

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press
At Franklin, North Carolina
Telephone No. 24

VOL. LII Number 13

Mrs. J. W. C. Johnson and B. W. Johnson.....Publishers
P. F. Callahan.....Managing Editor
C. P. Cabe.....Advertising Manager
Mrs. C. P. Cabe.....Business Manager

Entered at the Post Office, Franklin, N. C., as second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year	\$1.50
Six Months75
Eight Months	\$1.00
Single Copy05

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 New Individualism

ON the last day of his vacation at Warm Springs, Georgia, President Roosevelt took time to travel over miles of red clay roads to visit a little resettlement project where nearly 200 "relief" families from the city are trying to build a new life on its soil—10,000 acres of valley land divided up into small tracts which marks the beginning of a new community.

Between the unfinished community house and school house the President halted his car and talked in his friendly way to these people. Deeply significant was this sentence, "I am happy that the work the government is helping in is going so well. But the government can't make it succeed. It is up to you to do that, from the oldest down to the youngest baby."

Here, to this little group of poor and outwardly unimportant people the basic need of individual effort and thrift is stressed. The government, engaged at last in aiding the lowliest citizen in a practical way, can't make him succeed. "It is up to you," the President tells the children and their parents.

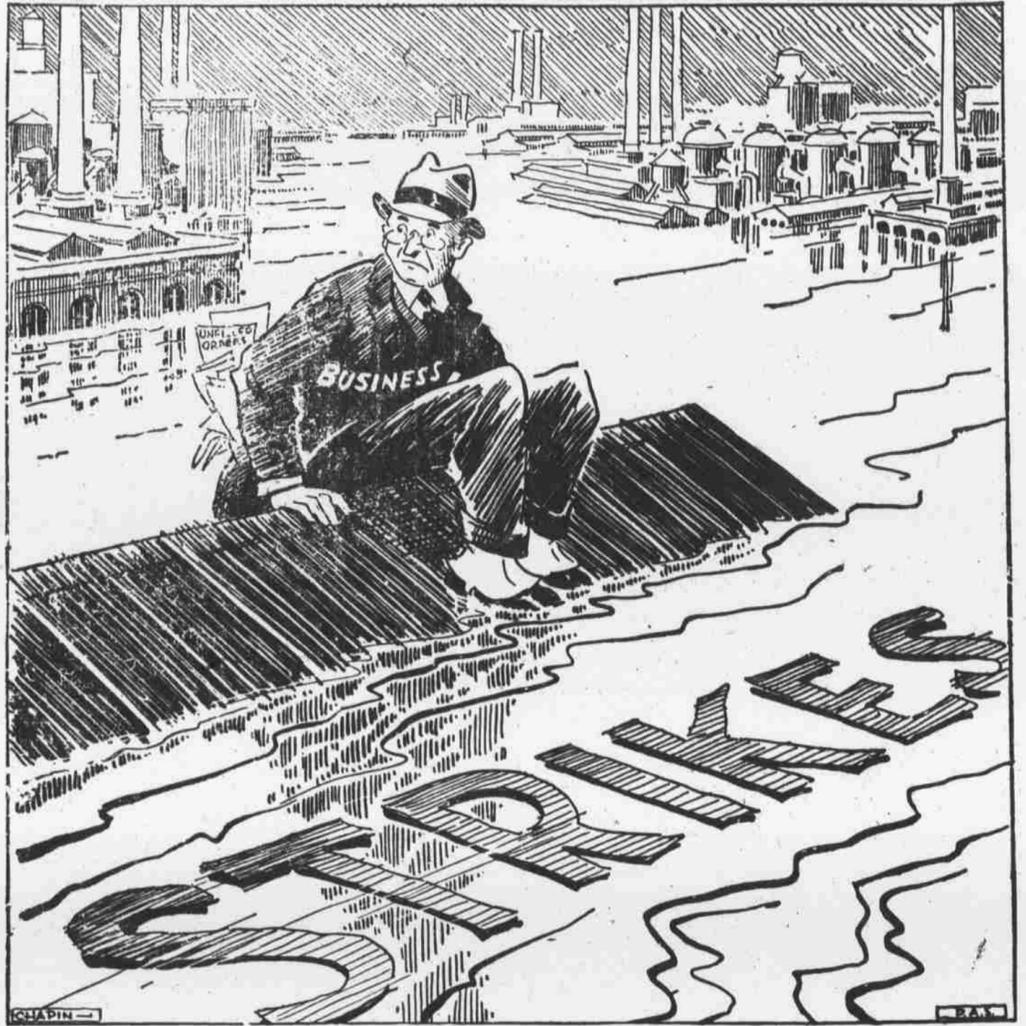
Criticism, both just and unjust, has not been spared this Administration's efforts in the newly created field of relief. Especially has there gone up to high heaven the wail of the "rugged individualists" that the spirit of independence is being destroyed by a too tender-hearted government. But there begins to emerge a new attitude of mind—and, shall we say, heart?—towards relief. When a new administration suddenly decided not to let a million or so Americans starve, the nation was launched on a brand new "good neighbor" policy that was not accepted with good grace by many of the strong who found themselves being required by the majority to bear the infirmities of the weak. But now this human welfare interest is being accepted as a definite policy and there are being stated certain principles to guide the government in wise direction from the evils of private charity and public dole. Government projects are being planned "to stimulate all industry and open new opportunities; work of permanent social and economic value . . . that is useful, productive, efficient, that develops the individual that is able to do it efficiently."

Government has traveled a long way in recognition of responsibility for every individual citizen. But this does not invite an attitude of dependence on the part of any citizen. Surely there was never a time when the challenge to individual initiative was greater, or wider opportunity offered to the individual who develops a trained capacity for his job.

Too many of us have the false idea that the government is something over us, an outside power from which we can get something or demand something. This idea has been fostered by individualism that encases itself in a rugged defence armor for selfish purposes. The new kind of individualism that we hope to see emerge is one that will be permeated with the new spirit that is operating in government, that desires to share in the success of the great cooperative project that belongs to us all as citizens of the United States of America.

Perhaps out of little new communities, like this one in Georgia, born of weakness and poverty, may grow the new individualism that we sorely need to approach a true democracy.

Another Flood Victim — by A. B. CHAPIN



Work To Start On Paving Walhalla-Highlands Road

Definite assurance that work will start in the next few weeks toward the paving of the Georgia section of the Walhalla-Highlands road has been given by officials of the forest service who stated that they had allocated \$28,465 out of their 1936-37 fund for the purpose of improving the road.

This fund will be matched with an equal amount which will be appropriated by the State of Georgia, making a total of \$56,930 for the use of this road. It is indicated that this is a sufficient amount to complete surface-treatment of the Georgia part of this road, an eight mile sector which has given travelers so much trouble in recent years. Officials of the forest service further stated that the state of Georgia is proceeding now with plans to let the contract on this

work and it was indicated that work should get under way sometime during the spring.

The Georgia sector of this road was graded and improved several months ago but recent efforts to get it surfaced-treated have been to no avail until the forest service stepped in and took charge. They held they can do this work because this sector traverses their national forest. It has been learned also that steps are being taken by the North Carolina highway department to improve the part of this road which runs through North Carolina.

When all this work is completed a surfaced-road will be available from Walhalla to Highlands and will open for the general public a section of national forest which abounds in beauty, game and fish.

exist. We do not realize that change is the one unchanging fact in the universe; that because a situation is so today is the one sure reason why it will not be so tomorrow.

In these depression periods we question everything. We probe with doubts. We react. And the reaction is beneficent.

For twenty-five years we worshipped "scientific progress." Now we wonder whether a lot of this so-called progress did not consist merely of filling up the world and speeding it up. We begin to wonder whether less things and more thinking may not lead to the happier life.

In education we have been devoted to the practical, to training men and women to do things. We are swinging back to the old fashioned idea that education is an enrichment of the spirit and not a filling of the brain.

In government we have multiplied laws and bureaus and taxes. Now the worm is turning. The taxpayer rebels; government must simplify, deflate.

We had a great period of misdirected idealism, a passion for educating everybody, "improving" everything, enlightening the world. Now we are beginning to suspect that the older civilizations have fully as much to teach us as we have to teach them.

Action and reaction, ebb and flow, trial and error, change—this is the rhythm of living. Out of our over-confidence, fear; out of our fear, clearer vision, fresh hope. And out of hope—progress. (Copyright, K. F. S.)

BRUCE BARTON Soap



WINDOW DRESSING DUMMIES

On my first business job it was necessary for me to call one day at the office of a bankrupt company which had sold in small units all over the country.

Its literature had followed the familiar pattern, pointing out how much you would be worth if you invested one dollar in telephone stock in 1895, or if Ford had asked you to lend him a nickel in 1900.

Perhaps the officers were irresponsible rather than deliberately crooked. They were sure that their enterprise was destined to make fortunes for every one associated with it, and they backed their judgment with their own money. But that did not mitigate the sufferings of the people who crowded the office on the day of my call.

A school teacher; a dentist; many men whose gnarled hands and bent backs were eloquent of heavy burdens. They wept; they cursed; they threatened, but it did no good. Not one of them ever recovered a cent.

Walking away from all that tragedy, I resolved never to be asso-

ciated with any company which financed itself by selling stocks to the public, not even if Andrew Mellon were president and J. P. Morgan the sales manager.

In England most boards are made up of the men actually conducting the business. Once a year the chairman has to stand up before the stockholders and answer questions about every detail of the operations.

In this country the habit of being a director is a piece of business vanity. A man with a lot of directorships after his name thinks of himself as a "big shot."

RHYTHM

The greatest impression that experience has made on me is a fresh realization of the rhythm of human existence. The race does not move in a straight line forward and up, much as we should like to think so. It swings.

It swings too far to the left, bumps its nose, and swings back, too far to the right. In the course of these great swings it edges forward.

But most of us fail to sense the rhythm. We are looking for a fixedness, a finality which does not

James R. Ledford Dies In Easley, S. C.

James R. Ledford, 75, formerly of Macon county, died at his home in Easley, S. C., on March 18. Mr. Ledford was for a long time a resident of this county and has visited here many times since moving to South Carolina. Many of the older people, especially around Prentiss, will remember him and will regret to learn of his death.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our friends for the many acts of kindness, love and sympathy in the sickness and death of our beloved husband, father, son and brother, Julian Waldroop, and for so many beautiful flowers.

Mrs. Julian Waldroop and Boys
Mrs. Mary Waldroop and John Lyle Waldroop
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore and Family
Mr. and Mrs. Larry S. Waldroop