

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 Stereotyper
CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON Pressman

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with 2 columns: OUTSIDE MACON COUNTY, INSIDE MACON COUNTY. Rows for One Year, Six Months, Three Months with prices.

JUNE 16, 1955

Our Centennial

'Light, Stranger

To Franklin's visitors, here for the observance of this community's Centennial — WELCOME! In the mountain idiom of saddle-bag days, "Light, stranger, and come in!"

As you join us in voicing our admiration and our gratitude to those hardy souls of another day who laid such sure foundations for the Franklin of today, as we celebrate the first hundred years of municipal progress, we trust you will feel what we know is present — a welcome in the very atmosphere.

Thus words may be superfluous. We say them, though, to make sure that those who are here for the first time know that it adds a lot to our pleasure to have them participate in our festivities. Those who have been here before and so have experienced mountain hospitality must know it already. As for our kinsmen and friends who have wandered away, but have come back home for the big event, it is as unnecessary for us to say the word "welcome" as it would be for a mother as she greets a long-gone son with hugs and kisses.

To all of you, from first-time guests to cousins and former neighbors — It makes us happy to have you here. We hope you will tarry. And when the time comes that you must go, we shall bid you goodbye with the earnest hope you will come back again — soon and often!

A Success Already

Will the weather, the three days of Franklin's Centennial celebration, be good or bad? Will the crowds be large or small? Will the program be an outstanding success or a flop?

As this is written, nobody knows the answers to those questions.

But even if the weather should be bad and the crowds small and the program disjointed, in two respects the celebration is a success already.

It is a success, first of all, because of the way it has demonstrated the unity of the people of this county. This is a Franklin celebration: the county observed its centennial 25 years ago. But Franklin and Macon County are a unit, a single indivisible whole. So the people of the entire county were invited to take part — and how they have responded!

The cordiality of the invitation and the spirit in which it has been accepted prove, once and for all, not merely that town and country are interdependent, with identical interests, but that both the people inside the corporate limits and those on the farm have the good sense to recognize that truth.

And the celebration is a success already because it is certain to be authentic. A few false notes, perhaps, have crept in (that is almost inevitable in a project of this magnitude); on the whole, though, it will have an unmistakable Franklin color and flavor, because it grows out of Franklin's roots.

Those in charge chose the much harder, but far truer, course when they ruled out professional direction, on the sensible theory that emphasis should be put on the spirit of Franklin, on its lore and traditions, rather than exterior/finish.

So if the celebration should prove a bit amateurish, that is because it is home-made; and if it appears home-made, that is because we were determined, from the outset, that it should not be just another centennial celebration, exactly like scores

This republic was not established by cowards; and cowards will not preserve it. — Elmer Davis.

of others, but something distinctively Franklin-ish. (What, indeed, could be more characteristic of this community than that very determination!)

'Freedom of Religion Day'

It was a happy thought to follow the three days' celebration of Franklin's Centennial with "Freedom of Religion Day" on Sunday.

A happy thought not merely because it is peculiarly appropriate here, since mountain people always have so fiercely guarded their right to personal independence. It was a happy thought, too, because we are celebrating, among other things, progress through freedom. And freedom of religion is basic to all our other American freedoms.

Those other freedoms, in fact, themselves have a religious background; they grow out of the conviction that every man has the inalienable right to the freedom to develop to the full all that his Creator put within him.

And how long would our other freedoms last, once a man's right to worship God in his own way, at his own time — or even at no time! — were lost? When the Bill of Rights was written, it was no accident that the very first freedom it guaranteed was that of religion. And should we, in this difficult atomic age, let go of that freedom, it will be no accident that we lose all the others.

Others' Opinions

BIG DOIN'S OVER IN MACON

(Sylva Herald)

Those "bearded men" who have been slipping over the line from Macon into Jackson for the past few weeks remind us of the summer of 1951 when Jackson County men went all-out in growing beards for our centennial celebration, and remind us that next week, June 16, 17 and 18 will be Red Letter Days for Franklin, our neighbor town, as it observes its 100th anniversary with some mighty big "Doin's".

Among the hundreds of visitors who will enjoy the occasion with the people of Franklin and Macon County, are expected several dignitaries, including Governor Luther Hodges, Senator Kerr Scott and Congressman George A. Shuford.

Whatever success the celebration may have, and we expect it to be a big success, Franklin people can take much pride because of the fact that they have not followed the plan of most towns and counties in putting on a celebration. No outside people have been employed to help stage the centennial — it has been planned by local people and everything about it will be purely Franklin and Macon County.

MR. EDISON FORGETS

(Wall Street Journal)

The life of Thomas Edison, probably due to his intense powers of concentration, is dotted with stories of his absent-mindedness. The classic of the collection, however, has to do with the afternoon he stepped down from his train at the familiar Orange, N. J., station.

"Why, I don't think so," replied Edison, looking about vaguely and patting his pockets. At that moment his eyes rested on a window of the stopped train. Mrs. Edison, his bride of a fortnight, whom he was bringing home from their honeymoon, was sitting there dejectedly.

QUOTE FROM LINCOLN

(Bennett Cerf in Saturday Review)

Having just come from Lincoln country, the Great Emancipator was very much in my mind, and I was delighted when

MATTER FOR PARENTS?

Calls Censorship Of 'Comic Books' Unconstitutional.

Sam Ragan in News and Observer

Censorship of comic books is an unconstitutional method of combatting the problem of juvenile delinquency, the American Civil Liberties Union declared last week in a statement filed with the Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency.

The statement by the ACLU is particularly pertinent in North Carolina now in view of the 1955 Legislature's action in passing a censorship law.

"At this time," the statement says, "there has been no showing that the circulation of crime comic books constitutes a clear and present danger."

A law banning publications devoted chiefly to criminal news and stories of bloodshed, lust, and crime cannot meet constitutional standards, the ACLU contends, and warns further of the bootlegging of banned books and the consequence of making them more desirable.

somebody told a story about him (credited to author Robert Yoder) that I never had heard before.

Mr. Lincoln had bought a seat for a show in Springfield, and arrived just as the curtain rose. His eyes riveted on the stage, he thoughtlessly placed his tall silk hat on the seat next to him, open end up. Entered a very stout lady, who sank into the empty seat. There was a loud crunch, and she jumped up with a cry of fright. Mr. Lincoln ruefully rescued his hat, which now looked like a black silk pancake. "Madam," he declared softly, "I could have told you my hat wouldn't fit you before you tried it on."

ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE

(West Bend, Wisc., News)

Clear-thinking people have long since become aware of the evils of Communism and the dangers of its attendant fellow travelers. However, we sometimes seem to forget — or fail to emphasize — those advantages which we have as a free people.

We must remember that all our hard-won freedoms are here for us to enjoy because sometime, somewhere, men fought and died for them. They died in the early wilderness days while setting up colonies when they were attacked by natives. They died in battle to win freedom for themselves and not be slaves to a dominating overlord.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Like any milestone that sharply marks the close of a period of time, the Franklin Centennial observance stirs memories.

A hundred years! — how brief a space, as history measures time! how vast a period, in terms of change!

And since pictures of events and people and experiences are etched most deeply on memory when there is contrast, especially the contrast brought about by change, memories today are not for the old only; for this has been a century characterized by change, by a change that has accelerated its pace, year by year; so that, whether one be nine or ninety, he cannot look back without being struck by the change-contrasts of this hurrying age.

Memories, too, whether of old or young, are likely to grow a bit confused — like something seen in a dream. For so vivid are the pictures drawn from stories told us as children, by parents, grandparents, or great uncles or aunts, it is easy to delude ourselves into believing that some incident at Seven Pines or in the Argonne, a conversation with an Indian chief in Franklin, the terror of the community when typhoid swept the area, leaving scores of new-made graves — it is easy to delude ourselves into believing these things were our own experiences.

So, strangely intermingled, are a picture of livery stables and hoss traders and one of the way the wind filled out that boy's white shirt as he rode away on the first bicycle we ever saw — the memory of how gently the black hands of a slave borne home the gray-clad body of the young man killed in northern Virginia — with the arrival of the train in Franklin drowsy Sunday afternoons, when seeing, and hearing, it came in was excitement enough to last a week.

Memories of moonlight boat rides on the Little Tennessee River, with banjos thumping

and young voices singing — and of the thrill, and the nervousness, of the first day at school (was it at the old Academy or in the Masonic Hall, or perhaps at "Knowledge Hill"?) — Of sleeping, under the stars, in the back of the covered wagon, on Wayah Bald, — and of the shiny new car or the first airplane ride — Of the bucket brigade that valiantly but vainly fought the ravenous flames of a Franklin fire — And of the first time we saw our name in print, in the local newspaper — Of an attitude approaching disdain for the early tourists, who seemed "stuck up" — and the pretty girl, who came with them, so secretly adored — Of Franklin's only lynching — and of the joy of intellectual discovery when we found what we thought a new idea — Of sweaty days in the corn field — and of the first powered lawnmower — Of the favorite old Indian hidden in the attic, so he could escape the "trail of tears" to the West — and of the sadness that spread over the town when word came that a beloved young man, gone West to seek his fortune, had died in that far off land — Of tacky parties and candy pullings — and of the first trip to a city — Of the thrill that must have come to at least four Franklin generations on seeing, on returning from the first time away at school, the first faint grayish-blue of a mountain peak, off yonder — Of sitting on a mountain peak and watching a thunder storm in the valley below — and of the first time Dad let us drive the tractor — Of the fear of being laughed at as a mountain hick — and of the astounding self-assurance of youth — Of protracted meetings in the old days — and of cokes between Sunday school and church — Of walking silently, a little awed by the beauty of the night, and looking at the Ridgepole that seemed so close, in the moonlight, you could almost reach out and touch it —

Of the guaranteed annual wage, it seems to me, is going to make it even more difficult for the small factory or shop to continue to operate. Don't a great many workers some day hope to have small plants of their own? Such a dream will be more difficult to realize if a plant is required to have a large reserve in capital such as would be necessary to finance a guaranteed wage plan.

We wonder if the workers at Ford plant were cautioned that they might be destroying their own chances of either working in or having a small business when they created this two-edged sword?

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

Have the labor unions reached the point of diminishing returns as far as usefulness is concerned. While I regard myself as being somewhat of a pro labor person, I am disturbed by some of labor's recent actions. I wonder if such measures as the minimum wage law and the guaranteed annual wage will work against the general welfare of the working man rather than for his common good. I feel that the leaders of the labor groups must know this, but like a ruler who remains in power by feeding the appetite of his subjects on military victories, they offer these pseudo gains regardless of the results in the future.



Sloan

Any person may ask how can a raise in the minimum wage hurt the working man? The obvious answer is of course that it might set off an inflationary spiral which would rob the working man of his gains by increasing his living costs. Then, too, there is always the danger that American products might be priced out of the foreign field.

There is also a less obvious result, I think. To produce, you must have trained workers. To get good experienced craftsmen takes time. A man does not learn a craft in a week, a month, or even a year. It takes time to really master a trade. If the minimum wage is set so high, will industry be able to pay the apprentice wage long enough to adequately train men, or will partly trained workmen who pass as masters of the trade weaken the whole American production system?

The guaranteed annual wage, it seems to me, is going to make it even more difficult for the small factory or shop to continue to operate. Don't a great many workers some day hope to have small plants of their own? Such a dream will be more difficult to realize if a plant is required to have a large reserve in capital such as would be necessary to finance a guaranteed wage plan.

We wonder if the workers at Ford plant were cautioned that they might be destroying their own chances of either working in or having a small business when they created this two-edged sword?

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Miss Mary Daniel, of Charlotte C. H., Va., arrived Saturday for a visit to her sister, Mrs. W. W. Sloan.

Misses Pearl and Maud Barnard returned home Saturday from the State Normal and Industrial College, at Greensboro.

Mr. Charles Bell left Monday after a two-weeks' visit here for his home at Fort Smith, Ark. He goes by way of Louisville and will take in the reunion.

25 YEARS AGO

Miss Bess Hines left Highlands Friday to spend the month of June with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jussely, and family, at Mount Pleasant, S. C.—Highlands item.

Miss Hattie Brendle is at home from the central part of the state where she has been teaching.

Mrs. George Johnston and little son left Sunday for a two-weeks' visit to Mrs. Johnston's parents in Athens, Ga.

10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. Marshall McElroy, of Spartanburg, S. C., is spending several days visiting her father, W. G. Hall, and Mrs. Hall, at their home on Bonny Crest.

Mrs. Russell B. Eaton, of Boston, Mass., arrived Tuesday for a visit with her parents, Prof. and Mrs. B. E. Fernow, at their summer place on Mirror Lake.—Highlands item.

Mrs. Lallie Sherrill and daughter, Miss Fan Sherrill, are spending several days in Knoxville, Tenn., with their daughter and sister, Mrs. Bill Schooley, and Mr. Schooley.

The North Carolina book banning law never should have been passed. It should not stay as the law.

The ACLU suggests, as we have suggested here before, that