

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

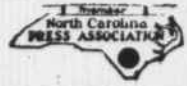
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For Boys And Girls

THIS is written to and for the most important people in Macon County—the 4,000 children who are returning to school this week.

Except for size and years, you boys and girls are much like adults. And, like adults, you want to be like everybody else. If all the other boys wear shoes to school, you don't want to go barefoot. And if all the other girls wear kerchiefs on their heads, you aren't going to be caught at school wearing a hat.

But, because humans are contradictory beings, you also want to be different.

There can be only one best-dressed girl in school, and being the best-dressed girl is being different; yet every other girl in school envies her. Only one student can make the best marks, and making the best marks makes a student different; yet most students try for that honor. There can be but one captain of the ball team; yet that is a difference that the other boys would give their right arms to have.

Fortunately, there are many other ways in which all of us would like to be different. There are three very important ways in which you can be different without the money it takes to be well-dressed, without a brilliant mind, or without an athlete's body.

* * * * *

The first of these ways is by being courteous. There was a time when the words "Southern" and "courtesy" usually went together. But today in the South we are inclined to shove and push in ahead of the other fellow like people do elsewhere, and many of us are forgetting our "sirs" and "ma'ams" when speaking to elder persons. Of course it isn't what we say that matters so much as how we say it; but those words are important because they express something that, if we are courteous, comes from inside.

The really important question is: Are you, in your little every-day actions, thinking most of yourself or of the other fellow?

It probably is true that today there is more real courtesy in the Southern mountain region than anywhere in the United States. Let's hold on to that distinction!

The second way you can be different is a little harder. It is by doing whatever you do well. There probably never has been a time when so many persons were doing so much shoddy work—in the school, on the farm, in the factory; and never a time when employers were so willing to pay a bonus for good workmanship. To do a thing really well takes only a little more effort than to do it merely well enough to get by, but the rewards for good work are many, many times greater.

The third way is hardest of all—but it's well worth the extra effort. The third way is to be honest. It is true that few of us make a practice of lying or stealing. But real honesty is something much bigger than merely not doing these things we all know to be wrong. Genuine honesty is being your own best self—not trying to be somebody else. To be honest, you must be ready to admit, once you are convinced of it, that you are wrong, and the other fellow is right. Honesty means being willing to look squarely at the truth—at such unpleasant truths, for instance, as the fact that you can't make good marks without hard work, and that what your school and your teacher do for you aren't half as important as what you do for yourself.

* * * * *

Courtesy. Good workmanship. Honesty. If you can learn these three while you are in school, you will be paid handsomely for them all your lives.

They are differences that most people envy and everybody respects.

And, most important of all, if you have these, you will respect yourself.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—Bryant.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll.

... LETTERS ...

"SOUND, SENSIBLE, TIMELY"

Dear Mr. Jones:
Let me thank you for your open letter in last week's Press. Your analysis of the relation between Western North Carolina and industrial development struck me as sound, sensible, and timely.

Sincerely yours,
ROGER P. McCUTCHEON.

August 19, 1946.
(NOTE: Dr. McCutcheon, dean of the graduate school of Tulane university at New Orleans, and his family are spending the summer at their summer home, Franklin, Route 1. —Editor.)

LIKES EDITORIAL

Dear Mr. Jones:
Please permit me to congratulate you upon your most excellent and worthy editorial of August 15.

Sincerely yours,
SOPHIE ALBERT.

Franklin, N. C.
Route 1.
August 21, 1946.

Prophet of The Smokies

He was a country preacher, a shepherd of the hills, a prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.

Officially his name was Thomas Joshua Calhoun, but in his latter years he was familiarly and affectionately known to all as "Uncle Josh."

His father, Jack Calhoun, a nephew of the illustrious John C., forensic champion of the old South, emigrated from the Abbeville district of South Carolina in the dark days of the Reconstruction (1869) to the hill country of Western North Carolina when Josh was a boy. At Wayside, in the lower end of Swain County, near the present site of the Fontana Dam, he built his new home, begat sons and daughters, and became one of that remote section's pioneer settlers.

In the year 1886, young Josh, having attained manhood's estate, espoused a mountain maiden, one Sookie Crisp, and, loading his bride and a few articles of household goods and kitchen furniture into a wagon, made his way across towering Welch Ridge to the headwaters of Hazel Creek where he built a log cabin, cleared a creek bottom, and began life in "back of beyond," under the lee of the Great Smokies, as Kephart expresses it. There were only three other families living on the creek at the time, and Uncle Josh's wagon was the first ever seen in those parts.

Schoolhouse Built

As more families moved into the settlement, Uncle Josh led in the erection of the first schoolhouse on Bone Valley Creek, a tributary of Hazel Creek, where his and his neighbors' children might secure the rudiments of an education. Soon, too, he was instrumental in the organization of a Baptist church, where for many years he preached and carried on religious activities. Despite the fact that he was illiterate, and "cribb'd, cabb'd, and confin'd" in that secluded valley, he was a world citizen and believed fervently in Christian missions. Often he returned the small salary paid him by the churches he served, saying "Give it to missions. I can get along. Let's send the gospel to the heathen."

Not only were schools and churches his concern, but he believed, too, in good roads, which in his distant day he conceived to be the channels of civilization. While serving as one of the Swain County commissioners, he urged the building of roads all over the county. Often times he hired men and teams at his own expense so that the people of his backward section might have access to the outside world. He was the author and architect of the first decent road up Hazel Creek.

Hated 'Mountain Dew'

Good schools, good churches, good roads—what a magnificent trio! And, withal, good homes and good communities, for every movement tending toward the improvement of his settlement elicited his sympathetic interest and sacrificial support. And it should also be said that while upholding the good, he was the inveterate enemy of evil, for although his heart was warm and tender, as befitting a shepherd of the hills, his soul was fearless and aflame like that of an ancient Hebrew prophet. In him Elijah had a modern counterpart. He was especially opposed to moonshining. He hated "mountain dew" as the devil hates holy water. He reported every still he could hear of to the sheriff or the revenue officers. Sometimes the blockaders and bootleggers struck back with a vengeance. On one occasion they threatened to burn his barn. Uncle Josh sought out the offenders, denounced them for concocting and selling the devil's brew, and then, pointing his finger in their faces, he shouted, "Dad blast ye, fellers, ye're afraid to burn my barn!" And burn his barn they didn't! No sensible man defies a prophet.

In his physical appearance Uncle Josh was the most striking personality I ever knew—unique, original, picturesque, dramatic. His face bore a remarkable resemblance to that of his great forbear, John C. After the manner of John C. and the typical hillbilly, too, he was tall and angular, like Cassius, with a lean and hungry look. His spare frame, however, was as tough as a mountain hickory.

Uncle Josh's hair was as white as the driven snow, long and unkempt, indicating that he did not often frequent tonsorial establishments. He had, too, a long, flowing, Aaronic beard. Whether it ever exuded ointment comparable to that ancient worthy's, I trow not, but occasionally it was stained by expectorations of mountain burley.

Eyes Were Striking

The most interesting thing about Uncle Josh's physical make-up, however, were his eyes, as blue as turquoise, as blue as Italian skies. Sharp, penetrating they were, taking in everything within their ken at a glance. As fearless, too, as a Smoky Mountain eagle's. Here was a man who might fear God, but not the face of any mortal. There was, however, a mellow tenderness in them, for Uncle Josh was a great sufferer. When he was a lad of fifteen, a severe attack of rheumatism drew his hips out of joint, with the result that he was lame for life, like Jacob. He walked with extreme difficulty, and always with a cane. On his journeys hither and yon and on his trips into the Smokies to look after his cattle and timber, he rode his favorite steed, a mountain mule, one of those pathetic, pestle-tailed critters which Zeb Vance once described as being without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity. On one occasion, it is related, Uncle Josh and his mule became marooned in a deep ravine back in "Huggins' Hell." There appeared no way out; it looked like the end for both man and beast. Finally in desperation, Uncle Josh gave the reins to the mule and with that uncanny, inexplicable instinct possessed by animals, he made his way out, climbing over a cliff with Uncle Josh holding on to his tail for dear life!

In his mental faculties, too, Uncle Josh was very unusual. Although illiterate, he was not ignorant—there's a fine distinction, you know. It is doubtful whether the mighty John C. had a better brain than he; it was the schools and Yale University that made the difference. One was a polished diamond; the other, a diamond in the rough.

Was A Mystic

Like all prophets, Uncle Josh was a mystic. He meditated often and much, and what a magnificent setting he had for his meditations! The eternal hills, the emurpled mountains, the incomparable Smokies, robed in their mantle of shimmering blue haze, ineffable in their splendor, looked down upon him every morning when he arose, every evening when he retired. The murmuring, meandering mountain stream, Hazel Creek—one of Western North Carolina's premier trout streams, by the way—clear as crystal and beautiful as an artist's dream, flowed by his cabin door, singing its bewitching lullabies. There was time, too, for meditations, back there "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife." And so, Uncle Josh dreamed dreams and saw visions, and many of these dreams and visions he carried with him into the pulpit, placing thereon his

Continued on Page Eight—

With the Churches

BAPTIST

First Church, Franklin
The Rev. Charles E. Parker,
Pastor
Sunday:
10 a. m.—Sunday school.
11 a. m.—Worship.
6:30 p. m.—Training union.
7:30 p. m.—Worship.
Wednesday:
7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.

EPISCOPAL

St. Agnes Church, Franklin
The Rev. A. Rufus Morgan,
Pastor
Sunday:
10 a. m.—Church school.
11 a. m.—First Sunday, Holy communion.
Third Sunday,
Morning prayer.
8 p. m.—Second and fourth
Sundays, evening
prayer.

METHODIST

Franklin Church
The Rev. W. Jackson Huneycutt,
Pastor
Sunday:
10 a. m.—Sunday school.
11 a. m.—Worship.
6:30 p. m.—Methodist Youth
fellowship.
Wednesday:
8 p. m.—Prayer meeting.
Maiden's Chapel
The Rev. R. L. Poindexter,
Pastor
10 a. m.—Sunday school,
E. A. Roper, supt.
11 a. m.—Preaching, third
Sunday.
2 p. m.—Singing.
3 p. m.—Preaching, first
Sunday.

First Sunday:
Franklin Circuit
The Rev. D. P. Grant, pastor
Preaching services as follows:
Sunday:
11 a. m.—Bethel church.
3 p. m.—Salem church.
7:30 p. m.—Clark's chapel.
Second Sunday:
11 a. m.—Snow Hill church.
3 p. m.—Louisa chapel.
7:30 p. m.—Iotla church.
Third Sunday:
11 a. m.—Clark's chapel.
3 p. m.—Salem.
7:30 p. m.—Bethel.
Fourth Sunday:
11 a. m.—Iotla.
3 p. m.—Louisa chapel.
7:30 p. m.—Snow Hill.

PRESBYTERIAN

Franklin Church
The Rev. B. Hoyt Evans, pastor.
Sunday:
10 a. m.—Sunday school.
11 a. m.—Worship.
Merrison Church
Sunday:
2:15 p. m.—Sunday school.
3:15 p. m.—Preaching on the
second and fourth
Sundays.

CATHOLIC

Franklin
(In American Legion Hall)
The Rev. A. F. Rohrbacher,
Pastor
Every Sunday:
7:45 a. m.—Confessions.
8:00 a. m.—Mass and com-
munion.

INTER-DENOMINATIONAL

Sloan's Chapel
Sunday:
2 p. m.—Sunday school on the
first, second, third, and fifth
Sundays.
2 p. m.—Preaching on the
fourth Sunday.
3 p. m.—Sunday school on the
fourth Sunday.
3 p. m.—Preaching on the
days.
Starting with the first Sun-
day, the ministers who conduct
the services are, in order: The
Rev. W. R. Green of Jackson
County, the Rev. Charles E.
Parker, Dr. C. R. McCubbins,
and the Rev. W. Jackson Huney-
cutt.

Tuesday:
7:30 p. m.—Prayer meeting.
NEGRO
St. Cyprian's Episcopal
The Rev. James T. Kennedy,
Pastor
Sunday:
11 a. m.—Third Sunday,
Holy communion.
2 p. m.—First and second
Sundays, evening
prayer.
3 p. m.—Church school.
Friday:
5 p. m.—Litany.
Franklin Methodist Circuit
(A. M. E. Zion)
The Rev. John G. Williams,
Pastor
Preaching services as follows:
First and third Sundays:
11 a. m.—Green Street church.
2:30 p. m.—Covee church.
8 p. m.—Green Street church.

JOIN

**Bryant Mutual
Burial Association**

Oldest and Strongest
in the County

A good seed bed, treated seed of high germination, planting on time, and proper fertilization to suit soil conditions and encourage stooling, are the best methods for growing more small grains.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE
Having qualified as administratrix of Mary Catherine McGuire, 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 18th day of July, 1947, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.
This 18th day of July, 1946.
LEILA MCGUIRE,
Administratrix
Jly25-6tp-A29

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of Mary Dryman, 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 20th day of August, 1947, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.
This 20th day of August, 1946.
LOUIN CABE,
Executor.
A22-6tp-S26

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of A. G. Edwards, 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 25th day of July, 1947, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.
This 25th day of July, 1946.
JOHN W. EDWARDS,
Administrator
A1-6tp-S5

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of John E. Parrish, 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 13th day of August, 1947, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.
This 13th day of August, 1946.
J. F. PARRISH,
Administrator
603 W 6th St.,
Winston-Salem, N. C.
A15-6tp-S19

NORTH CAROLINA

MACON COUNTY
Under and by virtue of the power of sale vested in the undersigned trustee by a deed of trust executed by Pauline Jones, dated the 4th day of January, 1946, and recorded in the office of Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, in Book No. 36, page 117, said deed of trust having been executed to secure certain indebtedness therein set forth, and default in the payment of said indebtedness having been made, I will on Friday, August 30, at 12 o'clock noon, at the Court-house door in Franklin, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described land:

FIRST TRACT:
In Franklin Township on the waters of Cartoogechay Creek BEGINNING at an iron pipe near Alf Jones' house and about two feet N. W. from a W. O. and runs S 64 W 2 3/4 poles to a stake Alf Jones' corner; then S 40 W 24 poles to a stake in Cozad's line; then S 56 1/2 E 26 poles to a stake, Cozad's corner; then N 42 1/2 E 3 1/2 poles to a stake; then N 13 W 33 poles to the BEGINNING.

SECOND TRACT:
BEGINNING at a white oak on the road leading from Jule Crisham to Emma Addington's and runs with the road North 55 deg. West 12 poles to a stake; thence West 6 poles to a stake; thence South 45 degrees West 8 1/2 poles to a white oak, Emma Addington's corner; thence South 30 poles to a stake near the Creek; thence North 37 deg. East 34 poles to the BEGINNING, containing three acres more or less, and being that tract of land conveyed to M. P. Coley by deed from A. L. Jones and wife, dated June 20th, 1920, and recorded in Book of Deeds H-4. Also that same tract as deeded by M. P. Coley to Oliver S. Anthony of date July 21, 1922, and recorded in Book H-4 of the Register's Office of Macon County, to which deeds reference is hereby made.
This 30th day of July, 1946.
G. A. JONES, Trustee
A8-4tc-A1A7-A29