

The Franklin Press

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BLACKBURN W. JOHNSON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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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.

The Press invites its readers to express their opinions through its columns and each week it plans to carry Letters to the Editor on its editorial page.

Weekly Bible Thought:

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity. I Corinthians, 13, 13.

What the Park Will Mean

THE VASTNESS of the Great Smoky Mountains National park project, as painted by Gov. Gardner in his address at Asheville last Friday night, is almost beyond the comprehension of us mountain folks who have grown to accept the grandeur of our highland scenery as something commonplace.

"More than one million people annually, one-third of the population of North Carolina, will visit the park," the Governor predicted.

This was no idle, haphazard guess. The chief executive merely was revoicing an estimate arrived at by park officials after careful study of the situation.

Governor Gardner indicated that with the influx of tourists to the park after its formal opening the income of the 18 Western counties of the state will be increased at least \$25,000,000, possibly \$50,000,000.

Perhaps the most important of the Governor's remarks was contained in the following statement:

"I fear that we will not have the facilities to entertain them. This project is too big for any one county, any one town, or any one city. We must receive these people with the greatest hospitality.

The task of feeding the visitors alone will be stupendous. The folks coming from the cities to the country will be disappointed if they have to eat out of cans. But that will be the case unless the farmers of Western North Carolina prepare to grow truck on a large scale.

The housing of these people will be another great problem. This will be partly taken care of by park officials. But, no doubt, there will be a large overflow into the countryside within 50 miles of the park.

The Nantahala National Forest, especially Wayah Bald, Standing Indian and other high tops within its boundaries, will in all likelihood attract many of those who visit the park. This, of course, will mean a great deal for Franklin and Macon county.

It has not been definitely announced when the park will be formally opened, but already it is reported that thousands of people are flocking to the Tennessee side of the playground, where paved roads leading into the very heart of the Smokies have been constructed.

Governor Gardner gave his pledge to the gathering in Asheville that he would do all in his power to build and improve highways leading into the park on the North Carolina side.

We do not begrudge Murphy or any other Western North Carolina community any advantage derived from the park, but it is very plain to any one, after a study of the highway map, that No. 286 is the logical path of entrance for southern park traffic.

Public Opinion

Editor, Franklin Press: To the people who feel like being ruled by a Czar:

We wish to call the attention of our school board to the fact that the Pastrage Creek district is without any teacher, and our children are not in reach of any school. Our only resort is for our board to send a teacher. It looks as if it has been Mr. Billings' ambition for the last five or six years to destroy the educational interest in our district, because they would not consent to some of his moves.

Nantahala, N. C., August 27, 1931.

Clippings

IT WAS REPUBLICAN MONEY

Testimony developed at Friday's hearing before the Nye investigating committee of the Senate was possibly more serious for Bishop Cannon than anything that had hitherto been brought out.

At intervals around the wall, and almost level with the dirt floor, were apertures perhaps sixteen inches square. A little wooden door was shut upon most of these. Near each lay figures limp, more spent even than the other inert bodies.

Smart as he is, and there can be no denying his smoothness, Bishop Cannon can never explain this away. Some of his field workers in Virginia told the committee that they never got the money which the bishop says he spent in their districts.

They took an arm each. So, dragging, tugging, past those rapt still forms, past those mazed smiling faces, they struggled with him to the door. The little beads of sweat stood out on her forehead, on her lip. She breathed in choking gasps. Her eyes were wide and staring and dreadful in their determination.



(Continued from last week)

In the center a crescent of earth about six inches high curved around a fire bolt of sticks so arranged that as the ashes fell they formed a second crescent within the other.

The Indian looked at her a moment with a dead, unseeing gaze. Flecks of gold and yellow danced, reflected in the black pools of his eyes, and died there.

She had been quiet enough until now, with a kind of stony quiet. She began to sob; a curious dry racking sound, like a coughing "Now, now," said Sol Levy, and made a little comforting noise between tongue and teeth.

She put out her hand. Her own lip was caught between her teeth, sharp and tight. Her face was distorted absurdly by her effort not to cry.

CHAPTER XII For years Oklahoma had longed for statehood as a bride awaits the dawn of her wedding day. At last, "Behold the bridegroom!" said a paternal government, handing her over to the Union.

Then, at the very altar, the final words spoken, the pact sealed, the bride had turned to encounter a stranger—an unexpected guest, dazzling, breath-taking, embodying all her wildest girlish dreams.

The bl-ckness of the outer air; past the two towering motionless blanketed figures at the door. Dragging him along the earth, through the trampled weeds.

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Run in '89 were idyllic. They swarmed on Oklahoma from every state in the Union. The plains became black with little eager delving figures. The sanguine roads were choked with every sort of vehicle. Once more tent and shanty towns sprang up where the day before had been only open prairie staring up at a blazing sky.

Sabra Cravat went oil mad with the rest of them. Just outside the town of Osage, for miles around, they were drilling. There was that piece of farm land she had bought years ago, when Yancey first showed signs of restlessness.

That which happened to Sabra happened to thousands. The stuff was elusive, tantalizing. Here might be a gusher vomiting millions. Fifty feet away not so much as a spot of grease could be forced to the surface.

Every one in Osage knew the story of Fred Sloat's wife when the news was brought to her that weeks of drilling on the sterile little Sloat farm had brought up a gusher.

"Millions and millions! What are you going to do?" Fred Sloat's wife had looked down at her hands, shriveled and gnarled from alkali water and rough work.

(Continued next week)

MUSE'S CORNER

HEAVEN

I took a ride in my car this eve, To take view the scenes around, Mountains, lakes, rivers and hills, And many beautiful mounds.

As long as these wonders last? Who would want more heaven than this, The beauties here, which He hath given us in this land of bliss, Which is heaven enough for me. —Contributed.

HOOR BEFORE DAWN

I awoke, I know not why, Before the day'd begun, In that still and mystic hour That just precedes the sun.

The darkness lay on every side And in its inky pall My spirit felt so all alone, My body felt so small.

And creeping to the window I gazed upon the night . . . Cold and near the morning stars Shed ethereal light.

I thought of how beneath the sod My fathers lay at rest, How, under them, their fathers lay Their dust by ages blest.

For long I thought on endless time I pondered on life's goal— and gray doubt rose within my heart, Brushed dark wings against my soul.

Now once more the darkness fled Before the tinted morn Once more belief rose within my heart

And hope anew was born. —By Bess H. Hines.

SCHOOL GIRL

Say, Mother, it's time for school, My books are in a mess, I haven't any time to fool, So I'll be late, I guess.

If I could only find my hat, I've already found one shoe, But where I put my pencil at I don't know—do you?

Somebody's had my powder case, And moved my comb and glass, So I suppose I'll wash my face, And try to make it pass. —Troy F. Horne.

Legal Notices

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain deed of trust from Yalaka Mountain Estates, Inc., to the undersigned trustee, dated the 30th day of August, 1926, and duly recorded in book 30, page 349, records of mortgages and deeds of trust for Macon County, default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by said deed of trust, and the holder of the notes, having made demand upon the undersigned trustee that he exercise the power contained in said deed of trust and sell the property therein described in satisfaction of the debt, I will, therefore, on Monday, the 28th day of September, 1931, at one o'clock, P. M., at the Court House door of Macon County in the city of Franklin, N. C., expose for sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described piece, parcel, or tract of land, situate, lying and being in Macon County, North Carolina, adjoining the lands of Hurst, Holbrook Shepherd and others, bounded and more particularly described as follows:

BEING all of the lands as were conveyed by the Cowee Mountain School, Inc., to Conrad E. Cruze, by deed dated Nov. 7, 1921, recorded in book H-4, page 50; being the same land conveyed by Conrad E. Cruze and wife to W. C. Cunningham, by deed dated Nov. 18, 1922, recorded in book C-4, page 454; being the same lands conveyed by W. C. Cunningham and wife to May E. Bonesteel, dated Dec. 22, 1921, recorded in book H-4, page 88, records of deeds for Macon County, N. C. This the 20th day of August, 1931. GUY WEAVER, Trustee. A27-4tc-S17

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as administrator of J. B. Reeves, 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 12th day of August, 1932, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 12th day of August, 1931. T. T. REEVES, Administrator. A12-4tc-S3

EXECUTRIX NOTICE

Having qualified as executrix of William Howard, 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 20th day of August, 1932, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement. This 20th day of August, 1931. CALLIE HOWARD, Executrix. A27-4tp-S17