

# The Franklin Press

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BLACKBURN W. JOHNSON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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## Weekly Bible Thought

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.—Psalm 67: 1, 2.

## The Brasstown Project

MANY are watching with interest the contribution that is being made in the field of adult education by the John C. Campbell Folk school at Brasstown in Cherokee County.

In the Asheville Citizen-Times of May 3, Mrs. C. W. Savage describes in an interesting article the growth of the Brasstown project since its beginning in January, 1926, when the school began its life as a home and farm in which the people of the community have shared by giving of land, service and other contributions.

The school was built as a memorial to John C. Campbell, author of "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland," who, as Mrs. Savage writes, "after twenty-five years of study and service (under the Russell-Sage foundation) felt the need of vitalizing and dignifying the whole content of our rural civilization. In this type of education he saw a hope of preserving what is best in Highland culture, and of opening the way to deeper and richer life."

Mrs. Savage describes how Mrs. Campbell, after the death of her husband, carried out his plans, "after many months of study and visiting several different states, establishing the school at Brasstown, mainly because the local people were actively interested."

Principles that have been applied for many years in Danish schools have been used successfully.

"The Danish folk high school is a school primarily for young adults eighteen to thirty years of age," Mrs. Savage explains. "It sets no requirements, gives no examinations and offers no credits. Its primary purpose is, through the influence of personality and oral teaching, to arouse the individual so that 'he will never stop growing.' It distinguishes, in other words, between acquiring and developing. It does not try to assume responsibility for local changes, but to awaken that desire for a better life which is the only sound basis for change."

A practical feature of the Brasstown project is a saving and loan association, organized with twenty-eight members and \$155, increasing in three and one-half years to more than \$1,500, "enabling members to buy cows, fencing, fertilizer and many other essentials." Other co-operative activities are hatchery, creamery and hand-craft associations doing successful business, while a men's club and a women's club play a prominent part in the social life of the community.

The planting of 3,000 trees in forest formation on hillsides and on farm roads is described with a sketch of the building of Keith House, the new and spacious community building. The school is supported by the voluntary gifts of friends and the combined annual contribution of \$4,000 from the Northern Presbyterian, Episcopal and Congregational churches. The school is incorporated under the laws of the state of North Carolina.

"The term of school is four months from November to March, giving a practical course of study, work and play. Geography, government, agriculture, reading, writing, arithmetic are taught. Gymnastics and sports help to train and strengthen the body."

"Girls have regular cooking, sewing and weaving lessons. Boys have field surveying, mechanical drawing, shop and forest work. Pottery is also taught. Tuition and board per month for men, is \$22.50; for women, \$20.00. Opportunity is offered to work out at least one-half of this amount during the four months of school. Those who cannot pay the remainder, may apply for special work before and after the regular term."

"Officers of the school are: Mrs. John C. Campbell, director, Miss Marguerite Butler, assistant director."

## This, That and the Other

BY ELIZABETH KELLY

### THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER

The Town of Franklin went to the polls and selected as members of the town board a very fine group of men to whom we citizens must look for civic action. The writer believes these men have the ability, integrity and a willingness to give the town a good administration, but the writer doubts seriously that these men will give either time, thought or purpose to their administration to make it successful.

The function of the town board should be something more than to decide which of a few favorites should be on the payroll, whose home or business should have made to it a good street, or whether the streets should be dipped or sprinkled for cleansing purposes. A sordid Main street with muddy sidewalks bordering it and flanked by weed-grown and trash strewn borders would indicate that not sufficient thought has been given by the town board to secure proper action.

Most of the home owners and other residents of Franklin make an effort to make and keep their immediate homes and grounds neat and attractive. This is to a great extent offset by neighboring and intervening vacant lots being permitted to remain in an unsightly, unkempt and unsightly condition. Some of the citizens of Franklin take offense and some are shamed by remarks of strangers and visitors relative to

the ragged, unkempt appearance of the town.

### Unightly Spot

Recently the writer overheard two well dressed strangers make the remark that Franklin citizens should be well bathed and the town a bit cleaner looking since there is a bath tub handy on Main street. These men were referring to a bath tub that was thrown on the side of Main street with a lot of other clutter and building refuse when the old Junaluska Inn was torn down eighteen months or two years ago. This lot in particular is an eyesore which has been permitted to remain in this state by its owners and by the town board. The men who own this lot are among the town's most prominent citizens—Bank directors, Rotarians, members of the town board, prominent churchmen and leading business men. One can not believe that they are wilfully doing a thing to harm their town and to cause it to be a by-word and a reproach when clean, attractive towns are mentioned. It must be carelessness. What can be done about it?

One hears daily of the advantage Franklin has of being on the newly opened hard surfaced short route from Atlanta to Asheville; of the advantage of being near to the Great Smoky Mountain Park, of the advantage of gorgeous surrounding scenery on highway number 28; and trees and mountains and hills and vales—and then the citizens present to view a bath-tub and tangle of

weeds, brick-bats and what-have-you from an eighteen months old wreckage on main street.

### Put Idle To Work

There are enough men on the street who have no work and who would gladly work for 15 cents an hour to make of this lot a place of beauty in one day's time. This particular place is not by any means the only eyesore within the town, it is the most prominent. Can it be possible that the Mayor, the town board and town officials are blind to the advantages of having Franklin a clean and attractive town?

Some months ago a cavalcade from neighboring towns in Georgia came up on the flag end of a celebration of highway opening and good will trip. These folks first viewed the bath-tub and trash on main street, then the shower and pools of tobacco juice in front of the court house, then listened to the Mayor's welcome, shook hands with a few citizens, looked at some milling crowds on the corners and went back thinking—WHAT?

### Police Protection

And now a few words about some conditions that are affecting Franklin people alone and which are giving serious concern. There has been an epidemic of petty and attempted major thievery in town of late. There is no protection after early bedtime from any source other than a watchful eye, a listening ear and a trusty gun on the part of the citizen. Does Franklin need protection at night? It occurs to any one concerned that if the town can not afford to have day and night protection it might depend upon the sheriff and his deputies during the day and release the excellent man it has on day duty that he may serve at night when people are helpless at the hands of marauders, prowlers and thieves. What about it?

### Up to Town Board

This is written in good faith because the writer knows we have in Franklin a citizenship that would like to see the town made the best possible from the standpoint of safety and beauty as well as of business. It is the writer's opinion that the biggest and best business of the town will depend upon beauty and safety. Nature has been lavish in her gifts of climate and scenery. Good roads and location have done their part. The rest is up to the citizenship of the town. The citizens have just elected their town board whose business it is to see to these things as well as to see after the town's finances. What will the new board do?

The writer permitted her name to be put up as a candidate for membership on the board for two reasons. One was the fact that she believes a citizen has a better case in asking that things be done if that citizen is willing to help do those things. The other reason is her desire to prove again the fact that men do not want to be bothered on boards with a woman who might cause them a bit of bother by insisting that things be done. Some voters think that women have no brain power sufficient to take in and absorb the intricacies of finance. Some are afraid that a woman will not be sufficiently discreet to keep within the securities of the board the workings of the board. Some are too careless or too ignorant to think at all—they just go and vote. The writer knew full well that she would not be elected, but she was willing to offer to help with the arduous duties of the board and by so doing earn a better right to ask of the board that they individually and as a whole use the brains and the ability which they have to the end that the town will be better when their term shall have expired than it is now.

Let us all boost the new board and pull with them to make our town the most attractive possible.

## Clippings

### FATHER OF EIGHTEEN

The Chief Justice of Georgia, who has eighteen children, is going to debate with Margaret Sanger on birth control.

We suggest some hall in Orchard or Henry St. as a fitting place for this debate.

At any rate, the august Judge, before debating, ought to visit our lower east side. Let him promenade among the women and infants and urchins around Orchard St.'s pushcart mart, and there imagine his stalwart flock of eighteen growing up on \$20 a week.

But, on second thought, what business has the father of eighteen debating birth control anyway? Leave that to the mothers of eighteen, or to women who constantly stand in fear of being the mothers of eighteen.—NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM.

"Modern progress has made the world a neighborhood; God has given us the task of making it a brotherhood."

—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.



## SYNOPSIS

In 1889, Yancey Cravat and his young wife, Sabra Venable, with their four-year-old son, Cimarron, and a negro servant, Isaiah, start out as pioneers to the newly opened Oklahoma country, from Wichita, Kansas, where Cravat practiced law and edited the Wichita Wigwam. A typically picturesque figure of the West at that time, Yancey Cravat was a dashing cowboy, born orator, brilliant lawyer, whose past was shrouded in mystery, and who, gossip said, had Indian blood in his veins. He revolts against the decadent aristocracy of his wife's family who bitterly oppose his taking the young and beautiful Sabra to the dangers and hardships of frontier life. In two covered wagons they make the journey across the prairies through days of heat, with several adventurous encounters, to the month-old town of Osage. Sabra is shocked by the wild and lawless character of the town, and frightened by a pistol shot aimed at her husband the day after their arrival. Yancey begins trying to discover who murdered the last editor, named Pegler.

## Now go on with the story.

But she was young, and inexperienced, and full of pride, and terribly offended. So without another word she turned and marched down the dusty street. Her head in its plumed hat was high. On either cheek burned a scarlet patch. Her eyes, in her effort to keep back the hot tears, were blazing, liquid, enormous. She saw nothing. From Doc Nisbett, Yancey received laconic information to the effect that the house had been rented by a family whose aquatic demands were more modest than Sabra's. Sabra was inconsolable, but Yancey did not once reproach her for her mistake. It was characteristic of him that he was most charming and considerate in crises which might have been expected to infuriate him. "Never mind, sugar. Don't take on like that. We'll find a house. And, anyway, we're here. That's the main thing."

He stretched his mighty arms, shook himself like a great shaggy lion. In all this welter of red clay and Indians and shirt sleeves and tobacco juice and drought he seemed to find a beauty and an exhilaration that eluded Sabra quite. But then Sabra, after those first two days, had ceased to search for a reason for anything. She met and accepted the most grotesque, the most fantastic happenings. When she looked back on the things she had done and the things she had said in the first few hours of her Oklahoma experience it was as though she were tolerantly regarding the naivetes of a child. Ten barrels of water a day! She knew now that water, in this burning land, was as precious thing. Life here was an anachronism, a great rude joke. It was hard to realize that while the rest of the United States, in this year of 1889, was living a conventionally civilized and primly Victorian existence, in which plumbing, gas-light, trees, gardens, books, laws, millinery, Sunday curfewing, were taken for granted, here in this Oklahoma country life had been set back according to the frontier standards of half a century earlier. Literally she was pioneering in a wilderness surrounded but untouched by civilization.

Yancey had reverted. Always—even in his staidest Wichita incarnation—a somewhat incredibly romantic figure, he now was remarkable even in this town of fantastic humans gathered from every corner of the brilliantly picturesque Southwest. His towering form, his curling locks, his massive head, his vibrant voice, his dashing dress, his florid speech, his magnetic personality drew attention wherever he went. On the day following their arrival Yancey had taken from his trunk a pair of silver-mounted ivory-handled six-shooters and a belt and holster studded with silver. She had never before seen them. His white sombrero he had banded with a rattlesnake skin of

gold and silver, with glass eyes, a treasure also produced from the secret trunk, as well as a pair of gold-mounted spurs which further enhanced the Texas star boots. Thus bedecked for his legal and editorial pursuits he was by far the best dressed and most spectacular male in all the cycloramic Oklahoma country.

Sabra learned many astounding things in these first few days, and among the most terrifying were the things she learned about the husband to whom she had been happily married for more than five years. She learned, for example, that this Yancey Cravat was famed as the deadliest shot in all the deadly shooting Southwest. He had the gift of being able to point his six-shooters without sighting, as one would point with a finger. He was one of the few who could draw and fire two six-shooters at once with equal speed and accuracy. His hands would go to his hips with a lightning gesture that yet was so smooth, so economical that the onlooker's eye scarcely followed it. He could hit his mark as he walked, as he ran, as he rode his horse. Sabra was vaguely uneasy. Wichita had not been exactly a city, and Dodge City, Kan., was notoriously a gun-play town. But here no man walked without his six-shooters strapped to his body. On the very day of her harrowing encounter with Doc Nisbett, Sabra, her composure regained, had gone with Yancey to see still another house owner about the possible renting of his treasure. The man was found in his crude one-room shack which he used as a combination dwelling and land office. He glanced up at them from the rough pine table at which he was writing. "Howdy, Yancey!" "Howdy, Cass!"

Yancey, all grace, performed an introduction. This lean, leather-skinned house owner wiped his palms on his pants' seat in courtly fashion and, thus purified, extended a hospitable hand to Sabra. Yancey revealed to him their plight. "Well, now, say, that's plumb terrible, that is. Might be I can help you out—you and your good lady here. But say, Yancey, just let me step out, will you, to the corner, and mail this here letter. The bag's goin' any minute now."

He licked and stamped the envelope, rose, and took from the table beside him his broad leather belt with its pair of holstered six-shooters, evidently temporarily laid aside for comfort while writing. This he now strapped quickly about his waist with the same unconcern that another man would use in slipping into his coat. He merely was donning conventional street attire for the well-dressed man of the locality. He picked up his sheaf of envelopes and stepped out. In three minutes he was back, and affably ready to talk terms with them.

It was, perhaps, this simple and sinister act, more than anything she had hitherto witnessed, that impressed Sabra with the utter lawlessness of this new land to which her husband had brought her.

This house, so dearly held by the man called Cass, turned out to be a four-room dwelling inadequate to their needs, and they were in despair at the thought of being obliged to wait until a house could be built. Then Yancey had a brilliant idea. He found a two-room cabin made of rough boards. This was hauled to the site of the main house, plastered, and—added to it—provided them with a six-room combination dwelling, newspaper plant, and law office. There was all the splendor of sitting room, dining room, bedroom, and kitchen to live in. One room of the small attached cabin was a combination law and newspaper office. The other served as composing room and print shop. The Hefner Furniture and Undertaking Parlors provided them with furniture—a large wooden bedstead to fit Sabra's mattress and spring; a small bed for Cim; tables, chairs—the plainest of everything. In two days Sabra was a housewife established in her routine as though she had been at it for years.

(Continued next week)

## Legal Notices

### NOTICE

North Carolina, Macon County. The undersigned, will on the 23rd day of May, 1931, at the courthouse door in the Town of Franklin, North Carolina, at 12 o'clock M., sell to the highest bidder for cash the following described real estate, to-wit:

In Sugarfork township, Macon county, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of J. T. Rogers and Robert Rogers, and being all the land contained in a deed from J. T. Rogers and wife, Elisabeth Rogers, to John M. Peek, of date the 6th day of May 1920, and of record in deed book E. 4 at page 521, Office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, containing forty-one and one-fourth acres.

This sale is being made under a power of sale in a deed of trust from John M. Peek and wife, Ellie Peek, to Claud Houston, of date the 23rd day of November 1929, to secure the sum of One Hundred Dollars, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured thereby, to satisfy said indebtedness, interest and cost.

This the 21st day of April 1931. J. FRANK RAY, Trustee.

A23-4tp4-JFR-M14

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Downs, deceased, late of Macon county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 25th day of April, 1932, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 25th day of April, 1931.

RAY DOWNS, Administrator.

A30-4tp-M21

### NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain deed of trust executed by Paul Newman and wife, Freda Newman, to Commercial National Bank of High Point, and Central Trust Company of Charleston, West Va., Trustees, dated November 1st, 1927, and recorded in Book 31, at Page 503, in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness thereby secured, and demand having been made for sale of the undersigned Trustees will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in front of the Courthouse in Franklin, North Carolina, at 2:00 o'clock P. M., on the 8th day of June, 1931, the following described property, located in the City of Franklin, North Carolina.

BEGINNING at an iron stake on the South side of Palmer street, Claud Russell's N. W. corner, the same being South 45 West 231 feet from the intersection of Main Street and Palmer Street, and runs South 45 West with the South side of Palmer Street 165 feet to a stake, S. A. Munday corner; thence South 45 East 255 feet to a stake on the South side of the Branch in S. L. Rogers' line; thence North 41 East 218 feet to a stake, J. F. Palmer's corner; thence North 45 West 144 feet to a stake; thence with Claud Russell's line South 49 West 65½ feet to a stake, Claud Russell's

corner; thence North 39½ West 93½ feet to the BEGINNING. This the 1st day of May, 1931. COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK OF HIGH POINT & CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY OF CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA, Trustees. D. C. MacRae, Attorney, High Point, N. C. M7-4tc-M28

### NOTICE OF SALE

By virtue of power of sale contained in a deed of trust from J. H. Maynor and wife, V. L. Maynor, to the undersigned trustee, for Mary E. Johnson, securing the sum of \$500.00, 1st note for \$250.00 due December 20, 1930, and 2nd note for \$250.00 due December 20, 1931 with interest thereon from date, which deed of trust is dated December 20, 1929, and registered December 21st, 1929, in Book No. 32 page 133, office Register of Deeds for Macon County, North Carolina, and default having been made in the payment of the first note above described and the said Mary E. Johnson under the terms of said Deed of Trust having declared all of said \$500.00 due, and by virtue of the demand from the said Mary E. Johnson that the lands described in said deed of trust be sold under the power of sale contained therein to pay said debt with interest and cost, I will on Saturday the 6th day of June, 1931, between the legal hours of sale and at the courthouse door in the County of Macon, State of North Carolina, and town of Franklin, sell at public auction for cash to satisfy said sum of money so secured by said deed of trust, the following described land:

Lying and being in Macon County, State of North Carolina, Beginning at a chestnut Lyle's corner, said Chestnut standing near and back of stable of Dan Lyle, runs thence East 76 poles to Cable's corner, North 11 poles to white oak, North 45 East 14 poles to a chestnut, North 45 East 18 poles to a chestnut, North 45 East 14 poles to a chestnut, North 26½ East 16½ poles to a chestnut, North 10 West 13 poles to a chestnut, North 2½ West 18½ poles to a chestnut, North 5 East 15 poles to Black Jack, North 10 East 19 poles to a chestnut, Mrs. Harrington's corner, North 61 West 19 poles to a Black Oak, North 70 West 14 poles to a black oak, North 64 West 11 poles to a black oak, North 72 West 20 poles to a black oak, North 47 West 14 poles to a black oak, West 40 poles to a chestnut, North 5 poles to a chinquapin, East 10 poles to a hickory, North 16 poles to a white oak, East 14 poles to a stake, Lyle's corner, South 160 poles to the Beginning, containing 90 acres, more or less.

This the 5th day of May, 1931. McKINLEY EDWARDS, Trustee. M7-4tc-RDS-M28

### ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of Mrs. A. I. Anderson, deceased, late of Macon county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 2nd day of May, 1932, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 2nd day of May, 1931.

W. A. ANDERSON, Administrator. M7-4tc-M28



## REMEMBER MOTHER

Next Sunday With a Gift Chosen Here

BEADS NOVELTIES  
SILK HOSE POCKET BOOKS  
LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

## JESS & MARY'S SHOP