

The Franklin Press

Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press
At Franklin, North Carolina
Telephone No. 21

VOL. XLVI Number 24

BLACKBURN W. JOHNSON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Entered at the Post Office, Franklin, N. C., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year	\$1.50
Eight Months	\$1.00
Six Months	.75
Single Copy	.05

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 "adv." in compliance with the postal regulations.

A Challenge to Farmers

It is a rather depressing picture of Macon County agriculture presented in the Farm Census statistics (appearing on another page of this week's issue of The Press) which were made public in Washington this week. At the same time it is a challenge to the farmers of this fertile mountain country to awaken to their opportunities.

The census figures show decreases here and gains there. With all things considered and carefully weighed, the statement from Washington indicates that Macon County agriculture has been at a standstill for the past 10 years.

The number of farms in the county is given as 1,847 in 1930; 1,865 in 1925 and 1,925 in 1920. The average value of land and buildings per acre, we are gratified to say, shows a sizeable gain—from \$20.72 in 1920 to \$22.79 in 1925 to \$29.60 in 1930. There is some question, however, whether the 1930 valuations would actually stand up in view of recent economic developments.

Greatest cause for concern is found in the large decreases in livestock, especially hogs, and several very appreciable declines in crop production. The census table shows that there were only 2,903 hogs in this country in 1930—one for about every four persons—whereas there were 8,582 in 1920. Chickens decreased in number from 48,475 in 1920 to 37,228 in 1930, a drop of more than 11,000. Cattle dropped from 8,982 to 5,544 during the same period and the number of horses declined from 1,411 to 724, while mules remained substantially the same figure.

Corn harvested for grain decreased from 289,512 bushels in 1919 to 226,673 in 1929. Wheat, of course, lost more than any other crop, dropping from 42,211 to 14,292. Hay, despite an increase in the number of milk cows from 2,601 to 2,827, fell from 4,364 tons to 3,612 during the last decade.

It is very evident that Macon County is not raising enough meat and fowl flesh and, what is even more important, is not growing enough feedstuff for what livestock it has. The livestock and dairying industries cannot long survive when profits are greatly diminished and sometimes obliterated by the costly method of buying feedstuff. The hog situation is nothing short of pitiful—to think of a county as large as Macon with only 2,903 hogs. The farmers of this section would do well to heed the advice of agricultural authorities to grow more corn and feed it to pigs. It is estimated that corn disposed of in this manner is worth approximately 60 cents more a bushel than it would bring sold as grain.

Macon county's future rests largely on the shoulders of the farmers; this is preeminently an agricultural region. Industrial development will come slowly. The best days of the lumbering business in this territory are over. In the future, as it can be foreseen now, Macon will depend more than ever on her fields for prosperity. Her soil is naturally fertile, but it too frequently has been maltreated. As one critical visitor put it:

"There are too many miners instead of farmers, men who are digging what they can out of the earth and putting nothing back into it."

If Macon County is to prosper it will literally have to begin at the roots. The situation in which it now finds itself—at a standstill at best—is a challenge to the farmers. As they progress, so will the county as a whole progress.

MORE FOOD PRODUCTS PLANTS NEEDED

Declaring that "the fact that North Carolina purchases elsewhere food and food products worth approximately \$140,000,000 that might just as easily be produced within the state points to the failure of industry and agriculture to reach a well balanced development," Conservation and Industry, the monthly publication of the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development gives in detail estimates of the moneys which now go out of the state for products a large part of which, it is contended, local industries, drawing upon surrounding farm territories, might furnish.

These estimates include: butter, \$4,000,000; cheese, \$4,500,000; condensed and evaporated milk, \$50,000,000; canned fruits and vegetables, \$13,000,000; canned seafoods, \$15,000,000; meat and meat products, \$23,000,000; pickles, preserves and other processed foods, \$20,000,000.

"While no one will contend that North Carolina should produce all of these foods immediately," says

Conservation and Industry, "certainly a much larger proportion might profitably be turned out by local manufacturers. More of this processing is necessary to a well balanced agricultural and industrial state."

The most important note which is struck in the foregoing is the recognition that the burden of making a success of the livestock-holding theory can not be carried by the farmer alone. In the past pleas for a greater diversification in farm products filed or produced only limited results because the farmer was expected to do the impossible.

There is no question that in things like the present especially the first concern of the farmer should be to grow as much as possible of the foodstuffs and feedstuffs which he can use himself. That is the only guarantee the farmer can have against absolute want. But the cure for the situation pointed out by Conservation and Industry depends on providing a market for the surplus foodstuffs which the farmer creates.

—ASHEVILLE CITIZEN.



Illustrations by Irwin Myers

(Continued from last week)

She was overjoyed when, that same day, a solemn deputation of citizens, three in number, de rigeur in sombreros and six-shooters, called on Yancey with the amazing request that he conduct divine service the following Sunday morning. Osage was over a month old. The women folks, they said, in effect, thought it high time that some contact be established between the little town sprawled on the prairie and the Power supposedly gazing down upon it from beyond the brilliant steel-blue dome suspended over it. Beneath the calico and sunbonnets despised of Sabra on that first day of her coming to Osage there apparently glowed the same urge for convention, discipline, and the old order that so fired her to revolt. She warmed toward them. She made up her mind that, once the paper had gone to press, she would don the black silk and the hat with the plumes and go calling on such of the wooden shacks as she knew had fostered this meeting. Then she recollected her mother's training and the stern commands of fashion. The sunbonnets had been residents of Osage before she had arrived. They would have to call first.

She got out a plaid silk tie for Cim. "Church meeting!" she exclaimed, joyously. Here, at last, was something familiar; something on which she could get a firm foothold in this quagmire. Yancey temporarily abandoned his journalistic mission in order to make proper arrangements for Sunday's meeting. Born entrepreneur, he took hold with the enthusiasm that he always displayed in the first spurt of a new enterprise. Already news of the prospective meeting had spread by the mysterious means common to isolated settlements. Nesters, homesteaders, rangers, cowboys for miles around somehow got wind of it. Saddles were polished, harness shined, calicoes washed and ironed, faces scrubbed. Church meeting.

Yancey turned quite naturally to the one shelter in the town adequate to the size of the crowd expected. It was the gambling tent that stood at the far north end of Pawhuska avenue, flags waving gayly from its top in the brisk Oklahoma wind. For the men it was the social center of Osage. Faro, stud poker, chuck-aluck diverted their minds from the stern business of citizenship and saved them the trouble of counting their ready cash on Saturday night. Sunday was, of course, the great day in the gambling tent. It was a question whether the owner and dealer would be willing to sacrifice any portion of Sunday's brisk trade for the furtherance of the Lord's business, even though the good will of the townspeople were to be gained thereby. After all, he might argue, it was not this element that kept a faro game going.

Yancey, because of his professional position and his well known power to charm, was delegated to confer with that citizen du monde, Mr. Grat Gotch, better known as Arkansas Grat, proprietor and dealer of the gambling tent. A little plump man, Grat, with a round and smiling countenance, strangely unlined. He looked like an old baby.

Yancey ordered his drink and invited Gotch to have one with him. Over the whisky Yancey put his case.

"Listen, Grat. The women folks have got it into their heads that there ought to be a church service Sunday, now that Osage is over a month old, with ten thousand inhabitants, and probably the metropolis of the great Southwest in another ten years. They want the thing done right. I'm chosen to conduct the meeting. There's no building in town big enough to hold the crowd. What I want to know is, can we have the loan of your tent here for about an hour Sunday morning for the purpose of divine worship?"

Arkansas Grat set down his glass, made a sweeping gesture with his right hand that included all that tent contained.

"Divine worship! Why, h—, yes, Yancey," he replied, graciously. They went to work early Sunday. So as not to mar the numbers they

covered the faro and roulette tables with twenty-two foot boards. Such of the prospective congregation as came early would use these for seats. There were, too, a few rude benches on which the players usually sat. The remainder must stand. The meeting was to be from eleven to twelve. As early as nine o'clock they began to arrive. They came from lonely cabins, dugouts, tents, ox carts, wagons, buggies, horsemen, mule teams. They were starving for company. It wasn't religion they sought; it was the stimulation that comes of meeting their kind in the mass. They brought picnic baskets and boxes, prepared for a holiday.

The town seemed alive with blanketed Indians. They squatted in the shade of the wooden shacks. They walked in from their near-by reservations, or rode their mangy horses, or brought in their entire families—squaw, papoose, two or three children of assorted sizes, dogs.

Sabra, seeing them, told herself sternly that she must remember to have a Christian spirit, and they were all God's children; that these red men had been converted. She didn't believe a word of it.

Rangers, storekeepers, settlers. Lean squatters with their bony wives and their bare-legged, rickety children, as untamed as little wolves.

Sabra superintended the toilettes of her men folk from Yancey to Isaiah.

holsters one saw the ugly heads of what seemed at first glance to be two six-shooters, but which turned out, on investigation by the infuriated Mrs. Cravat, to be the household monkey wrench and a bar of ink-soaked iron which went to make up one of the printing shop metal forms. On his head was a battered—an unspeakable—sombbrero which he must have salvaged from the back yard debris. He managed, by the very power of his dramatic gift, to give to the appreciative onlooker a complete picture of Yancey Cravat in ludicrous—in grotesque miniature. He advanced toward them with an appalling imitation of Yancey's stride. Sabra's face went curiously sallow, so that she was suddenly, Felice Venable, enraged. Yancey gave a great roar of laughter, and at that Sabra's blazing eyes turned from the ludicrous figure of the black boy to her husband. She was literally panting with fury. Her idol, her god, was being mocked.

"You—laugh! . . . Stop. . . ." She went in a kind of swoop of rage toward the now halting figure of Isaiah. The black face, all eyes now (and those all whites), looked up at her, startled, terrified. She raised her hand in its neat black kid glove to cuff him smartly. But Yancey was too quick for her. Swiftly as she had swooped upon Isaiah, Yancey's leap had been quicker. He caught her hand half way in its descent. His fingers closed round her wrist in an iron grip.

"Let me go!" For that instant she hated him.

"If you touch him I swear before God I'll not set foot inside the tent. Look at him!"

The black face gazed up at him. In it was worship, utter devotion. Yancey, himself a born actor, knew that in Isaiah's grotesque costume, in his struttings and swaggerings, there had been only that sincerest of flattery, imitation of that which was adored. The eyes were those of a dog, faithful, hurt, bewildered.

Yancey released Sabra's wrist. He turned his brilliant winning smile on Isaiah. He put out his hand, removed the mangy sombrero from the child's head, and let his fine white hand rest a moment on the woolly pelt.

Isaiah began to blubber, his fright giving way to injury. "Ah didn't go fo' to fret nobody. You-all was dress up fine fo' ch'ch meetin' so I crave to dress myself up Sunday style."

"That's right, Isaiah. You look finer than any of us. Now listen to me. Do you want a real suit of Sunday clothes?"

The white teeth now vied with the rolling eyes. "Sunday suit fo' me to wear! Fo' true!"

"Listen close, Isaiah. I want you to do something for me. Something big. I don't want you to go to the church meeting." Then, as the black boy's expressive face, all smiles the instant before, became suddenly doleful: "Isaiah, listen hard. This is something important. Everybody in town's at the church meeting. Jesse Rickey's drunk. The house and the newspaper office are left alone. There are people in town who'd sooner set fire to the newspaper plant and the house than see the paper come out on Thursday. I want you to go back to the house and into the kitchen, where you can see the back yard and the side entrance, too. Patrol duty, that's what I'm putting you on."

"Yes, suh, Mr. Yancey!" agreed Isaiah. "Patrol." His dejected frame now underwent a transformation as it stiffened to fit the new martial role.

"Now listen close. If anybody comes up to the house—they won't come the front way, but at the back, probably, or the side—you take this—and shoot." He took from beneath the Prince Albert a gun which, well on the left, under the coat, was not visible as were the two six-shooters that he always carried at his belt. It was a six-shooter of the kind known as the single action. The trigger was dead. It was the deadliest of Southwestern weapons, a six-shooter whose hammer, when pulled back by the thumb, would fall again as soon as released. No need for Isaiah's small forefinger to wrestle with the trigger.

"Oh, Yancey!" breathed Sabra, in horror. "Yancey! He's a child!" Now it was she who was protecting the black boy from Yancey. Yancey ignored her.

"You remember what I told you last week," he went on, equably. "When we were shooting at the tin can on the fence post in the yard. Do it just as you did it then—draw, aim, and shoot with the one motion."

"Yes, suh, Mr. Yancey! I kill 'em daid."

"You'll have a brand-new suit of Sunday clothes next week, remember, and boots to go with it. Now, seeot!"

Isaiah flashed a brilliant, a glorified smile at Sabra over his shoulder and was off, ludicrous black and white.

All Sabra's pleasurable anticipation in the church meeting had fled. "How could you give a gun to a child like that! You'll be

giving one to Cim, here, next. Alone in the house, with a gun." "It isn't loaded. Come on, honey. We're late."

(Continued next week)

Legal Notices

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of Horace Bradshaw, deceased, late of Macon county, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased on or before the 28th 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 28th day of May, 1931. R. M. SHOOK, Administrator. J4-4tc-RMS-J25

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of C. W. Slagle, 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 22nd 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 22nd day of May, 1931. A. B. SLAGLE, Executor. M28-4tc-J18

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as administratrix of William Z. Taylor, 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 23rd 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 23rd day of May, 1931. MRS. LAURA JANE TAYLOR, M28-4tp-J18 - Administratrix.

ENTRY NOTICE

State of North Carolina, Macon County. No. 15006. Harry E. Gruver enters and claims 10 acres of land in Cowee Township on the waters of Cowee Creek, on the Matlock prong of said creek, beginning at a sourwood, a corner of Grant No. 7070 and runs various courses and distances so as to include all the vacant land between Grant No. 7070, 14475 and Grant No. 15309 and State Grant No. 7613. This May 18, 1931. ALEX MOORE, Entry Taker. M21-4t-J11

ENTRY NOTICE

State of North Carolina, Macon County. No. 15005. Harry E. Gruver enters and claims 150 acres of land in Cowee Township on the waters of Cowee Creek, on the Matlock prong of said creek; beginning at a black gum and chestnut, corner of State Grant No. 7070 and running various courses and distances so as to include all vacant land between Grants No. 7070 and 14475, Tract No. 36, State Grant No. 1673, State Grant 376, State Grant No. 672 and State Grant 671 and the Ramsey lands now owned by Dock Clark and J. W. Murray and others. This May 18, 1931. ALEX MOORE, Entry Taker. M21-4t-J11

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Lyle B. Anderson, deceased, late of Macon County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 19th 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 payment. This the 19th day of May, 1931. DR. F. ANGEL, Administrator. M21-4tcFA-J11

NOTICE

North Carolina, Macon County.

Whereas power of sale was vested in the undersigned trustee by deed of trust from A. P. Raby to J. M. Raby, Trustee, dated 23rd February, 1929, and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book No. 31, page 158, to secure the payment of \$2,000, as evidenced by four notes of \$500 each, the first of which was due March 1, 1930 and one note on the first of March of each succeeding year thereafter for three years, said notes bearing interest from date at the rate of 6% per annum, and said deed of trust stipulating that if default should be made in the payment of either of said notes or the interest upon same or the taxes upon said property, that all of said notes should become at once due and payable, and default having been made in the payment of said notes and the taxes due upon said property, by said deed of trust, principal, and interest, together with the taxes due upon said property, is declared to be due and payable,

and the holder of said deed of trust having requested the undersigned trustee to exercise the power vested in him by said deed of trust;

I will, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale by said deed of trust in me vested on Monday the 22nd day of June, 1931, at twelve o'clock noon sell at the courthouse door in Franklin, N. C., at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described property:

First Tract: Being Section No. 104, Grant No. 938, beginning at a white oak on the right hand fork of Cowee Creek, runs South 80 poles to a hickory on top of the mountain, the Southwest corner of said grant; then east 80 poles to a black walnut in the Walnut Cove; then North 101 poles to a stake and pointers, the northeast corner of said section No. 104; then west 80 poles to a stake, the northwest corner of said section; then south 21 poles to the Beginning, containing 50 acres.

Second Tract: Being part of State Grant No. 1869 beginning at a locust stump in the line of section 104 and runs north 77 poles to a stake and pointers on top of Rocky Knob Ridge; then with the high summit of said ridge, north 84 west 34 poles north 43 1-2 west 34 poles; west 12 poles; south 69 west 14 poles; north 71 west 12 poles; north 35 west 10 poles; north 60 west 38 poles; west 18 poles to a chestnut on top of said ridge, corner of J. M. Dalton and J. L. Dalton and Arthur Osborne land; then south 29 west 9 1-2 poles to a pine; south 21 west 14 poles to a pine; south 28 west 28 poles to a black oak; then S. 10 west 20 1-2 poles to beech; south 22 west 12 poles to a stake; south 34 west 4 poles to a stake; south 36 west 6 poles to a black gum; south 12 1-2 E. 6 3-4 to birch; south 2 east 14 3-4 poles to a stake; south 14 E. 15 1-2 poles to a stake South 36 E. 10 poles to a stake, South 27 E. 25 1-2 poles to a lynn at the head of a branch; south 2 1-2 W. 20 poles to a chestnut and a S. oak; then north 76 E. 172 poles to the Beginning, containing 132 acres.

This 21st day of May, 1931. J. M. RABY, Trustee. M28-4tc-CFM-J18

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as executor of David Carpenter, 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 11th 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 11th day of May, 1931. R. M. LEDFORD, Executor. M21-4tc-J11

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of Paul Cheek, 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 13th 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 the 13th day of May, 1931. ALEX CHEEK, Administrator. M14-4tp-J3

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 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 65 1/2 feet to a stake, Claud Russell's corner; thence North 39 1/2 West 93 1/2 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. M14-4tc-J4