

The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian

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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.

"Beyond The Clouds"

LAST Sunday the Rev. Dr. Stokes of the Franklin Methodist church preached a timely sermon that brought home to his congregation the world-wide sweep of the world's travail, and a suffering God, pitying his children, "Like as a father pitieth, so pitieth the Lord His children."

The appeal of this pastor's message is one that deserves to be carried to many others who did not hear it. We are giving to our readers as much as our space will permit. The sermon opened with this quotation from Robert Browning:

It's wiser being good than bad;
It's safer being meek than fierce;
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass round be fetched;
That what began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst.

In our self-centeredness and self-satisfaction we had assumed that the world was getting along quite well enough—at least our world was. There were clouds over Ethiopia, but who cared about Haile Salassie and his black tribesmen of Africa! What difference did it make that this single remaining free territory of the Dark Continent was losing its freedom! Somehow those guns and those planes and those desperately fighting peoples were too far away. We didn't see their clouds.

There were clouds over China, too. Some of us foolishly believed with the Japanese that it was an incident. And somehow it did not appear alarming that out of this incident 50 million people and more left their homes before the invaders and began a thousand-mile journey up swift rivers and across rugged mountains to the security—yes, and to the starvation—of the West. Somehow it did not seem significant that thousands upon thousands perished in the bombing raids over Shanghai and Nanking and Hankow and Canton and Chungking! All that mattered was the safety of a handful of Americans. As long as our skies were clear we saw no clouds. Somehow it did not matter that soldiers looted homes and made mockery of the purity of womanhood. Somehow it did not appear of much moment that silk stockings, and scrap metal from our back yards, and aviation gasoline from our oil refineries were contributing to the misery of the largest race on earth. We did not see the black clouds that our own greed was stretching over China. After all, what was the loss of a few million Chinese! The country was already over-populated. Four hundred and fifty million people could stand a few losses!

There were clouds over Europe. And we began to arouse ourselves drowsily to see what was happening. And when we discovered that it was all the work of a madman, we settled back complacently again. Then amazing things began to happen. The Maginot Line was circled, Dunkirk appeared on our maps for the first time; then Paris, Warsaw, Oslo, Bucharest, Belgrade, Sophia, Athens, Leningrad, and Moscow flashed one after another upon the globe.

It was all interesting—but still not very alarming. We did manage a Lend-Lease Bill. We did become interested enough in the suffering and destruction over England during the German "blitz" to start "Bundles for Britain." But we still had not seen the clouds. We could still lie abed on Sunday morning, or take the family out on a week-end vacation, or enjoy our fishing, golfing, and tennis quite unmindful to the bells calling men to worship—quite unperturbed over the fact that half a world was on fire.

Then suddenly came Pearl Harbor—like a bolt out of the blue. It was a solar plexus blow that made us momentarily groggy—and mad. We raised a few clenched fists. We would show those Japs! They couldn't last a month! Where have they got in China after four years! They haven't planes; they have exhausted their supplies in China; they are bankrupt!

Then there were names in the headlines, in swift and dramatic succession, that we had never expected to see: Guam, Wake, Luzon, Hong Kong, Bankok, Macassar, Singapore, Batavia, Port Darwin. Something was wrong. The experts had made a mistake somewhere. But . . . we would settle it when our men and supplies got across.

So, in quite an American-like manner, we can still turn up our noses at victory garden campaigns, we can still joke about tire rationing, we can still tolerate strikes that hamper defense, we can still go on living as we always have—thumping ourselves on the chest and boasting of our vast resources, of our potential might on land and sea and in the air, fiddling while the world burns to our very doorstep.

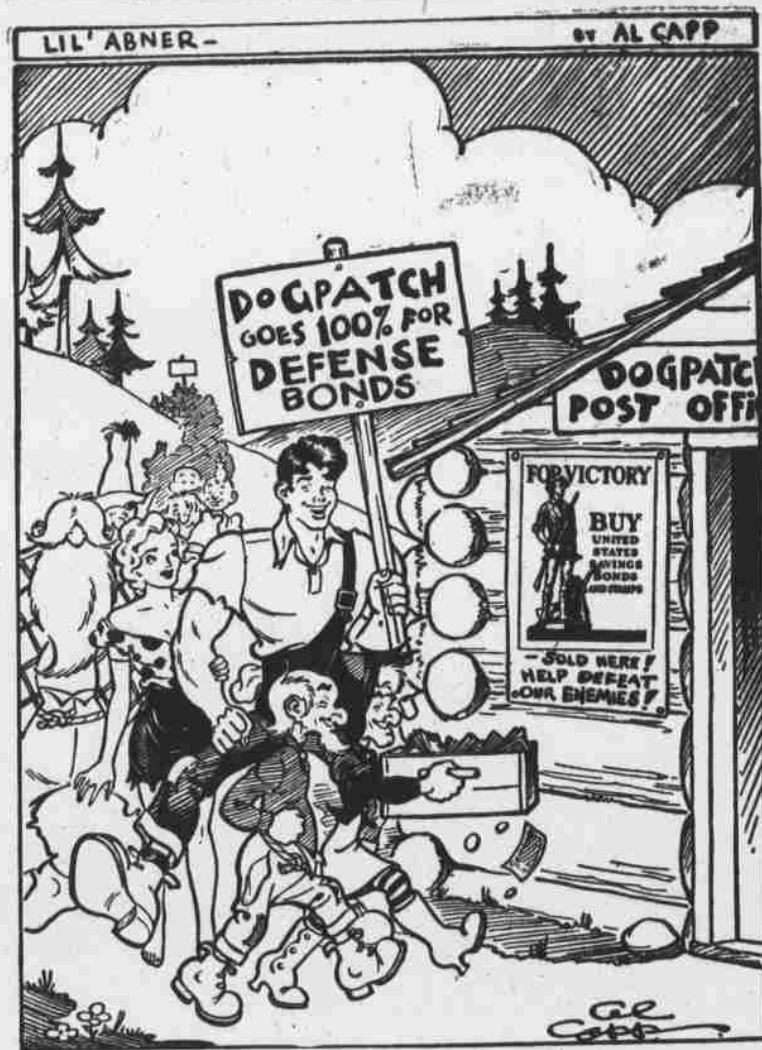
Let us mark well, my friends, we are going to wake up and see the grim-shaped monsters that hover like menacing clouds over us—or else we are going down, like the ships off our coast. I tell you the clouds are no longer out of sight; they are here. And we can no longer simply sit back in our swivel chairs while John and Frank and Paul are sweating blood and death out yonder.

We've got a war to join over there; and we've one to win here, too. And we'll not win our battles here by lying abed on Sunday morning; and we'll not do it by working our heads off to see how big a lump of government sugar we can get from this dark hour; and we'll not do it by going on in our sins; and we'll not do it by forgetting that our knees were meant to kneel upon, not just on Sunday, but on Monday and Tuesday as well; and we'll not do it by leaving the work of reconstructing a better world to God alone.

If the war is won, it will not be won by self-righteousness or by boastfulness—or yet alone by planes and tanks and guns and ships. It will be won, I am sure, by that nation, or those nations, that will humble themselves before God and make themselves fit to be blessed with victory—yea, fit to lead the nations of earth to a just and lasting peace.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not pleading for a mock return to religion, a last-minute cry to God, a death-bed repentance, a prayer of desperation when the tide is against us. I am pleading for an old-fashioned house-cleaning and heart-cleaning that will be good, not just for the duration, but for the always.

Yes, there are clouds over our world today, dark and sinister and ill-omened. But I have hope with Browning that a "sun will pierce the thickest cloud earth ever stretched." Life has taught us, if any-



thing at all, that some of earth's sweetest things have been born of tragedy and suffering. Out of travail, a precious babe; out of winter, spring; out of discord, harmony; out of hate, love; out of death, life; out of war, peace.

Do you remember the old legend of the German baron who built his castle by the Rhine? "From crag to crag and from turret to turret he hung wires, hoping that the winds, as they blew upon this great Aeolian harp, might make sweet music. Long and patiently he waited, and round his castle winds from the four corners of heaven blew; and still no music came. But one night there arose a hurricane, tossing the Rhine to fury; the black sky was stabbed with lightning and the thunder rolled, the earth trembled, and the winds were mad and shrieking. The baron went to his great castle door to view the terrifying scene—when hark! the sound of music, like angels singing through the storm. And suddenly he realized what had happened. His harp, strung from crag to crag, had come to life at last. The tempest had given it a soul."

So, let us pray that out of this tempest the world may find its soul—a soul not devoted to itself, but devoted to its Master.

And let us be well assured that the heart of God is heavy today over the hurt that is coming to His people.

Disobedient, willful, selfish though we have been, surely His tears are mingled with ours as we suffer. "Like as a father pitieth, so pitieth the Lord his children."

Clouds over the world, yes; but beyond them, God, God, longing to break through; God, promising to break through; God, breaking through this very hour to paint his rainbow amidst the blackness. "And it shall come to pass," He says, "When I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud."

Poet's Corner

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR
Remember Pearl Harbor
That treacherous attack
While we were striving for peace
They shot us in the back.

Remember Pearl Harbor
Our sailors were at rest
They were slaughtered to pieces
They tried to do their best.

Remember Pearl Harbor
The sacrifice is made
We will all unite to fight
To see the debt repaid.

Remember Pearl Harbor
The defense of the West
Forever, it will live to do
Forever, stand the test.
Weaver M. Hurst
Honolulu, Hawaii

Letters to Editor

(Note. San Diego has become one of the boom cities of America on account of its airplane factories and other war industries. It is the site of the huge plant of the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation which has enlarged its capacity to turn out patrol bombers over many acres. It is also the Pacific Naval and Marine base.)

Dear Editor:
I notice a letter from Mr. Welch (Feb. 12 issue) which suggests that he and perhaps other Maconians may be alarmed at Macon county's failure to have practise blackouts. In that they are indeed fortunate. San Diego had several early in the war that may not have been "practise." The greatest cost of blackouts is the loss in production. We may have more but hope not.

Although Franklin does not have evidences of war stuck in every vacant lot in vital areas (anti-aircraft guns) the people in Macon county are just as much at war as the people of San Diego. And the ones at home have a part as important as the scores of young men the county has contributed to the armed forces.

Macon county need not look for air attacks. There are more people building "Catlinas" and "Liberators" (Consolidated) in two great factories here, day or night, than there are people in all of Macon county. Yet this work of fabricating planes from aluminum ingots starts in the beautiful watersheds of the Nantahala and the Little Tennessee. The work of Macon's remarkable rainfall, converted into electric power helps roll the ingot into sheet at the Alcoa mills.

People of Macon have much work to do, protecting these watersheds, producing more mica, build-

ing the Fontana dam and raising more farm products than ever before.

Very truly,
A Subscriber
San Diego, Calif.
February 22, 1942

Editor, The Franklin Press:

On February 10 I left Franklin for the Army, and was inducted at Fort Bragg. I spent six days there at the reception center and must say it is a nice place. Then I was transferred to the Ordnance Department here at Aberdeen, Md. This is also a nice place, and the personnel of the Army here is tops. Both among the N. C. and the regular officers. If you have space in your paper, I would greatly appreciate it if you would publish my name and complete address, with a request that my friends write to me. I will answer all the letters and cards I receive if possible. Also send me subscription rates for the Press for about two months, as I may not be here longer than that.

Yours with best regards,
Pvt. John H. Wood,
Co. D, 3rd O. R. T. C.
Aberdeen Proving Ground,
Maryland.
March 2, 1942.

Mica Shortage

Calls for More Production
By N. C. Mines

Avery, Mitchell, Swain, Macon and Jackson produce the greater amount of mica mined in the United States. North Carolina, already producer of 60 per cent of all the mica mined in the United States, has been asked to double and possibly treble its production by next year.

The State geologist, Dr. Jasper L. Stuckey, informed Governor Broughton that of the 1,600,000 pounds of mica mined in the U. S. last year, North Carolina produced 1,000,000 pounds.

In recent years, a great quantity of mica has been imported from India. This has crowded out the domestic production because of low labor costs.

Mica is one of the most vital war materials. It is used as insulation in almost every type of electrical equipment. It is very essential in airplane, motor car and tank sparkplugs.

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Misery of
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Aquone RUTH STEPP

Romulus Reese, Mac Regan and Henry Brock, of Myrtle Beach, S. C., spent a few days here a couple of weeks ago. They were visiting friends and relatives and also viewing the scenery and the dam which is now filling up. The permanent gate was dropped in the diversion shaft Tuesday, February 24.

We had over four inches of snow here last week, which is the largest one we have had this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Mac Nichols visited here last week. Mrs. Hettie Jones and Otella Lail returned with them to their home at Elizabethton, Tenn.

Bill Wright visited home folks here last weekend. He is now working at Hayesville.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dauthit announce the birth of a son, Bobby Ralph, on the 5th of February.

Mrs. Robert Barker of Peachtree, is now visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Hughes.

Ralph Hughes' house was destroyed by fire on Friday 13. None of the house furnishing was saved.

Emily Watts, formerly of Peachtree, is now staying with her sister, Mrs. Hattie Nelson and going to school at Otter Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Shields, formerly of Franklin, are now living on Fiesty Branch.

Mrs. Arch Gibby of Marble visited here last week.

Pvt. Warren Stepp who is stationed at Keesler Field, Miss., was home on furlough in the early part of February.

There was two boys from here who left with the last quota of draftees, Eckel Roland and Ben Cope.

Will West of Andrews visited his daughter here as he was on his way to Franklin to visit another daughter, Mrs. Don Hughes.

Sequoia Potatoes

Superior Other Varieties
Agent Urges Ordering

In 1941, 2200 pounds of Sequoia potatoes were ordered for the farmers of the county through the county agent's office, according to Sam Mendenhall, agent. These potatoes were planted and compared with other potatoes and according to the reports secured from the farmers who planted these potatoes, an average yield was secured from the Sequoia potato of 22 bushels to one bushel planted.

An average yield secured from other varieties of potatoes was 7 bushels to 1 bushel planted. Potato vines were not affected by blight and vines stayed green on an average of 30 days longer than any other potato.

Farmers are urged by Mr. Mendenhall to secure some of these Sequoia potatoes for seed this year, either from people in the county who planted the potato last year, from the local stores, or if desired, the County Agent's office will again order certified seed from the farm in Ashe county where these potatoes were developed.

Farmers desiring to order these seed should notify the county agent's office immediately so that the seed may be secured in time for planting, Mr. Mendenhall says.

Whole Milk Market Discussed At Club Meet

Gaylord Hancock of the Carnation Milk company, addressing a joint meeting of the Rotary and Lions clubs last Thursday, discussed the possibility of locating a whole milk market in Macon county.

While war conditions prevent expansion at this time, the speaker said that his company would consider this location when materials were made available. He thought Macon had a good opportunity to develop the proposed cheese plant for which a recent survey found that there were over 1300 cows in the county from which milk could be sold.

Plans Afoot To Bring Refugees and Wounded To Carolina Mountains

Miss Ethel Hurst, head of WPA school lunch rooms in Macon county, last week attended the district meeting of these WPA professional projects in Asheville. Miss Hurst reported that Robin Phillips, chairman of Buncombe county Defense Council, reported that the work being carried on now by the present set up in the public schools, may have to be transferred to the feeding of refugees from probable war zones nearer the coast. The Defense chairman stated that there is no better place for the refugee of civilians from areas which may be bombed in the near future than the North Carolina mountain section.

It has been learned from other sources that the government is making provision for hospitals and homes for the wounded in this

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**SACRIFICE
IS THE TEST OF
LOYALTY**

THE TEST of a friend's loyalty is not made when life, in easy-going goodfellowship, is flowing along like a song but at a time of stress when the currency of needed aid is called for to make good the promissory note of friendship.

WE ARE NOW meeting such a test of loyalty to our country. We are now called upon to pay our promised allegiance to our flag. We shall pay in full without hesitation, however heavy the price shall be, for a continuance of the liberty guaranteed us by our American citizenship.

Our service to the living meets the test of "Serving As We Would Be Served".

He Serves Best Who Serves Most
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