

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

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For Boys and Girls

(Reprinted from The Press of August 29, 1946.)

THIS is written to and for the most important people in Macon County—the 4,000 children who have just returned to school.

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 older 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.

Vital Job

Most Macon people will join heartily in wishing Mrs. Florence S. Sherrill success as she assumes her duties today as county home demonstration agent.

That wish, in part, will be a deserved personal tribute. Even more, however, it will be a recognition of the vital part the home demonstration clubs play in this community; for these clubs have primarily to do with home-making, and it is generally agreed that the solution of most of our present-day problems lies in the building of better homes.

The home agent's job is one of the most important in the county. In a sense, it is even more important than that of the farm agents. For while they seek to aid farmers to make a better living, the home agent's task is to aid their wives to make a better life.

Please Sign Your Name

The Press continues to receive communications that are unsigned, and once again readers are reminded that all unsigned communications are consigned to the waste basket.

Both news items and letters to the editor are welcomed, but we must know the source of everything published.

While it is not necessary, as a rule, to publish the names of persons sending in news, we must know from whom news comes; otherwise, we have no way of knowing whether it is genuine.

As to letters to the editor, on rare occasions, where the facts are unquestioned and the subject is not controversial, we can publish a letter under an assumed name. We much prefer, however, that all letters carry the real name of the writer, and in no case can we publish a letter unless we know, and have on file, the real name and address of the author.

Credit Due

The interesting article on research at Coweeta that appeared on last week's editorial page of The Press was by James R. Daniels, of New York and Franklin. It was taken from The Raleigh News and Observer. The credit line was inadvertently dropped when the type was placed in the page form. The Press regrets the omission and hastens to give credit for so excellent a description of the unique work being done at Macon's experimental forest.

POETRY CORNER

Conducted by

EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE
Weaverville, N. C.

Sponsored by Asheville Branch, National League of American Pen Women

NEVER LOST

No good aim is lost
Though it may be delayed.
From ashes of failure
New courage is made.

ELIZABETH FIELD

Asheville, N. C.

Others' Opinions

CALLED TO WORK

Dallas Community Guidance Clinic, they call it. A young man comes in and wants advice about what line of work he should follow. He is sent to somebody who has established himself in some business, trade or profession, and there they talk it over together—boy and man.

If education is really fitting the individual to life, surely this influence is good. Because, you see, a young man is not fitted to life if he chooses his work merely for the money that is in it. On the other hand, if he looks into a calling and sees it as an opportunity to serve his day and age—sees it as a way to help make a better world while he is earning bread and butter for himself and his loved ones—that young man is really fitting himself to life.

Don't think that the youth gets all the benefit out of this sort of contact. The man at his desk or counter or work bench who is visited by a fine, upstanding, clean lad gets inspiration out of it. He knows that he is looking at the future of America when he looks into those clear young eyes. It takes the hum-drum out of your day to have a visit from hope and high resolve. It is something of a thrill to meet young Mr. Greatheart and give him a few road directions as he starts out on his pilgrim's journey.—Dallas Morning News.

PROTEST HOLLYWOOD FORMULA

We see by the papers that special detectives are objecting to Hollywood portrayals of the "private eyes" of the world. They would like for the men with the dramatic cameras to portray the breed minus sluggings, Scotch, blondes and cold showers.

We sympathize with the hired-snoopers—newspapermen have been wishing for a similar break for a long time.

We're still wishing.

Like the detectives, newspapermen would like to be portrayed without sluggings, Scotch, blondes and cold showers—not to mention arguments with city editors, single-handed solutions to major mysteries and shouting "do this or else" to all concerned.

We've often thought a nice quiet, philosophical movie about a weekly newspaperman who builds a good solid business and helps build his community, would be appropriate. The movie could show the average conflicts which any community newspaper editor sometimes faces, might show him uncovering the once-in-a-lifetime big story between making collections from the slow-moving account and selling a full-page ad to the town's progressive merchant.

In the long run we can only solace ourselves and advise our private detective friends to do likewise. To them we might say, forget it. You won't change the scheme of things anyway.

Besides, we rather like seeing a "private eye" slugged once in a while—on the screen, that is—even if it doesn't happen often in real life.

And maybe they enjoy seeing a reporter slapped around.

—Publishers' Auxiliary.

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

Constitution Day—September 17

ON THIS DAY IN 1787, THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES WAS COMPLETED AND SIGNED BY THIRTY-NINE REPRESENTATIVES TO GUIDE THEM, NO MATTER HOW LONG, THE DELEGATES TO THE CONVENTION HAD SUCCEEDED IN FORMULATING A DOCUMENT SO SOUND IN ITS BASIC CONSTRUCTION, YET SO FLEXIBLE IN PRACTICE, THAT IT HAS SERVED OUR COUNTRY WELL FOR MORE THAN 160 YEARS.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON SPEAKING BEFORE THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

TODAY, AS THROUGHOUT OUR HISTORY, WE MUST UPHOLD THE PHILOSOPHIES AND WAY OF LIFE SET FORTH IN THE CONSTITUTION AS A SURE WAY TO MAINTAIN THE DYNAMIC EVOLUTION OF OUR DEMOCRACY.

FACTS IMPORTANT

To The Historiographer

(EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the third of three articles by Silas McDowell furnished the Macon County Historical Society by Mr. McDowell's niece, Mrs. Albert Skaggs, Sr., of Portland, Oregon. The article, Mrs. Skaggs explained, was published in "The Expositor" in June, 1873. She added that the T. C. D. referred to was T. C. Draper, of Madison, Wis., and that the John H— was John Hall. It was Mrs. Hall who told where the "Black-Hole" battleground was situated.)

(This is the final article of the series submitted to the Historical Society in connection with its recent contest.)

By SILAS McDOWELL

T. C. D., of Madison, Wisconsin, who is writing the life of Gen. Sumter, of Revolutionary War notoriety, and as he wanted to establish the point in the Tennessee Valley, in Macon County, where the Cherokee Indians at some defile attacked the army of Gen. Williamson in the summer of 1776, wrote to me some weeks back and asked assistance in locating that defile in our valley of the Tennessee River.

For the last fifty years tradition has located that battleground not far from Smith's Bridge, nine or ten miles above Franklin, and I immediately replied to Mr. D., informing him of this fact. In a short time he replied that tradition was in error and contradicted a written record to-wit—the marching diary of Gen. Williamson's army. This record located the battle below and not above Franklin; and in proof of this he sent me an extract from the diary in the following words and figures.

"Sept. 16th 1776—March all day up Warwoman Creek, crossed Blue Ridge at a low gap and camped at the foot of a mountain.

Sept. 17, 1767—This day we marched to Grassy Plains, 16 miles and camped.

Sept. 18, 1776—This day we marched down the river, passing the South and North Forks, and the burned Indian town, Nequassee, and reached Cowee, where Gen. Rutherford had left a detachment to care the sick and wounded. This day we marched 12 miles.

Sept. 19, 1776—This day we marched down the river toward the Indian town called Cannutta, six miles, and there entered the Black Hole, enclosed on three sides; had a battle with the Indians and returned to Cowee with our wounded."

Of course this proves all our traditions false that have located that battle near Smith's Bridge, but it furnished me a clue to the true battle-ground; and lo, I have found it, and in this way.

Remembering that an old lady (the widow of John H—) had spent her girlhood some miles below the old Indian town of Cowee, I thought it probable that she had heard of the Indian town of Cannutta, and also of the defile where Gen. Williamson's army was attacked, so I had an interview with Mrs. H— which resulted in the revelation of the following facts.

First question propounded to Mrs. H— was, "When a girl did you ever hear the Indians speak of one of their old towns below Cowee?"

She replied, "I have." Then I asked, "How far was

heard it, but give me time to think," and clasping her forehead betwixt her hands, she bowed her head low for more than a minute, then suddenly raising it (with flashing black eyes) she exclaimed, "Oh, I've it now, the Indians named it E-quah-netee."

My next question was, "Did you ever hear of an old battleground where the Indians attacked our troops between Cowee and E-quah-netee?"

She answered, "Yes, and have been over that battle-ground frequently. The old Indian trail that passed through it, and on over the mountain, was more than a mile shorter than the pike-road down along the river and around the point of the mountain, so Mr. H— and myself always went that way, if on horseback, when visiting my father.

I replied, "But how did you know it to be a battle-ground?"

The old lady answered, "Because Mr. H— told me so. His father was a clergyman and served as chaplain for the South Carolina army. His name was also John H—, and his brother, James H—, was chaplain for the North Carolina army. Mr. H— has described to me how the Indians surrounded the army on three sides, after it entered that dark hollow, a ridge on each hand and the top of the mountain in front. Our men whipped them and from this cause: the army was below the Indians.

BAUXITE PRODUCER

The state of Arkansas produces most of the bauxite in the country. In agriculture it ranks high. The state is also endowed with great forest wealth.

LEGAL ADVERTISING

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of Lillian Rose Slater, 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 1st day of September, 1950, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This 1st day of September, 1949.

PERCIVAL B. SLATER,
Executor.

SS-61c-JJ-O14

NOT DUTY, BUT GRATITUDE

Where they will be most often seen, two bronze plaques will be erected on either side of the Courthouse door, one bearing the names of the veterans of World War I, the other bearing the names of the veterans of World War II, who lost their lives in the service.

The school children and a few individuals have already contributed \$120.00 toward the plaque to the veterans of World II, but the total cost will be \$975.00 for both. It is hoped that no drive to raise the remainder of this money will be necessary, but that each school room, each church, each Sunday School class, each civic organization, and each individual in the county will help according to their desire—according to the depth of their gratitude.

The form of the memorial was decided upon by representatives of the American Legion, American Legion Auxiliary, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Macon County Memorial Association, but it will be erected by the people at large—it will be their tribute.

Some may not agree with the form of the memorial, conscientiously believing that a more practical, a living memorial should be created.

Such a memorial exists to the memory of those who paid the supreme sacrifice in World I, in the form of a students' memorial loan fund which began with \$1,000.00 a number of years ago and which now amounts to more than \$4,500.00. This fund has aided nine young men and women of Macon County in securing a higher education. If more than enough is raised to pay for the plaques it will be added to this trust fund in memory of the veterans of World War II and will be made available to all deserving and needy young women and young men of Macon County who desire a higher education.

Let's give according to the depth of our gratitude.

Contributions may be made to the following:

H. W. Cabe, Treasurer, Macon County Memorial Association.
Weaver Shope, Commander, Veterans Foreign Wars.
Woodrow Shope, Adjutant, Veterans of Foreign Wars.
Mrs. Lon Dalton, President, American Legion Auxiliary.
Gilmer A. Jones, Chairman, Macon County Memorial Assn.
Pritchard Smith, Finance Officer, American Legion.
Hoyt Evans, Chaplain, American Legion.