

# The Franklin Press

and

## The Highlands Maconian

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### One Week Or 52?

From the mighty oak and the sturdy maple the frost browned leaves have silently fluttered to the ground. The sun is lazy about rising these days, and early to bed; the country takes on a frost look of mornings. It's winter again.

And only a fortnight away is Christmas.

The children think of Christmas as the time for Santa Claus, and for being good. To the young people, the question is: How shall I have a good time during the holidays? And the older people already are racking their brains to know what to get for the children.

These are, of course, all very nice things to think about. But how many take time to think of the real meaning of Christmas?

In his poem, "At Christmas", Edgar Guest says that if he were going to paint a portrait of a man, he would wait to do it until the Christmas season. At Christmas, he explains, men are less selfish than at any other time; at that season, most men have fought their battles for the year, and for a brief interval put aside their hates. For even to those of us who never give a thought to the meaning of the word, Christmas brings a transformation of the spirit.

What might it not do to us if we should take time fully to comprehend its meaning!

And if, during the other 51 weeks in the year, we carried in our hearts the spirit of Christmas—forgetting our petty irritations, and doing all the little kindly, thoughtful things our hearts prompt us to do . . .

The Star of Bethlehem would shine in the East with a brilliance not seen in nineteen hundred years, and the quiet and peace of that first Christmas would reign throughout the year for us, and ultimately throughout the world.

### Beneath The Surface

Persons attending last week's interesting district welfare meeting in Asheville were impressed with the welfare officials' grasp of their problems. Listeners were struck, too, by the reiteration by the speakers of these ideas:

Private charity is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, public charity having taken over, with taxpayers' money paying the bills and trained case workers doing the work; furthermore, charity is slipping out of the consciousness of individuals, as evidenced by the fact that most citizens have only the vaguest ideas of what their welfare department is doing.

The real answer to many welfare problems—especially those relating to children, and therefore to the welfare problem of the future—lies not in organized charity, but in the home.

The major concern of society must become not so much the relief of individual cases as finding the means for reducing the welfare "load"; yet a large share of that "load" is created by the economic system under which we live.

\* \* \*

Few of us wish to go back to conditions as they were before 1932; most of us recognize that public charity is far more efficient than private, and much more likely to get around to all.

But two questions inevitably arise:

The first deals with welfare work itself. The thought occurs that the dictum, "It is more blessed to give than to receive", was not spoken of the act of writing an income tax check, a part of which would be used in welfare work; it obviously referred to personal relationships. If we lose that blessing, we shall have paid a terrible price for efficiency and thoroughness.

The question, then, arises: Isn't there some way that organized charity can use, and thus keep alive, the individual's sympathetic desire to help

an unfortunate fellow?

The second question probes deeper.

Most of our welfare "load" is caused either by the failure of individuals or by what the kind of civilization we live in does to individuals. If that be true, then the real solution is not more welfare funds—though more money for welfare work is badly needed, of course, in the meantime—but homes that will turn out citizens better fitted to meet life's problems, and a civilization that is a little less futile.

And perhaps the real trouble lies with the latter.

We live under an economic system, for example, that ignores the basic fact that every individual, of whatever age, unless he is physically or mentally sick, is of some use. Our system automatically discards people at a fixed age. And what about an economic system that makes it necessary for an ever-increasing number of mothers to work outside their homes?

And when a civilization, such as we have in America, is characterized by more and more mental illness, more and more divorce, and more and more juvenile delinquency, isn't it time we recognized that something is basically wrong?

We must have our welfare work, to be sure. But does it—can it—get at the root of the trouble?

### Gertrude Dills McKee

(Contributed by the Rev. L. B. Hayes)

The mountains have seemed unusually cold and bleak today. Their gaunt ribs of rock stand out like the broken hulls of great ships. There has been much rain, as if the skies were adding their tears to the general weeping of the people, for it was a sad Sunday that announced the passing of Gertrude Dills McKee. The mountains seemed to mourn the going away of their queenly daughter from their valleys where she grew to girlhood and leadership among all the highland folk.

Then more lately, but with undoubted grace and distinction, she became a champion of good causes in the state senate—a wise counselor in the public welfare.

Also added to the seeming sadness on the earth, I saw a bright star fall an hour ago, shooting down over the top of Rogers Hill here in Macon, and burn itself out with celestial energy across a dark sky. This, too, suggested the brilliant mind and the willing spirit of Dr. McKee, whose heart gave way and broke under the drive of her active soul. However, she had a lovely, dignified funeral at Sylva in her beloved church, which was filled with flowers and overfilled with friends.

The grief was restrained even in her affectionate family and one could say, "There is nothing here for tears", since she had lived so joyfully and served so well. Such radiant living can not die, and as the miles rolled back under the wheels we meditated on her domestic virtues, sincere friendliness, and public record. It was mainly a blithesome spirit, a laughing, happy lady that filled our memory and made us grateful that God gives a few such rare persons to each generation to save it from sourness and cynicism. Who can forget her laughter and her kind wit? And what preacher has failed to be inspired by her close attention? Dorcas does not surpass her in good deeds and, like Mary, she sat enraptured at the feet of her Master. This generation will not pass without a thousand personal tributes to her merit, and her influence will abide in the stream of life as constantly as these rivers run to the seas.

For her and for you, Lyndon McKee, I pass on this which I think is on the gravestone of John Charles McNeill. It has been ringing in my mind all day.

"Hills wrapped in gray standing along the west,  
Clouds dimly lighted gathering slowly,  
The star of peace at rest above the crest,  
O, Holy, Holy, Holy.

We know, O Lord, so little what is best,  
Wingless we move so lowly;  
In Thy calm all-knowledge let us rest,  
O, Holy, Holy, Holy."

### The Pot And The Kettle

Reporting the South's only 1948 lynching, Time magazine opens its account of the slaying of Negro Robert Mallard thus:

"In Georgia's Toombs county, deep in the dark land of white supremacy . . .

This from a publication that lists as one of its senior editors the name of Whittaker Chambers, a self-confessed former member of the Communist underground in this country!

Didn't somebody say something once about people who live in glass houses? And, oh yes, isn't there an old saying about the pot calling the kettle black?

"Army Revises Attitude Toward Men In Ranks", says a headline.

But have the men in the ranks revised their attitude toward the army?

## LETTERS

### AMAZED AT LETTER

Editor, The Press:

I was rather amused and amazed at Mr. Lester Waldroop's letter about the range vs. the Forest Service.

I do not know Mr. Waldroop and have never ranged a "critter in them thar hills". Yea, verily, I would say that neither my own father nor either of my grandpappys ever chased a cow to or from the public domain. So I am unbiased on the subject.

Now it strikes me that if a pore critter had to hunt around over 30 acres (according to Mr. Waldroop) to get fairly full, that they would run their fat off between mouths.

Why, it is a downright miracle that we in this community have not starved to death, since we have never had access to forest land grazing. Yet I know a man who lived in a log house for a long time, who had a rather large family. To date three of their children have graduated from high school, one from college, and another is about half through so far. They have produced three reserve champion calves and one grand champion, as well as several others that placed well in the shows. Believe it or not, not a single one of these calves got off to a flying start in the woods. I can show you another man who grazes six dairy cows on three acres.

As a matter of fact, we graze 16 to 18 head on 25 acres. We also have one acre of hog lot where we grazed four dairy cows every night for two months this past summer.

There is also a farm out this way where one acre of corn produced 185 bushels; another, 150; one, 138; and one, 125. Sure it "cost a plenty" to produce corn like that and pasture like that.

We are even ignorant enough to grow hogs out to 200-240 pounds at six months of age without ever eating a corn. They like blue grass and corn better, you might believe it, but one of the three Grade A dairymen in the community (he takes in about \$1,100 per month) makes effort to run his cows in the woods.

Your astonished reader,

CHARLES J. FERGUSON

Franklin, Route 4,  
November 27, 1948.

### HAS MACON KEPT PACE?

Dear Editor:

After having read your editorial last week concerning Mr. Bromfield's opinion on the growth of the South, and especially North Carolina, I have been wondering just how much Macon County has improved. Has this county kept pace with the rest of the state?

It seems to me that Macon County is rather slow, in some ways. Mr. Bromfield says that the state has improved culturally, which I believe it has, but has Macon County? We have tried; that is granted. But have we really done anything?

One of the things present in a well-rounded cultural life is good music. How much music do we have? There is a juke box in most places, it is true. But is that the kind of music our young people should be learning to enjoy? I believe that we are not keeping pace, or we would have music taught in the schools, and we would not have so much trouble raising enough money to bring the Little Symphony Orchestra here to play for the people of Macon County.

Another place where this county, I believe, is rather slow is in the appreciation of art. How much do the people of Macon County know about the painters of old, or those of modern times?

If the younger people are not given a chance to express themselves, how are we to know if we have among us another Michael Angelo or Mendelssohn?

D. C. CARR

Franklin, N. C.  
December 3, 1948.

## POETRY CORNER

Conducted by

EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE

Weaverville, N. C.

Sponsored by Asheville Branch, National League of American Pen Women

### DAY OF PEACE

Through lands of earth the hearts beseech  
That valiant spirits clearly teach  
Futility of wars of men.  
The sun and stars have lit one page  
Of heaven's book whose phrases pen  
That peoples here should curb their rage.  
That love is waiting for our use  
Forever here, white flames of truce.

EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE

Weaverville, N. C.

### LEGAL ADVERTISING

#### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of Robert P. Sanders, 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 19 day of November, 1949 or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 19 day of November, 1948.

EDMOND SANDERS  
Administrator  
N25-5tp-1tc-D30

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
COUNTY OF MACON,  
MACON COUNTY, Plaintiff.

vs.  
SALLY LEDFORD and  
husband MACK LEDFORD,  
ED GUY and wife  
GUY, and IKE GUY,  
Defendants.

#### NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Macon County entered in the above entitled action on the 8 day of November, 1948, the undersigned Commissioner will on the 10 day of December, 1948, at 12 o'clock, noon, at the Courthouse door in Macon County, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate: Beginning at a poplar at the spring and runs S 88 W 36 poles to a large white oak;

then S 2 W 18 poles to a stake in the old Angel line; then N 88 E 36 poles to a chestnut; then 18 poles to the beginning, containing 18 acres, more or less; being the land conveyed to Anna Guy by Rhoda Thomas in deed dated October 28, 1930, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, in Book U-4 of Deeds, page 474.

This, the 9 day of November, 1948.

R. S. JONES  
Commissioner.

N18-4tc-JJ-D9

## Arthritis Pain

For quick, delightfully comforting help for aches and pains of Rheumatism, Arthritis, Neuritis, Lumbago, Gout, or Neuralgia try Chamber's Anti-Skipper Compound. First dose usually means alleviating pain so you can work, enjoy life and sleep more comfortably. Get Chamber's at drugists today. Quick, positive satisfaction or money back guaranteed!



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