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Obituary notices, cards of thanks, tributes of respect, by individuals, lodges, churches, organizations or societies, will be regarded as advertising and inserted at regular classified advertising rates.

Fine Showing

Franklin's high school football team gave a thrill to the hundreds of persons who attended last Friday night's game. And word of the local players' victory quickly spread among those who were unable to be present, giving the whole town a feeling of pride.

There was good individual playing by the Franklin boys; more important, there was excellent team work.

Somewhat less spectacular, but involving just as much painstaking effort and also requiring perfect teamwork, were the efforts of the high school band, making its first public appearance. Director Beck and members of the band are to be congratulated upon such a good showing in so short a time.

The cheer leaders worked hard and effectively, and added their bit to the color of the occasion.

And behavior of the crowd was exemplary—except in one particular, and that was a bit of thoughtlessness.

From habit, many persons left the stadium seats to go on the field. With plenty of seats now available, there is no need for persons to stand on the sidelines; furthermore, it isn't quite fair to those in the stands.

School authorities will find prompt cooperation from the public, we are sure, in insisting hereafter that no one be permitted on the field except players and football officials.

Farewell To Freedom

Science has brought many blessings to man, you say. Nuts! To the women, maybe. But to men?—we're opposed to science and all its works.

Just take, for instance, the latest product of the F. F. Goerlich company. It's a dish-washing glove. "The idea," explains the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, "is that if you give a housewife a good grip on a dish, she won't drop it and break it." The further idea appears to be that, in a household where there is a pair of these dish-washing gloves, there just won't be any excuse for breaking dishes.

We're ag'in it!

It's wrong! It's unAmerican! Why, it's downright unconstitutional!

The women may not know why it's all these things, but most small boys and all husbands will. For it's only the ladies' fear for their dishes that keeps us males free. It's taken years and years and a lot of broken dishes finally to convince them that we just can't be trusted. Now science would wipe all that out!

Whv, just look at us! We're beginning to get "dishpan hands" already!

Worth Thinking About

We've heard a great deal in recent months about what a dismal failure the British experiment in socialism has proved. We've heard, too, that Great Britain is finished, the inference invariably being that its present plight is due almost entirely to its socialistic experiment. And we've been told and told and told that it is the socialistic extravagance of the British Labor government that makes American aid necessary.

When the prophets of gloom so regularly ignore the fact that Great Britain has been through a terrific war, and that it's plight would be terrible, regardless of its form of government, one cannot help thinking these prophets either are dishonest or are wishful thinkers.

And if they aren't exactly straight-forward in their thinking about one aspect of the situation, isn't it possible they are no more accurate in their conclusions on other aspects?

However that may be, one Arthur B. Phelps, a Canadian visiting in Britain, presents a picture of the British situation that is in rather striking contrast with the picture as it has generally been painted. In a letter to the London publication, New Statesman and Nation, Mr. Phelps tells what he

has seen during his three months in Britain, and reaches some interesting conclusions:

I have been asked what I think Great Britain has after a 12-year absence. Before we landed at all, on the ship coming over, we were told that England was great, and just waiting to take the world in the next round. We heard most gruesome tales of unscrupulous dentists and careless doctors. As for the labouring classes, they were a bunch of lazy hounds, sabotaging the work of the nation while they sat shilling—shillings mind you—not pennies—on the football pools and the dogs and the horses. The funny thing was that all this horrible story of inner decay and pending collapse was never attributed to moral weakness inherent in the British character as such and now coming out. Rather, the ruin was all wrought by something outside—an iniquitous piece of iniquity called the Labour government.

I am a Canadian, and a Canadian proud of his Statute of Westminster; but proud also of his British tradition and connection. What am I to conclude after three fascinating months over here—not living in posh hotels on a fat expense account, meeting the right people and rarely out of London, but living and moving instead here and there over the countryside—in towns, in villages, in country places—in the black centre of England and on her sea-silvered edges?

This is the picture as I see it. The press of our continent has, on the whole—there are exceptions—been busy writing you off—is even busier just now. Conditioned by that press, the Canadian comes over here almost expecting to see you rubbing fire sticks together and dressed in woad. And it isn't only a translate press, motivated sometimes perhaps by a partisan economic ideology, that does you in. It's often, as well, your own runaway Britons who have come out among us to tell their story; sometimes, be it said, more in sorrow than in anger. Further, it's you yourselves who do yourselves in. After a speech the other week by a man who, in his greatness, served not only Britain but humanity, and yet whose speech was grist for the transatlantic propaganda mills, I looked up the post-war production statistics for Europe. It is an understatement to say that this speech bewildered me. The figures of your production statistics seem to make you lead almost all Europe in post-war recovery despite your relatively higher war costs.

When I talk to the right people—the groomed, salaried positioned people, the nice people like myself, in hotel rotundas, and at good dinner tables, I am persuaded that Britain is on the wrong road, and that almost everything that can be wrong with a country is wrong with Britain just now. Regimentation, mechanized arbitrarily by the incompetent, authority vested in the self-indulgent and the ignorant, the masses of the workers parasites, all absorptive gut and no backbone.

Now, I have two comments.

1. The first is that this business of how some people talk in clubs and drawing rooms and what "the people" do when they vote with a ballot in a free election is a strange and frightening—or reassuring—business. I was in the United States during one of Roosevelt's elections. Everywhere Roosevelt was decried. Intelligent people suddenly lowered their voices and told us intimate dreadful things about him. With considered unanimity, the press was against Roosevelt. But the people once again rolled Roosevelt in as the symbol of something they wanted kept alive among them. Is there a parallel here to something that may be happening among you?

2. My next comment is very simple; merely this: that when one is wanting to make a conclusion based, as it were, on rational thinking, it's exasperating to realize how insistent visual observation can be! My point is this: we have seen Britain. There may be many reasons for the difference between 1937 and now. But the difference exists. That difference is in the stride and appearance of people on the streets, of men coming out of mines; it is in the faces and bodies of babies and children; it is in the vitality of young people. When I half wonder if I am imagining all this I turn to one incident and know it is not imagination.

Twelve years ago, as tourists, by accident, we stumbled on the Iron Square in Edinburgh. It was horrible. We had seen things like it in Chester, in London, but here we felt was the trapped essence of the misery and degradation of the old world expressed in the tolerated deprivation of its poor. In Iron Square on that day washing was strung across in the corners between windows. It wasn't really garments—pitiful fragments of garments and all of filthy grey. The mothers were shuffling and slatternly; the children pallid and diseased. On the forehead and face of one child was a running sore; all were unkempt and dirty with the dirt of accepted misery.

Last month in Edinburgh we went down the Iron Square again. Providence had set the drama for us. The Square was still there, the central paved space, the solid stone and windowed walls... the washing was there, too. But, so help me, it was washing. The pieces were whole garments and they were white. The children were there. They were handsome, gay, sturdy and clean. They were happy. There was a supervisor in charge and there were toys and picture books and bottles of milk.

Now, for good or ill, that's the revolution that has occurred all over your islands. The thing has happened. You have liquidated at least the most miserable poverty of your poor. An A. A. man, one day in one corner of England, when the talk had turned to the good feeding in Dublin and Brussels for those who could pay for it, stood it no longer and cried out, "Ah, but don't you know it, man; nobody today starves in England!"

Whatever you do about changing or not changing your political custodians, I believe you are going to continue on the right road for Britain.

Whether one approves or disapproves of Britain's experiment in socialism, no honest person can read that letter without wondering...

Do political and economic theories mean much to the man who is ragged and starving?

Is political freedom of much value without another freedom—the freedom from dire want, and despair?

And isn't that philosophy and that government going to survive under which the lot of the average man is best?

"The greatest good to the greatest number..."

"An equal chance for all..."

Those are good American ideals. Maybe the British are applying them, but just doing it in a different way.

It's worth thinking about. For if we want to preserve our free enterprise system in America, we'd do well not to be too smug about it. And we'd do well to be honest in our comparisons; kidding ourselves about the facts is about the worst thing we could do.

To make people better, educate them better; to educate people better, educate them longer.

OUR DEMOCRACY by Mat from COBBLING to MASS PRODUCTION THE LOCAL COBBLER OF OLD DAYS TOOK MANY HOURS TO MAKE A PAIR OF SHOES... SHOE MAKING REMAINED A HANDICRAFT UNTIL 1818, WHEN THOMAS BLANCHARD, A NEW ENGLANDER, INVENTED A LATHE FOR PRODUCING LASTS...

SHOE MAKING REMAINED A HANDICRAFT UNTIL 1818, WHEN THOMAS BLANCHARD, A NEW ENGLANDER, INVENTED A LATHE FOR PRODUCING LASTS. BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE ADAPTATION OF ELIAS HOWE'S SEWING MACHINE TO THE STITCHING OF SHOES IN THE LATE 1840S THAT THE BASIS OF THE MODERN SHOE MANUFACTURING INDUSTRY WAS ESTABLISHED.



TODAY, WITH IMPROVED MACHINES AND PROCESSES, THE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA PRODUCES MORE THAN 3000 PAIRS OF SHOES EVERY MINUTE... AN IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTION TO OUR HIGH STANDARD OF LIFE.

Letters

'ONE MAN RULE'

Dear Mr. Jones:

Your "Dollars and Sense" editorial (issue of September 22) hit me so hard I must say a word if you will allow me space. Since my wife and I are a part of the number you speak of in your column, and have been for 10 years, and will be for at least four more years, we can understand what you mean.

We have one child at State college and one at W. C. T. C., one with Grade A certificate from W. C. T. C., and one with three years at W. C. T. C. and one with three years at W. C. T. C. would have finished, but she answered me to help out in our struggle with the dictators of the world in what would have been her fourth year. She was "frozen" on the job, and still is with the Southern Bell Telephone company.

Just how we have kept them in we do not know, unless it was just close cooperation of parent and child, each one doing all they could; but to say we are proud of this is just putting it mildly.

Now let's look at the sad side of the picture. You asked the question how long we can go on exporting our trained talent and money. My answer, at least as far as our schools are concerned, is that so long as we have one-man rule or dictation in Macon County, to import the trained talent (and possibly less trained), ours will be exported, or laid on the shelf.

It's just too much for one man to be county superintendent of schools, county board of education, local school committee, utilities, lawyer, architect, blue print man—and by the way I understand there is only one carpenter in the county that can read his blue prints; that makes it a little slow on our building program.

The people of Macon County voted \$400,000 for school bonds. Just how many taxpayers have been consulted about school locations?

I suppose the man I referred to is all I said, and more too, for I asked some different ones on the board of education and some committeemen how school teachers are hired, and they did not know. The gentleman himself told me that "Sutton had not a damn thing to do with hiring teachers", so that's another job he has.

I don't think he is big enough to carry all these things to a successful conclusion, and I favor, if we are forced, as we have been many years, to keep him, looking around and getting him a little help.

J. M. RABY.

Franklin, N. C., Route 4.

Others' Opinions

WAR ON N. C. BOOTLEGGERS

Governor Scott seems to be breaking precedent again in his plans to call a meeting of all sheriffs and police chiefs of North Carolina in Raleigh for launching a drive to rid the state of bootleggers. It seems that no one can remember that the county and municipal law enforcement heads ever have been called into one meeting for any purpose.

Chairman Robert W. Winston, Jr., of the State Alcoholic Board of Control has been working vigorously for some time in efforts to cut off the bootleggers' supplies at the source, the wholesale dealers in Baltimore and other cities.

A club which the State ABC has been seeking to use with the dealers who supply the bootleggers in dry counties of the state is the big business which the ABC gives them. Chairman Winston has indicated that those who continue to supply the bootleggers need not expect to continue to supply the ABC stores.

But that seems not to have been successful to a satisfactory degree. Chairman Winston and Governor Scott are working together on plans for the state-wide drive against bootleggers, in which they hope to enlist the active co-operation of all sheriffs and police departments.

The purpose of Governor Scott and Chairman Winston is commendable.

ABC stores are in operation in nearly 90 of the state's 100 counties and their liquor can be bought legally. But in those counties where the law forbids the sale of liquor, the dry law like all other laws ought to be enforced. If the majority of the voters in a county refuse to approve the legal sale of liquor, the illegal sale in such county should be prevented, at least as far as the law enforcement officers can prevent it.

—Charlotte Observer.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

NORTH CAROLINA MACON COUNTY

Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Macon County, made in the special proceeding entitled Florence McMahan Green and husband Thad M. Green vs. Cora McMahan, widow, et al, the undersigned commissioner will, on the 19th day of October, 1949, at 12 o'clock noon, at the courthouse door in Franklin, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder, upon the following terms: One-half cash, balance due 25% in six months and 25% in twelve months, deferred payments to be secured by deed of trust upon said property and to bear interest at the rate of 6% per annum, that certain tract of land lying and being in Nantahala Township, Macon County, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of B. F. Lowery, May, Holden, and others, being a part of the late Henry Holden Farm, described as follows:

BEGINNING at a hickory on top of a ridge in the West boundary line of Tract No. 48, runs North 25 degrees East 63 poles to a hickory corner of B. F. Lowery; thence South 60 degrees East 90 poles to a stake in the line of No. 48; thence South 25 West 76 poles to a black oak passing a hickory corner at 64 poles; thence South 57 West 32 poles to a Spanish oak at the head of the lane; thence North 25 West 10 poles to a S. oak; thence North 18 West 27 poles to a stake in the mouth of the lane; thence North 20 East 19 poles to a W. oak on the Lowery side of the Dills Road; thence North 73 West 44 poles to the BEGINNING, containing 43 acres, more or less, being the same tract of land described in a deed from M. D. Taylor and wife Ester Taylor to S. L. McMahan, dated the 8th day of February, 1902, and registered in the office of Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book B-3 of Deeds, page 496.

A deposit of the amount of the bid made at the time of said sale, and notice is hereby given that if said deposit is not made, that the commissioner will resell said property at 2 o'clock P. M., on the same day.

This 19th day of September, 1949.

GILMER A. JONES, Commissioner.

822-4tc-JJ-013

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT NOTICE OF SUMMONS NORTH CAROLINA MACON COUNTY

ETHEL P. MARTIN, Plaintiff,

-vs-

DAN N. MARTIN, Defendant.

The defendant, Dan N. Martin, will take notice that an action as above entitled has been commenced in the Superior Court in Macon County, North Carolina, to the end that the plaintiff may secure an absolute divorce under the laws of the State of North Carolina, and the defendant will take notice that he is required to appear on or before the 24th day of October, 1949, in the Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Macon County, North Carolina, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded.

This 13 day of September, 1949.

/s/ J. CLINTON BROOKSHIRE, Clerk Superior Court Macon County, North Carolina 822-4tc-013

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. 88-8tc-JJ-014

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of Albert L. Ramsey, 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 12 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 12 day of September, 1949.

MARGARET H. RAMSEY, Administratrix. 818-8tp-080