

# The Franklin Press

Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press  
At Franklin, North Carolina  
Telephone No. 24

VOL. XLVI

Number 28

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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

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## Weekly Bible Thought

He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what does the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah 6:8.

## The Birds of Franklin and Macon

AMONG the attractions of Franklin and Macon county that instantly appeal to the visitor . . . after the first amazement of mountain and valley . . . are the number, variety, and melodious chorus of the Birds.

Of course, this section is within the great Bird Realm of the South, in which, perhaps, a larger number and wider variety of Birds may be found than in any other section, unless it is slightly excelled by the Kensington region near Washington. But whatever advantage that locality may have is due to the migrant Birds and flit across it, some making their winter flight toward the Gulf, and others their spring and mating flight toward the forests of the northern states and Canada. There must be, of course, many migrants, birds of passage, in this mountain region of West North Carolina, but most of them seem to be home Birds, residents and neighbors for the whole year.

And the country-side and town lawns and gardens offer an appealing lure for the Birds. They love a grain-growing country. And they love a country-side that abounds, as this does, in succulent berries and a wonderful bird-table of foods of great variety. The abundance, also, of trees, groves, and forests, in the town and along all the slopes, up to the umbrageous crowns of Triumphant and her sister crests, afford the Birds shelter by day and night and leafy places of retirement and noon-day repose. For the Birds must have their shaded siestas.

One is almost astounded to hear, ringing clear and fresh from the edge of garden or grove, the inspiring call of "Bob-White." This never fails, in the early morning or in the cool of the afternoon, for Bob-White walks in the garden in the cool of the day, as we are told that God himself did in the arbors of Eden. The Franklin Bob-White is emboldened by the friendliness of his neighbors, and he frequently visits, in his short sharp forays, the gardens and orchards of the town.

Possibly the sweetest song that greets us from the groves and wood is that of the Thrush. . . the Wood-Thrush. Possibly the note of the Hermit Thrush may be caught on the edges of the forests, for this Bird loves the quiet and solitude of the deep woods, and no doubt is heard with memorable frequency even from the hills and gardens of Franklin. The Wood-Thrush is, however, the sweetest singer, to our notion. His song has phrases and dulcet harmonies that haunt us longer than even the "holly-holly" chant of the Hermit. And there are many Wood-Thrushes, and one may hear a Thrush note almost any minute, if only one will himself be mute and listen and adore.

The squawking Jay, though not so large or handsome as his fellows of mid-South Carolina, who are famous among Jays, is yet a fine looking bird. His cries, mostly imitative or stolen from the Hawk, are enlivening as are his presence and brusk business in interfering with other birds. He does a good deal of injury, but not enough to justify his extinction.

The Robin is, of course, the observed of all observers. He and his less brilliant mate are part of every out-of-doors scene. His song is rather monotonous, although it is sparkling and cheery to most auditors. An exceedingly helpful bird to farmers and gardeners; tireless and insatiable devourer of hurtful insects and cut-worms. The bird kingdom, without the Robin, would be Denmark without the Dane.

The splendid King-bird, Bee-Martin, or Tyrannus-tyrannus, head of his clan, is a superb fighter and guardian of the air, gardens, fields and woods. He drives off all bird-raiders including the Raptors, or Hawks.

The Flycatchers, especially Peto, the Least Flycatcher, are fairly frequent visitors on their aerial foray and safari, against winged insects. Peto may be long watched with keen interest as he darts out, plucks his victim from the air, and returns to his carefully chosen perch of observation.

The Mocking-bird is rarer here than he is farther south, but his department-store assortment of glorious chattering and mimicry is heard many times every favorable day. While he is a greater artist than a greater virtuoso, than the Wood-Thrush, his whole repertoire is not so precious as the solitary and matchless song of the Thrush.

Another sweet singer of Israel is the little Song-Sparrow. But one must pay rapt attention to catch his delicious and delicate grace notes from some spray or tree-top or from the sequestered heart of tree or bush. His song, like that of lute or zither, is the "chamber-music" of the bird chorists.

Nor should we neglect the "chippings" that give his name to little Chipping Sparrow, the small-boy chorister, wearing a white band, doubtless some order bestowed upon him, over his bright little eyes.

The soft cooing of the uxorious (wife-loving) Dove is now heard in the mornings and late afternoons, as he murmurs delicious encouragement to his brooding mate—a sweet, but somewhat too soothing and melancholy a song.

The Cardinal seems somewhat shy in this commune of Birds. We do not know why, but we have invariably caught his keen whistle, crackling like sharp whip-lashes or horns of elfland faintly blowing. Why, we wonder, is the Cardinal . . . Red-bird . . . so aloof here, when he is so warmly and neighborly friendly in other parts of the warm south? He should be heard and his startling loveliness seen oftener.

And there is, of course, the "muzzling Nuthatch," uttering his "cheerio" single note, quickly repeated, "as if you thought he never could recapture that first fine carefree rapture." This was said or sung of the "wise Thrush" (by Browning) but we like to apply it to that listened-for second cheer of the little sparrow as he clambers, head first, DOWN the dizzy tree-trunk. He is, we believe, the only master acrobat among the birds, that can achieve so easily this smart trick of running down tree boles as if he were hopping about on the lawn.

Red-Head, the glorious woodpecker so called, is a glamorous pageant in himself, with his black and white uniform and his red crest. His song or cry, the latter a predatory raving cry of the eagle or hawk—for, like the Jay, he has borrowed his slogan from fighting kings of the air—is exceedingly, almost extravagantly, exhilarating. It is a challenge to be up and doing, a summons to battle.

There is also an occasional Golden Flicker. This is a larger woodpecker than Red-Head, and a more showy fellow, and his similar raving cry a little louder than his, but he is not so friendly and not "the free and flowing savage" that Red-Head always is. He bears a number of

titles, like a member of the British peerage . . . Flicker, Golden Flicker, High-Hole (because of the unusual height at which he builds his "better 'ole") and Yellowhammer. This last principally in the deep south.

We have seen here, also, the alluring Starling—fondled and invited in Europe (Russia is building 2,000,000 feed-houses for him!) but ignorantly suspected in this country—a strikingly handsome bird, worth his weight in gold just as an adornment to the lawn or the scenery.

We have seen, also, a rare visitor, the Redstart, never forgotten, once seen, because of the brightness of his uniform and the slender grace of body and plumage. And, of course, Hawks and an Eagle—an occasional raider of the forests—crows and blackbirds, and other of the long-settled bird-residents.

If we have omitted any prominent or important Bird . . . and all Birds are important, to nature-lovers, farmers, gardeners, orchardists, . . . we trust they will forgive us. There lacks space and time for our praise and fond devotions.

But we hope that the human neighbors of these Birds, that are doing so much to help uplift the heavy weight of depression, by their cheery songs and by their heroic and tremendous onslaught on the insect enemies of man and nature, will guard and nourish the Birds, their earth-born companions and fellow mortals. They are the friends and helpers and vigilant sentinels and allies of all that must, like them, draw their sustenance from Nature.

—Stanhope Sams.

## THE FUTURE of the Mountain People

By RAY N. MOSES

Route 1, Wilson, N. C.

Folks who play checkers often notice that persons not in the game can see many good moves that seem hidden from the eyes of the players. Some times in the game of life those who are not too closely connected with the game can give worthwhile suggestions to those who are playing. It is for this reason that I venture to make some suggestions about life among the mountains. Most of my life was spent in the mountains; but four years of college study and three terms of teaching outside the mountains have given opportunity to observe conditions there from two viewpoints.

People in the lowlands do not have an adequate view of the mountains and the mountain people. Their thinking is too much like that of my sister Fay's pupils in Wake county who asked if the mountains were as big as Mr. Adam's barn. Outside the mountains, I am often asked questions like, "Folks up in the mountains make a lot of moonshine liquor, don't they?" Or, "Ain't they a lot of mountain people that don't know the war between the states is ended?" A splendid dean of women in a splendid college asked me at the dinner table, "What do you folks grow up there except mountaineers and moonshiners?" Now, like Moses of old, I am not eloquent; nevertheless I told her an ear-ful pretty fast. I told her of the world's finest oriental emerald taken from the Corundum Hill mine, of the rhodolites from Cowee worth more than all the other gems mined in the state. I told her of Sam L. Rogers, director of the Cetus under Woodrow Wilson, of Governor Ammons of Colorado who went from Macon county, of Rev. George W. Truitt, who was one of our mountain products.

It is hard to say whether such questions make me full of "righteous indignation" or just "devilish mad," but the right answer is not to be found in quarrels and arguments. Some mountain students are finding the right answer by living among the lowland people in such a beautiful spirit that their lives bespeak a beautiful and eloquent answer.

It is true that there are some shadows on the prospects of the mountain people. Many people are trying to farm by methods that do not fit the conditions imposed by nature. Now, no scientist, business man, or farmer ever made or ever will make a success without working with nature. For a type of farmer who is not making his farming fit and who will not learn to make his farming fit, there are only two things in the future—move out or starve out.

The fundamental things to consider in farming to fit in the mountains are, to keep timber growing, or start it to growing on the really steep slopes; keep enough grass and clover growing on the other land to absolutely prevent the best soil from washing away. The mountains, because of their

naturally rich soil and rainy climate are especially adapted to growing grasses and to the raising of cattle. Also they are splendidly adapted to the growing of certain fruits and vegetables for the great cotton and tobacco sections just outside the mountains. Now that we have some splendid highways we should make the most of them. But if a man is running his business so that he spends more than he makes, the good roads will only mean that his dollars can roll away from him faster.

The mountain people have a greater variety of resources than the people in any other part of the state. They have minerals, water power, and beautiful scenery in abundance unknown to other sections. And when even moderate prosperity returns to the country as a whole—and it will come in a few years at most—the resources of the mountains will be of greater value than ever before. Thousands upon thousands of tourists may be expected to visit our national park, and they will not expect to take back with them all the money that they bring. If a man can buy mountain real estate and has the financial strength to hold it for awhile it ought to be a good investment.

But we must not think our only resources are material. There are in the mountains more varied and beautiful scenery, more mountain ranges like billows on a sapphire sea rolling away to the world's end; more crystal streams beaten into snowy mist as they slide over gray ledges in mirror-like pools "where the gray trout lies asleep," and where the glories of trillium, azalea, and rhododendron are reflected; more quiet peaks where one can go up among the stars and draw near to the transfiguring power of the Divine Artist—the mountains have more of these and other beauties than all the rest of the state. But these beauties will never be valued most by other people—either in dollars and cents or esthetically—unless we learn to appreciate them more ourselves and make our appreciation real to others.

We need artists—painters to tell the world the glory of our landscapes and flowers, and story tellers and poets to put into words the romance of our history and the beauties of nature and of the hearts of our mountain people.

Because of natural beauties such as called Jesus up into the mountains to pray, and because there are still mountaineer firesides where ageless principles of right living are taught by parents who are willing to bear crosses to make their visions real; and because there are clear-eyed mountain children ready to respond to such teaching—I believe that, in spite of some shadows in the outlook, the sun will some day shine brightly upon the mountains, and that in the brightness of its light an increasing number of great leaders will be given to the world by our mountaineer homes.

## Public Opinion

To the Editor:—

We have oftentimes boasted of our town Franklin as the most quiet burg among the peaks of Western North Carolina. It has been remarked of her citizens, that if they are farmers they are so quiet that they would not even disturb the soil.

Notwithstanding, a road contractor wishing to share in our quietude unloaded and rigged up a steam shovel ready for business during the quietness of the night while the angels slept. Thieves came on the scene, drained his gasoline tank of its contents and also borrowed his tool box containing

his wrenches and other tools valued at nearly \$200, and have not returned them.

It has been a common thing for the past few months that thieves have been breaking into stores, gas stations, etc.

But only recently a thing happened which climaxed everything, which has occurred during this Hoover administration. Actually, a thief invaded the county jail and stole a poor prisoner's clothes. Oh, Hoover! Is there no place in all thy kingdom where one can rest secure from thieves? Is there no place to be found where thieves cease to trouble and the weary be at rest?

—One J. P.

By PERCY CROSBY

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Back o' the Flats

Social Worker (to woman whose husband has just administered black eye): "Oh, well! It *do* have been worse."

"Ah, Sure! Look it yerself—not married at all."



## Sense and Nonsense

BY CARL GOERCH

This is the sad, sad story of Horatio Gurganus, a potato farmer in the Aurora section of Beaufort county.

Horatio put in an unusually large acreage in Irish potatoes this spring. When he got ready to dispose of them, the best price at which he could sell them was \$1.00 per barrel.

He was sorely distressed. Terribly so. However, he managed to keep a stiff upper lip, despite the fact that he went into the hole several hundred dollars.

Then, one day, he received a telegram that his sister, Malvina Gurganus, who lived in Richmond, was dangerously ill. Hurriedly throwing some articles of apparel into a handbag, he caught the first train for the Virginia capital.

On the way he got hungry, so he went into the Pullman diner and ordered a meal. When he had finished, he called for his bill. It was presented to him and he glanced at the various items. Suddenly he let out a yell. With one blow he smashed the table and dishes in front of him. Then he went completely wild, and before he could be subdued he had killed three waiters and seriously injured eight passengers.

It was all due to one little item on his bill;

Two baked Irish potatoes, 50c.

All of the men who have been mentioned as possible candidates for Governor of North Carolina are outstanding in some particular line or other.

J. C. B. Ehringhaus in the smiling man in the state. His smile is the sort that you can bank in. I never really knew what banking in a smile meant until I became acquainted with the Elizabeth City man.

Dick Fountain is the handshaking man in the state. He does it unconsciously. The only thing he hates about passing from this with his pall-bearers and the undertaker.

Dennis Brummitt is the most whimsical man in the state. He always has the appearance of chuckling about something or another. Heaven knows; there've been plenty of things in this old state that have merited a good chuckle during the last few months.

Albert Cox is the most formally polite man to be found within the boundaries of North Carolina. When he bows at folks, they stay bowed for a long time to come. Macey's or Gimbel's department stores would be glad to pay any price for his services as a floor-walker.

There's a shoemaker in Concord, N. C., by the name of Barefoot. Not that there's anything important about that, but I happened to hear of it a few days ago and it sort of interested me. If you happen to know of any similarly un-

## Editorial Clippings

### THE DANGER OF WAITING

Life can play foul jokes on people some times.

In a large middle-western city there was a grocer, who worked very hard and save his money religiously so that his old age would be provided for.

For 50 years he stuck to his grocery store. He worked and saved too hard to have very much fun, but he was looking forward to the day when he could retire. Then he would have his fun. He would have money and leisure, and he would make up for the years of hard work.

Well, he finally retired—money in the bank an assured income, a nice home, everything he needed. "Now," he told his friends, "I am going to enjoy life."

And just 24 hours after he had retired he dropped dead.

If a novelist put that in a book, we wouldn't believe it. We would say that things don't really happen that way, and we would accuse the novelist of straining too hard for an ironic effect.

But life takes queer twists that are not permitted to good fiction. It all happened, precisely as it is described here; and all we can do is to admit that there are times when wisdom and prudence are horribly confounded.

As a matter of fact, this sort of thing happens fairly often—in a little different way. Not many people who have prepared for a career and leisurely old age die just as they begin to taste their reward, of course; but they get cheated out of their due, just the same. They find that leisure, after a lifetime of hard work, is boredom. They find that they have forgotten how to play. They find that the empty hours are depressing.

usual names in your community, let me have them.

The business depression still seems to be with us. Here's something which came to me with a rather startling degree of suddenness the other day:

If I had all the money now that I've thrown away foolishly during the last two years, I wouldn't know anything about hard times, depressions or anything else of that nature.

Funny I'd never figured that out before. The chances are that the same thing applies to you.

Talking about economic conditions; there's one thing I've never been able to understand, and that is why the price of eggs varies so much a great extent.

As a general thing there are just as many eggs laid by hens one summer as there are the next. This time last year, eggs were selling at 34 cents. Today they are 21 cents. Next summer they are liable to be 18 or 42 cents.

I've always been of the opinion that it necessitated just as much work on the part of a hen to lay an egg during good times as it does during times of depression. However, never having laid an egg myself, it is possible that I may be mistaken.

ing because they do not know what to do with them. They find themselves feeling that they have been put upon the shelf, and they grow 10 years older in 12 months.

Perhaps we aren't meant to be too cautious. Deferring one's happiness to the end, when one will have time and the means to take it, is risky. For most of us that gilded tomorrow will never dawn. If we don't get our happiness along the way we shall never get it at all.

That is a lesson worth learning. The real joy of living is not something that can be banked and drawn on at some future date. It has to be taken from day to day. It is compounded usually of many little experiences. The haze of an autumn afternoon over a flaming woodland; the confiding smile of a child, nestling in one's arms for a fairy tale; the smell of a clear wind as one trudges along a beach by blue water; the sudden revelation of tenderness in the eyes of a loved one; the brief, vanishing strain of a bit of music—of such things is a satisfying life fabricated. You cannot postpone them, you cannot wait for them. You must get them as you go along, or you will miss them entirely.—STANDARD, EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MISSOURI.

### POETRY IN NAMES

John Ludlow has gathered together a lot of names that sounds like calling the roll of the police force of New York city or the names of the football stars of some northern college. These names smell of meat and taste of spuds and bear the scars of personal conflict, but where can you beat them? Listen to the rollicking swing:

Brannigan, Flannagan, Milligan, Gilligan,  
Duffy, McDuffy, Mullarkey, McKeon,  
Rafferty, Lafferty, Connolly, Donnelly,  
Dooley, Gilhooly, Mullowney, Maloney,  
Farragher, Carragher, Brallaghan, Calaghin,  
Lally, O'Malley, O'Houlihan, Flynn,  
Heneghan, Lenihan, Halligan, Galligan,  
Kelly, O'Shelly, McGinnis, McGinn,  
—NORTH CAROLINA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

### PLEASE SIGN YOUR NAME

Nothing provokes an editor more than to open a letter and find a good, newsy item enclosed, and then find no name of the author attached, and maybe it was just the news item that he was looking for but could not use because the author is unknown.

Scarcely a week passes that we do not have to throw away some good news items just because we do not know where they came from—maybe some day the public will learn that the newspaper must know the author of the news they print.—CLAYTON TRIBUNE.