

PRICED LOW! A&P FRESH

Instant Coffee 6-Oz. JAR \$1.25

THE NEW MAGAZINE

Woman's Day PER COPY 7c



Easy One-Stop Shopping... With Non-Stop Saving!

EQUAL TO THE BEST — YET COSTS YOU LESS — A&P'S OWN PURE VEGETABLE SHORTENING

dexo ONE POUND CAN 32c 3 POUND CAN 85c

SPECIAL! Ann Page Creamy Mayonnaise... SPECIAL! Ann Page Prepared Pork & Beans... NEW! Ann Page with Cheese Sauce Prepared Macaroni...

SEABROOK FARMS FROZEN Cut Green Beans... Heinz Vinegar... Heinz Hot Dog Relish... Heinz Pickles... A & P Pineapple Slices... A & P Pineapple Juice... Sunnyfield Vanilla Wafers... Sunshine Cheez-Its... Nabisco Fancy Crest... STRIETMANN CLUB CRACKERS

SPECIAL! Jane Parker Angel Food Ring Cake... SPECIAL! Jane Parker Cherry Pie... EXTRA SPECIAL! Crisp Fresh Jane Parker Potato Chips



Sunnyfield In 1/4's Creamery Butter 1-Lb. Pkg. 70c

American Cheese 1/2 lb. 27c

SPECIAL! Red Sour Pitted A&P CHERRIES... DEAL PACKAGE — Pillsbury 1/2 Price Sale PIE CRUST MIX

You Can Put Your Trust In "SUPER-RIGHT" Quality Meats

Cap'n John's FISH STICKS... OCEAN PERCH... Jesse Jewel's CHICKEN BREASTS... "Super-Right" Pure Pork Sausage... Morrell's Yorkshire Sliced Bacon... BACON

FOOD FOR BABIES Gerbers STRAINED 3 Jars 31c CHOPPED 2 Jars 29c... dexola Oil... Wesson Oil... SHORTENING Snowdrift

A&P Fresh Fruits & Vegetables CRISP — TENDER — GOLDEN CARROTS... Grapefruit... LETTUCE... Bananas

DOG FOOD Ideal... Protex Soap... Blue Cheer

CHEESE CHED-O-BIT PASTEURIZED PROCESSED AMERICAN or PIMIENTO 2 Lb. 75c

Ivory Snow... Tide... Dash Detergent... Dreft Powders

CHICKEN OF THE SEA BITE SIZE TUNA... WALKER AUSTEX TAMALES... WALKER AUSTEX CHILI WITH BEANS... WALKER AUSTEX PLAIN CHILI... WALKER AUSTEX SPAGHETTI & MEAT BALLS... WALKER AUSTEX PREPARED BEEF STEW... GOLDEN WHOLE KERNEL Niblet's Corn... Allsweet Margarine... Northern Toilet Tissue... Joy Liquid Detergent

WHITE Ivory Soap... Ivory Soap... Ivory Soap... Ivory Flakes



Prices This Ad Effective Thru Sat. Feb. 23 FRANKLIN, N. C.

The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1957

At 98, Macon Native Links Ages Of Homespun, Nylon

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Born on Iota, Mr. Tallent later moved with his parents to Burningtown. In later years, he and his wife lived on Cartoogechaye.)

JOHN PARRIS In Asheville Citizen-Times The years of nearly a century knock with frosty fingers upon his heart.

He is the last link to a pioneer past. And on his birthday, he could look back down the years with a memory bright as a red thread on a loom and weave a tapestry of mountain life that covers an era from homespun to nylon.

He was born in the Macon County hills the year Dan Emmett wrote "Dixie" and John Brown tried to play God.

That was in 1859, the year when folks were hearing about a man named Lincoln who was rumored to have been sired by a mountain man over in the Smokies.

It was Valentine's Day of '59 and his folks wrote his name into the family Bible. Write the name: William Riley Tallent.

He grew up in homespun in a time and place when this was a land of do it yourself or do without.

He was two years old when the Civil War started down in Charleston.

And now almost a hundred years later, he measures his fabulous memory on that conflict that divided a nation.

Remembers Men In Gray For he remembers, almost like it was yesterday, the men in tattered gray returning from Chickamauga and Appomattox.

His memory is a wonderful thing, sort of unbelievable. And the years have neither dimmed it nor confused it.

His brain is a cunning picture-maker and his faculty for detail of things long vanished is a wonder to behold.

In his time, he has seen many faces and bodies, young and then old, so much life, so many patterns of death and birth.

He has known time like the cock of red dawn and time like a tired clock slowing.

He has seen the horse and buggy disappear. He has known the Golden Age, the Naughty 'Eighties and the Gay Nineties.

He has lived through the eras of boom and bust, of want and of plenty.

He has known hoopskirts wide as the front veranda.

He remembers sun-bonneted ladies, and black-shawled men.

Paid Off In Dimes He remembers cocked-pistol men, white-sheeted men, hoofbeats and terror in the night, and a man dangling from the end of a rope on a bridge at Franklin.

He was with Col. C. J. Harris when the first kaolin mine was opened in Western North Carolina. He was paymaster at the Hog Rock mines near Webster and paid off the men in shiny new dimes.

He saw the first automobile come to the mountains.

He talked to Ford and Edison and Firestone when they came this way in a White Steamer and helped them free their car when it got stuck in the mud below Webster.

He remembers when the whipping post and the branding iron were still the instruments for punishment of law-breakers.

He remembers when folks took down their rifles and shot the railroad train when it first came.

And he remembers the man who sat by with his rifle and said when the first telephone and telegraph wires were stretched through the section, that it was all right to send messages over them, but he aimed to kill the first man that come traveling over his property on the thin strands.

In his time he lived by the almanac and planted his crops by the sign of the moon.

He learned to tell time by the sun's shadow falling through the door on the punch floor.

He remembers when mountain folks had to do their trading in Waihalla and Augusta.

He remembers the trips there with hams and chestnuts and swapping them for salt and coffee and gun-powder.

Matches \$1 A Box He knew a time when matches were scarce and fetched a dollar a box and how folks kept a box of twisted paper tapers in a box beside the hearth for lighting their pipes or else used coals from the fire.

He grew up when candles and tallow-dips furnished light.

He has known sweat and back-breaking toil.

Time was when he parched his own coffee and had a coffee-mill to grind it.

He was born in a log cabin and never knew a home other than logs until he was almost thirty.

He got his fun at corn-shuckin's, bean-stringin's, and house-raisin's.

He celebrated Christmas with firing anvils and setting off hog-rifles.

He was a grown man before he got his first suit of store-bought clothes.

The spinning wheel and loom

and quilting bars were as familiar as bread and salt.

He has known winters when the ice was so thick in the streams that horse teams loaded with logs could cross without fear.

He has knocked holes in frozen streams so there could be a baptizing.

He grew up when folks made their own shoes.

He remembers the traveling dentist, the horse-and-buggy doctor, the drummer.

And now, with a century-less-two-years behind him, his mind is as fresh as a sixteen-year-old, and just as curious of the things about him.

He lives in the present and it's difficult to get him talking of the past.

But when he does, the memories, are a floodtide of wonders.

Television and radio have captured his attention.

He would travel to the ends of the earth, and on a moment's notice, if he had the chance.

And, yet, he still holds to the past in words he uses and in the things he does.

He still carries three knives in his pocket. One is for whittling. One is for trading and the third is for "throwin'". Throwin' being a blind swap, sight unseen.

He has seen the last, lost wild-rabbit of a girl civilized with a mail-order dress and his beloved mountains slashed and torn by saw and bulldozer.

Island Is Gone The pioneer-island in the world of his youth has disappeared.

The fiddle-tunes he knew as a boy are only echoes.

He sits by the fire of a winter night and studies the leaping flames.

The fire still burns as it did in his youth.

The flames still dance ghosts and witches over the low, near ceiling.

Perhaps as he sits there he sometimes dreams.

And, yet, he knows that dreaming men are haunted men.

The ghosts of the past never die.

And for him they walk as bold as life through his years.

He hears them in the wind that blows outside and sees them in the flames that dance before him.

But if they worry him, he never lets on.

And for his grandson he brings them to life.

He stirs the sleepy dust of his storehouse of memories so that his grandson may know what it was like when folks wore homespun.

And when he does his eyes snap from their wrinkle-eyes.

Somehow, he doesn't seem like an old man when they light up.

But, be that as it may, he's a landmark.

And his years have made him a legend, and a ballad.



ALL THIS WEEK

Register here for 100 Dollars to be given away on the town square Saturday, February 23rd at 4:30 o'clock, by the merchants of Franklin.

SUITS, SPORT COATS, SLACKS, MANHATTAN DRESS SHIRTS, JARMAN SHOES.

Every item in store on sale this week only. Register here for free prize.

DRYMAN'S MEN'S AND BOYS' SHOP. The finest west of Asheville