PAGE TWO

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BLACKBURN W. JOI	HNSON	۱	EDI	TOK	AND	PUBI	ISHE	R
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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. Such notices will be marked "ady." in compliance with the postal regulations.

The Press invites its readers to express their opinions through its columns and each week it plans to carry Letters to the Editor on its editorial page. This newspaper is independent in its policies and is glad to print both sides of any question. Letters to the Editor should be written legibly on only one side of the paper and should be of reasonable length. Of course, the editor reserves the right to reject letters which are too long or violate one's better sensibilities.

Weekly Bible Thought

Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast.

Not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. -I Corinthians, 5:7.

Easter

N thousand years ago "outside a city's wall" does all Christendom exceedingly hard. The fellow who I'd use my Indian pony. I knew you're both a-comin.' keep Holy Week and Easter. Rather does sorrowing humanity turn when the financial statement is its eyes upon the cross, symbol of infinite suffering and sacrifice, compiled. in grateful recognition of the timeless truth revealed thereon by the Savior of the world-the power of love to conquer death.

Many plans have been offered to relieve and deaden human suf- cording to his experience, but it ands, all night. Morning, and we fering; and sin, "the transgression of God's law," has been dealt with in many ways by teachers false and true. Above and beyond all more hard planning—and a little stands the cross with a living message for all who gaze upward, and more optimism will soon drive this litia all along to keep us back. a mysterious power in the light of the resurrection to change men's depression out of American life. lives "from death unto life."

As a so-called Christian nation we are witnesses to failure on a are wondering how to meet their the way clearer. To smoke out gigantic scale registered in our social, economic and political life, as obligations, but their troubles are the sooners, too, who had sneaked well as in the wasted lives of individuals. On the other hand we con- largely due to fear on the part of in and were hiding in the scrub template with awe the triumph of Ghandi, the Indian leader, over the others who refuse to take a chance oaks, in the draws, wherever they powerful "Christian" empire of Great Britain in leading his suffering people to better their condition by "peaceful revolution," an avowedly literal application of the teachings of Jesus by a non-Christian nation.

Probably, as never before, has the human race come to the parting of the ways, when the way of fulfillment and enrichment of life must be evalulated and chosen. There stands pointing one way-a difficult, narrow path-clearly outlined, a cross, and a living Guide which holds much wisdom for us land, and the prairie rolled a little who offers "the way of the cross."

"To every man there openeth A way and ways and a way, And the high soul climbs the high way, And the low soul gropes the low; And every man decideth The way his soul shall go."

Public Opinion

car Editor: Enclosed fund check for \$1.50 er one year's subscription to The Pross.

I would feel lost without The ress as I have read it my entire fe, having been reared near Franklin and having taught in any of the rural schools as well s serving for two years as home lemonstration agent and in this caacity visiting every community in acon county.

I have been living in Missouri mly three years and the Old North State still seems home to I wish to send greetings to all

of my friends and especially to those with whom I have spent so many days in the school rooms of the county, my "school chil-I am wishing for dear old Macon

a speedy return of good times. Sincerely,

Adelaide Bulgin Corbin. (Mrs. A. F. Corbin). Diamond, Mo., March 23, 1931.

Clippings

s hustling, comes out pretty well I'd get endurance, anyway, if not

A friend observes that there is in the end,

plenty of business right now acrepression out of American life. It is hard reality, we know, to for miles into the Nation, so as those who are out of work and to keep the grass down and make

and do their part toward improving could. Most of the killing was business. FOREST CITY COURIER, in and staked the land and stood

HELPFUL ANECDOTE

Run. I knew the piece I wanted. An anecdote of pioneer days A little creek ran through the

today concerns two pioneers set- there, too. Nothing but blacktlers pushing their way into the jacks for miles around it, but on sparsly settled West. The first that section, because of the water, pulled up his team in front of a I suppose, there were elms and cabin and addressed an elderly persimmons "nd cottonwoods and man sitting on a stump and puff- even a grove of pecans. I had ing contentedly a corn-cob pipe. noticed it many a time riding the It Was Like Water Going Over a "Hay, Old Timer, what kind of range." folks are there around these (H'm! Riding the range! All



(Continued from last week)

due to them. They had crawled

ready to shoot those of us who

came in, fair and square, in the

a place on the Santa Fe train that headed down the old freighters' Some skunk of a soon' sneaking the 16th day of April, 1931, at was standing, steam up, ready to trail towards the creek land. I blaze to keep up conters off, court house door in Franklin, N. run into the Nation. But you said, T'll be the first in the Run saving the land for himself. The C, at public auction to the highcouldn't get on. There wasn't room to reach Little Bear.' That was for a flea. They were hanging the name of the creek on the I turned around. The girl was is the name of the girl pulled her can the girl was is first Tract: All the lands deon the cow-catcher and swarming secti. The girl pulled her cap there, her racer stumbling, break- scribed in a deed from Zachariah all over the engine, and sitting on down tight over her ears. 'Follow ing and going on, his head lolling Downs and wife to J. R. Parrish top of the cars. It was keyed me,' - laughed. 'I'll show you now. I saw her motion with her dated the 24th day of December, down to make no more speed than the way.' Then the old fellow hand. She was coming. 1 whipa horse. It turned out they didn't with the wooden leg and the whis- ped off my hat and clapped it over Register of Deeds for Macon fort to improve his own business even do that. They went twenty kers yelled out, 'Whoop-ee! I'll Whitefoot's eyes, gave him the County in Book B-4, page 489. OT ONLY as a memorial of that immortal drama enacted two is the only one who finds times miles in ninety minutes. I decided tell 'em along the Little Bear spurs, crouched down low and Except that part thereof conveyed

> speed. And that's what counted left, the old plainsman on my right. smell the singed hair on the flanks Second Tract: All the lands de-Eleven forty fine Along the bor- of my mustang. My own hair scribed in a deed from T. J.



The girl with the black-" Unable to say it. Southern. "The girl and I-funny, I never did learn her name-were in he lead because we had stuck to the hind me. That thoroughbred she

"There we were, the girl on my nace. Hot! It was h-l. I could Book Q-4, page 308. to the open, choking and the lane of flame. The girl hung

through it. But we troke out in- County in Book F 4, page 39. and half suffocated. I looked down 1931. on her horse's neck. Her skull- M194tcJ-JA9 cap was pulled down over her eyes. She was coming through game. J knew that my land-the piece that North Carolina, Macon County.

Legal Notices

NOTICE OF SALE

old trail. The girl was close be- North Carolina, Macon County. Whereas power of sale was vestrode was built for speed, not ais- ed in the undersigned trustee by tance. A race horse, blooded. I deed of trust by J. R. Parrish and could hear him blowing. He was wife, to Henry G. Robertson, trained to short bursts. My Ia- Trustee, dated Jan. 22, 1927 and dian pony was just getting his registered in the office of the second wind as her horse slacken- Register of Deeds for Macon ed into a trot. We had come county in Record of Mortgages nearly sixteen miles. I was well and Deeds of Trust No. 30, page in the lead by that time, with the 356, to secure the payment of girl following. We had left the \$3710.00, as evidenced by six notes others behind, hundreds going this way, hundreds that, scattering for in the sum of \$618.34 each; and whereas all of said notes are miles over the prairie. Then I saw due and payable, subject to certain that the prairie ahead was afire. payments made thereon, leaving the The tall grass was blazing. Only total balance of \$3138.03 due on the narrow trail down which we I will, therefore, by virtue of

"It turned out that the three of were galloping was open. On eith- the power of sale by said deed of "I had planned to try and get us, there in the front line, were er side of it was a wall of flame. trust in me vested on Thursday

tight, shut my own e: and down by J. R. Parrish to Robert Downs, the taril we way i hato the fur- consisting of 20 acres, recorded in

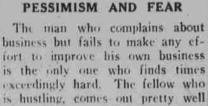
"There we stood, by the thous- der were the soldiers, their guns flames licking my legs and back. Patrish, dated July 19, 1920, and Another hundred yards and neither recorded in the office of the the horse nor | could have come Register of Deeds for Macon ded This the 16th day of March.

HENRY G. ROBERTSON.

Trustee.

NOTICE OF SALE

I had come throw hell for-was By virtue of a deed of trust not more than a mile ahead. 1 executed by W. E. Sanders to the knew that hanging around here undersigned as Trustee to secure would probably get me a shot the sum of \$316.75 to the Joines through the head, for" the sooner Motor and Tractor Company, Inc., that started that fire must be which deed of trust is recorded in lurking somewhere in the high Book of Mortgages and Deeds of grass ready to kill anybody that Trust No. 31 at page 345, office tried to lay claim to kis land. I of Register of Deeds, Macon Counbegan to wonder, too, if that girl ty, and default having been made wasn't headed for the same section in the payment of the notes sethat I was bound for. I made up cured thereby, and on demand my mind that, woman or no woman, from Joines Motor and Tractor this was a race, and devil take the Co., Inc., and the notes not du hindmost. My poor little pony was having been declared due under coughing and sneezing and trembl- the terms of said deed of trust, ing. Her racer must have been I will on Saturday the 18th day ready to drop. I wheeled and of April, 1931, at the Courthouse. the Venables made a quick men- in one hand, their watches in the went on. I kept thinking how, door in the Town of Franklin in "What kind of folks were there tal note of that. It was thus, by other. Those last five minutes when I came to Little Bear creek, the Collinty of Macon and between I'd bathe my little mustang's nose the legal hours of sale, sell to and face and his poor heaving the highest bidder for cash an sound. Listening. The last min- flanks, and how I mustn't let him undivided one-half interest in the "Ten o'clock, and the crowd was ute was an eternity. Twelve drink too much, once he got his land described in a deed from J. M. Sanders to Willis E. Sanders "Just before I r. 'ed the land and Itasca Sanders, said deed being Treekon you'll find the folks wated the years for this day when diers haskerry as they fired in trail and cut across the prairie. A few weeks later another set-tler came along, asked a similar guestion, and was answered by on the faces of men who were ra-question, and was answered by concus for food. "Well, eleven o'clock, and they the line. It was like water going find in the plains country. Alaround about where I came from were crowding and cursing and over a broken dam. We swept most ten feet across this one was, in. Said sale made to satisfy said fighting for places near the line, across the prairie in a cloud of and deep. No way around it that notes and deed of trust above re-They should and sang and yelled black and red dust that covered I could see, and no time to look ferred to. for one. I put Whitefoot to the This the 17th day of March, 1931, R. S. JONES, Trustee.



Clean Up for Spring

OMMUNITY spring cleaning is the order of the day "as the Winter turns to Spring." In order that Franklin may present a pleasing front to visitors as well as clean backyards to homefolks, and possess a clear conscience that everything is spick and span, in sight and out of sight, let those first April days witness a thorough "clean-up." Leaves, brush, ashes, and trash accumulation of the winter should be raked up on all premises, and those owning vacant lots "I reckon you'll find the folks waited ten years for this day when diers' musketry as they fired in I was riding for 1 had to leave the dated September 5th, 1918, and

Chief Bob Henry has offered to cooperate with citizens in seeing that all trash collected will be promptly removed.

Flowers planted now will give colorful charm to our beautiful town throughout the summer, adding to our guests' enjoyment as well as to our own. It is remarkable how a little paint, planting and cleaning can change the whole atmosphere of a neighborhood, reacting upon the spirits of residents, and giving good cheer to those who pass by. Let all good citizens cooperate to make Franklin in every nook and corner, as well as in matchless scenery, the town beautiful, to the joy of those who are privileged to live here all the They were neighbors we just hated year, and to those who come to us for rest and recreation during the summer. a + # !

A Correction

TN SATURDAY'S issue of the Asheville Times an editorial referred to last week's Press editorial in regard to the recent address at Chapel Hill by the Irish poet-philosopher, G. W. Russell,

The Press was given credit for a comment in the editorial which was part of an account printed originally in the Charlotte Observer, RIAN. as stated in the beginning of our editorial. The inadvertent omission of one set of quotation marks was no doubt responsible. We offer apology to the Times and to the gentleman from Chapel Hill who sent the excellent report of Mr. Russell's thought-provoking address to the Observer in the first place.



A fiction character walked out of old photographs and told her what the pages of a novel and into a I could remember of early days in Hollywood motion picture studio the territory. She took notes in shorthand, and I recognized the recently. She has two identities, result of our talks when 'Cimarron In real life she is Mrs. Tom B. was published."

Ferguson, until recently owner and Most astounding of the .ex editor of the Watonga Republican, periences of her life, Mrs. Ferstory in Hollywood Film-graph. In private showing of "Cimarron" as fiction she is "Sabra Cravat," a a motion picture. name created and immortalized by After the showing, the white-Edna Ferber in her novel, "Cimar- haired lady kissed Irene Dunne, the

ron.' actress who plays "Sabra," and A year ago she desided to "see wept. She was visibly moved, the world." She sold her news- Mrs. Ferguson said the picture paper. She passed through Holly- was strikingly faithful in its reprewood on the first leg of an ad- sentation of pioneer days in Oklaventurous trip around the world. homa. One scene depicts the here

Her life is, in many respects, the and heroine driving down the main life of Sabra Cravat in "Cimarron." street of a new "boom town."

And although fiction much of the "It was just like that when we material of the novel is true to the came into Watonga," Mrs. Fergufacts of Mrs. Ferguson's life. Edna son said. Although well into mid- our loved one, especially the dear short skirt, black tights, and a one-legged old whiskers with a kicked once, sort of leaped-or Ferber obtained much of her data dle age, Mrs. Ferguson is setting neighbors, who never tired in their skullcap." while a guest in Mrs. Ferguson's out on her world tour with the unfailing kindness and help. Also home in Watonga.

"She stayed with me a week," wanted to go off across the world Mrs. Ferguson says, "I took her like that," she said.-THE PUBto the Indian camps, dug out the LISHERS' AUXILIARY,

parts?" the resident. "Why, they were the meanest, thing of Yancey Cravat's past.)

slickest, most unpleasant people I ever saw."

the same counter interrogatory, venous for food. He replied briskly, "Why the folks were the salt of the earth, the

finest, fairest and most helpful to leave." "Well," answered the local sage.

"I reckon you'll find the folks here just about the same." people just about what we expect

from them. A negative attitude toward life brings correspondingly

sees mountainous, glass-faced build- coal-black thoroughbred." The growing belief that "machines who says, "Aha."

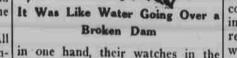
were made for man" leads to his

streets more sunshine.

World War will not really be over until they stop writing memoirs about it.

-THE PATHFINDER. CARD OF THANKS

cagerness of a child. "I've always for the lovely floral offerings.



where you came from?" countered stray bit sand suatches, that they seemed years long; and funny, managed t piece together some- they'd quieted till there wasn't a nervous and restless. Thousands o'clock. There went up a roar muzzle in the water. "Well," drawled the old pioneer, from all parts of the country had that drowned the crack of the sol-

thousands of wild animals penned mons from hell. The old man on landing on the other side with M194tcJ-JA9 up. The sun blazed down. It his pony kept in one rut, the girl hardly an inch to spare. I heard was cruel. The dust hung over on her thoroughbred in the other, a wild scream behind me. I turn-

everything in a thick cloud, blind- and I on my Whitefoot on the ing you and choking you. The raised place is the middle. That that tried to make the gulch. He North Carolina, Macon County. To a large degree, we get from black dust of the burned prairie first half mile was almost a neck- had actually taken it-a thorough- Cilmer A longer was over everything. We were like and-neck race. The old fellow was bred and a gentleman, that animal Gilmer A. Jones

a horde of fiends with our red yelling and waving one arm and but he came down on his knees vs. eyes and our cracked lips and our hanging on somehow. He was just on the farther edge, rolled, Natural Abrasives Corp. and Met-THE CITY OF THE FUTURE The roar grew louder. People drop behind. Next thing I heard yards away. So was the girl, with subject matter of this action.

as beautiful to look at and as plainsman, he was-a six-shooter ders and wagon wheels." A dra- tights torn, her little short skirt A tract of land lying in Ellijay pleasantly situated as a cathedral," in his belt, one wooden leg, and matic pause. The faces around sagging. She sort of sat up and Township, containing approximate-City children of 1980 are going a flask of whisky. He took a pull the table were balloons pulled by looked around her. Then she stag- ly 1100 acres and being known as to have better air to breathe, adds out of that every minute or two. a single string. They swung this gered to her feet before I reached the Corundum Hill property. Mr. Duifus, and larger play- He was mounted on an Indian way and that with Yancey Cravat's her and stood there swaying, and This the 23rd day of March, grounds. Walks and drives will pony like mine. As we waited we pace as he strode the room, his pushing her hair out of her eyes says a recent issue of the Sooner guson said, was seeing "herself" on be lined with trees, for many obnoxious gases will be climinated though you couldn't hear much in This way-the faces turned toward She pointed down the gully. The and the setback buildings will give that uproar. The girl said she had the sideboard. That way-they black of her face was streaked trained her thoroughbred for the turned toward the windows. Yan- with tears.

race. He was from Kentucky, and cey held the little moment of si-It is our deduction that the so was she. She was bound to lence like a jewel in the circlet of His two forelegs are broken. I Macon county, N. C., this is to get her hundred and sixty acres, faces. Sabra Cravat's voice, high heard them crack. Shoot him! notify all persons having claims she said. She had to have it, and sharp with suspense, cut the For God's sake!' She didn't say why, and I didn't stillness.

ask her. We were all too keyed up, anyway, to make sense. Oh, ed to the old man?" I forgot. She had on a get-up that

took the attention of anyone that in a gesture of inevitability. "Oh, black and sticky with sweat and persons indebted to said estate will We wish to thank every one for saw her, even in that crazy mob. he was trampled to death in the dirt. He was done for, all right please make immediate settlement. their many kindnesses shown us The better to cut the wind, she mad mob that charged over him. I took out my six-shooter and aim- This 30th day of March, 1931. during the sickness and death of had shortened sail and wore a Crazy. They couldn't stop for a ed right between his eyes. He Geo, Carpenter, Administrator, quart flask."

tried to, and then lay still. I Here there was quite a bombard-Out of the well-bred nurmur of stood there a minute, to see if he ment of sound as silver spoons horror that now arese about the had to have another. He was so reconciling our politics and our Harve Bryant and son; Mr. and knives and forks were drop- Venable board there emerged the game that, some way, I didn't want economics grows out of a colosand Mrs. H. L. Barnard and ped from shocked and nerveless voice of Felice Venable, shap-edg i to give him more than he needed. sal indifference on the part of the with disapproval. "And the girl. (Continued next week)

NOTICE

negative returns.—THE ROTA-RIAN. eyes and our cracked lips and our hanging on somehow. He was just on the farther edge, rolled, ropolitan Trust Company, and all was a picture straight out of hell. on his flanks. Then he began to be be began to be began to be began to be began to b The roar grew louder. People drop behind. Next thing I heard self free. My claim was fifty tions claiming any interest in the

A fascinating prophecy of what border. Just next to me was a shouting behind me. I threw a her dying horse. She lay there By virtue of the authority vested the city of fifty, years hence will girl who looked about eighteen- quick glance over my shoulder. on the prairie. As I raced to- in the undersigned commissioner look like is made by R. L. Duffus she turned out to be twenty-five- The old plainsman's pony had stum- ward her - my own poor little under a decree entered in the in the March Rotarian. He fore- and a beauty she was, too-on a bled and fallen. His bottle smash- mount was nearly gone by this above entitled cause, I will on ed into bits, his six-shooter flew time-she scrambled to her knees. Monday the 27th day of April, ings laid out along streets that "Aha" said Cousin Jouett Go- in another direction, and he lay I can see her face now, black 1931 at the Courthouse door in radiate from centers like cobwebs. forth. He was the kind of man sprawling full length in the rut of with cinders and soot and dirt, her Franklin, North Carolina at twelve the trail. The next instant he hair all over her shoulders, her o'clock noon, sell to the highest "On the other side was an old was hidden in a welter of pound- check bleeding where she had bidder for cash the following de conclusion that "a steel mill will be fellow with a long gray beard-a ing hoofs and flying dirt and cin- struck a stone in her fall, her black scribed real estate:

This the 23rd day of March, 1931. R. S. JONES, Commissioner. M26 4t A 16 cJ&J

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator "Shoot him !" she said. 'I can't, of W. P. Head, deceased, late of against the estate of said deceased

"So I off my horse and down to to exhibit them to the undersigned > "What happened? What happen- the gully's edge. There the animal on or before the 30th day of lay, his eyes all whites, his poor March, 1932, or this notice will be Yancey's pliant hands flew up legs doubled under him, his flanks plead in bar of their recovery. All A2-41p-A23

> Such difficulty as we have in business world .- David Lawrence.