

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

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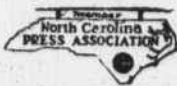
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BIBLE THOUGHT

And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?

"It is impossible to demonstrate beyond peradventure the practical folly of isolationism", says Dr. C. E. A. Winslow of Yale University. "It is clear as crystal that the sacrifice of blood and treasure we are making in 1943 will be completely wasted if we do not cooperate, both politically and economically, in the cooperative up-building of global peace. . . . Perhaps the ultimate challenge in the campaign which must be fought on the floors of Congress and in the polling booths of every city and village of our land will be that ancient and inexorable challenge, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

Jefferson Memorial

PRESIDENT Roosevelt dedicated in the capital of this Nation on April 13 the stately memorial to Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and the third President of the United States on the 200th anniversary of his birth.

The great marble shrine, 176 feet high, is built in modification of the Pantheon in Rome, typical of the classic simplicity of the "Philosopher of Monticello", whose 19-foot plaster statue stands within the temple, to be replaced by bronze after the war.

It was fitting that a great president who stands for the democratic principles which Jefferson personifies should pay the tribute to the Nation's Apostle of Democracy.

Standing in a pavilion, draped in the colors of the flag, the President spoke to a crowd of several thousand "in the name of a grateful nation, paying a debt long overdue", declaring that present day Americans, like this champion of freedom, have faced the fact that "men who will not fight for freedom can lose it." He said the author of the Declaration of Independence proved that "the seeming eclipse of liberty can well become the dawn of more liberty. Those who fight the tyranny of our own time will come to learn that old lesson."

"Among all the peoples of the earth," he continued, "the cruelties and oppressions of its would-be masters have taught this generation what its liberties can mean. This lesson, so bitterly learned, will never be forgotten while this generation is still alive."

Concerning Letters and News

FOR lack of space we have not been able to print all of the news that our correspondents have been sending us. This we regret, because we are trying to give our many subscribers who are away from home all the news from every part of the county. We beg you to continue sending items, making them as brief as possible. We appreciate your sending them. Be sure to sign your news. We cannot print unsigned articles.

Again, we have received a number of letters from citizens in different parts of the county bearing on recent political happenings which have been publicized in the columns of The Press and Maconian, with letters and interviews published on both sides. We regret that we have not been able to print all of these. For lack of space we cannot print all and we do not like to omit one and print another on the same subject. Since most of them are along lines of letters already published, perhaps it is just as well not to invite a newspaper controversy unless some good can be accomplished.

We realize that the matters discussed in these letters are far from settled. We believe that the majority of good citizens agree that adjustments should be made so that the charge of favoritism may be withdrawn. A spirit of fair play and good sportsmanship in regard to unfortunate differences which have rightfully stirred many, should be mustered on both sides and a conference settle them in a way to promote mutual confidence and good will.

We do not wish to discourage letters to the editor. We hope the pages of this newspaper can always represent the different opinions of its readers in a helpful way and in keeping with the right and responsibility of free speech in a free press.

The Mails Go Through

MORE than one hundred and eleven years ago, in November 1831, a little wood-burning locomotive puffed its way along the tracks of the South Carolina Railroad between Charleston and Hamburg, S. C. Trailing behind were several dinky little cars. One of them carried the first United States mail to be handled by an American railroad.

Today, the transportation of mail, particularly mail addressed to men in uniform, is an important job for the Southern Railway System of which the South Carolina Railroad is a part.

"The men and women of the Southern know what mail from home means to a fighting man", Ernest E. Norris, president of the Southern Railway System, said recently in a statement which is now appearing in newspapers. "That's why we keep it moving, day and night, regardless of its ever-increasing volume, and regardless of the thousand and one difficulties a railroad faces in time of war."

"We know, too", Mr. Norris added, "that the same faith and hope and courage which today enrich this mail to America's fighting men, will tomorrow inspire a new and a greater Southland."

Letters to Editor

Editor, The Franklin Press:
In your December 31 issue, you printed my poem "Soldier's Mail."
Among the letters of appreciation received from your good folk, was one from Pvt. Joseph W. Fouts, stationed at Miami Beach, Fla. Training Center, who said his mother sends him the Press.
He asked for more of my poems, and in his letter, expressed such a yearning for mail for all the boys, that I have written the enclosed poem for him, and should you see fit to print it, you might note this fact.

J. D. WILLIAMS,
235 Madison Avenue,
Decatur, Ga.

Poet's Corner

WRITE A LETTER

Write a letter to a soldier!
Let him know you think of him,
Let him know it's he you are missing
When the evening lights grow dim.

Tell him about the church and school,
The neighbors down the street,
How nice they ask and talk of him,
When're you chance to meet.

About his dog at hunting time,
She seems to miss him, too,
Of the fishing on the river,
And of the puppies, new.

The politicians and their pranks,
The ball-teams and their games;
The folks who have moved in next door,
Their doings and their names.

Tell him the news of all the home-folks,
Brother Jim and sister Sue,
About this girl, and friends he loves,
And tell him about you.

Tell him the spirit at home is fine,
And prayers, and hopes are high;
And you have thought to pray for him
E'er since he said good-bye.

You know he gets mighty lonely
When his day's work is through,
And thought brings him memories sweet,
Of friends, and home, and you.

Those men are not just soldiers there,
But our friends, brothers, sons,
Folks whom we lived with yesterday,
Our boys behind the guns.

When mail time comes around each day,
It hurts a mighty lot,
While other boys get lots of mail,
To find you've been forgot.

But what a thrill, and how nice, too,
To hear them call your name,
And get some letters from some folks,
Who love you as they claim.

So, don't let any soldier that
You may happen to know,
Tomorrow, when mail time comes round,
Without a letter, go!

ADMINISTRATOR NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of Georgia Wilson Buchanan, 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 April, 1944, 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 April, 1944.
J. M. CABE,
Administrator.

All-619-3430

Clippings

THOUGHTS OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER IN A JAP PRISON

Perhaps you've seen that letter which purports to have been the reflections of an American soldier in a Japanese prison. Among other things, the letter says:

"I used to think pleasure, time off, my rights were all that mattered. They don't seem very important now. I used to squawk about paying taxes. I wish I had the chance to do it right now. I used to hate everybody who didn't agree with me, who didn't do things the way I wanted. I'd trade the worst 'enemy' I ever had for that yellow devil there with a bayonet.

"I wonder how the folks back home are doing. If they think rationing is bad, they ought to try



SECOND WAR LOAN

Buy More War Bonds Today

Grover Jamison

JEWELER

THIS GREAT SYMBOL



Of Our Liberty . . .

has stirred the hearts of millions who have come to these shores seeking freedom from oppression and better opportunity for living.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO DEFEND THE FREEDOM

for which the Statue of Liberty Stands?

Our men are dying in foreign lands that all men may be free! Your country is asking you to

Invest In War Bonds

to help them fight! By buying Bonds, you help WIN THE WAR . . .

and Save Lives

This advertisement is sponsored in behalf of the 2nd War Bond Drive by

JOE ASHEAR

living on rice and fish heads. Wonder if the boys left in the shop are turning it out faster than I did! If they're not, I'll be here until I die.

"I used to think more of myself than of my country. That Jap there thought more of his country than himself; that's why I'm his

prisoner. Will the folks back home wake up to that difference in time to keep them out of this Jap and German horror?"

How would any of us like to receive a letter like that from a son, a brother, or a husband?

—The Faircrafters.

Directive

In the direction of funerals that meet with general approval, the directing force operates unseen, as true art has always concealed art.

Our proper management of a service makes itself known in the result: a well-ordered funeral of charm and dignity that brings every possible degree of solacing comfort to family and friends.

BRYANT
Funeral Home
HE SERVES BEST WHO SERVES MOST
PHONE 106 - NITE PHONE 20

MAYBE IT'S GOING TO BE A

LONG PULL!

Nobody knows how long the war is going to last—BUT everybody knows cars now on the road must last just that long. Give your car a chance to serve you for the duration by keeping it in the best possible condition.

A minor adjustment today may save a total failure tomorrow. Let our expert service department help you to help your car.

CITY GARAGE

ENGINE OVERHEATING IS DANGEROUS!

THIS GREAT SYMBOL

Of Our Liberty . . .

has stirred the hearts of millions who have come to these shores seeking freedom from oppression and better opportunity for living.

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