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and

The Highlands Maconian

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This Is News!

The old benches—those moth-eaten, knife-whittled, paint-lacking benches—those dilapidated, disgracefully down-at-the-heel derelicts, reminiscent of a dark and distant past—the rickety old benches that face the Confederate monument on the Square—the old benches are on the way out!

Yes, sir, they are to be replaced!

And it was all done so easily and without even semblance of organization.

A few Franklin men got interested. They reasoned not only that the old benches were an eye-sore, but that tourists, and shoppers as well, should have a place to rest. The solution seemed to be new benches.

Somebody remembered that there were metal-framed benches in the old railroad depot, and that they probably would be for sale, since the Tallulah Falls Railroad no longer hauls passengers. A letter to Cornelia proved the correctness of that assumption—they could be bought for \$47.

Within a few hours that amount was raised in cash, and Alderman Woodrow Reeves, chairman of the town street committee, promised to ask the Franklin board to have the seats painted, and then anchored in concrete. The matter is expected to come before the board at its meeting in September, so that attractive seats should replace the unhappy old ones within a fortnight.

And who did it?

At least one of the less than half a dozen responsible is so modest about his community work he asked that his name not be published; "after all," he explained, "we didn't do it for publicity." Presumably, he spoke for all, and the request is being respected.

Names or no names, it was a fine piece of community work.

And, perhaps most important, it illustrates strikingly what can be accomplished. Given an organization or organizations to take the lead, plus a carefully worked out plan, and Franklin could be so transformed within a year that most of us would hardly know the town.

Defense Of Freedom

"The law deals with overt acts, not thoughts."

That is the ruling of Judge Joseph Sherbow, Maryland circuit court jurist.

The ruling came on a test of a new Maryland law requiring loyalty oaths by public employes and candidates for office, and providing heavy fines and prison sentences merely for belonging to subversive organizations.

The case probably will be taken to the Maryland Court of Appeals, and finally to the U. S. Supreme Court. But meanwhile Judge Sherbow's ruling is a ringing defense of the primary Anglo-Saxon freedom:

"The Supreme Court," he declared in his ruling, "has made it clear that laws may punish acts and conduct which clearly, seriously, and imminently threaten substantive evils.

"They may not intrude into the realm of ideas, religious and political beliefs, and opinions.

"The law deals with overt acts, not thoughts. It may punish for acting, but not for thinking."

The Real Criminal

Last week Margaret Mitchell, famed author of "Gone With the Wind", died in Atlanta, victim of an automobile accident.

The driver of the car has been arrested, and undoubtedly will be tried and punished. But is the man who drove the car the real criminal?

The court record shows that the driver had been booked 22 times previously for traffic law violations; yet he was licensed not only to drive an automobile, but as a taxicab driver.

Isn't Miss Mitchell's blood really on the hands of the authorities who permitted this man to continue to operate an automobile, after he had proved, 22

times, that he would not, or could not, obey the traffic laws?

And that question raises a broader one, with reference to our courts generally:

The suspended sentence—the gospel of a second chance—is fine in the case of the defendant convicted of his first, or even second, offense. But why do our courts continue to give suspended sentences to those who are habitual offenders?

Something For Nothing

We see by the papers that the Federal Communications Commission has moved to outlaw most of the radio give-away programs.

Now isn't that just our luck!

For years now, we've been certain we were just about to win a trip to Europe, or furniture for a 10-room house, or, at least, a pet elephant. Time after time, we've sat by the telephone awaiting a call from New York or Hollywood; time after time, we've sent in a box top, along with a dime or a quarter; time after time, we've written advertising slogans that we felt sure couldn't be improved on. Time after time, of course, we've been disappointed. But there's such a thing as the law of averages; after a while we'd be sure to win—maybe the very next time.

Now our hopes are about to be dashed. The papers say the give-away programs are to be barred after September 30.

Well, if we haven't won something by that time, we'll know, all the rest of our life, that we undoubtedly **would** have won, on October 1—or October 2, at the latest!

Letters

AIR SHOW CANCELED

Editor, The Press:

When the flood damaged our runway recently, it was necessary for us to cancel the air show that was scheduled for the 4th of July. After considerable expense in repairing this damage in order to have the runway in such shape as to hold the show on Labor day, we find that our delayed schedule has placed us in a position asking for acts on the same day as the National Air Races. You can imagine the success we have had in attempting to line up a quality show with all the aviation people planning to attend the major event of the year in Cleveland.

Since our efforts to line up acts for a quality show have met with no success, rather than offer the people of Franklin a second rate affair we have decided to cancel the local show entirely, and hope that the coming year will find us with a runway that can handle a first class event on the 4th of July as originally planned for each year.

We shall appreciate your notifying the readers of The Press of the above facts; the result of circumstances (the river) beyond our control. Rather than offer a second class affair, we believe it best to cancel the event.

Very truly yours,

MACON FLYING SERVICE

By M. S. Heyward

Franklin, N. C.
August 20, 1949.

Others' Opinions

THE WORD ON TREES

Men seldom plant trees till they begin to be wise, that is, till they grow old, and find, by experience, the prudence and necessity of it.—John Evelyn, 1664.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture has devoted its 1949 Yearbook wholly to the subject of "Trees", a copy of which is in hand (some job, considering the heat) and can be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D. C. at the giveaway price of \$2.00. If all the literature of the forests were condensed and put in one volume, this would be it. Indeed, this is it.

In his foreword to "Trees" Secretary of Agriculture Brannan cites the words of the English patriot and philosopher quoted above. They are the sum and substance of the forest problem, which its "prudence" and its "necessity." Happily, an older American civilization is coming to appreciate John Evelyn's injunction of nearly two centuries ago.

"Trees" will help. It is an attractive 994-page volume edited with journalistic skill and imagination by Alfred Stefferud. Trees, forests and forest products are discussed in non-technical language by 161 contributors. W. N. Sparhawk has written an engaging short history of forestry in America. Color plate illustrations help to summarize the main points of the book, one dealing with the Coweeta weir stream flow project in Macon County. An extensive section describes (with illustrations and location maps) all the important forest trees of the United States so that the layman may identify them with ease.

If the average citizen would understand the heritage of his forests and their role in his very existence, he will seek out the 1949 Yearbook of Agriculture, "Trees", and after absorbing it bow low to the U. S. Forest Service. The dedicated foresters of America have put between covers another major service to the welfare of their country.—Asheville Citizen.

THE LITTLE CAPTAIN

Mr. Truman, we fear has never gotten over the glory of his role of The Little Captain of World War I. Ever since he assumed the Presidency the brass hats have had so much to say about how this nation shall be run as congress.

Big dog in dictating policy to the President seems to be General Vaughan, his military aide.

Vaughan is credited with shaping the plan for squandering millions in Greece and Turkey, not to mention the fact that the Truman doctrine in the Near East bypassed the United Nations and made it brutally clear to Russia that the United States was not going to arbitrate differences but would rely on arms.

Judging by preliminary information in the five-percenters investigations, General Vaughan also deals in race tracks and appears to hold himself above nothing, which would reflect directly upon the people's choice of a President, since Mr. Truman still insists that he loves and respects his closest aide as ever.

The President has shown himself very rusty on the Constitution of the United States. First, he completely forgot the constitutional guarantee of States' Rights. Second, he appears ignorant of the constitutional provision that the nation's military establishment shall be a servant of the civil body—not that the civil body shall serve and exist for the support of the military arm.—Cleveland Times.

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE..."

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF OUR DEMOCRACY, THE PIONEER OFTEN PUT ESSENTIAL TOOLS AND RATIONS IN A CANOE AND PROCEEDED UP RIVERS AND STREAMS, SEARCHING FOR A FARM SITE. PADDLING HIS OWN CANOE, HE FOUND THE LAND AND TIMBER THAT WOULD PROVIDE HIM AND HIS FAMILY WITH A HOME AND OPPORTUNITY.



TODAY, THIS EXPRESSION, IN COMMON USE SINCE PIONEER DAYS, STILL SYMBOLIZES INDIVIDUAL INDEPENDENCE AND INITIATIVE... IN MODERN USAGE, IT APPLIES TO THE OPPORTUNITY AND RESPONSIBILITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL, THROUGH HIS OWN FORESIGHT AND EFFORTS, TO PROVIDE FOR THE SECURITY AND WELL-BEING OF HIMSELF AND HIS FAMILY.

Some Memories

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is another of the entries in the Macon County Historical Society's recent contest for articles relating to the history of this county.)

By R. R. RICKMAN

Thinking over my childhood days brings to mind some incidents that seem strange to present day customs.

The first I knew of such a thing as county government was when James (Jim) Cansler came to my father's house to collect his tax. He gave me the first money I ever owned. It was a dime. Of course that gave me a high opinion of Sheriff Cansler. The first time I came to Franklin his horse was hitched to a stake at the north end of the courthouse hall. My father said no one ever hitched a horse there but Sheriff Cansler.

I am pretty sure his successor was Lee Allman. Without referring to records, I can't name those who followed in succession, but recall Charlie Roane as being the first one I voted for. Others that come to my mind as I write are Major William Higdon, T. B. Higdon, Davis Dean, Alex Moore, Charles Ingram, Bert Slagle, and the present Sheriff, Perry Bradley.

The first man I remember as clerk of court was William (Billy) Allman. I think his successor was Sam Rogers. The first clerk I voted for was Lee Crawford. He was followed by Mack Ledford, Frank Murray, Harley Cabe, A. R. Higdon, and the present clerk, Clinton Brookshire.

The first register of deeds that I remember was W. L. (Billy) Dean. I don't recall all his successors, but do remember that Jesse Sloan was the first one I voted for. He afterwards issued my marriage license. After him I remember H. D. Dean, David Blaine, Elmer Johnson, Horace Hurst, Tom Bryson, Lester Arnold, and the present Lake Shope. I remember when Col. John Ingram was county treasurer, but that office was abolished before I voted.

I don't recall the first commissioners I voted for, but remember those filling that office in those days consisted of such men as John Ammons, John Ingram, William McDowell, a Mr. Bascomb, and others. Later on, I will only name some who enter my mind as I write: Bob Porter, Will McGuire, a Mr. McPiercer, John Harrison, Charles McClure, Dock Barnard, Neal Bryson, Carey Hall, Walter Gibson, Lawrence Ramsey. I am sure I have overlooked some before coming to the present board.

The first vote I cast for representative was for J. Frank Ray. I may not recall all of his successors, but remember W. A. Rogers, H. D. Dean, Frank Ray, Jr., R. A. Patton, George Patton, Charles Ingram, Herbert McGlamery, and the present representative, Carl Slagle.

Schools

There have been many changes in the school system since my early recollection. The first recollection I have of schools was when John Bowman taught a school near

Weaver Carter's on what was then known as the Peabody Fund. The citizens had built a two-room house without ceiling, and the seats were logs split open with pegs set in the bottom for legs. I remember none of them were low enough for my feet to reach the floor. I was not old enough to attend this school, but know quite a few people from other communities came to this school. My first teacher was John O. Hicks, and my last teacher was Lee Barnard.

The first superintendent of schools I knew was Sumner Clark. Following him was A. D. Farmer. Then I remember Miss Laura Clark, Tom Johnson, the late M. D. Billings and G. L. Houk.

In my school days the only requirement for persons to be able to teach school was for them to stand examination under the county superintendent, who would issue a first, second, or third grade certificate, and the teachers were paid according to grade. Each of the eleven townships was divided into various districts, and three committeemen in each district selected and employed the teacher of their choice for that school.

Doctors

The first I ever knew of such a being as a doctor was when my father came home and told us that Dr. Lyle (this was J. M. Lyle, often called "Jimmy") had gone to Joe Carter's to cut off Joe's leg. Joe had been shot through the thigh by his son, Charlie, by mistake. Joe hid under a bed with some snake rattles and scared Charlie, who on hearing the commotion, took the gun from the rack and fired at the object he saw under the bed. I don't think I was more than seven years old at that time, so in my childish mind there was wonder and surprise as to the being who could cut off a man's leg and also as to the man who could live with a leg cut off. It was a year or two later that this same doctor was called to our home to see my father. Since I was so anxious to know what kind of a being a doctor was, I discovered he was just a man made as other men.

At that time I learned of other doctors in the county, mainly John and Wiley Moore, Dr. Brabson who was considered a specialist in treating milk sickness, Snipe McCloud, followed by S. H. Lyle (who his father referred to as Sam). Those who have been called to my home in addition to Dr. Lyle have been Drs. McCoy, Fouts, Siler, Rogers, Edgar Angel, and Horsley.

Preachers

The first preacher I remember seeing was Merritt Rickman who had moved from Henderson county and bought land from Thomas Shepherd and settled on Rickman Creek (then known as Morehead Fork). I never heard him preach. The first man I heard preach was a Mr. Kelly. This was at Snow Hill Methodist church. Mr. Kelly was so small he had to stand on a box in order to see his congregation over the book board. At that time there were very few preachers in Macon

County, and Elias Brendle from Jackson county and Allen Ammons and Henry Connor from Swain county would come to this county to pastor churches. I was not acquainted with the earlier preachers in the Franklin churches, but do remember Coley Campbell, C. D. Smith, a man by the name of Ballard, Syme, Charlie Ledford, and J. R. Pendergrass. Since then preachers have been too numerous to mention, but will speak of one incident that remains of interest to me. It was when Wiley Connor rode a mule from Auffy in Swain county and pastored a church in this county for a salary of \$100 a year, and that was the first time that church had ever paid so high a salary for a year's preaching. He preached one Saturday and Sunday in each month. I am afraid to mention any more preachers for fear I might leave out some who are nearest my heart.

Buildings

It seems that I have a faint recollection of the courthouse being built by Dr. Lyle (this is Dr. John M. Lyle who was the father of Dr. S. H. Lyle and Dr. J. M. Lyle) as contractor, though it may be I just heard so much talk about it that it became fastened on my mind.

All the old buildings of my first recollection on the road of travel in going to Franklin have been replaced by more modern dwellings, but I think the old Watson house, occupied by Mrs. Will Shields, still retains the same old wall which has been overhauled from the outside. I am not well enough acquainted over the county to mention the buildings still standing after more than seventy years, but having lived in the lower end of the county I am familiar with some that have been standing that long. Will mention one built by William West, now occupied by Mrs. J. M. Morgan and Robert Morgan; one built by James Bryson, now occupied by Carr Bryson; one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. James Porter, built by Alfred Hall; one built by Joseph Hurst, now occupied by the Patterson family; and I think the one occupied by Mrs. George Raby, built by Mark Raby, has been standing that long.

People

Some of the oldest citizens I remember around Franklin, aside from those already mentioned, were Jack Johnston, Nathan Allman, Levi Love, Eli Myers, James Franks, and Green Trotter. In the lower end of the county among the oldest men I knew were William West, Brannon Lakey, Joseph Bryson, Elija Cloer, Nathan Lowe, Henderson Parrish, Solomon Leatherman, Roland Coggins, and John Gibson. I think all of those named were too old to render service in the Civil War. Those who did serve, but were old men when I grew up, are too numerous to mention.

I remember when our neighbors went to market in wagons drawn by horses, mules, or oxen. Their places of trade included such towns as Waihalla, Seneca City, Anderson, Gainesville, and other towns in South Carolina and Georgia. They were usually gone for two weeks or more. They carried such products as apples, chickens, turkeys, and anything there was a surplus of in the community. Their loading was bought on terms to be paid for on the return trip by bringing such commodities as salt, coffee, sugar, sheeting, or whatever the customer might order. The turkeys were mostly bought in droves and were traveled on foot, so when the turkeys began to fly on the fence or in the bushes to roost, there was where the wagoners had to camp.

I can remember when Jake Mason made a trip to Waihalla. He bought some chickens from my mother. They were worth ten cents each, regardless of size or quality, provided they were as much as half grown. For payment he brought her sheeting at either four or five cents per yard. I know when my brother went with the wagon train on one occasion (his team were oxen) they were gone two weeks and the family or neighbors could not butcher their hogs until the wagon returned with salt.

It was not uncommon for one neighbor to exchange with another a bushel of corn for a day's labor, ten pounds of meat for a bushel of wheat, a gallon of molasses for a pig, and sometimes, when one man was overstocked with pigs, he would give his neighbor one or maybe he would advise his neighbor to steal one as that would give him better luck. The trade might consist of one dozen eggs for three twists of tobacco. The women exchanged such things as dried apples, dried pumpkin, beans, or peas for what have you.

In the days of my boyhood there were but few men in my neighborhood who could not borrow money from anyone who had any he was not using, without note or security.