

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

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WEIMAR JONES Editor
BOB S. SLOAN Business Manager
J. P. BRADY News Editor
MRS. ALLEN SILER Society Editor and Office Manager
CARL P. CABE Mechanical Superintendent
FRANK A. STARRETTE Shop Superintendent
DAVID H. SUTTON Stereotypist
CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON Pressman

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JUNE 9, 1955

An Explanation

There appears to be some confusion about the Franklin Centennial Edition of The Press. Hence this word of explanation.

The issue of The Press of June 16 — the day the Centennial Celebration opens — will be made up of three sections, numbered A, B, and C. All subscribers on The Press' subscription list as of June 10 will receive the full paper — all three sections — through the mail that week.

Section A will be the regular paper for that week. Sections B and C — 16 pages each — are the "special" part of the edition, devoted to pictures and text about Franklin, especially the Franklin of other years.

This part of the paper — Sections B and C — was printed in advance, so that persons here could mail copies of it, now, to friends and relatives away from here, and thus advertise the Centennial. Two thousand extra copies were printed for that purpose. This part of the June 16 edition is now available at The Press office and at the Franklin news stands that regularly sell The Press.

The price is 25 cents. The postage for mailing a copy is 5 cents.

Persons who wish copies mailed direct from The Press office need only furnish the names and addresses of those to whom they wish them sent, paying for the papers and the postage — a total of 30 cents a copy. Orders may be placed, if desired, by mail.

Persons who have reserved copies are requested to call for them at The Press office promptly.

Stands High

There are industries that are not desirable for a community. And among those that are desirable, some are more desirable than others.

One test, we always have felt, was whether the industry chiefly employs local persons, or imports most of its help. That is a particularly valid test here; because, while it is true that every new business tends to stimulate all business, the major reason for industry in Macon County is to provide jobs for Macon County people.

By that standard — as well as by many others — Burlington Industries ranks high. For when the local plant opened, on a limited basis, last week, approximately 80 per cent of the employees were Macon County people; and, said Supt. Stephen A. Bundy, as the number of employees expands to some 300, the percentage will go up to about 95.

It should be added that it is fortunate some five per cent of the permanent employees will come from outside. That means new blood in the community, bringing with it new ideas, so essential if we are to avoid intellectual inbreeding.

Can Joke About It Now

There is not one South, but many Souths; and so there is no such thing as a typical Southerner.

That has been pointed out so convincingly, so many times, over a period of so many years, that at last that truth is beginning to be accepted, even outside the South. At least among the more intelligent non-Southerners, it is beginning to be recognized that the typical Southerner neither sits on a pillared portico, sipping mint juleps, nor lives on Tobacco Road.

Such illusions die hard, though; people hold onto them through wishful thinking. They find it pleasant to believe there are people so different from themselves — and flattering to believe there are people so inferior to themselves.

It's taken decades for the truth about the South to even start to be assimilated by non-Southerners. How long it will take for a similar truth about the mountains and the mountain people to be accepted nobody knows; for that myth is even more strange — and flattering.

To most non-mountaineers the average resident of Southern Appalachia, as John Parris pointed out in Sunday's Asheville Citizen-Times, still is "a tall, slouching, bearded clansman with a squirrel-rifle in one hand and a jug in the other . . . a bearded, tobacco-chewin' hillbilly who spends all his time a-fiddlin', a-feudin', and a-fightin' . . . a distiller of

corn likker . . . the overlord of a one-room log cabin with a dozen mouths to feed and a passel of hound dogs in the yard . . ."

Time was when that myth gave offense to most of us mountain people. We were hurt and indignant that people should have such unflattering ideas about us. We were likely to be on the defensive.

Happily, that feeling is about gone. Today we can joke about being "mountain whites" and hillbillies. We can, because we ourselves have managed to shed an equally stupid illusion, the illusion that maybe we were a bit inferior.

We can joke about it now, because, first of all, we've had a good look at what passes for civilization in many parts of America, and found the contrast revealing. And we can laugh about it, because we find it amusing that people elsewhere should be so ignorant about any section of this country.

* * *

Fact is, if we don't watch out, it will be we who will be indulging a sense of superiority!

GEORGE W. MCCOY

Franklin's Centennial

Asheville Citizen-Times

Franklin, robust county seat of Macon that lies largely within the watershed of the Little Tennessee River, is bustling with activities in preparation for its centennial celebration, June 16-18.

There will be a parade, a centennial king and queen, the Brushy Brothers and Belles of the Bustle will add a colorful note, and contests are scheduled, ranging from churning to hog calling.

The people of Franklin and Macon love music. Happily appropriate for the celebration are plans for old-time hymn singing, music by string bands and other entertainers, and the musical recording, "The Franklin Centennial Jump."

All in all, Franklin intends to make its centennial observance a big event and we wish its people joy and success in the undertaking.

Doubtless many former residents of the town and county will make trips back home to be present for the occasion. There is a magnet that brings them back as G. L. Houk of Franklin so well expressed years ago:

"There is a pull—a longing for one more sight of the blue ranges, for one more breath of the winds from lofty summits—for one more picture of a sunset across the purple peaks—for one more trip back to the mountains of Macon."

Named in honor of Jesse Franklin, one-time governor of North Carolina, Franklin has a fine and interesting history. With a firm foundation upon which to build, it may look forward to future development and growth at an accelerated pace.

The story of Macon as a county goes back to 1828, although its recorded history is traced from

HARRY GOLDEN

Why Is Everybody Running, Running?

In Carolina Israelite

What is causing this terrible tension of day-to-day living? Why is everybody running, running, running?

What has happened to our leisure?

Theodore Roosevelt urged his fellow-Americans to live "the strenuous life." He had no idea to what extent the people would follow his advice. Everybody is running. No one stops for a single moment. In Roosevelt's time there were no washing machines, refrigerators, televisions, movies, automobiles, telephones, refuse disposal units, pay-toilets, and you had to give the door a little shove instead of being admitted by an electric-eye. Yet in the absence of all these push-button wonders, there was leisure. Plenty of it. My secretary tells me of her childhood in Winston-Salem and recalls that her mother, taking care of all the household duties without a single push-button or baby-sitter, used to sit in a rocker for two hours every afternoon. Can you imagine a housewife today sitting in a rocker for two hours every afternoon? There is no time . . .

What has happened to leisure? The wonderful progress of science and technology has brought no improvement in the hearts of men. Everybody is running. The tension mounts, formulas are not working out despite all the "question and answer" columns by the "peace of mind" experts. With all these things doing for us, what has happened to

leisure? My mother kept the sewing machine in the kitchen near the stove. The stove did not start at the turn of a dial. It took kindling and coal, and sometimes when the coal-man did not show up she had to go down four flights to get enough to start the supper fire. She cooked, washed, cleaned, sewed, got everybody off to work and to school, was all ready for them when they returned, emptied the drip-pan under the ice box, and every afternoon she sat looking out the window for a couple of hours. This was the great leisure for the immigrant women. When you came home from school the tenement windows were all occupied by women looking out. They used to sit with their arms folded looking out—at the children, throwing a penny to the Italian organ-grinder, waving a greeting to a friend, and just looking out—at America.

There is no leisure today. Everybody is running. And when he finally does join the golf club where he can have some leisure, he spends all his time worrying who else is trying to get in the club. No leisure. He is afraid, terribly afraid, that one day he'll wake up and it will no longer be "exclusive." This gives him ulcers, but no leisure.

The intense aspiration toward material welfare has led to the most unexpected results. As our technology increases we become more and more impatient because the pace is too slow. We never stop to wonder whether man's victory over nature keeps pace with man's victory over himself. We are paying no attention to the balance between

1540 when Hernando De Soto passed that way. The County bears the name of Nathaniel Macon, Revolutionary War hero and North Carolina statesman.

Franklin is the hub of a beautiful and growing county, rich in minerals, forests, farmlands and natural beauty. Its industrial possibilities have won practical recognition. At an early date, it championed education and won distinction for the quality of its citizenship. It continued to move forward in keeping with this tradition.

In looking back at its history, Franklin does so in appreciation of what the earlier citizens accomplished and in determination to carry on in the development of a richer and fuller life for the people of both town and county.

Others' Opinions

PROGRESS DOESN'T 'JUST HAPPEN' —
(Largo, Fla., Sentinel)

Anyone living in a community owes something to that community — if that something be no more than a sense of loyalty and a sense of pride in the accomplishments and the progress made over a period of time.

Progress and growth don't just come to an area. These things come as a result of the efforts of some folks who through public spiritedness have given of their time and effort to make the community a better place in which to live and make a living.

WAS DAVY CROCKETT BORN IN BURKE?
(Morganton News-Herald)

A reader wants The News-Herald to stake out Burke County's claim in the current battle of words over Davy Crockett's birthplace.

Congressman Charles Raper Jonas, who had always understood that the famous pioneer who is the subject of a current song hit, was born in his own Lincoln County, but found on investigation that Crockett first saw the light of day in what is now Tennessee, although his parents had lived for a time in Lincoln.

The Tar Heel representative, nothing daunted, surmised that since Tennessee did not exist when Davy came along, it might properly be said he was born in North Carolina.

Our reader would have us go him one better and say that Davy Crockett was born in Burke County. Here's the reasoning. When Burke was created in 1777, it had no western boundaries. For all practical purposes the Mississippi had been considered the western bounds of early Burke, although it might be concluded that the county extended all the way to the Pacific. Because what is now Tennessee might be considered the legal appendage of fledgling Burke, Davy Crockett could be claimed as a native son of Burke County—unless, of course, somebody comes along to prove that Burke's western empire had already been pruned by the time Davy arrived.

We hesitate to get into the fray. Davy Crockett will forever be a name to remember, but his present glittering fame may subside when the song about him drops from the Hit Parade, and he may go into an oblivion which would make the battle hardly worth the effort.

After all, if "Davy Crockett" is going the way of "Mairzy Doats", "Three Little Fishes", and (the memory brings shudders) "Cement Mixer, Puttee, Puttee", we had better let sleeping dogs — and pioneers — lie.

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

"Too hot to handle", to borrow the phraseology of a baseball writer, was the ruling finally made by the Supreme Court of the United States in regard to the issue of public schools and segregation. That is bad.

First, it is bad because of the damage done to reputation and position of the highest court in our land. This recent fence straddling action of saying that segregation is illegal, but that it will be up to a lower court to rule on the cases and that corrective action should be taken at some future date, is not a legal decision. Instead it would best be described as a political maneuver to appease both sides of a case. It can probably also be described as a history making decision in that I don't believe that one quite like it has ever been rendered before.

The Supreme Court was created to render legal decisions on questions that might arise under our laws. The decisions are final unless the people see fit to change the laws by legislative action. To return to the baseball field again for a moment, the Supreme Court is not in the position of an infielder who decides that a ground ball is "too hot to handle" and lets it go by without making a play for the ball so that an outfielder can field the ball properly. The Supreme Court must make the play and they must come up with the ball. There is no one behind them.

Second, it is bad because in straddling the fence it gave some encouragement to both sides of a controversial question as to the rightness of their side of the question. This will cause both sides to agitate in support of their position. Thus the temptest will be increased instead of abated.

The Supreme Court should have ruled that segregation is legal or illegal. That is their job. Then whatever agency is charged with enforcing the ruling of the court should see that their decision is carried out. How else can a government operate with the respect of its people?

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Miss Kate Robinson returned home Thursday from Davenport College where she has been teaching music during the past year.

George Oliver is putting lumber on the ground to build a cottage on Iotla Street near one of the Myers buildings.

Mr. B. C. Grindstaff, of Sylva, was in town Friday.

25 YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bascom arrived on Thursday from New York, where they have been spending the winter with their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Barrett.—Highlands item.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McGuire and daughter, Elizabeth, left Tuesday for Davidson College to attend the commencement exercises of the institution. William, the son of Mr. and Mrs. McGuire, is among the seniors who will graduate.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson, of Wake Forest, N. C., are visiting Mrs. Johnson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Carpenter, in Franklin. They will remain here for several days.

10 YEARS AGO

Miss Ethel Hurst is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. B. Ramsey, and Mr. Ramey, and her brother, A. C. Hurst, and Mrs. Hurst, at their homes in Champaign, Ill.

Captain and Mrs. John Crawford and young son, of Moore Field, Mission, Texas, are here for a visit with Captain Crawford's mother, Mrs. A. R. Higdon, and Mr. Higdon, at their home on the Georgia Road.

Miss Rebecca S. Harris has recently returned to her home on East Main Street, after spending several months with her brother, I. L. Harris, in Havana, Cuba.—Highlands item.



Sloan