

The Franklin Press

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DR. CALEB A. RIDLEY.....Editor
W. F. CURTIS.....Managing Editor

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Most Every Way

IT BEING less than a month until the Fall Election, folks are continually asking us concerning our politics. Not having enough to burden us we find it easy to answer all inquiries through the columns of The Press.

In the first place we have been what folks call "an independent voter" most all our voting life. Our lot has been cast in a section of this United States where there was only one major Political Party operating and it was ours to choose between men rather than Parties.

We have come to like it and have no idea of abandoning it. We would bolt any party rather than cast our ballot for a man whom we knew to be both unscrupulous and unclean. For fully a quarter of a century we have kept our eyes open and our ears to the ground as regards both men and measures figuring in American politics, then voted as our best judgment dictated.

to mean a group of people, join hands in order to put over some particular legislation in which they are all interested. Senator Norris as a Republican and Walsh as a Democrat walk hand in hand as Senators, while Borah reserves the right to oppose both of them if he sees fit. And why not? All are outstanding men in the United States Senate and are capable of being President of the nation.

A great deal is now being said about a coalition between the South and West, and a Liberal Party made up of those who are not in harmony with either of the old parties. This particular sort of combine may never come, but SOME SORT WILL COME. Neither of the major parties is functioning satisfactorily today and but for the Negro in politics the South would really have two parties instead of one—regardless of what they were called. In fact there are already two parties in Alabama. One of them the regular old line Democratic party and the other one called the JEFFERSONIANS led by Tom Heflin.

And so we are still voting as we please and letting everybody else do the same thing.

What Becomes of Our Dollar?

WHAT we call modern civilization is a complex thing and is becoming more and more complex with every passing hour. Fifty years ago in this country both the political and commercial life of the people were very simple as compared to that of today. A hundred years ago we thought of our Democratic principles and Republican form of government as offering an opportunity to rich and ragged, pauper and prince, outcast and king—an opportunity to all alike regardless of station.

Our sons were encouraged to enter business for themselves and go to measuring arms with their fellows in an equal conquest looking towards ultimate reward for honest effort.

We spent our money at home and for the most part it stayed at home. It is not so today. Things have changed. Men, as individual units of society, no longer do business because modern conditions in the business world have destroyed individual initiative. Most of the world's business is being done by COMBINES.

Just at the present time there is quite a hue and cry against what is termed "the chain-store menace." Even the Congress of the United States is being forced to take notice of the crusade as it was forced to break the strangle-hold of the larger Trusts a few years ago. As we write these lines a Pennsylvania Congressman is touring the South making speeches against the Chain Stores and down in Shreveport, Louisiana, in language that will hardly do to print, our Radio Wizzard is "telling the world" how awful these things are.

But it is not only the Chain Stores that are infringing on the rights of the individual busi-

ness man and rendering small capital useless so far as merchandising is concerned; the man of limited means, no matter what his qualifications are, has little or no chance today, unless he merges his little and loses his identity with the soul-less Corporation.

And yet, this is America, the country of which Abe Lincoln said: "A nation founded to preserve in the world that form of government the object of which is to remove the obstacles from the pathway of ALL; to open the avenues to honorable employment TO ALL and to give ALL an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life."

Just a few individuals as heads of great Corporations hold in their hands the wealth of these United States. Ninety-five cents of every dollar paid out in the South for automobiles, or gasoline, or radios, and a hundred other things, does not only leave the banks of the South, but leaves never to return except in other manufactured articles which we will buy with other dollars we have accumulated.

Is there a remedy? We do not know. We are not offering remedies but stating facts. If all the people saw the facts as they are they would find a remedy; the people regulate things in the final analysis.

Who Says And How Much?

LETTERS are pouring into The Press office all the way from California around by Houston, Texas, and on up the country to little old New York, expressing appreciation for the paper. We would be less than human if we did not feel good over these expressions when we are doing our very best to give the people of Macon county a real paper full of something besides patent copy sent out from Washington and Raleigh.

The Jacksonville (Fla.) Times, the Houston (Texas) Chronicle and the New York Times all give us front page recognition, and even the Radio has had our candidates for Sheriff on the air. The Hon. Felix Alley of Waynesville writes: "I heartily congratulate you on the sort of paper you are getting out. It excels in every way. As I had predicted, every issue gets better."

If the business and professional men of the county will give us the co-operation they should give, and those who are now reading the paper take it upon themselves to tell their neighbors and friends about it, and secure their subscriptions, we will be able to go on in a

Macon county have the best weekly paper in the state? It deserves it. And we have all that it takes to make it. Let's do it.

What's the Difference?

THE TWO outstanding political parties of this country originally represented two separate and distinct ideas of government. One of these great parties was built up around the idea of National Sovereignty, while the other sought to lay emphasis on the rights of the several states composing the whole. It is quite probable that at one time or another both parties have over-emphasized these outstanding principles of government; but at the present time it is difficult for an honest, straight-seeing man to trace any line of demarcation between them.

Both parties are striving for self-preservation and never fail to becloud the issues in order to gain prestige. Popular sentiment and prejudiced appeal rather than deep conviction govern the actions and write the platforms of all political parties of today.

Since the Civil War there has been, in America, a decided tendency towards centralization of power. When the pendulum will swing back to normalcy we do not know; but we do know that it will swing back sometime, else this nation is doomed to go the way of all those other nations whose sunbleached bones lie on the fields of history. In a Democracy the people must ultimately rule. A government centered in Washington, where the people's rights, privileges and interests are turned over to self-appointed Bureaus and committees was never dreamed of by those who founded this nation.

The Man In the Street

WHAT part, if any, does the Man in the Street play in the upbuilding of a town and community? It is our observation that he is hardly reckoned with as a factor for the betterment of the town; not because he is unworthy or lacks in that subtle thing we call intelligence, but because there are a few others who have been forced into doing whatever is done for the advancement of things.

The Chamber of Commerce, or the Rotary Club, Commercial Club, or whatever else our commercial organization may be called—or perhaps we have all of these—but the same men for the most part compose all of them, and these men spend both time and money planning for advancement, planning for the man in the street same as the man behind the counter or in the office, and these same men keep on doing the job year after year.

It is always a thankless job but it has to be done. Why not figure out some way to enlist both the interest and ability of that man in the street, or, as we say, THE AVERAGE MAN? Let him be heard. He may walk all over our formulated plans, but his ideas may be worth something. He often knows

RIDLEY'S RHYMES & RAMBLES

THINKIN' O' YOU

When the opal lights in the West have died
An' night is wrappin' the red ferns 'round
As I go strollin' by the woodland's side
I hear your voice in every sound.

I saw the huntsman with his dogs
An' heard the echo 'gainst the trees
The horn was twangin' on and on
Then I heard your voice like the hum of bees.

I forgot the work I had to do
An' up through the brake where brambles twined
I followed the call that seemed to come
From you, "that winsome Girl o' Mine."

The air was fresh and dreamy-like
The moon came up like a wheel of gold,
An' the wall at the end of the woods I crossed
Mirrored your face, your body, your soul.

LONGINGS

If some sweet place could be set apart
Free from the prying eyes of curious men;
Some dear place 'twixt earth and sky,
Where we might spend one little day
Reading the un-opened pages of the heart;
Where I could answer you before I die,
And after that go on my way to Silence—
Surely God, you have space and room:
Find us a place for just one day.

"The sun," says a famous English scientist,
"is the greatest physician in the world."
The trouble over there, we understand, is that it is hard to get an appointment.

A FRIEND OF MINE went out sight-seeing the other day in an automobile and this is what he saw by the side of the road:

"Sharp curve ahead."
"Darn that chicken."
"A skin you love to touch."
"They satisfy."
"What a dilapidated old house."
"It floats."
"400 rooms with bath."
"From contented cows."
"Just soak and rinse."
"What a wonderful view."
"Detour."
"Safety and interest guaranteed."
"Blow some my way."
"Best lubrication."
"Slow down to 20 miles."
"Hot dogs and pop."
"No left turn."
"Come again."
"Florid's Nursery."
"57 varieties."
"There's a fine farm."
"Pottsville was settled in."
"More power, quicker getaway."
"This is a fine stretch of road."
"Detour."
"More mileage."
"Picture ahead."
"Kodak as you go."

A young woman in a small suburb, the proud but distracted mother of two mischievous little boys, was overheard by a neighbor to call to the older one:

"Joe, oh Joe, go find Bobby and tell him to stop whatever he is doing!"

PARAGRAPHS

"The sun," says a famous English scientist, "is the greatest physician in the world." The trouble over there, we understand, is that it is hard to get an appointment.

The Home Town Paper

R. A. HENRY, formerly of Macon county but now of Ventura, California, in a personal letter to the editor of The Press says that he looks forward to Tuesday morning and the arrival of his paper as if he were expecting a letter from a dear friend. I wonder if Rufe is not expressing the sentiments of many another man and woman throughout the world about the old HOME TOWN PAPER?

Newspapers strive after facts. They tell the story of strain and stress and struggle, as well as the merry moods and marriages of men and women. They begin with Mary Brown who visited her aunt in Possum Hollow and wind up with a story of the Russian Bear and Red Menace. They tell of those who die like Christians and also of those who live like devils. In one column you read of a marriage and the next one reports two divorces. One baby is born across the way and two hearses back up at the apartment house. Newspapers must strive after facts.

New Subscriptions are coming into the office most every day, but still there is room. There are a thousand homes in reach of our Sanctum where The Press ought to go, but where it is not read. The price of the paper has been reduced to one dollar and fifty cents per year in order that it may be within your reach. Come on in and shake hands with the editor and leave a subscription. It's worth more than a dollar and a half to know what this editor thinks about the mountains of North Carolina and the people of Macon county.

This Smoky Mountain Park

JUST WHY it should be so we do not know, but there seems to be those among us who take what we believe to be a very narrow view of the great Smoky Mt. National Park improvements. They look at the project from a purely selfish standpoint and refer to the fact that certain sections and certain folks are to be the greater beneficiaries from its establishment.

And so they will, but we are all citizens of Western North Carolina, and mutually interested in our section of the state. Perhaps Swain county, because of its close proximity to the great heart of this development will profit most in dollars and cents for the time being, but no man can linger long in Swain county and Bryson City without coming in touch with Macon county and Franklin. We are for the Park and we are for every town and county in Western North Carolina, and we don't care who knows it.

more than we know about what is going on around the corner. And besides, this is a country of average citizens.

We are not authority on how it can be done, but we are voting for the average man in the streets to be called on now and then for suggestions as to how to run a town.

Felix Alley is a great soul. His heart is tender as a child's and his emotions those of the poet. Whenever and wherever he speaks or writes we like to either hear or read. Over his signature we give to the people of Macon county Felix's tribute to one of the finest men ever to fall in battle—Judge Webb of Shelby.

late cabbage may be stored in a new manner part of the field. Level a place wide enough for about five heads of cabbage to be set roots up, in a continuous row. Wrap the outer leaves around the cabbage heads and cover them with a layer of straw or hay. Where the weather is cold, cover them also with a layer of earth.

Pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, life and death walk hand in hand along our pathway. Two young men, Robert Gibson and Vermont Sherrill, flushed with young life and full of hope, along with their pilot, were dashed to death in a moment at the Indian Fair grounds at Cherokee as we go to press. Death rides on every wind and lurks in every breeze. All things human fail, and the plane just went wrong.

Western North Carolina is in the eyes of the world as never before in all our history. The Great National Park bordering on and embracing one of our boundary lines, the National Forest being exploited on the other side, with the President of the United States speaking to 60,000 of our citizens at Kings' Mountain, with Asheville's two papers standing on their hind legs and yelling to beat the band, and we small fellows standing on the sidelines saying "Amen"—well, we are just getting chesty—that's all.

One of the really great institutions of Western North Carolina is Teachers' college at Cullowhee, and Dr. Hunter the president, is deserving of all the popularity and prestige that are his. He is a fine spirit and in the educational world is a statesman. On October 13-14 there is to be a Conference on the Resources, Men, Women and Measures of Western North Carolina at the college. More than one hundred specially invited guests will be there. The guests are to have free entertainment in Reuben Roberson Hall, one of the finest dormitories in the state. Among these guests will be the editor of The Press.

Bob Davis almost disturbed domestic tranquility last Saturday by motoring to Glenville Saturday night and returning Sunday night with an auto full of cabbage, apples and okra. His wife thought he ought to have been at church, but Bob is not always where you think he is.

"When I was a little boy," Lieutenant Bruce addressed his men, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. One day I lost those soldiers and I cried very much. But my mother said, 'Never mind, Tom, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.' And believe me, your bunch of wooden-headed dumbbells, that day has come!"