



A Childhood Picture From Long Ago

EDITOR'S NOTE: This little vignette of family life here in the long ago was written by one of the town's five nonagenarians, Mrs. George A. Jones, in 1953, when she was 91.

One of the loveliest pictures that hangs on memory's walls is that of the family altar in my grandfather's home.

I see in the background an old four-poster bed, with its draped canopy, a chest of drawers, in winter, a big open log fire occupies the foreground, on one side of which I see my grandmother seated in an easy chair, a lovely little work table on one side, a miniature chest of drawers on the other. From this she could secure almost anything that a child needed—a clean linen cloth to tie up a stubbed toe or a cut finger, strings to fly a kite, or a big pantry key, which unlocked the door to dainties to satisfy a growing child's appetite, apples, nuts, teacakes, and candy.

I see on the other side of the open fire my grandfather seated in his comfortable chair, with his candle stand, Bible, and hymn book and a lighted candle.

The family, including the servants, are gathered around the open fire. The Bible is open in my grandfather's hands. He is not in a hurry. He reads a whole chapter from the Bible and we all join in one of the old, much-loved hymns. Then follows an earnest prayer for our protection and loving care during the night; that tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep, may fit us for another day's duties, responsibilities, pleasures, hopes and fears.

This was the evening devotional. Another, similar one followed in the morning.

I think I hear a looker-on in the present day say, "We haven't time for a devotional so leisurely". Yet my recollection is that my grandparents' lives were busy ones indeed, their hours of labor far longer than those of most of us today.

Surely there is nothing more worthwhile than such a family altar. In all the homes of our nation, it would tend to bring peace and joy to this busy, troubled world. Nor could there be a stronger influence on the minds and hearts of our young people, if begun in childhood and kept up through the years.



Franklin has come a long way in 100 years.

And so has merchandising! It's a far cry from the days of the traveling peddler to today's fine stores and brand name goods.

And who would have thought, 60 years ago when there was a wheat field where our store now stands, that Franklin would ever have a super market?

We are proud to have had a part in Franklin's progress... and we are confident of Franklin's future.

Baldwin Super Market

Your INDEPENDENT Grocery

Congratulations!

The employees of the Macon Theatre would like to express their

Congratulations

To the People and Town of Franklin, North Carolina
For their splendid work in the past 100 years to make Franklin such a wonderful town.

Macon Theatre

"A lick and a promise?..."



Well, a lot of 'licks', anyhow.

Why? Don't ask us!

But here's the photographic proof that cows, given a chance, will lick a rabbit; and that a rabbit, given a chance, will take the licking — and like it!

This picture, made on our dairy farm, shows a few of the some 300 registered Guernseys in our herd.

**We Congratulate Franklin On It's
100th Birthday**

We are proud to be a part of this good community, and are happy to have had a small share, we hope, in its development.

NANTAHALA CREAMERY