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Things To Be Thankful For

AMERICANS approach this Thanksgiving Day discouraged and disillusioned. As we look out across the world, through the headlines in the daily newspaper, many of us find ourselves wondering: What, after all, is there to be thankful for? Earlier this month we marked the 31st anniversary of the Armistice that ended "the war to end war"; yet that war, instead of ending war, was merely the prelude to a far more terrible one. It has been only four years since the end of the war to unseat the world's dictators; yet today we face, across the Atlantic and the Arctic Oceans, the most powerful and perhaps the most ruthless dictator of all time. Meanwhile, man has unleashed a force of nature that probably is powerful enough to destroy all civilization. And throughout the world, among the masses of men and women, we find not happiness and contentment, but unrest and demands for change, and ever more change. It is not a pretty picture. By contrast, that first Thanksgiving Day scene is pleasing indeed. It is, that is, on the surface. A lot of that surface, though, is gilt; both time and art have tended to cover up the bare and not too happy facts. How much did those men and women have to be thankful for? They were 3,000 miles from home and all civilization—and that distance, then, meant weeks, not days or hours. They were surrounded by savages, their lives in constant danger. They were living in rude huts, and faced a long hard winter, without the "modern conveniences" even of that day. And what did they have to show for all their years of hardships, for all the suffering and deaths? Just one thing: A single bountiful crop, assuring them of enough to eat that winter. Yet those men and women were sincerely and deeply thankful. Perhaps we are thankful in proportion not to what we have, but to what we have **lacked**. True, it is an unhappy world today. But there is much for which men and women may give thanks. We can be thankful that the young American men of two generations possessed the courage and the devotion to die that democracy might, if not be made safe, at least be given a chance to live. We can be thankful that the world today is in a period of unrest. That may not be a pleasant symptom, but it is, nevertheless almost invariably a symptom of improvement. We can be thankful that the so-called little men and women, the world over, yearn for peace. That means something. For the world's rulers, soon or late, must yield to the yearnings of the masses of men. And we can be thankful, most of all perhaps, that the still small voice continues to speak within the hearts of men, urging them onward toward more truth, more beauty, more goodness, and more of the good will toward men that must be the basis of any lasting peace.

Raises Some Questions

We need a first-class physical education program for our high school youth. If there were any question about that, the poor posture of many high school graduates should be sufficient answer to the question. And that, of course, is only one of many arguments in favor of such a program. But the recent temporary expulsion of Franklin High school from the Smoky Mountain conference emphasized a lot of questions about our high school athletic program that demand answers: There is the whole question of inter-school competition, with its apparently inevitable commercialization of high school sports. Might not intramural sports (contests between teams within the same school) work out better? Perhaps. An intramural program, however, might result in a loss of that

indefinable thing we call "school spirit". There is the question of the over-emphasis placed on a few students who are members of teams, and the under-emphasis on the physical development of the majority of the students.

There is the question of whether such strenuous sports as football result in better or poorer bodies, even for those who participate. And there is the question of whether it makes sense to supplement the salary of the football coach when we do not supplement that of the teacher of English or of mathematics. Is football more important than the work done in the classroom? The present policy suggests we think it is.

Physical education in our high schools is important. But we are not getting the most for our money under the present set-up.

First of all, we need to put control of athletics where it belongs—and that definitely is not in the hands of the coaches.

Then we need to re-examine the whole subject, make up our minds what we want, and set out to get it.

Shrdluetoain

It is pleasant to be witty, to be able to make the crowd laugh at will. But alas! most of us are funniest when we least mean to be. For nothing is funnier than slips of the tongue or slips of the type; they are so funny, perhaps, because of the very lack of effort to be funny, and because they usually have the element of unexpectedness, of sudden surprise. On occasion, too, these slips make us more truthful than we ordinarily would dare to be—such as the scrambling of the letters in what should have been the word "applause" to appear in type as "apple sauce". Then there was the case of the second or third rate city street on which municipal authorities had a traffic sign placed. The sign should have read "Slow—Business District". Unfortunately, however, the dash between "slow" and "business" was omitted. Unamused, the good merchants of that street literally stormed the city hall the next morning, demanding that the sign come down. One of the most amusing slips that has come our way in a long time appeared in a front page story in The Asheville Citizen last week. Describing a community event, The Citizen said the chief speaker made "an address punctuated by numerous remarks". No doubt! For who ever heard of an address, punctuated or otherwise, without numerous remarks? In view of how tiresomely numerous they become in some speeches, one might have thought at first blush that the reporter was being strictly, and sarcastically, truthful. Since reputable newspapers do not permit sarcasm in their news columns, however, it was evident the reporter wrote "humorous". It was either his typewriter or the linotype machine that made it "numerous"—and therefore probably far more humorous than anything the speaker said. The Citizen, of course, is not alone in making these slips. No self-respecting editor (including this one) can often read his own newspaper without blushing with shame; the funniest of errors aren't funny to him. The Press, for example, only last week listed automobiles and "Trunks" for sale. A few weeks earlier another weekly newspaper in this region let this one slip into its want column: FOR SALE—Young lady, leaving town, has some legs she wishes to dispose of. Now of course the four-letter word describing what we walk on was not the right one. It should have been "logs". And of course it was the logs, not the young lady, advertised for sale. But that's what the ad said. One of the best of all time, however, appeared several years ago in a metropolitan daily. Often, when a linotype operator makes an error in setting a line, he simply runs his fingers along the linotype keys to fill out the line, casts it, and then throws it aside. Sometimes he forgets to throw it out, and that was what happened in this case. The result was this classic: The speaker, who had held his audience spell bound, closed his address by eloquently exclaiming: Shrdluetoain.

Something New In Movies

Hollywood's is a mass production business, so it usually seeks to "please everybody a little, and displease nobody much". To do that, it must carefully steer clear of controversial issues. And because America is made up of Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and many who profess no religion at all, Hollywood ordinarily touches religion lightly, if at all. Occasionally, however, Hollywood forgets its inhibitions, and it seems to have done so when it produced "The Prince of Peace", which will be shown here this week-end. How faithfully the movie capital has portrayed the spirit of Christianity remains to be seen, but that it has attempted a strictly religious film is significant. Even more significant, perhaps, is the fact that this picture is reported to be drawing capacity houses. That suggests that Americans are more religious than surface evidences would indicate.

**OUR DEMOCRACY**—by Met  
**"WHITE MEAT—OR DARK?"**  
—A FAMILIAR QUESTION ON THANKSGIVING DAY IN HOMES THROUGHOUT THE NATION.



LET THIS CHOICE REMIND US THAT, IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR GREAT PLENTY, WE IN AMERICA HAVE ALSO FREEDOM TO CHOOSE OUR OWN WAY OF LIFE IN GREAT THINGS AS WELL AS IN SMALL... WE HAVE **FREEDOM UNLIMITED—**  
**—A PRIVILEGE—AND ALSO A RESPONSIBILITY**

**POETRY CORNER**  
Conducted by  
**EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE**  
Weaverville, N. C.  
Sponsored by Asheville Branch, National League of American Pen Women

**WE GIVE OUR THANKS**

For mountain ranges high and proud,  
The powerful gesture of His hand,  
As old as time but youth endowed  
By living green at His command;

For dear delights of home and kin,  
The ones whom death alone will part  
And parent care that glows within,  
And sends its ray to warm a heart;

For all these chains that bind us to  
The glories of infinity,  
Today we praise our God anew  
And bow before Him thankfully.

EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE.  
Weaverville, N. C.

**Others' Opinions**

**"QUEENS" FROM HOLLYWOOD**

The Weekly is in receipt of another "release" from one of those community committees that are forever ballyhooing festivals, pageants, and such like celebrations for the purpose of bringing big crowds to town. This latest proclamation is from Charlotte, and it announces the Carolinas' Christmas Festival. This "Christmas" festival is set for November 16, a month and nine days before Christmas! Isn't it jumping the gun a bit to be whipping and whooping up the Christmas spirit eight days before Thanksgiving? But this question is not the main one I have in mind in connection with the Charlotte celebration. My main question is: Why does the promotion committee feel that it has to bring in a Hollywood "star," as it announces it is doing, to be Queen of the Festival? This same thing was done at Wilmington several weeks ago, and has, I believe, been done at other places. It is a foolish and a tiresome practice. How alien are these screen celebrities when they appear in a North Carolina town! How forced their smiles and how artificial their show of interest as they are paraded before the gaping throng! Charlotte has plenty of handsome young women of its own. Why not have one of them for the Queen of the Festival instead of importing a Queen from Hollywood?—Chapel Hill Weekly.

**CAT-ASTROPHE AVERTED**

We thought we had heard of all the modern improvements that could possibly be put in a washing machine but it seems as though another one was added last week. It also gives food for thought that even the family pet may be brought into action to help around the house. Mrs. R. H. Stretcher had wound the clock (we are taking that for granted) and had put out the cat. That is, she had put the pet in the basement as usual and had considered the incident closed. But after hearing peculiar sounds from below for some time, she thought an investigation a good idea and proceeded to follow her inclination. When she opened the basement door, she was met with a flood of water and the familiar whirr of the washing machine going full speed. And, sitting comfortably on top of the machine and evidently enjoying the whole performance, sat the cause of it all... Miss Feline. How the cat had managed to turn on the switch is still one of the improvements Mrs. Stretcher hasn't discovered as yet.—Waynesville Mountaineer.

**EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM**

Noting that the county commissioners can't find money enough to care for hospitalization of its indigents, I'd like to come up with the smart retort that so would a lot of folks like to know from whence will come the money with which to pay the high, and going higher, costs of medical and hospital care. It is not a local problem; it is national in scope, and something must be done to make our vastly improved health and hospital services available to more people. When I say that, I am looking straight into the faces of the American Medical Association and the men and women of medicine.—Roy Parker in Hertford County Herald.

The test of courage comes when we are in the minority; the test of tolerance comes when we are in the majority.  
—Amen.

**LEGAL ADVERTISING**

**NOTICE OF SALE**  
NORTH CAROLINA  
MACON COUNTY

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust executed by James P. Carpenter and wife, Mildred L. Carpenter dated the 17th day of June, 1948, and recorded in Book No. 40, page 366, in the Office of the Register of Deeds of Macon County, North Carolina, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured, and said deed of trust being by the terms thereof subject to foreclosure, and the holder of the indebtedness thereby secured having requested foreclosure thereof, the undersigned Trustee will offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the Courthouse door in Franklin, Macon County, North Carolina, at 12:00 noon, on Monday, the 12th day of December, the property conveyed in said deed of trust, the same lying and being in Flats Township, Macon County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows:

**BEGINNING** at a stake on the North margin of the hard surface of Highlands-Dillard Highway No. 106, said stake being situated North 86 deg. 15 min. East 74 1/2 feet from the center of the Rabun Bald Road at its junction with the South edge of the hard surface of the above mentioned Highway No. 106, and said stake also situated South 80 deg. East 1074 feet from the center of the old Highlands-Dillard Road at its junction with the South edge of the hard surface of the above mentioned Highway No. 106, a corner of a tract of land now owned by Mrs. McGruger, and runs North 11 deg. East 375 feet to a stake; thence South 79 deg. East 275 feet to a stake; thence South 11 deg. West 375 feet to a stake at the North margin of the hard surface of the above mentioned Highway No. 106; thence, with said edge of the hard surface of the said Highway No. 106, North 79 deg. West 375 feet to the **BEGINNING** corner, containing 3.23 acres, more or less.

This sale will be made subject to all outstanding unpaid taxes.

This the 10th day of November, 1949.

J. H. STOCKTON,  
Trustee.

N17-4tc-S-D8

**NORTH CAROLINA**  
MACON COUNTY

Under and by virtue of the power of sale vested in the undersigned trustee by a deed of trust executed by B. H. Baldwin and wife Frances Baldwin to Gilmer A. Jones, trustee, dated the 30th day of January, 1946, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, in Book No. 42, page 67, said deed of trust having been executed to secure certain indebtedness therein set forth, and default in the payment of said indebtedness having been made, I will on Friday, the 9th day of December, 1949, at 12 o'clock noon, at the courthouse door in Franklin, North Carolina, sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described land:

All the lands described in a deed from Ben Thwaite and Jessie Thwaite to B. H. Baldwin, said deed bearing date of the 29th day of June, 1945, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, in Book N-5 of Deeds, Page 300. EXCEPT THEREFROM all the lands described in the following deeds:

1. Deed from B. H. Baldwin and wife to Mrs. Marie McComb Cook, said deed bearing date of 18th day of July, 1946, and registered in the office of Register of Deeds for Macon County, in Book 0-5 of Deeds, page 182.
2. Deed from B. H. Baldwin and wife to Margaret Rober and Mary Roberts, said deed bearing date of 11th day of July, 1947, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, in Book R-5 of Deeds, page 533.
3. Deed from Bert H. Baldwin and wife to J. M. Gokay, said deed bearing date of 25th day of July, 1946, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, in Book P-5 of Deeds, page 187.

This the 9th day of November, 1949.

GILMER A. JONES,  
Trustee.

N17-4tc-JJ-D8

Say:  
"I saw it advertised in The Press."