

# The Franklin Press

and

## The Highlands Maconian

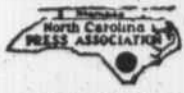
Published every Thursday by the Franklin Press  
At Franklin, North Carolina

VOL. LXIII

Number thirty-seven

WEIMAR JONES

Editor-Publisher



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

Telephone No. 24

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year	\$2.00
Six Months	\$1.25
Three Months	.75
Single Copy	.05

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### Public Spirit At Work

WE here in Macon County sometimes have been called phlegmatic. That is because we, in common with people throughout the whole mountain region, usually are a bit slow in getting aroused. But once we become interested in something, we are anything but phlegmatic.

That is particularly true of a public cause. And whenever people here set out to do something about a public need, they show a public spirit and a generosity perhaps unequalled anywhere.

The latest illustration of that trait is the movement to build an A-1 athletic field on the grounds of the Franklin school. That need has existed a long time, and little or nothing happened; but recently a few men here decided something needed to be done about it—and things happened with amazing ease.

Representatives of four civic organizations—busy men who had no hope of personal gain—got together, made a long-time plan, and decided the first part of the task was to build permanent seats. The plan met with immediate general approval. One person after another volunteered to donate material or equipment. And the V. F. W., with complete faith in this community, offered to lend \$500 from its treasury so that work could start without delay.

The whole project can't be completed in a day, of course. Furthermore, it will require money contributions from the general public, even to do the immediate job of building seats. In the old days, interested persons would have given a day's work each. That isn't too practical today, so those who wish to help are asked to give the money equivalent of a day's work—\$5. To anyone who knows this community, it goes almost without saying that such contributions will be forthcoming promptly and in considerable number.

### Roosevelt And Peace

In the vast quantity of material that has been published about him during the slightly more than three years since Franklin Roosevelt died, a remarkable proportion has been of a debunking nature—much of it by former associates and aides.

The latest in this line of debunkers is William C. Bullitt, American ambassador under Roosevelt to Russia and France. He is writing a series of articles for Life magazine on "... how we (meaning Roosevelt) lost the peace".

Any one who even attempts to be impartial must concede that Roosevelt was quite human, that he wasn't always great, and that he made many and serious mistakes. How the most prejudiced Roosevelt hater, however, could find Mr. Bullitt's accusations credible it is difficult to understand; for Bullitt says in substance that Roosevelt lacked not only character, but brains.

\* \* \*

Roosevelt lost the peace, Bullitt says, because he approached Stalin as one human being would approach another; as a person with some instincts of fair play, mutual aid, and decency; as one who would respond to honesty, confidence, and generosity.

Roosevelt, Bullitt says, gambled that this would work—and lost.

But is it a gamble to do something when there is no real alternative?

For thousands of years the old fashioned diplomacy, based upon selfishness, distrust, and chicanery, has been tried, and has dismally failed; we have relied upon force, as expressed in the theory of the balance of power, and the balance of power never yet has produced peace—it has produced, at its best, an armed truce that broke down the instant the delicate balance was disturbed.

Perhaps Roosevelt was, as Bullitt says, completely wrong in assuming that it was possible to treat Stalin with honesty, confidence, and generosity—the situation today, in fact, seems to prove it. But the only basis of enduring peace is understanding and good will; and to reach an understanding with Stalin, in a spirit of good will, was the sole hope of genuine peace.

Roosevelt was great enough to recognize that fact, and to take the chance that he might fail. He gambled, yes; but he gambled in the certain knowledge that failure was sure if he didn't take the

chance.

\* \* \*

Because he inspired such deep-seated hates, Roosevelt no doubt will continue to be traduced for years to come, just as Lincoln was. (And, ultimately, the real Roosevelt probably will be covered over with a layer of hero worship, as Lincoln is today.) But when the last debunker has had the last word, these Roosevelt achievements, among others, will remain:

In a time when both the economy and the morale of the country had collapsed, he rekindled the American people's faith in themselves and in their national future; and he saved—for the "economic royalists" and the rest of us—the American system of free enterprise.

He created among Americans a social consciousness that has brought to the average man a share of the fruits of his labor and an economic security undreamed of before 1932.

He gave the ordinary citizen of this nation a political awareness—a sense of ownership of, and responsibility for, his government—that had never before existed.

And he led this country—led it, in a military way, in a sense true of no other President—to victory in World War 2.

Whether he, like Woodrow Wilson, gave his life in vain that there might be peace among the nations of the earth remains to be seen. But peace, when it comes, will come along the road down which Wilson and Roosevelt led the way.

## LETTERS

### LIKES LETTER

Editor, Franklin Press:

My wife sent me a recent clipping of a letter to The Press from my old friend, James Shields, concerning things in Nantahala. All true, very true, and thank you, Jim, for going to the bat. You sure knocked a home run. Keep right on talking, Jim, for the people talked in our recent primaries and will keep on talking until conditions are remedied.

Yours,

Hood River, Oregon,  
Aug. 29, 1948.

WEIMAR COCHRAN.

### MEMORIAL TO MEMBERS OF BAR

(EDITOR'S NOTE: T. B. Higdon, of Atlanta, formerly of Franklin, recently presented Macon County with a new superior court judge's chair, and he was thanked for the gift in a resolution adopted by members of the local bar at the August term of court. A copy of the resolution, which was signed by Judge George B. Patton, presiding, was sent Mr. Higdon, and below are excerpts from his letter of acknowledgment and appreciation.)

I would like to have this gift thought of as a sort of memorial to those members of the Macon County Bar who were practicing in its courts when I opened my office at Franklin in 1906. It was one of the strongest bars in the state, and was so recognized. Although Judge George A. Jones, our first superior court judge, had passed on and Hon. Kope Elias, my grandfather's attorney, had retired from the practice to Governor's Island, there were still left, as I recall, about a dozen active practitioners in the county when I was admitted to the bar.

To name them alphabetically, there was Frank Benbow, one of the most popular and likable lawyers in the state; Wint Horn, one of the most resourceful and successful; Fred Johnston, one of Franklin's most beloved citizens and the one with the widest circle of friends, with the possible exception of Dr. Harley Lyle; Tom Johnston, a thorough student of the law and later to become the second superior court judge from this bar; Lyle Jones, then a partner of Fred Johnston and now a distinguished member of the Asheville Bar; Sam Kelly, who combined business with law and whose untimely end cut short a brilliant promise in both; John Mann, who had the natural qualifications of becoming one of the most outstanding lawyers the state has ever produced; Frank Ray, then in his prime, and the ablest jury lawyer I have ever seen in action, bar none; Henry Robertson, then a partner of Frank Benbow, learned in the law and active in fraternal circles, now retired and living at Highlands; and Dean Sisk, hard working and capable and efficient, at that time a partner of Frank Ray. Also there was at least one attorney, Henry Stewart, practicing at Highlands.

Lyle Jones and I are the only members of that old bar who are now in the practice and, with Henry Robertson, its only survivors.

And that sort of explains why I would like the gift to be considered as a kind of memorial to those old lawyers of the Macon Bar with whom I practiced for a short while. They have been succeeded by a new bar made up of some of the finest fellows that ever followed the profession, all of whom I feel proud and honored to know as friends. It is to them and Macon County the gift is made as a slight token of my affection for both.

## POETRY CORNER

Conducted by

EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE

Weaverville, N. C.

Sponsored by Asheville Branch, National League of American Pen Women

### WHO KNOWS?

Is beauty a long-remembered kiss,  
A far white wing to the sun,  
A lost bird-song we come to miss  
Before the day is done?

LENA MEARLE SHULL.

Asheville, N. C.

### LIGHTS ON OLD BROWN MOUNTAIN

(Strange lights are often seen on Brown Mountain, near Morganton. The phenomenon repeatedly has been investigated by scientists, but no satisfactory explanation has ever been found.)

Cluricaunes and Irish faeries,  
Loving mist and haunted woodland.  
How they came to this far country  
Is their secret, but they did come,  
Hiding in the cracks and crannies,  
Sailing on the ships from Eire.

When they peeked at tall skyscrapers,  
Towering, dazzling in the sunshine,  
They were terrified and fled them,  
Seeking forests dim and misty,  
In the mountains of the Blue Ridge,  
In the Carolina country.

So they came to old Brown Mountain,  
Where the blue haze drifts through the woodland,

There the Cluricaunes found holly,  
Gentle trees, and dear to faeries.  
Under bough of holly brush-wood,  
Guarded by enchanted toad-stools,  
Scampering feet will dance till daybreak,  
Weaving patterns in the moonlight  
On the fairy ring of greensward.

Nights when stars prick holes in heaven,  
Cluricaunes trudge up Brown Mountain,  
Every elf with a bobbing lantern.  
Through the haze the lights glow yellow,  
Bright balloons bob up and upward,  
Up and up they float and vanish,  
Veiled in mist, ascending, floating,  
In the darkness, disappearing.

FRANCES STRAWN LIVINGSTON.

Asheville, N. C.

## Others' Opinions

### FROM MACON TO MANHATTAN

Yesterday I was in Macon County, N. C., the day before 6,642 feet high on Clingman's Dome, atop the Great Smokies. Today I'm just four stories up from Madison avenue, smack in the center of the midtown smog and clammy heat. It's a jolting contrast.

Great-grandfather built his house on Main street in Franklin, next to the courthouse. That is my home now. I work in New York 49 weeks of the year, but for good behavior I get three weeks off in the summer to go home. It was chilly in the old four-poster bed the night before I left, and the lavender-scented patchwork quilt felt good. In the morning before I left to drive to Asheville I pulled a bunch of grapes from the latticework that runs up two stories across the front. We can sit on our porch and eat grapes without moving from rocker or swing.

Mist was rising off the mountains as we drove through the Cullasaja valley. On the far side of the pastures and cornfields nestles a little white church. Friendly green mountains stand back of it protectively. Farther on the Cullasaja Falls spill white through their rocky gorge. At one point the road goes under the famous Bridal Veil Falls, a sight that causes tourists to unstrap their cameras.

Curving and twisting, the road runs through Highlands ("highest town East of the Rockies"), and to Cashiers, where Wace Hampton's bull Cassius was caught in the underbrush and so gave his name in corrupted form to the little settlement. Always each twist of the highway reveals new beauty in a thousand different shapes. Eye and nose are constantly delighted by forest and mountain, woodland tang and cool green depths.

Then Asheville and the start back from kindly leaves and ferny undergrowth to the brick, concrete and steel of so-called civilization. From Baltimore to New York the tracks run through some of the ugliest sights on this globe. Sprawling factories belching smoke and spewing out waste liquids that make slime pools. Mounds of slag, junked cars, rusting iron, rows of houses, all alike in dreary unimaginativeness, the landscape.

Pennsylvania Station. Taxi? This way! Where to, Mac? Okay. Whynacha look where you're going, ya dope. These truck drivers think they're cowboys. Yeah, traffic gets worse alla time. Jeeze, it's hot. Come on, come on, ya dumb cop. You just back from vacation? Mister, you're lucky to get away from this town inna summer. Thank's, here's your bag.

Four stories below my window a pneumatic drill is digging up Madison avenue. Forty cursing drivers are honking at a stalled car. The heat is a thick blanketed dipped in dirty wash-water and wrapped around me. Right now, so far as I'm concerned, they can give Manhattan back to the Indians. I have those Post-Vacation Blues.—James R. Daniels in Raleigh News and Observer.

### MAN, MACHINES, AND HOURS

Productivity per man-hour—or lack of productivity per man-hour—is the greatest problem facing industry. Some may say that working hours are too few. This would be only a minor problem, and perhaps no problem at all, if the post-war workers in general were as productive as were pre-war workers in general.

Motor-car speedometers have gauges to register, 100, 110 or 120 miles per hour. Railway trains go faster than before but sit longer in stations. The airplane can travel faster than sound. In every industry using machinery, new devices enable that machinery to produce more goods and better goods.

Man is learning to run faster, swim faster, jump higher and broader, and skiing on gentle slopes is passe. In the realm of sport and recreation there is keen competition to do more, do it oftener and do it better.

In the matter of work—and work alone—man wants to do less per hour on a 40-hour week than he did per hour on a 48-hour week, 56-hour week, or go back half-a-century, 60-hour week.

It isn't as if the work took more out of the worker, either mentally or physically. Every new machine is designed to reduce fatigue. Industry now seldom requires muscle. Most plants even have ingenious hoists, trucks and conveyors to move the stuff about. Today anyone with reasonably well-coordinated fingertips can do any job, including moving mountains.

There can be nothing but praise for those groups of workers who are doing their share out of pride of craftsmanship and of loyalty. But there are groups of younger and supposedly more vigorous employes whose failure to produce in the fewer hours they are supposed to work brings down the average for a plant, adds, unnecessarily to costs, and contributes to the high prices of which they are ever prone to complain.

Fewer hours per worker must be accompanied by more hours per machine. Machines are constantly becoming more intricate and costly. They must be worked more hours if interest and depreciation and obsolescence and house-room are not to make them too costly an investment.

The worker must learn, also, that he must not use all his energy in his recreation and leave nothing over for his job, and thus be like the man who played 36 holes of golf every week-end and was always so exhausted that his wife had regularly to push the lawn mower.

Still fewer hours are possible, but only if man learns to increase his productivity by getting more per hour out of the machine.—Toronto (Canada) Printed Word.

### LEGAL ADVERTISING

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT  
NOTICE OF PUBLICATION  
OF SUMMONS  
NORTH CAROLINA  
MACON COUNTY  
FLORA ELLIS

vs.  
JOHN ELLIS  
The defendant, John Ellis, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Macon County for the purpose of securing an absolute divorce for the plaintiff, Flora Ellis.

Said defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of Macon County, North Carolina, at the courthouse in Franklin, North Carolina, on the 15th day of September, 1948, and to

answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This 13th day of August, 1948.  
J. CLINTON BROOKSHIRE,  
Clerk Superior Court.  
A19-4tcJJ-S9

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE  
Having qualified as administrator C. T. A. of T. B. Crunkleton, 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, 1948 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, 1948.  
EARL CRUNKLETON,  
Administrator, C. T. A.  
A19-4tp-S9