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## A Half-Century Ends

"GOOD riddance of bad rubbish!" That's the way a lot of us feel about the year just ending, and about the half-century that 1950 brings to a close.

The year 1950 has been a nerve-racking year; a year of constantly mounting tension, which exploded into the Korean war in June, and which, at the end of December, gives unhappy promise of developing into a world-wide conflict.

And what a half-century!

In the first half of the twentieth century the world suffered two global wars and a depression that probably was the worst in modern times. No man or woman under 40 can remember living in a normal world; everybody under 37 was born, and has lived, almost constantly, in an atmosphere of tension and fear.

The last 50 years have witnessed, too, such things as the San Francisco earthquakes and fire, in 1906; the Titanic disaster six years later (just two years before the outbreak of World War I); the cynical selfishness and generally unmoral atmosphere of the 20's; the Scopes evolution trial of 1925, and the McCarthyism of 1950.

But the half-century was not all bad.

It has brought much in the way of material comfort and convenience to the average man and woman; on January 1, 1901, a lot of things we take for granted today either were novelties or were undreamed of.

In that far-away year the average man could not telephone for a doctor, or on business, or to his neighbor. While the telephone had come into use, its use was far from general.

The electric light, too, had become an actuality, but it was to be many years before the John Smiths of the world would discard the old oil lamp.

And of course today's washing machine and today's refrigerator—the latter with its great role of cutting the infant mortality rate—were far in the future.

The first wireless message to cross the Atlantic was sent in 1902, and it was not until 20 years later that daily radio broadcasting came into existence.

In 1901 nobody could put a six-cent airmail stamp on a letter and have it delivered on the other side of the continent in only a little more time than, at the start of the century, it took a letter to go from Franklin to Asheville.

The use of insulin for diabetics was unknown until 1923, and as the century began surgery was largely a hit-and-miss affair.

If you lived in 1901, you didn't know, when you bought food at the store, whether it was good or spoiled—the pure food act went into effect in 1907.

You couldn't mail a Christmas package to a relative, nor could you send goods by mail—parcel post was not established until 1913. If you were a rural resident, you not only had to send by express—you had to haul, or have hauled, your package to the nearest express office.

The person living in 1901 literally lived in the horse and buggy days. An automobile, in that year, was a novelty that drew curious and excited crowds.

If you lived in Franklin, the nearest railroad was seven hours away.

If you were a man in 1901, your work day probably was 12 hours.

If you were a woman, you could not vote. Woman suffrage didn't come in until 1920.

If you were a child, you probably attended a one-room school house a few months in the year.

\* \* \*

And despite wars and rumors of wars, and despite all the evidence of how far mankind's technical knowledge has outstripped his emotional and moral development—despite all these things, perhaps the half-century has seen even greater progress along intangible lines than in the physical events that can be chronicled as having happened in such and such a year, and on such and such a date.

The concept of democracy has had its chief growth during the first half of the twentieth century. In America, in 1901, we had and believed in

a representative form of government, but faith in the intelligence and honesty of the average man was rare.

The half-century has witnessed, too, rapid development of a social consciousness. It was a development that had grown unnoticed for three decades, and was translated into action with the New Deal. The changed feeling in the South toward the Negro is but one phase of a transformation of attitude that has taken place all over America, and, perhaps to a lesser extent, all over the world.

Education—though its progress, like all other progress, has been "spotty" and irregular—has been carried to the masses; perhaps more of this has happened, in 50 years, than had happened in previous recorded history.

There is a tolerance today that was unthinkable in 1901.

And, especially pertinent today, there has been progress toward world peace. Two major attempts have been made. The first failed. The second may fail. But it is the history of mankind that, when enough men want a thing, and want it badly enough, they work for it and pray for it, patiently and faithfully, until it is achieved. The growing hope and demand for world peace is the proof that, ultimately, it will come.

If the church people of America really believed what they say they believe, they would be on their knees every day praying for a just peace.

### Others' Opinions

#### NO DIFFERENCE

A couple of deacons were out hunting Sunday morning when one of them said: "What would our pastor think if he knew we were out on a hunting trip this morning?"

"I don't know," said the other, "but I couldn't have been at church anyway. My wife is sick."—Charity and Children.

#### THEY WERE RIGHT

A writer says that fifty years ago people were worrying about what would become of the younger generation. And time has proven that they had a right to worry.—Camden Chronicle.

#### MODERN NUISANCES

We not only have the living room out of doors nowadays, but we have the flower gardens indoors. The craze to grow African violets has gotten around until about every woman must have extra shelves, tables, pots, and pans, all over the house. I told Oscar King the other day that I have to get an order from court to raise a window at home, and that if it got much worse I wouldn't have anywhere to lay my pants when I went to bed. Guess I'll just go to sleepin' in my breeches!—V. C. Marley in Asheboro Courier-Tribune.

#### DIXIELAND, AND RUSSIA

Under the red regime people are captives of the Communist party. Here in Dixieland we're captives of the Democratic party. We're tied down by a foolish tradition which is just as certain in its outcome as the controlled election of East Europe.

Our one consolation is that we do have other real elections. Our primaries offer free and unhampered selection, and as far as state and local affairs are concerned we get along nicely. But on the national scale we're getting a raw deal. . . .

—Muenster (Texas) Enterprise.

#### CITY BOY ON THE FARM

In the Abbeville Chronicle, of last week I saw an account of a city boy visiting on his uncle's farm. The little boy was very much interested in the pigs and when he went back to the city he told his chums about seeing the pigs on the farm. He said that there was one big pig and lots of little pigs and that the big pig was afraid of the little pigs because they kept chasing her around all the time and when she got too tired to run any more just lay down and all the little pigs jumped on her and began chewing on the buttons of her vest.—L. P. Cross in Clayton Tribune.

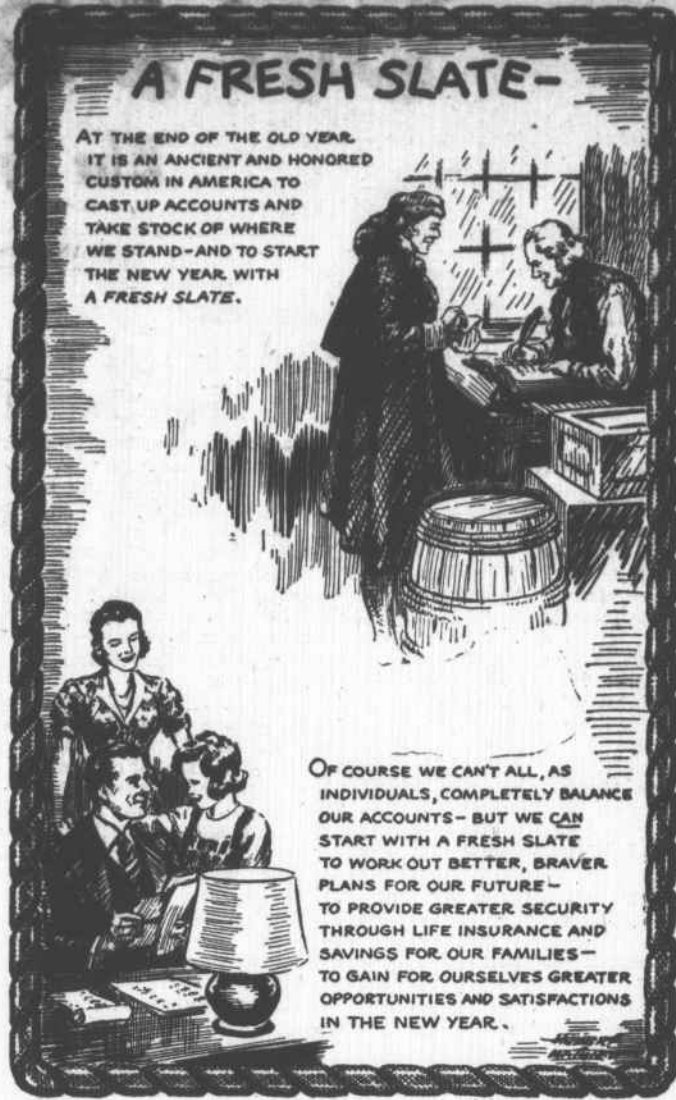
#### A TREE

Last week I referred to the number and variety of trees on the grounds of the State Hospital. In the meantime in going through some of my books I came across a pamphlet issued in 1944 by the State Department of Conservation and Development on "Common Forest Trees in North Carolina". It was prepared by the late J. S. Holmes, for many years State Forester. Mr. Holmes truly knew his trees. In the Foreword he wrote: "Trees are the largest and oldest living creatures," I had never thought of a tree as a "creature", but have remarked that trees, more than anything else, next to human beings, seem to possess personalities. That feeling toward them is due perhaps to the fact that, as also expressed in the introduction to the Holmes booklet on North Carolina trees, "they are in one way or another perhaps more closely associated with our own daily lives than is any other class of living things."

Perhaps the poem on trees with which the majority of people are most familiar is Joyce Kilmer's well known "Trees." I do not recall ever reading before the lines captioned "A Tree", used in the aforesaid booklet, and I wondered whether or not Mr. Holmes wrote it. It is credited to "Arbor and Bird Day Manual for North Carolina, 1915", and is, I think, excellent poetry:

"A tree is one of nature's words, a word of peace to man;

## OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat



### A FRESH SLATE—

AT THE END OF THE OLD YEAR, IT IS AN ANCIENT AND HONORED CUSTOM IN AMERICA TO CAST UP ACCOUNTS AND TAKE STOCK OF WHERE WE STAND—AND TO START THE NEW YEAR WITH A FRESH SLATE.

OF COURSE WE CAN'T ALL, AS INDIVIDUALS, COMPLETELY BALANCE OUR ACCOUNTS—BUT WE CAN START WITH A FRESH SLATE TO WORK OUT BETTER, BRAVER PLANS FOR OUR FUTURE—TO PROVIDE GREATER SECURITY THROUGH LIFE INSURANCE AND SAVINGS FOR OUR FAMILIES—TO GAIN FOR OURSELVES GREATER OPPORTUNITIES AND SATISFACTIONS IN THE NEW YEAR.

A word that tells of central strength, from whence all things began;

"A word to preach tranquillity to all our restless clan.

"Ah, bare must be the shadeless ways, and bleak the paths must be,

Of him who, having open eyes, has never learned to see, And so has never learned to love the beauty of a tree.

"Who loves a tree, loves the life that springs in star and clod, He loves the love that gilds the cloud, and greens the April sod; He loves the Wide Beneficence; his soul takes hold of God."

—Miss Beatrice Cobb in Morganton News-Herald.

#### GAMBLING MACHINES IN N. C.

Already there are more than a half thousand gambling machines in each North and South Carolina. This is according to Federal Revenue departments. The Federal government places a tax of \$150 on each of these machines, and this tax is a most positive guarantee that these machines are here to stay. It is a sure foundation on which to base the statement that there will be more of these machines here.

Certainly there is a law on the statutes of these states making it a misdemeanor and punishable with a rather heavy fine for having in possession one of these machines, even for storage. But these machines are mostly in club buildings and in homes where the door is closed behind them. And the law enforcement officers are given fair warning that they are not to visit these places, and if they should they are to keep their eyes closed and not see them.

And these local officers are not going to do anything that would knock the Federal government out of \$150.00 a year for each of these one-arm bandits which take a large amount of the pay of folks who are not able to spare it. In South Carolina there is a state tax of \$150.00 and it is said that they pay the tax down there and therefore know where the machines are located. But they continue operation.

Bootleggers in the dry sections of this state use the same tactics to sell their illegal wares. They pay the Federal tax and then (so it is reported) pay the local officers, and find little difficulty in selling whiskey to any who may want to buy. It is the biggest and most influencing argument of the liquor manufacturers and dealers in legalizing their wares.

It will not be long until there will be an effort to legalize these gambling machines in the Carolinas. By a referendum vote gambling machines would be defeated just as liquor sales would be defeated. These gambling machines are now found in military reservations, in soldier and ex-soldier club houses, and in most of the regular club houses; especially those in and near the larger cities of the state. And these bring in much money for the owners and operators. In fact, it is so much that all the members of the clubs, as well as the operators and distributors would oppose the legalizing of them to be operated by the general public under a license as they are in Nevada.

We are opposed to the legalizing of these machines in North Carolina. If there must be a few operated, then the fewer the better.—Mecklenburg Times.

### Letters

#### BOUQUET FOR BRADY

Dear Mr. Jones:

Would you pin a bunch of roses on J. P. Brady for me? I don't know the guy, but it would be a pleasure to do so. His "Makin' Macon" column is really neat. The manner is what I would call sprightly.

Now up to the time Brady hit town, football was just a word to me. (I was always a rifle, pistol and shotgun artist.) But now I get to itchin' to see some fancy football and basketball pitchin'.

Catch us, I work at Zickgraf's, in the flooring mill at night—farm of days.

Yours,  
CHARLES J. FERGUSON

## BUSINESS Making NEWS

By BOB SLOAN

To open the new year we would like to suggest several additional services that might be offered by Franklin business firms during the coming year and what we think are some of the better new business opportunities.

Either the bank or a savings association should offer a Christmas savings club plan. Under this system a small deposit each month enables you to have available a substantial sum for Christmas purchases and during the year you receive interest on your deposits. The plan would benefit the average person in that it wouldn't take him until next Christmas to get over this one and the merchants would have benefited by having received cash for their Christmas stock of goods.

Bus service facilities should be expanded so as to make available a bus station which has adequate waiting rooms which are open when a bus is departing or arriving. There should be proper rest rooms; available for all those who travel by bus. During the coming year this may become increasingly important since with increased mobilization there will be more travel by soldiers and transient workers.

For new business opportunities we would like to suggest the following: a men's clothing shop devoted exclusively to men's wearing apparel with particular emphasis on sport's wear and supplies; a small bakery shop which specializes in pastries and cakes; a recreational place which offers a place for the teen age group to gather.

Talk with Franklin merchants indicates that many did the best Christmas business in their history. Perhaps this was due to some extent to the promotional work done by the Franklin Merchants Association. Congratulations on your first year of work and more and bigger promotions for next year.

### Do You Remember . . . ?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

**50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK**  
The Press being in the centre would respectfully ask its esteemed exchanges on the extremes, the Dover (Ky.) News and the Palmetto (S. C.) Post, what has become of the Black Diamond Railway scheme? If it don't revive soon, Franklin is going to dig out in one direction or the other.

There was a great deal of drinking in town last Saturday.

The dispensary was partially wrecked Monday night about 8 o'clock by a dynamite cartridge exploded either under or within the room. The interior of the building was considerably damaged, part of the stock destroyed. Such lawlessness is both dangerous and wrong.

**25 YEARS AGO**  
The movement now on foot to build a commercial hotel in Franklin is one of the most important started in many years.

You can smile at the little Franklin boy who starts going to Sunday school and washing behind the ears just a few weeks before Christmas.

**10 YEARS AGO**  
A small plant for the purpose of extracting sulphate of magnesium, or Epsom Salts as it is familiarly known, from nickel ore on an experimental basis is now under construction.

Approximately 1,250 Christmas bags and 140 Christmas baskets were distributed over the county, either through Christmas trees or individually, as reported by the newly organized Christmas club chairman.

### E. J. Robinson Given Promotion To M. Sergeant

Edward J. Robinson, of Franklin, has been promoted to the rank of master sergeant in the 4th Armored division of the army, according to information received from Camp Chaffee, Ark.

The Macon County soldier has been in the army 19 years, and won the Silver Star for gallantry in action during World War II.