

The Franklin Press

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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.

Weekly Bible Thought

Forsoke the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding.—Proverbs 9:6.

The Pendulum Swings Back

IN the current issue of Outlook and Independent is an enlightening discussion of the back-to-the-farm movement by Weimar Jones, who was born and reared in Franklin and who, for about a year, was connected with The Franklin Press.

Mr. Jones, now city editor of The Asheville Times, is peculiarly well fitted to write on such a subject, one which requires a first hand knowledge of both agricultural and industrial conditions.

Mr. Jones writes from his own direct knowledge and observations, and the picture he paints in "Reingers of Industry" is accurate and refreshingly free from ponderous and confusing statistics.

"Is this exodus from town to farm in the southeast marking the beginning of a new trend in American life?" Mr. Jones asks. "Of more immediate significance, does it point the way to the solution of the vexing problem of unemployment in the cities, and to the multiplication of difficulties of rehabilitating American farm life?"

"There is always the land to go back to—the old, sure refuge. When jobs in the cities become scarce and almost non-existent, as they did in the southeast, when the mills 'shut down,' one can always go back to the soil. It is a grim stern mother; it demands long hours of back-breaking toil. But the land can always be made to yield bread and fat-back and a few vegetables, or nearly always."

But those who left the cotton mills last year and returned to the farms, Mr. Jones points out, had hard digging and painful crops on account of the drought. Nevertheless, they managed to live and helped to relieve the industrial problem. As Mr. Jones puts it:

"While government commissions met and experts ponderously twiddled their thumbs, these tenant farmers, post-graduates of the mills, applied the only really practical remedy that has yet been brought to bear on the unemployment situation."

How extensive was this movement back to the farms last year? Mr. Jones says that "thirty thousand, or even fifty thousand, probably would be a conservative figure" for the southeastern states. There are indications that even greater numbers are coming back to the country this year and there are few signs of an early let-up in the trend.

What will be the consequences? One of the first thoughts to arise is of the nation's already pressing problem of agricultural over-production. Mr. Jones' conclusion is depressing, but one is forced to admit, no matter how optimistic his nature, that it is inevitable unless some action is taken to increase the demand for or curtail the production of farm products.

"A nation-wide back-to-the-farm movement—if one is to take the word of the Federal Farm Board for it—would prove just about fatal to American farming, but it might be just the solution of immediate problems for growing industry. Sufficiently sustained, it would tend to solve the unemployment riddle by relieving labor congestion in the towns; and it would end labor troubles by forcing wages upward in conformity with supply and demand. That it would be a temporary solution is, of course, quite obvious, but depressed industry isn't noted for being farsighted."

"Farming and industry, two opposing ways of life, have been in conflict in America for a century and a half, and industry has prospered—incidentally at the expense of agriculture. Like buckets suspended on opposite ends of a chain in a well, as one has come up the other inevitably has gone down. Will industry, in the present business crisis, through economic pressure, force a solution of its present problem by just such a method as this? In the light of American history, it is easily conceivable. Is it possible that back-to-the-farmers, pawns in the play of economic forces, may rush back to the land by the hundreds of thousands, nullifying the government's efforts—already dangerously tardy—to keep the farm what they think it, the old, sure refuge? This year may yield the answer."

A Loss To the Public Schools

FROM every section of the state report is being voiced in no uncertain terms following the surprise and wonderment created in educational circles by the dropping of Miss Elizabeth Kelly from the Equalization Board. Besides many letters and telegrams, several superintendents and members of Boards of Education from other counties have journeyed to Franklin personally to express their protesting regrets.

That Governor Gardner should see fit to supplant one who, from long service to the state department of education, is probably better equipped than any other person to administer wisely in the difficult work of the Equalization Board, is a mistake that disinterested and thoughtful citizens are sorry that he has made. Especially in view of the critical condition of school organization work under new laws does it seem to the observer interested in the efficiency of the educational department peculiarly unfortunate that the department should be weakened by the loss of strength of personhood.

The extent of loss in this case may be measured by a brief summary of Miss Kelly's work. It would require more space than this editorial to express the far-reaching significance of Miss Kelly's unique work in the field of rural education in North Carolina.

Back in 1910 Elizabeth Kelly became the first woman principal of a state high school, at Itha, Macon county. Because of community work there created and carried on, the state Department of Education made Miss Kelly the first woman rural school supervisor—in Johnson county. Here she served until transferred to Raleigh to the state department of education to direct the organization work of community schools for the teaching of adult beginners—in those halcyon days when the department under Mr. Joyner, as state superintendent of education, manifested an interest in reducing the high adult illiteracy rating of North Carolina.

While with the state department Miss Kelly also organized and directed county summer schools for teachers throughout the state, and later assisted county superintendents and school boards in the locating of rural schools, a work which carried her length and breadth of the state, giving her a first-hand knowledge of needs and conditions. Since 1927 Miss Kelly has served on the state Equalization Board.

Citizens throughout the state who have appreciated Miss Kelly's creative and progressive work in the field of education, and who evaluate the contribution that her personality and wisdom has made, regret that the cause of education has been set back just so much at a time when the best intelligence and wisdom is needed to supplement reduced revenue so that standards may be maintained.

Cimarron by Edna Ferber



(Continued from last week)

The collection was taken up, in two five-gallon sombreros, the contents of which, as they passed from one hairy sunburned paw to the next, were watched with eagle eyes by Southwest Davis and Ike Bixler, and, in fact, by the entire gathering. The sombreros were then solemnly and with some hesitation brought to the roulette table pulpit for Yancey's inspection.

"Mr. Grat Gotch, being used to lightning calculations in the matter of coins, will kindly count the proceeds of the collection."

Arkansas Grat, red-faced and perspiring, elbowed his way to the pulpit and made his swift and accurate count. He muttered the result to Yancey. Yancey announced it publicly. "Fellow citizens, the sum of the first collection for the new church organ for the Osage church, whose denomination shall be nameless, is the gratifying total of one hundred and thirty-nine dollars and fifty-five cents. Heh, wait a minute, Grat! Fifty-five—did you say fifty-five cents?"

"That's right, Yancey."

Yancey's eye swept his flock. "Some miserable tight-fisted skinflint of a— But maybe it was a Ponca or an Osage, by mistake."

"How about a Cherokee, Yancey?" came a taunting voice from somewhere in the rear.

"No, not a Cherokee, Sid. Recognized your voice by the squeak. A Cherokee—as you'd know if you knew anything at all—you and Yountis and the rest of your outfit—is too smart to put anything in the contribution box of a race that has robbed him of his birthright." He did not pause for the titter that went round. He now took from the rear pocket of the flowing Prince Albert the small and worn little Bible. "Friends! We've come to the sermon. What I have to say is going to take fifteen minutes. The first five minutes are going to be devoted to a confession by me to you, and I didn't expect to make it when I accepted the job of conducting this church meeting. Walt Whitman has a line that has stuck in my memory. It is: 'I say the real and permanent grandeur of these states must be their religion. That's what Walt says. And that's the text I intended to use for the subject of my sermon, though I know that the Bible should furnish it. And now, at the eleventh hour, I've changed my mind. It's from the Good Book, after all. I'll announce my text, and then I'll make my confession, and following that, any time left will be devoted to the sermon. Any lady or gent wishing to leave the tent will kindly do so now, before the confession, and with my full consent, or remain in his or her seat until the conclusion of the service, on pain of being publicly held up to scorn by me in the first issue of my newspaper, the Oklahoma Wigwam, due off the press next Thursday. Anyone wishing to leave the tent kindly rise now and pass as quietly as may be to the rear. Please make way for all departing—uh—worshippers."

An earthquake might have moved a worshiper from his place in that hushed and expectant gathering; certainly no lesser cataclysm of nature. Yancey waited, Bible in hand, a sweet and brilliant smile on his face. He waited quietly, holding the eyes of the throng in that stifling tent. A kind of power seemed to flow from him to them, drawing them, fixing them, enthraling them. Yet in his eyes, and in the great head raised now as it so rarely was, there was that which sent a warning pang of fear through Sabra. She, too, felt his magnetic draw, but mingled with it was a dreadful terror—a stab of premonition. Twice she had seen his eyes look like that.

Yancey waited yet another moment. Then he drew a long breath. "My text is from Proverbs. 'There is a lion in the way; a lion is in the streets.' Friends, there is a lion in the streets of Osage, our fair city, soon to be queen of the Great Southwest. A lion is in the streets. And I have

been a liar and a coward and an avaricious knave. For I pretended not to have knowledge which I have; and I went about asking for information of this lion—though I would change the word lion to jackal or dirty skunk if I did not feel it to be sacrilege to take liberties with Holy Writ—when already I had proof positive of his guilt—proof in writing, for which I paid, and about which I said nothing. And the reason for this deceit of mine I am ashamed to confess to you, but I shall confess it. I intended to announce to you all today that I had this knowledge, and I meant to announce to you from this pulpit—"he glanced down at the roulette table—"from this platform—that I would publish this knowledge in the columns of the Oklahoma Wigwam on Thursday, hoping thereby to gain profit and fame because of the circulation which this would gain for my paper, starting it off with a bang!" At the word "bang," uttered with much vehemence, the congregation of Osage's First Methodist, Episcopal, Lutheran, etc., church jumped noticeably and nervously. "Friends and fellow citizens, I repent of my greed and of my desire for self-advancement at the expense of this community. I no longer intend to withhold, for my own profit, the name of the jackal in a lion's skin who, by threats of sudden death, has held this town abjectly terrorized. I stand here to announce to you that the name of that skunk, that skulking fiend and soulless murderer who shot down Jack Pegler when his back was turned—coward and poltroon—he was gesturing with his Bible in his hand, brandishing it aloft—"was none other than—"

"He dropped the Bible to the floor as if by accident, in his rage. As he stooped for it, on that instant, there was the crack of a revolver, a bullet from a six-shooter in the rear of the tent sang past the spot where his head had been, and there appeared in the white surface of the tent a tiny circle of blue that was the Oklahoma sky. But before that dot of blue appeared Yancey Cravat had raised himself halfway from the hips, had fired from the waist without, seemingly, pausing to take aim. His thumb flicked the hammer. That was all. The crack of his six-shooter was, in fact, so close on the heels of that first report that the two seemed almost simultaneous. The congregation was now on its feet, en masse, its back to the roulette table pulpit. Its eyes were on one figure; its breath was suspended. That figure—a man—was seen to perform some curious antics. He looked, first of all, surprised. With his left hand he had gripped one of the taut tent ropes, and now, with his hand still grasping the hempen line, his fingers slipping gently along it, as though loath to let go, he sank to the floor, sat there a moment, as if in meditation, loosed his hand's hold of the rope, turned slightly, rolled over on one side and lay there, quite still.

"Lon Yountis," finished Yancey, neatly concluding his sentence and now holding an ivory-mounted six-shooter in right and left hand. Screams. Shouts. A stampede for the door. Then the voice of Yancey Cravat, powerful, compelling, above the roar. He sent one shot through the dome of the tent to command attention. "Stop! Stand where you are! The first person who stampedes this crowd gets a bullet. Shut that tent flap, Jesse, like I told you to this morning. Louie Hefner, remove the body and do your duty."

"Okeh, Yancey. It's self-defense and justifiable homicide."

"I know it, Louie. . . . Fellow citizens! We will forego the sermon this morning, but next Sabbath, if requested, I shall be glad to take the pulpit again, unless a suitable and ordained minister of God can be procured. The subject of my sermon for next Sabbath will be from Proverbs XXVI, 27: 'Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein'. . . . This church meeting, brethren and sisters, will now be concluded with prayer." There was a little thudding, scuffling sound as a heavy, inert burden was carried out through the tent

lap into the noonday sunshine. His six-shooter still in his hands, Yancey Cravat bowed his magnificent buffalo head—but not too far—and sent the thrilling tones of his beautiful voice out into the agitated crowd before him. " . . . bless this community, O Lord. . . ."

Mournfully, and in accordance with the custom of the community, Yancey carved a notch in the handsome ivory and silver-mounted butt of his six-shooter. It was then for the first time that Sabra, her eyes widening with horror, noticed that there were five earlier notches cut in the butts of Yancey's two guns—two on one, three on the other. This latest addition brought the number up to six.

"Oh, Yancey, you haven't killed six men!"

"I've never killed a man unless I knew he'd kill me if I didn't."

There seemed nothing more that she could say on this subject. But still another question was consuming her.

"That woman. That woman. I saw you talking to her, right on the street, in broad daylight today, after the meeting. All that horrible shooting—all those people around you—Cim screaming—and then to find that woman smirking and talking. Bad enough if you'd never seen her before. But she stole your land from you in the Run. You stood there, actually talking to her. Chatting."

"I know. She said she had made up her mind that day of the Run to get a piece of land, and farm it, and raise cattle. She wanted to give up her way of living. She was desperate."

"What is she doing here, then?"

"Before the month was up she saw she couldn't make it. Then one hundred and sixty acres. Then the other women homesteaders found out about her. It was no use. She sold out for five hundred dollars, added to it whatever money she had saved, and went to Denver. Her business was overcrowded there. She got a tip that the railroad was coming through here. She's a smart girl. She got together her outfit, and down she came."

"You talk as though you admired her! That—that—" Felice Vanable's word came to her lips—"that hussy!"

"She's a smart girl. She's a—" he hesitated, as though embarrassed—"in a way she's a—well, in a way, she's a good girl."

Sabra's voice rose to the pitch of hysteria.

"Don't you quote your Bible at me, Yancey Cravat! You with your Lukes and your Johns and your Magdalenes! I'm sick of them."

The first issue of the Oklahoma Wigwam actually appeared on Thursday, as scheduled. It was a masterly mixture of reticence and indiscretion. A half column, first page, was devoted to the church meeting. The incident of the shooting was not referred to in this account. An outsider, reading it, would have gathered that all had been sweetness and light. On an inside column of the four-page sheet was a brief notice:

"It is to be regretted that an unimportant but annoying shooting affray somewhat marred the otherwise splendid and truly impressive religious services held in the recreation tent last Sunday, kindness of the genial and popular proprietor, Mr. Grat Gotch. A ruffian, who too long had been infesting the streets of our fair city of Osage, terrorizing innocent citizens, and who was of the contemptible ilk that has done so much toward besmirching the dazzling fame of the magnificent Southwest took this occasion to create a disturbance, during which he shot, with intent to kill, at the person presiding. The body unclaimed, was interred in Boot Hill, with only the prowling jackals to mourn him, their own kin. It is hoped that his nameless grave will serve as a warning to others of his class."

Having thus modestly contained himself in the matter of the actual shooting, Yancey let himself go a little on the editorial page. His editorials, in fact, for a time threatened the paper's news items. Sabra and Jesse Rickey had to convince him that the coming of the Katy was of more interest to prospective subscribers than was the editorial entitled, "Lower Than the Rattlesnake." He was prevailed upon to cut it slightly, though under protest.

Sabra, reading the damp galley proofs, was murmurous with admiration. "It's just wonderful! But, Yancey, don't you think we ought to have more news items? Gossip, sort of, I don't mean gossip, really, but about people and what they're doing, and so on. Those are the things I like to read in a newspaper. Of course, man like editorials and important things like that. But women—"

"That's right too," agreed Jesse Rickey, looking up, ink smeared from his case. "Get the women folks to reading the paper." Sabra was emerging slowly from the role of charming little fool. By degrees she was to take more

and more of a hand in the assembling of the paper's intimate weekly items, while Yancey was concerned with cosmic affairs.

As the printing plant boasted only a little hand press, the two six-column forms had to be inked with a hand roller. Over this was placed a piece of white print paper. Each sheet was done by hand. The first issue of the Oklahoma Wigwam numbered four hundred and fifty copies, and before it was run off, Yancey, Jesse Rickey, Sabra, Isiah—every member of the household except little Cim—had taken a run at the roller. Sabra's back and arm muscles ached for a week.

The paper came out on Thursday afternoon, as scheduled. Sabra was astonished and a little terrified to see the occasion treated as an event, with a crowd of cowboys and local citizens in front of the house, pistols fired, whoops and yells; and Yancey himself, aided by Jesse Rickey, handing out copies as if they had cost nothing to print. Perhaps twenty-five of these were distributed, opened eagerly, perused by citizens leaning against the porch posts, and by cowboys on horseback, before Sabra, peering out of the office window, saw an unmistakable look of surprise—even of shock—on their faces and heard Cass Bixby drawl, "Say, Yancey, that's a h— of name for a newspaper."

She sent Isiah out to get hold of a copy. He came back with it, grinning. It was a single sheet, "The Oklahoma Galoot. Motto: 'Take It or Leave It.' Beneath this a hastily assembled and somewhat pied collection of very personal items, calculated to reveal the weakness and foibles of certain prominent citizens now engaged in perusing the false sheet.

The practical joke being revealed and the bona fide paper issued, this was considered a superb triumph for Yancey, and he was borne away to receive the congratulatory toasts of his somewhat sleepish associates.

(Continued next week)

Judge—Do you mean to say that such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye? Plaintiff—Your Honor, he wasn't a physical wreck until he gave me the black eye. —The Pathfinder.

Legal Notices

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. 15369 and State Grant No. 7613. This May 18, 1931. ALEX MOORE, Entry Taker. M21-4t-J25

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-J25

NOTICE OF SALE North Carolina, Macon County.

Whereas power of sale was vested in the undersigned Trustee by deed of trust from R. A. Patton to G. A. Jones, Trustee, dated October 29, 1929 and registered in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Book S-4, page 255, to secure the payment of one thousand dollars, and whereas default having been made in the payment of said amount and the undersigned trustee having been made in the payment of said amount and the undersigned trustee having been requested to exercise the power vested in him by said deed of trust.

I will therefore by virtue of power of sale by said deed of trust in me vested on Monday, July 13, 1931 at twelve o'clock noon sell at the court house door in Franklin, North Carolina, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following property:

All the land described in a deed from Margaret R. Angel, Mortgagee to R. A. Patton, dated, October 29, 1929, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Macon County in Deed Book S-4, page 20.

This the 9th day of June, 1931. G. A. JONES, Trustee. J184cJ&J-19

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 to exhibit them to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of May, 1932, or this notice will be placed 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. J4-4c-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 placed 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. M28-4c-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 placed 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, Administratrix. M28-4t-J18

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 said notes 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 upon said property, the full amount of the indebtedness secured 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 45 1-2 west 34 poles; west 12 poles, south 69 west 14 poles; north 71 west 12 poles; north 35 west 19 poles; north 69 west 88 poles; west 14 poles to a chestnut on top of a ridge, corner of L. M. Dalton and J. L. Dalton and Arline 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 a black gum; south 12 1-2 E. 6 3-4 to Birch; south 2 east 11 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 hickory on the head of a branch; south 2 1-2 W. 20 poles to a chestnut on top of a ridge; then north 76 E. 172 poles to the Beginning, containing 132 acres.

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