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and

The Highlands Maconian

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MYTHS OF THE CHEROKEES

The information necessary for the following article was obtained from the complete and exhaustive papers prepared by James Mooney for the Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution and contained in part I of the report of that bureau for years 1897-1898.

THE DELUGE

THE Cherokees, like all other primitive people, had a flood story similar in many respects to the story of the flood as told in the Bible. The following Cherokee myth was related to Schoolcraft in 1848 by an old Cherokee named Stand Watie and the same story was told to James Mooney in 1890 by James Wafford who heard it from his grandmother nearly 80 years before:

"A long time ago a man had a dog which began to go down to the river every day and look at the water and howl. At last the man was angry and scolded the dog, which then spoke to him and said: 'Very soon there is going to be a great freshet and the water will come so high that everybody will be drowned; but if you make a raft to get upon when the rain comes you can be saved, but you must first throw me into the water.' The man did not believe it, and the dog said: 'If you want a sign that I speak the truth, look at the back of my neck.' He looked and saw that the dog's neck had the skin worn off so that the bones stuck out.

"Then he believed the dog and began to build a raft. Soon the rain came and he took his family and plenty of provisions and they all got upon it. It rained for a long time, and the water rose until the mountains were covered and all the people in the world were drowned. Then the rain stopped and the waters went down again, until at last it was safe to come off the raft. Now there was no one alive but the man and his family, but one day they heard a sound of dancing and shouting on the other side of the ridge. The man climbed to the top and looked over; everything was still, but all along the valley he saw great piles of bones of the people who had been drowned, and then he knew the ghosts had been dancing."

THE SPIRIT DEFENDERS OF NIKWASI

The following myth deals with the town of Nikwasi which stood where Franklin now stands, and with the mound with which the people of this section are all familiar. The story was related to Mooney by Ayunini, "Swimmer," a priest, doctor and keeper of tradition of the Cherokees:

"Long ago a powerful unknown tribe invaded the country from the southeast, killing people and destroying settlements wherever they went. No leader could stand against them, and in a little while they had wasted all the lower settlements and advanced into the mountains. The warriors of the old town of Nikwasi, on the head of the Little Tennessee, gathered their wives and children into the townhouse and kept scouts constantly on the lookout for the presence of danger. One morning just before daybreak the scouts saw the enemy approaching and at once gave the alarm. The Nikwasi men seized their arms and rushed out to meet the attack, but after a long, hard fight they found themselves overpowered and began to retreat, when suddenly a stranger stood among them and shouted to the chief to call off his men and he himself would drive off the enemy. From the dress and language of the stranger the Nikwasi people thought him a chief who had come with reinforcements from the Overhill settlements in Tennessee. They fell back along

the trail, and as they came near the townhouse they saw a great company of warriors coming out from the side of the mound as through an open doorway. Then they knew that their friends were the Nunnehi, the Immortals, although no one had ever heard that they lived under Nikwasi mound.

"The Nunnehi poured out by hundreds, armed and painted for the fight, and the most curious thing about it all was that they became invisible as soon as they were fairly outside the settlement, so that although the enemy saw the glancing arrow or the rushing tomahawk, and felt the stroke, he could not see who sent it. Before such invisible foes the invaders soon had to retreat, first going south along the ridge to where joins the main ridge which separates the French Broad from the Tuckasegee, and then turning with it to the northeast. As they retreated they tried to shield themselves behind rocks and trees, but the Nunnehi warriors sent arrows around the rocks and killed them from the other side, and they could find no hiding place. All along the ridge they fell, until when they reached the head of Tuckasegee not more than half a dozen were still alive, and in despair they sat down and cried out for mercy. Ever since then the Cherokees have called the place Dayulsunyi, "place where they cried." Then the Nunnehi chief told them they had deserved their punishment for attacking a peaceful tribe, and he spared their lives and told them to go home and take the news to their people. This was the Indian custom, always to spare a few to carry back news of the defeat. They went home toward the north and the Nunnehi went back to the mound.

"And they are still there because, in the civil war, when a strong force of Federals came to surprise a handful of Confederate troops posted there they saw so many soldiers guarding the town that they were afraid and went away without making an attack."

Home Demonstration Club News

BY MRS. T. J. O'NEIL

Macon County Home Demonstration Agent

MY TRIP TO RALEIGH

By MRS. ROBERT RAMSEY

The 34th annual session of the North Carolina farmers' and farm women's convention was held at State College of Agriculture and Engineering from August 2 to 6. The theme used through the week was "Building a Richer Rural Life." I left home August 1 about 8 a. m. and reached Raleigh at 9 p. m. We were met by Mrs. Willis, our new district agent, who welcomed us to the convention. This convention was an inspiration from beginning to end. Farmers and farmwomen attended from almost every county in the state. Some of the subjects for women were, foods and nutrition, food conservation and marketing, clothing, home beautification, poultry and dairy and many others.

I wanted to know more about poultry, so I attended classes under C. F. Parrish and C. J. Maupin, extension poultrymen, State college; R. S. Dearstyn, professor, poultry department, State college. I saw a white leghorn hen on exhibit that had laid 1,159 eggs in five years. I also visited State poultry farm where this hen was raised, and saw a demonstration of how to cull hens and equipment needed in raising and trapping poultry. The flocks of birds found on the State farm were beautiful and of a high egg production.

On Tuesday, August 3, I attended tea for women at the Governor's mansion, given by Mrs. Clyde R. Hoey, the delightful lady who has made herself famous and beloved by all the farm women who heard the great speech she made August 5 at the 16th annual meeting of the North Carolina federation of home demonstration clubs, on the subject, "Building a Richer Rural Life." At the mansion, after passing through the receiving line headed by Mrs. Hoey and the federation club officers and ended by meeting Miss Isabella Hoey, lovely daughter of Governor and Mrs. Hoey, we entered the dining room and were served with tea and wafers, then we were allowed to pass through the bedrooms occupied by the Governor, Mrs. Hoey and Miss Isabella and guest rooms and then out the side entrance, and then I said to our guide, "Are we not to see the Governor at home?" And as the door opened to let us pass out, Hon. Clyde R. Hoey, smiling, and with a hearty hand shake, said,

"So glad to have you all visit us. June last week I had as my guests 900 4-H club boys and girls."

In the Governor's bedroom on a table close by was a Bible, and from his speech on "Building a Richer Rural Life," I know he uses his Bible. If all our leaders in the nation would use their Bibles as a guide our nation would be stable.

On Wednesday afternoon we were taken on a sight-seeing tour to Duke university. We were ushered into the beautiful stone chapel and given a bulletin of the Duke university views on two campuses. On being seated we were told that special music would be rendered by the organist for the entertainment of farmers and farm women present. After the music we were requested to remain on the steps outside the chapel for a photograph of the group on the tour, then we were to remain on the campus until we heard the chimes from the tower which contains a carillon of 50 bells. As I sat in that magnificent chapel and as the organ sounded the notes of the "Old Rugged Cross," I was made to feel and say, "This is Holy ground on which we tread." Passing on to the university of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, we were welcomed by those in charge, who served us punch, under the historic Davie poplar tree in the heart of the campus, and were told about the beginning, and shown through the buildings of the great university of today.

Thursday afternoon we were taken on a tour to the state penitentiary, and as this was visiting day, we were permitted to pass through the big iron gate through the hall with offices on each side into dining hall and kitchen where great quantities of food was being prepared for the evening meal. We visited the cell department, and out by the gas chamber. A sad scene indeed, but commendable to those in charge, as every thing was in a sanitary condition. The lawn was beautiful. Our next stop was at Dix Hill state hospital. We were permitted to pass through, with directions to keep quiet, and not to speak to the patients as we passed their neat bedrooms. Doors open, patients standing or sitting, some sewing. All was peace and calm within this hospital where the unfortunate people of the state are so well provided for. One lady asked me where I lived. I said, "Macon county, up in the mountains." She said, "I would be afraid I would fall down a mountain." I told her that "Up in Macon people

grow so strong that if they fall down they are able to get up."

Many thanks to my home agent, Mrs. O'Neil, for making possible this trip.

Letter-Press

OPPOSES CUTTING OF SHADE TREES

Editor of the Franklin Press:

The proposal has been made that Franklin ought to cut down the shade trees on its streets in the interests of "progress."

As a loyal resident (even if only for a few weeks in the summer), a property-owner, and a tax-payer, I wish to register my emphatic objection to this alleged "improvement."

At Williamsburg, Va., John D. Rockefeller has spent millions restoring that village's colonial charm. A considerable share of this money went for trees, flowers, and shrubbery. Many trees were transplanted at great expense. But it was a wise investment as Mr. Rockefeller and his staff of experts well know. In New York the city is spending great sums to plant trees in the all-too-few parks—to relieve the monotony of brick, steel, concrete, and macadam.

Highlands and Linville, to mention Carolina communities, owe much of their success in attracting tourists to the verdant, unspoiled trees and shrubbery for which they are justly famous.

Franklin has a large tourist and summer visitor business—and wants more. Will shadeless sidewalks, deserts of concrete, bring more summer people? Or cool, leafy avenues that delight the eye, even as they refresh the soul? The question answers itself.

It would be a sad blow to Franklin if one tree is cut down. Instead, more trees should be set out in the interests both of beauty and of financial gain.

Anyone advocating the removal of Franklin's trees is stealing one of its priceless natural assets, and driving away future visitors. If such persons have no consideration for the pocketbooks of their fellow citizens, or the beauty of our town, they should emigrate to more congenial surroundings. The State prison at Raleigh, I understand, has no trees whatsoever. Just, lovely steel and concrete.

Yours very truly,

James R. Daniels.

Lake Emory

By MRS. J. R. BERRY

Mrs. George Clouse and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Clouse, of Gastonia, are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Lee Crawford.

Rev. John Brendle preached Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sanders. Rev. Brendle's sermon was delivered especially for Aunt Harriet Sanders, as we all call her. Aunt Harriet will celebrate her 98th birthday next month.

Jack Buchanan, from Waynesville, spent Sunday night with Mr. and Mrs. Z. D. Buchanan.

Lon Thompson was called from New York to Murphy last week where he will be employed to help build the Hiwassee dam.

Mrs. Flora Davis and husband from Canton, and Yonce Downs, from Virginia, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Downs and other relatives here Sunday.

Weymer Mincey is spending a week at Cullowhee with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brendle.

Tent Show Here

Saturday, August 28

The Heffner-Vinson Players, the greatest show on earth of its kind, will play for one night only in Franklin Saturday, August 28. The world's most beautiful tent theatre will be located on Curb Market lot on Main street. This is a new show for Franklin, but an organized show for 19 years. A show of the highest type, the company consists of 50 people.

A bevy of beautiful girls, gorgeously costumed, an eight piece orchestra and a full acting cast. A three-act comedy-drama featuring "Jimmie" Heffner, the South's favorite comedian, will be enjoyed by all. High class vaudeville acts will be a feature, featuring Miss Betty Noble in her routine of acrobatic and contortion stunts. Bring the family out for one grand and glorious night of hilarious fun and laughter. Three thousand seats. Doors open at 7 p. m. Show starts at 8 o'clock.