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1956 Ford Fairlane 8 2-dr.
Radio, heater, white tires,
Fordomatic.
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Radio, heater, white tires.
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Radio, heater, white tires.

1953 Chevrolet 210 4-dr.

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2-dr.

1952 Chev. Styline Deluxe
2-dr.

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1952 Willys Sta. Wagon
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as a pin.

1951 Chev. Styline Deluxe
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1950 Olds Holiday Coupe
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Rogers, Former Highlands Police Chief, Dies At 70

Wiener Roast

A wiener roast will be held by the East Franklin Neighborhood Club Saturday night at the school at 7 o'clock.

The club will furnish wieners, buns, and drinks, but members are asked to bring "trimmings", including desserts.

Appointment of committees will feature the business session following the meal, according to B. S. Sloan, club president.



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"APACHE AMBUSH"

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"THREE STOOGES"

25 Minute Comedy

SUN.-MON., APRIL 29-30



TUESDAY, MAY 1



A former Highlands police chief, Ed M. Rogers, died April 19 in Osprey, Fla.

Seventy years old, he served as a police officer in Highlands for 22 years. In more recent years he made his home in both Highlands and Osprey.

Funeral services for Mr. Rogers were conducted on the 21st at the Highlands Methodist Church by the pastor, the Rev. R. T. Houts, Jr., and the Rev. Eugene Walter, pastor of the Highlands Baptist Church. Burial was in the Highlands Cemetery.

Born July 3, 1885, Mr. Rogers was the son of James Monroe and Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Rogers, of Highlands. He was a member of the Highlands Methodist Church.

Continued From Editorial Page

STRICTLY PERSONAL

only a foundation for today, and for the tomorrow that must be made better than either. And so there ran through the staunch stability of her a pioneering trait; she was interested in the new, and, if it seemed promising, ready to try it.

Her home was the first in Franklin to have waterworks, the first to have electric lights, one of the early ones to have telephones. Hers were among the first "light housekeeping" apartments offered for rent here, and I am sure were the first equipped with electric ranges.

She pioneered in other fields, too. She was a charter member—probably the last—of the first Methodist Woman's Missionary Society in this end of the state. Early reorganization (we'd call it "streamlining" today) of the Sunday school, in which she taught many years, met with her approval, when more conservative persons shook their heads direfully. "Let's try it," she urged. And at a time when it was considered downright indecent to so much as qualify the stork story, she taught her children something about the beginnings of life.

One facet of her strength was her resiliency, evidenced all through her life by an amazing adaptability. During her 93 years, living changed more than in any previous 930! Yet she was always interested in developments—though she deplored some of them; and, against the handicaps of blindness and increasing deafness, she sought to the last to keep abreast of the times—ever looking forward to times that would be better.

I have often thought the changes in moral standards must have been especially difficult for the long-lived of her generation. For whereas they

grew up in a period when nearly everything was either white or black (since they were "worldly pleasures", such things as card playing and dancing were sins), in their old-age almost everything was gray.

But she seemed to have made that adjustment, because, during her last illness, when a daughter-in-law did some little service, she expressed appreciation by quoting: "That was a good deed in a naughty world." Then, with a little smile, she added, "but maybe it isn't so naughty, after all."

All through her life, adjustments were demanded by her own peculiar circumstances—from the childhood disease that left her with a twisted body to what must have been the hardest one of all, made in the last year of her life.

It was made doubly difficult by her strong loyalty. She was loyal to her God, her family and friends, her church, and her community—and in that order. How her church loyalty had become something of a tradition here is illustrated by an incident of a number of years ago.

She was visiting us in Buncombe County, and Sunday wanted to attend an Asheville church, because a former Franklin pastor was the minister. It was winter, and when we arrived, a little late, the night-latch on the church door had accidentally been released. We could not get in! So we waited in the car until the service was over, and when the minister saw us and came to greet us, I joked him about locking Mother out of the church. His reply:

"Well, the only way you could keep Mother Jones out of the church would be to lock her out!"

In the last year of her life, she had to substitute a half-heard radio program, from some church she had never seen, for the benediction she felt—and emanated—when seated in her regular pew in the church she had attended since infancy. Yet she could put enthusiasm into her voice as she told callers of the beauty of the music, and then summarized the sermon with "his general idea seemed to be . . ." (At 85, she had begun memorizing poetry "to improve my memory", and I always suspected she made herself reduce the radio sermon to its essence as a mental discipline.) Earlier, when her eyesight failed, she had substituted for the printed word books put on records, and would often tell us, with zest, about the book she had just "read."

Beneath her gentle manner was a deep sense of justice that made her quick to champion the under-dog. That trait was so characteristic, in fact, that it was a little family joke that "Mother would take up for the devil himself if enough people jumped on him". Nor was her long-suffering patience inextinguishable. I well remember the time she discovered that a Negro girl, whom she had taken in, clothed, befriended, and

was teaching, was wearing her mentor's clothing. Mother took the girl to her room and made her strip to the skin; layer by layer, she had on Mother's best garments. And as the girl stripped her body, Mother stripped her soul—by look, I suspect, even more than by the words I heard.

When we were children, Mother often told us "where there's a will, there's a way". I thought of it as her way of refusing to accept our lame excuses for not trying, or, if we tried, not trying hard enough; and sometimes the very unanswerability of the argument made me a little resentful.

As I matured, resentment gave way to wonder. For her whole life seems to have been a series of small miracles, each proving the validity of her argument—proving, too, that it was not just an argument with her, but a conviction.

After disease had struck, in her infancy, her parents were told she would never walk again. She walked the mile or mile and a half, each way, to school.

Growing up in the terrible poverty of the Reconstruction era, college seemed out of the question. But she attended and was graduated from college—though she was 23 before she found a way to get there.

In view of her infirmity, it was assumed she would never marry. But she did—married a widower with six children, in the face of opposition from both her friends and my father's. Already, ran the argument, she was an "old maid"—she was 32. Whatever her age, she lacked the physical strength to become the housekeeper on a farm. Finally, there would be the strained, unnatural relationship between step-mother and step-children. How natural that relationship became is illustrated by the fact I was a big boy before I learned the older children were not Mother's own. (I never saw her so angry as she was at the "meddling" of the outsider who told me!) And the love they lavished on her for more than sixty years was proof that they became equally unconscious they were not her own. In her later years, we often said to her that it must have taken courage for her to marry, under the circumstances. "I sometimes think it was foolhardiness", she would laugh. "But", she always added, "it was the wisest thing I ever did. For the greatest of my many blessings is the love of all my children, and my grandchildren."

She was told she must never bear children. She bore four—though, on at least one occasion, it took her deep into the valley of the shadow.

And so it went, all through her life; finding a way to do the impossible—or, at least, the highly improbable. Even in her inmost thoughts,

I am sure she never took credit to herself for these accomplishments. (She invariably defined "obstacle" as "something to be overcome".) "At every crisis in my life", she explained, "God raised up good friends." (After 70 years, she was still grateful to Jackson Johnston, a merchant who was well-to-do by that day's standards in Franklin. Learning of her determination to go to college, and knowing a little cash was essential, he volunteered to make her a loan: "and he wouldn't accept any interest, when I paid him back".)

And she often told this story:

One morning, when she was a child, she found her mother, a widow with six children, in unaccustomed tears. There was no coffee in the house—and no money to buy coffee. Feeling she must do something to help, Mother picked up the broom and vigorously started sweeping the house, meanwhile singing, at the top of her voice, "God Will Take Care Of You". Before the sweeping was half finished, there was the sound of a horse's hooves on the drive and the rider, leaning from the saddle, beckoned her to the front gate. He was an uncle, come to bring the family some groceries—among them, coffee! Nearly always, Mother would end these little stories with her favorite quotation from the Bible—and this was the heart of her philosophy:

"All things work together for good . . ."

When death comes to a young person, it seems unalloyed tragedy. Not so with one who

has lived a long, a purposeful, a useful life. The latter brings with it, of course, the unwelcome realization that this is the end of one phase of your own life; a nostalgic longing for the happy past that is associated with the one who is gone. But not grief! Instead, it is a little like turning the last page of a great book. There is poignant regret that you have come to the end of the story; but overriding the regret is the uplift the reading has brought. You are a little sad the book is finished, but you are glad, so glad! you were privileged to read it.

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FRANKLIN, N. C.

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SCHEDULE OF SHOWS

Week Days—7 and 9 p. m.
Saturdays—1 p. m. Continuous
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BIG Double Feature

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