, wind and cold to two inches of snow. The paths of travel varied from none at all to foot paths, horseback trails, wagon roads, automobile roads, railroads and paved state highways. We stepped over branches, waded creeks, crossed rivers on bridges, trestles and swinging bridges. We crossed all the mountains we came to except one and we went through it by way of a railway tunnel. We saw streams of every shape, form and flavor, ranging from the sparkling Double Springs on top of Smoky down brooks, over rapids and waterfalls to creeks and rivers. We saw many species of birds and animals, from butterflies, snowbirds, mountain boomers, squirrels, hawks, ravens, pheasants, groundhogs, and a red fox to a large turkey gobbler. The variety in plant life was even greater, making it impossible to even begin to name the various types, but we saw most anything from mountain lamps to ivy slicks and balsam jungles. There was such variety in scenic views that I dare not even mention them.

Sights for Sore Eyes

We saw many sights that would be a sure cure for any pair of sore eyes, but would be hard on a weak heart. There were times when we saw the mountains covered with fog until you could not see the tops of the trees. At times we were in the sunlight above the clouds and again we were in the clouds with sunshine below. For anyone romantically inclined there was a beautiful new moon shining down upon the Tennessee River. There were times when all we could see was mountains, mountains everywhere, with not even a hint of civilization. The sight that I treasure most was a sunrise on the Great Smoky mountains covered with spruce and balsam trees and two inches of snow. Here was nature with its Sunday clothes on and to really appreciate it you must see it because it cannot be described, and, if it could, there would still be lacking the thrill of being in the midst of God's great out-of-doors. I asked myself with the poet in the 8th Psalm: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Here was convincing proof that where man stops nature and God really begin.

Believe It Or Not

We encountered many things that would be material for Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column. Probably the best occurred on the head of Forney creek where we caught a groundhog in one room of an old lumberman's home, cooked it and ate it in another room, not more than six feet away! We saw many places along the North Carolina-Tennessee divide where the mountain top was so sharp that you could sit with one foot hanging off in North Carolina and the other in Tennessee.

The National Park

We scarcely touched the region included in the Great Smoky Mountains National park, but what little we did see was enough to convince me that, when the park is developed and made accessible by the horseback and automobile, it will be the most alluring spot in eastern United States. It is so near the great center of population, and on the North-South route of travel, that there will be an endless flow of tourist travel through it all the year round. This will mean that the people of Western North Carolina will have a market for their farm products, as even tourists must eat.

In conclusion let me say that reading my rambles has probably been a bore to you, but I'll wager my bottom dollar that you'll get unforgettable thrills and a new outlook on life from a trip across the Nantahalas and through the Smokies.

By PERCY CROSBY

When There's a Boy In the Family.



The Case of Frances Silver

Dear Mr. Editor:

It seems as if many of our people are very much interested in the "Case of Frances Silver."

I shall relate the whole story as I have and know it.

Later I am going to relate the story of Nancy Kerlee, who placed little Roberta Putnam in the rocky cave on the Ad Tate Knob, near Delwood.

I hope you will find time and space in your valuable paper for them.

Yours respectfully,
Edith Crispe.

Franklin, N. C.
April 11, 1932.

THE CASE OF FRANCES SILVER

One of the most brutal murders ever committed in North Carolina was conceived, planned and executed by a woman, one Frances Silver, of Burke county, who killed and burned her husband, Charles Silver. The crime was done one night seventy years ago in a lonely mountain cabin on Toe river in the presence of a two-year-old child, while the victim lay asleep by his own fireside. The murderer was tried, convicted and hanged, being one of the first women executed on the gallows in this country.

Mr. Alfred Silver, half-brother of the murdered man, is living today on Curtis creek, four miles north-west of the town of Old Fort, McDowell county. He will be eighty-seven years old the fifteenth of November. He remembers the details of the case as well as if the crime had been committed last month.

Charles Silver, about the year 1832, was strong, healthy, good-looking and agreeable. He had lots of friends and everybody liked him. He was pretty much of a hunter, and it was Christmas—just his time for hunting. The ground was covered with snow and the river frozen hard. His wife, contending that he would be off soon on a hunt, urged him to cut enough wood to do all the week.

He fell in with his ax and cut up a whole hickory tree and shocked it so that it would keep dry and clean. Being tired and sleepy after the labor of chopping, he lay down on the floor close by the fire, with his little girl in his arms, and went to sleep. His head rested on an inverted stool for a pillow. Frances gently took the baby from his breast, put it in the bed, picked up the ax from the door where she had placed it for the purpose, and whacked her husband's head nearly off at a single blow. The first lick, however, did not kill him instantly, for he sprang to his feet and cried: "God bless the child!"

His wife fled to the bed and covered up till she heard Charles fall, and then jumped up and finished the job with a second blow. But the most inhuman part of the atrocious deed was to come. The woman went to work, cut the body

into small pieces and burned it bit by bit through the entire night, much wood being consumed in destroying the body. The dog house and the door steps went up in the effort to keep a roaring fire. It is believed that her mother and youngest brother helped to dispose of the body. In fact, she confessed as much to a woman who called on her in jail.

Frances went out early the next morning, stopped where her husband's step-mother and her girls were washing for Christmas and remarked: "You are hard at it early."

The step-mother said, "yes." Frances replied: "I've been at it myself ever since before day." She stated that Charles had gone up the river to George Young's. That same evening Frances went back to the home of Charles' step-mother and reported that Charles had not returned. She said she had expected him back earlier. The older woman noticed that Frances was a bit nervous, but thought it was on account of the absence of Charles. Frances said she would go down to her father's home, three-quarters of a mile away, if some of the boys would attend to the feeding of the cow, explaining that Charles had fed her that morning.

Charles didn't show up the next day, or the day following. Then Frances told her neighbors that, as he had remained away so long, she did not care whether he ever came back or not. She then left and went to live with her father.

After several days had passed and nothing had been heard of Charles, the alarm was given. The word was put out all through the mountains. No track or trace of him could be found. The river was searched, for some thought he might have gone through the ice. His father was greatly stirred up about it and was ready to do anything; so when he heard of an old negro over in Tennessee who had a kind of a conjure ball that told things, he set out on horseback to see him. He brought the ball back with him and hung it up like a pendulum marking off the points of the compass. The ball didn't seem to point away from the home of Charles Silver. Again he tried the ball and it indicated that the body had been found.

An old man by the name of Jack Collis thought it wise to look around the house. He went about the yard and cabin, probing with a walking cane. In stirring the ashes in the fireplace, he found some bits of bones, which caused him to say:

"There are too many bits of bones in this fireplace and the ashes are too greasy!"

A small piece of rock taken from the ashes was put into water to see if any grease bubbles would rise. They did in great plenty. It had been discovered that fresh ashes had been poured in a hole near the spring and pieces of bone and flesh were found there. After

this evidence was found, a jury was summoned and an inquest held, and Frances Silver was arrested. A more thorough investigation about the place revealed substantial proof. On the ground under the house, beneath a dark spot on the floor, a circle of blood as large as a hog's liver was found and the walls were spotted. There could be no doubt, Charles had been murdered and his body burned.

Frances was tried at Morganton about the third court after she killed Charles. She got out of jail, dressed in a man's clothing, and escaped into the country, following the wagon of her uncle.

The sheriff of the county, discovering that Frances had fled, hurried on her trail and overtook her seven miles out of town. He rode up close and said: "Frances." She turned and answered: "I thank you, Sir; my name is Tommy."

"Yes," her uncle put in, "her name is Tommy," thus giving her away.

Frances Silver returned to her cell and on the appointed day, July 12, 1833, in the presence of a great throng of people, was hanged.

An increase of 30 bushels of corn an acre by the simple expedient growing lespedeza on poor land is the interesting result reported by B. G. Jeffries of Burlington, Alamance county.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTICE OF SALE

North Carolina, Macon County. Whereas, power of sale was vested in the undersigned trustee by deed of trust from Fred Henderson and Annie May Henderson, his wife, to R. S. Jones, Trustee, dated April 13, 1931, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Mortgage Book 31, page 433, to secure the payment of \$100.00 payable to Walter Ledford; and whereas, default has been made in the payment of said amount and the owner of said note having requested the undersigned trustee to exercise the power of sale vested in him by said deed of trust;

I will therefore, by virtue of the power of sale by said deed of trust in the vested, on Monday, the 23rd day of May, 1932, at 12:00 o'clock noon sell at the courthouse door in Franklin, North Carolina, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described property:

Adjoining the lands of Jess Sanders on the North, Robert Stamey on the East, and South Charlie Sanders and Marion Thomas on the West. Being fully described in a deed from J. B. Addington heirs to Fred Henderson, to which reference is hereby made for a full description of said land. Containing 65 acres more or less. This 21st day of April, 1932.

R. S. JONES, Trustee.
A21-40-RSJ-M12