

No. 3

nual gift from Mrs. Herman Childers) to share with her friends.

Meanwhile, in Miss Kinnebrew's dining room, decorated in pink and white and filled with roses, the gifts of many friends to Mrs. Crawford, was the big birthday cake for the honoree — an old fashioned pound cake, covered with 91 candles.

Mrs. Crawford, just to prove that the years have not shortened her breath, blew out all 91 candles, with a single puff. Earlier this summer, as queen of the Franklin Centennial ball, she not only attended, but danced.

Mrs. Crawford, the former Miss Carrie Sloan, was showered with gifts, not only from those present, but from friends far and near. And all through last week and on into this one, every mail brought birthday cards.

No. 4

and a course on "Adult Work in the Church School" will be taught by George Rudisill, of Salisbury, the director of adult work in this conference.

The courses will offer help for each department of the Church School. Mr. Moss pointed out, adding that Franklin Methodists are looking forward to being hosts to their Methodist neighbors from throughout the county.

The Conference Board of Education and the participating churches will be the sponsors of the school.

No. 5

Byrd Campbell. He had spent his entire life in this county.

Survivors include his widow, the former Miss Nattie Mae Gibson, whom he married October 11, 1907; a sister, Mrs. Annie Campbell Wilkes, of Franklin; a niece, Mrs. Wendell Keener, of Franklin, Route 3; and two nephews, Tom Wilkes, of Los Angeles, Calif., and Chester Wilkes, of Hawkinsville, Ga.

No. 6

ice Guilds in this and five other counties will attend an all-day coaching conference and officers training school Sunday at Nantahala Lodge, near Bryson City. Among the speakers will be two from this county, Miss Laura M. Jones, president of the Woman's Society of Christian Service in this district, and Mrs. Florence S. Sherrill.

A little less than nine million bales of cotton is expected to be used by U. S. mills this year. Last year 8.6 million bales were consumed.

ADD TORTURE TO TRAINING IN AIR FORCE

Continued From Editorial Page

similar courses for their own services.

The brainwashers of Lemmons Valley could not (and would not) duplicate the tortures of Communist captivity, but their methods are adapted from reports of Korean prisoners and could hardly be more realistic. Even the lectures are not for restless stomachs. Sample advice for life after capture: Maggots contain valuable proteins and should not be removed from food; rats should be eaten ("the meat is as good as you'll get") but their heads contain poison and must be discarded; dysentery can be treated by burning a bone (including one from a human corpse) and consuming the ashes for their calcium content.

No Questions

Nobody questions the instructors' recommendations. Nearly all are former PW's. None hand out advice they haven't personally tried. Some of the advice cannot be disclosed, but an intelligence officer summarizes: "First we teach them not to talk. Then we teach them how to talk in the event they are tortured into it."

Then, for ten days, students are let loose 7,000 feet up in the Sierra Nevadas to practice survival on two and one half days' rations. Chipmunks and porcupines, caught with snares, are standard dishes and men have argued over possession of a snake. An officer with a gash in the arm is offered needle and thread and the choice of sewing himself up or letting a medic do it without anesthetic. Toward the end of the "trek," bone-weary airmen are ordered to evade well-fed "aggressor" forces.

Few make it. Those who don't are "captured" and tied together for a barefooted run-and-walk "death march" into the stockade. There, they break rocks, sleep on the ground without blankets (night temperatures drop to near-freezing even in summer) and subsist on "bloody mary"; coffee with uncooked spinach and raw spaghetti, reddened with beets and served lukewarm. "It's awful stuff," says a training officer.

Card of Thanks

We would like to express our thanks for the many acts of kindness shown during the illness and at the death of our son and brother, Glover B. Reynolds. Also for the lovely floral offerings.

Mrs. Allie McCarty and Daughters.

MACON THEATRE
 FRANKLIN, N. C.
 Phone 131

Matinees on Tues., Thur. have been discontinued.

SCHEDULE OF SHOWS

Week Days — 7 and 9 p. m.
 Saturdays — 1 p. m. continuous.
 Sunday — 2:30 and 9 p. m.

THURS.-FRI., SEPT. 22-23

GREGORY PECK
 IN
 "PURPLE PLAIN"

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

DOUBLE FEATURE
 "ROAD TO DENVER"
 And
 WALT DISNEY'S
 "STORMY"

SUN.-MON., SEPT. 25-26

"BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK"
 Starring
 Spencer Tracy-Robert Ryan
 In
 CinemaScope and Color

TUE.-WED., SEPT. 27-28

Ginger Rogers
 Edward G. Robinson
 Brian Keith
 In
 "TIGHT SPOT"

raiser for the 36-hour interrogation phase when interrogators employ the little hand-crank generator that administers harmless (but often frightening) shocks; "the hole," 10 feet underground where men spend hours in darkness, shoulder-deep in water; the tight "coffin," which imprisons trainees flat on its gravel bottom; and the steel "sweat box" where there is ample time to decide what is worst—the pain that comes with crouching almost motionless in a space too small to sit, lie, or stand, or the heat, or the ear-ringing produced by guards pounding the box with rifle butts.

Trainees Exhausted

Often these devices are superfluous. On orders from interrogators, trainees exhaust themselves with exercise ("I'm sorry I lost count," the questioner says after asking for 50 pushups, "would you start over?") or, they collapse after kneeling on a broomstick with their outstretched arms holding up large rocks. The broomstick treatment looks innocent, but a strapping B-47 bombardier who experienced it a few days ago says: "I'd have appreciated it if they had knocked me out. It would have felt good."

Each man is tackled where he is most vulnerable. Officers who ask for water get it thrown in the face. Meek "prisoners" are bounced against the wall by the brawnier interrogator, a 240-pounder with a Prussian haircut and face scar. Men who are shy about undressing may not keep their shorts on. Interrogators munch sandwiches in front of the hungriest trainees. Anyone asking to go to the latrine is sure to be questioned longer than scheduled. And when two majors,

close friends, were questioned together, the stronger man, after watching his partner perform knee-bends until he dropped, was told: "OK, either you talk or we'll make him do this forever."

After a while, the stronger man became the weaker one. He talked.

To break resistance, interrogators try almost anything to make men angry. Lies and insults about a captive's personality, race, national origin, and religion are routine starters. (Catholics have it extra rough at the hands of an interrogator who is himself a devout Catholic.) When a trainee's wallet yields a picture of an attractive wife or girl friend, her looks take a vicious verbal beating. A major who let slip that he only had an eighth-grade education, and a lieutenant whose membership card in Alcoholics Anonymous laid him open to ridicule about his weakness for alcohol, were hammered until they talked just to end their humiliation. A bachelor lieutenant, badgered until he became convinced he could not find a girl because his face had been deformed in a childhood accident, finally broke up in tears.

Some Blow Up

Some men blow up violently. A Negro interrogator, finding a photo of a Southern captain's wife, harangued him about her until the prisoner fumed him. Later, during the critique when each trainee's interrogator and a psychologist brief their victim on his errors and most dangerous weaknesses, men like the Southern captain were warned that in real captivity such explosions invite reprisals and may leave them off guard. By then, trainees are so wary that some still refuse cooperation ("I ain't talking till I get

off this base"). And they have learned to be wary of kindness.

One interrogator, after offering a B-57 navigator a cigarette, worked like this:

Q: Anything I can do for you? How are you feeling?

A: Well, pretty good except my leg bothers me.

Q: Your leg? What seems to be wrong with it?

A: I scratched it pretty badly on a barbed-wire fence and it seems to have become infected (pulls up trouser leg).

Q: Mm, that's bad. We'd better have the doctor look at it right away (calls doctor and talks to him). Do you think the wire was rusty or did you get in some dirt?

A: No, it must have been the wire. We were running in the dark and hit this fence before we knew it.

Q: Was it last night that you were separated from your friends?

A: (Realizing his mistake) I was alone.

Q: (Shouting) Don't lie to me.

A fist flew on the desk. Three spotlights whipped into the prisoner's face. The ordeal was on.

Why do men "break," knowing they won't be harmed? A few, softened by fatigue and hunger, simply can't take it and are washed out of their crews when they return to home base. Most just aren't sufficiently steeled against the tricks of interrogation. "I didn't realize I was saying anything before I'd already said it," explains an F-84 pilot, a veteran of 100 Korean missions. "It just came out."

Plays Dumb

The best students are those who out-wit their captors. A lieutenant who was let off lightly because he convinced interrogators that he was too

stupid to answer questions that were fired at him, turned out to be a University of Chicago Ph.D. with a flair for acting. "That man had learned an important point," says one of his instructors. "He recognized that his interrogator was human. He'll succeed before any interrogator."

Another officer held his breath, turned purple, and so successfully enacted an epileptic attack that the terrified guards scampered off for a doctor, allowing a truckload of prisoners to get away. At least one man pulled a hidden knife on a Jeep driver and escaped. Another jumped barefoot off a moving truck. Taking such chances is encouraged: Whoever gets away need not undergo interrogation.

Why will men submit to the trials of Lemmons Valley? Training officers point out that crewmen of today's jets are well-educated volunteers, most of them war-hardened, who realize that armed conflict has lost its last touches of humanity; that survival in enemy territory can become a life-and-death problem for them at any time; and that there can be no soft way to prepare against the hard facts of captivity.

Obviously, the terrors of an enemy stockade cannot be recreated in the minds of men who know that they are in the hands of fellow countrymen and that their troubles will cease within hours. Most students are convinced, however, that the training would bolster their resistance to Communist questioning by giving them a taste of what they would face ("When you know what to expect, you're better prepared") and by screening out any poor risks among them.

No trainees have formally complained of harsh treatment.

"They take it because they realize it's as important to them as their life insurance," says Col. Burton E. McKenzie, the base commander who was a PW in Germany in the second world war.

Last week the brainwashing business boomed in Lemmons Valley. A \$4.1 million construction program was in full swing. By next year, the size of classes will be up from 500 to 1,000 students monthly. Eventually, the Air Force hopes to send every combat crewman to Stead Base every three years. Will it get tougher? Some instructors hope so.

"Sure this training looks tough, but in reality those guys are fat-cating it," scoffed one, a mustached captain from Idaho. He should know. Not so long ago the Reds in Korea hung him from a wall by his elbows for two days.

News Making

By BOB SLOAN

Continued From Editorial Page

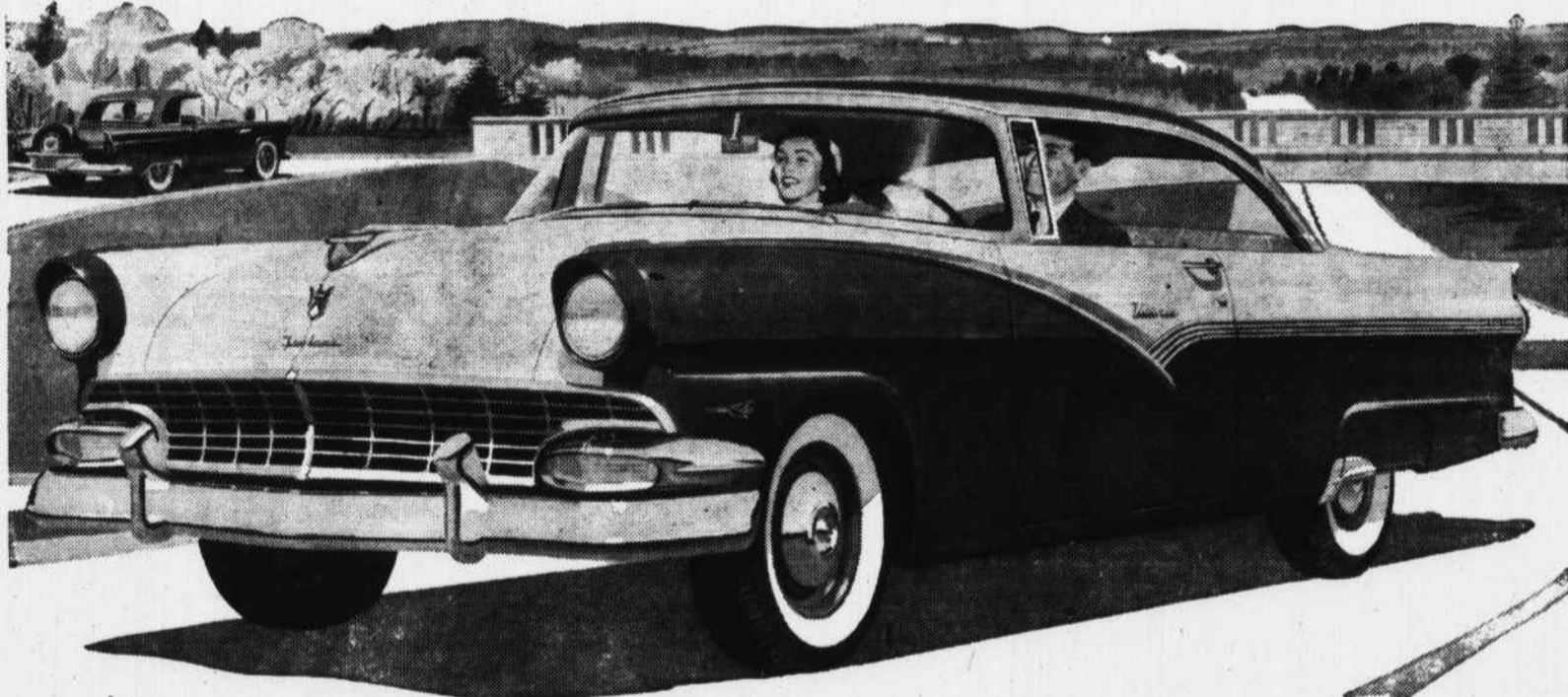
local boards decide an issue or favoring the matter was before they rendered any decisions.

However there is, it seems to me, among some of our state officials the feeling that it is all right to let local boards decide the issue as long as they are in favor of segregation.

Since Governor Hodges has seen fit to use his prestige and influence in the matter, he should certainly do all in his power to uphold the opinions of local boards whether they agree with his own personal beliefs or not. Anything less is partiality and verges on hypocrisy.

Here Friday! NEW '56 FORD!

The fine car at half the fine car price!

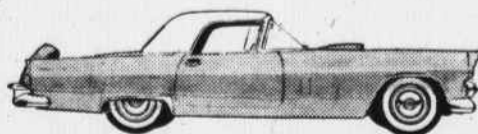


With new 202 h.p. Thunderbird Y-8



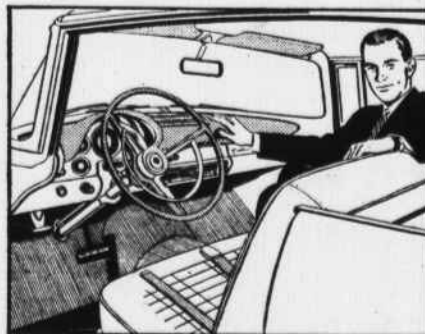
New 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine is available in Fordomatic Fairlans and Station Wagons. In Fordomatic Customlines and Mainlines you can have the 176-h.p. Y-8. And Ford's new 137-h.p. Six is available in all 18 models.

...with new Thunderbird styling



The new '56 Ford looks like the Thunderbird! You'll find the same graceful lines... the same long, low silhouette... the same dashing appearance... styling which helped the fabulous Ford Thunderbird to win America's heart.

...with new Lifeguard Design



For '56, Ford brings you the greatest safety news in a generation... Lifeguard Design. In cooperation with universities, medical associations and safety experts, Ford learned the cause of most serious injuries in accidents. To provide extra protection against these hazards Ford developed the new Lifeguard features described at right.

But there is still more wonderful news! Ford brings you Thunderbird power in a modern deep-block Y-8... Thunderbird beauty, too... rich new interiors... quality throughout.

See it... try it... you'll agree the '56 Ford is the fine car at half the fine car price.

Ford's new Lifeguard features are: a new deep-center design steering wheel, to act as a cushion in event of accident... double-grip door locks to reduce chance of doors opening under shock... optional padding for control panel and sun visors to help lessen injuries... optional seat belts to help keep occupants in seats.

Come in... See the new '56 FORD Friday

Conley Motor Company

Phone 69

Franklin, N. C.