

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

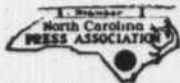
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PEACE?

PRESIDENT TRUMAN, in his speech in Chicago last week, turned the foreign policy of this country back toward the discredited methods of half a century ago.

In an atmosphere of armed might, he talked of peace.

He spoke of the rights of little nations, but in the same breath he spoke of the "important" economic interests of the great powers in the areas he proposes to protect? (Protect from what? Isn't "economic interest" merely a pleasant name for exploitation?)

Asserting that the United States must be dealt in in the Orient, he offered Soviet Russia and Great Britain a deal: To recognize their interests in the Far East in return for peace.

Speaking out of one side of his mouth, he professed faith in the United Nations as an agency for the preservation of peace; out of the other, he frankly placed his trust in sheer force.

It was the most cynical, and therefore the most discouraging, speech made by a President of the United States in the memory of this generation.

CREDIT TO THE COMMUNITY

Last week's visit to Franklin of the North Carolina Symphony orchestra reflects credit upon this community.

Those who took the lead in bringing the orchestra here deserve congratulation for good work. Like all such movements, however, their efforts would have been vain without the support of the people.

They received that support. A total of 410 persons—many of them without musical background—recognized the educational value of the orchestra and bought memberships in the Symphony society. And 1,300 persons crowded the theater for the two performances of the orchestra.

It was unfortunate that a number were tardy and entered the theater while the first number was in progress. Aside from this breach of manners, however, no community could have provided a better behaved or a more responsive audience.

The concerts here disproved, once and for all, the old idea that good music is only for the few. And disproof of that theory raises a question:

Isn't it about time some organization did something to bring the best in literature and in art, as well as music, to the people?

LEON T. SLOAN

In the death of Leon T. Sloan this county lost a good man—one of the best, his neighbors said. His passing, too, marks the breaking of another of the few remaining links that tie us, today, with a way of life that is fast passing—a mountain culture that was at once picturesque and highly admirable.

Leon Sloan embodied in remarkable degree the traits that were generally characteristic of a generation of mountain men and women whose day-by-day encounters with hardship and poverty bred a tough-fibred character. Strangely, there was mingled with that strength the softer virtues in bountiful measure—a selflessness, a gentleness, and a sympathy that are all too rare today. And, like the best of his generation, he possessed amazing courage. He, like others of his period, through life faced difficulty, disappointment, and frustration—and met them all with the will to go on, and with never-failing cheerfulness.

In its entire 130 years' existence, the American Bible society, recognized Bible distribution agency of some 40 denominations, has received from all sources less than the equivalent of the cost of a single battleship like the U. S. S. Missouri, says an announcement. Well, some day maybe we'll start trying a little moral armament instead of, or at least along with, our physical armament.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine but a broken spirit drieth the bones. —Proverbs 17:22

LETTERS

LET US DEDICATE . . .

We who are members of this period may well reflect on our greatest accomplishment—the leadership of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

That we were intelligent enough to demand his continuous leadership bespeaks some honor for ourselves.

Often in democratic practices we accept weak leadership, fearful that a strong leader might dilute the public control of our institutions. President Roosevelt, in practice, proved the inverse of this fear. Our institutions of democracy are stronger at this hour than at any similar period in our history.

In the near future our attention may be diverted towards the construction of some monumental program to commemorate our good judgment in the selection of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Always in the past we have raised shafts, built tombs, erected statuary, much as earlier man molded the golden calf.

Is it possible that we could do otherwise? Might it be that we could construct a monument different from those of another period, a perpetual monument—one of flesh and blood?

In short, could we send to Washington, to our State Capitals, to our County Seats, and to our Town Halls, men whose honor and integrity, sympathy and understanding, visions and beliefs bespeak some small part of that great leadership.

This, I believe, would be a fitting monument, and a perpetual tribute to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

JACK H. WILCOX

Highlands, N. C.
April 5, 1946.

MORE ABOUT HAT BURNING

(In the issue of February 28, The Press published a letter from John Roy Taylor, former Franklin resident who now lives in Pomona, N. Y., asking if any reader of this newspaper could throw light on the origin of the old custom of burning the hat of the new father whenever a child was born. Mrs. F. E. Mashburn, of Gneiss, wrote Mr. Taylor, and Mrs. Mashburn has kindly permitted publication of the following excerpts from Mr. Taylor's interesting reply.—Editor.)

Dear Mrs. Mashburn:

Your letter convinces me that the "hat burning new baby" celebration (it ought to have a name) must have been practiced at least as far back as the early 1880's, and quite likely the custom is very much older than that. I base this on the fact that you say that Mr. W. A. Keener, who is now nearly 72, says it has been done "as far back as he can remember". . . . Assuming that his earliest memory goes back to age ten, that would be 62 years ago, or 1884.

Now, if he has heard of the hat burning from his grandparents, as your letter indicates, then the practice must have been in vogue 50 or 75, or even a hundred years, earlier; that is, back to the late 1700's or early 1800's. Before I received your letter, I had been able to trace it with certainty only back to 1902.

I loved Franklin and Macon County when I lived there. . . . I left in 1909. . . . I remember the Johnstons, Silers, Joneses, Lyles, Angels, McGuire's, Bulgins, etc. I distinctly remember Harley and Earl Mashburn. . . . I used to hunt "possums" with them. . . . Their father was a drayman, and hauled the mail to the post office. . . .

I hope to visit Macon County sometime. . . .

Yours sincerely,

JOHN ROY TAYLOR.

Others' Opinions

MUSIC TO THE PEOPLE

There was good music in Western North Carolina last week, music played by a genuine, live, in-the-flesh symphony orchestra. Touching Andrews, Franklin and Bryson City in as many days, the 21-piece North Carolina Little Symphony Orchestra, the first State-supported symphony in America, carried its music to the people from which it sprang.

If both preparation and reception reflected the true attitude of Western North Carolina communities, then the principle of taking music to the people themselves has been tried and tested to complete satisfaction. In Franklin, for instance, 1,300 people heard the Symphony in two concerts.

"It was necessary to raise \$450 to bring the orchestra to Franklin," explains The Franklin Press. "A large proportion of this was realized through purchase of memberships in the society, and proceeds of a box supper sponsored by the Parent-Teacher Association completed the fund." No less than 850 children from schools in the Franklin vicinity heard a free afternoon concert. The adult audience in the evening heard Schubert's Symphony No. 5 and a full symphonic program through Lamar Stringfield's "Cripple Creek." That was the final touch which confirms the validity and vitality of this enterprise—for the Symphony's music was of, by and for North Carolinians.

To hear and see great music interpreted by artists of competence is an experience which the initiate never forgets, whatever his knowledge of music. The North Carolina Symphony is justifying the faith put in its experiment by the State government and by the thousands who have contributed to its current endowment. When a community will turn out both \$450 and an audience of 1,300 to patronize symphony music far from accustomed haunts of that art form, then "people's music" truly has arrived.—Asheville Citizen.

OSCULATION NIPPONESE

Japan is reported making its first movie in which Japanese actors kiss. To many Americans acclimated to the fadeout clinch this news will come as a surprise. But it's true. Except for the few who have learned to imitate Occidentals, Japanese have not known the custom of expressing affection by kissing.

And there are other peoples also who have their own way of doing or not doing commonplace things Americans and most Europeans take for granted. Some don't shake hands. Others are embarrassed if seen eating. Still others must never look at their mothers-in-law—origin, no doubt, of that particularly overworked breed of humor, the mother-in-law joke.

There is a timely world lesson here: If peoples and nations can differ so greatly in homely customs, should we be discouraged if everyone does not at once grasp such intangible concepts as democracy, progress by compromise, and tolerance of minorities?

But back to cinema osculation. We've just walked along movie row and we're half sorry we brought up the subject. The Tokyo movie people never should have got started on this celluloid kissing business. They didn't have to.

—Christian Science Monitor.

SPECIALS THIS WEEK

Crankcase Breather for V-8,	60c ea.
Valve Bushing Remover for V-8	25c ea.
Caulking Compound	35c ea.

Western Auto Associate Store

Courage is not fearlessness, but the recognition of danger and the power of self-control in spite of fear.—Aristotle

"Tisn't life that matters; 'Tis the courage you bring to it."
—Hugh Walpole

Say: "I saw it advertised in The Press".

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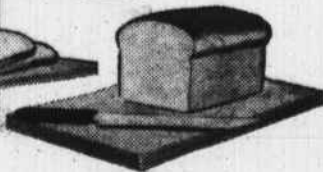
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