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| SUBSCRIPTION RATES | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| OUTSIDE MACON COUNTY | INSIDE MACON COUNTY |
| One Year \$3.00 | One Year \$2.50 |
| Six Months 1.75 | Six Months 1.75 |
| Three Months 1.00 | Three Months 1.00 |

OCTOBER 14, 1954

Then What Is This?

The U. S. Supreme Court has said that segregation in the public schools is discrimination. It is discrimination, the court has held, even when all the tangible factors are equal.

If that is discrimination, what is it when we in Macon County bar the parents of approximately 40 per cent of our school children from any say about who shall be members of the board that runs their schools?

The county board of education in Macon County should be elected.

"Light, Strangers!"

In the old days, when travel was chiefly by horseback, almost the instant a stranger stopped at the hitching-post in front of a home, he would hear the shouted welcome:

"Light, stranger, and come in!"

The days of horseback travel and saddlebags are long gone; today it is far commoner, even in Franklin, to deplane than to dismount. But the old phrase remains fresh, sincere, and hearty. And on behalf of the people of Macon County, we hasten to say to Burlington Mills: "Light, strangers, and come in!"

We are happy about the three million dollars to be spent on a plant here. We are happier about the 300 Macon County persons to be employed. And we are happiest of all about the character of the concern that is coming into Macon County—Burlington Mills is reputed one of the most enlightened corporations in the nation.

In fact, every scrap of information that has come this way about the folks we now welcome as "our company" suggests that, when they have ceased to be "company" and have become neighbors, they will prove the best of neighbors—in their relations both with the community and with their own employes.

Two Too Many, But . . .

Emphasis on the rights and privileges of any one class is out of tune with both the tradition and the spirit of this nation. Obviously, the same thing is true of race emphasis.

For that reason, we have always felt that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People was one too many such organizations. And the new National Association for the Advancement of White People made two too many.

We do not like the methods, though, that are being used in Washington, D. C., and Delaware to put the latter organization out of business. It is the American way to let an organization or a cause or a doctrine stand on its own bottom. If it has merit, it deserves to stand; if it does not, it will fall of its own weight. It is the American way to discredit an organization or a cause or a doctrine by logic and argument.

That is not the way situations in Washington and Delaware have been handled. There has been no debate about the merits of the National Association for the Advancement of White People, or about its usefulness. The entire emphasis has been on smearing its founder and leader. The question of his character, it seems to us, is secondary and incidental.

The methods being used to shut him up are much too reminiscent of Nazi Germany to be pleasant to consider.

The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Don't YOU Be One

This is one editorial that writes itself. It does because it says what everybody must be thinking. It says a loud and hearty "amen" to the Franklin and Highlands Garden Clubs' admonition to one and all:

"Don't Be a Litterbug!"

That is, don't leave or drop or throw out of cars, litter. Whether it be tin cans, soft drink bottles, paper handkerchiefs, or what-have-you, trash belongs in a can!

Litter costs Macon County dearly. It costs us in dollars; all the tourists and would-be settlers who hurry on when they see dirty streets and highways and countryside. And it costs us in self-respect.

More power to the Garden clubs in their campaign of education: "Don't Be a Litterbug!"

Political Reminder

This is to call attention to a longstanding policy of The Press: We do not publish political advertising in the last issue before an election.

The Press will have only two more issues—those of October 21 and 28—before the general election on November 2. Since our policy forbids our accepting political advertising for the issue of October 28, that leaves only next week's issue.

Political organizations and candidates desiring to do advertising are asked to keep this in mind. The deadline for advertising is noon Tuesday.

SPECIFIC INFORMATION

(Pathfinder)

In round numbers the people who don't mind paying taxes total 000,000,000.

I have lived eighty-six years. I have watched men climb up to success, hundreds of them, and of all the elements that are important for success, the most important is faith.—Cardinal Gibbons.

Reprinted From THE STATE Magazine

FISHING IN THE CULLASAJA RIVER --- A CENTURY AGO

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is from the book, "Letters From the Alleghany", describing the mountain region in 1848. The letters were written by John Lanman, probably one of the few outsiders to travel through this area at that early date.)

Franklin, North Carolina
May, 1848

The little village of Franklin is romantically situated on the Little Tennessee. It is surrounded with mountains, and as quiet and pretty a hamlet as I have yet seen among the Alleghanies. On the morning after entering this place, I went to the post office, for the purpose of obtaining a peep at the last number of the National Intelligencer, whereupon the officiating gentleman informed me that I should find it at the office of a young lawyer whom he named. I called upon the legal gentleman, and found him, like all the intelligent people of the country, very polite and well informed. In speaking of the surrounding pictorial associations he alluded to a certain waterfall and added that the gentleman who referred me to him owned a plantation near the falls, on a famous trout-stream, and was an angler. On this hint I sent a couple of handsome flies, as a present, to my post-office friend, and in less than twenty minutes thereafter he made his appearance at my lodgings, and insisted that we should go upon a fishing excursion, and that the lawyer should accompany us. Horses were immediately procured, and having rode a distance of ten miles along a very beautiful stream called Kul-la-sa-jah, or the Sugar Water, we came to the chasm leading to the falls. Here we tied our horses, and while my companions commenced throwing the fly, I proceeded to the more profitable employment of taking sketches.

3 Waterfalls

The chasm of the Sugar Water Falls is about half a mile long, and immediately below the precipices are perpendicular and very imposing, reaching an elevation of at least one thousand feet. The falls themselves are three in number—the first and principal one being about sixty feet high. Emptying into the Sweet Water, directly at the lower end of the chasm, is a tiny brook without a name, upon which I found a cascade of great beauty. The water falls near forty feet, but sings its eternal song in a

shadowy recess, where hoary trees, mossy rocks, and exquisite vines, of every variety peculiar to the country, remain in their original wildness. As I clambered up the ravine leading to this cascade, I startled a doe from the green couch where she had been spending the noontide hours. I added a number of sketches to my portfolio, and after spending "alone in my glory" the whole afternoon, wandering from one chasm to another, I left the delightful valley with reluctance, musing upon the marvellous beauty of every thing in the world formed by the hand of God.

On arriving at the spot where our horses were tied, I found my companions both wearing uncommonly long faces, for they had not succeeded in killing a single trout. I joked my post-office friend about his "famous trout-stream," and then, remounting our horses, we paid a visit to his plantation, where we enjoyed a comfortable supper, and continued on our way home by the light of the moon. Under any circumstances this would have been an agreeable ride, but on the present occasion my companions did all the talking, and the substance of two of their stories I herewith subjoin merely as specimens:

"I can't account for our bad luck in catching trout today," said my post-office friend; "but I do assure you that a couple of young men named Hyatt, and myself, once went a fishing in the Sweet Water, and we took one hundred and seventy-five trout. But this is not to the purpose. On that occasion we fished up the stream; and when we came to the mouth of the chasm, we saw a big buck, which we frightened towards the falls as we ascended. When we came near the falls, one of the Hyatts and myself stopped fishing, and went to work to corner the buck, and see if we could kill him with stones, or cause him to drown himself. There was no way for him to make his escape, except by running directly over us, and this we did not suppose he would dare attempt. He made many desperate efforts to get away, and at one time managed to climb an almost perpendicular wall of rock to the height of some twenty feet, when he lost his foothold and fell into the pool below. He now became very much enraged, but we continued to pelt him with stones, though without effecting any serious injury. After bothering him for at least half an hour, the creature finally

got upon the rocks at the lower part of the pool, when he swept by us with great fury, and started down the chasm, making some of the most fearful leaps that I ever saw. And now it so happened that we saw the younger Hyatt standing upon a rock and casting his fly upon a pool, where we thought the deer must pass in his downward course, and we immediately shouted to the angler to "look out." He did so, and immediately drew out a hunting-knife which he had in his pocket, and as the deer tumbled into the pool, young Hyatt actually jumped upon his back, and succeeded in giving him a fatal stab, so that the animal merely crawled upon the rocks to die. It was quite late in the evening before we started for home, and we only brought the skin along with us; but as we left the chasm, we saw a large panther descending one of the cliffs of the gorge, as if hastening to have a feast upon the dead deer."

Tells Story

The "story" of my lawyer friend, or rather a fragment of his entertaining conversation was as follows: "As it is important, Mr. Lanman, that you should not leave our country without learning something of our great personages, and as our companion here is a modest man, I will give you a brief sketch of his character. He is a gentleman of some property, for he not only owns the plantation where we took supper, but one or two others of equal value. He is one of the oldest residents of this mountain region—a gentleman of fine moral character, and with a heart as guileless as that of a child. He is a passionate lover of scenery, and probably explored the beauties of this mountain land more thoroughly than any other man now living; he is also a great lover of botany, geology, insectology, and a dozen otherologies, and I believe has made a number of discoveries in all the favorite studies. As you have heard, he tells a capital story, and as you may see by looking into some of our southern newspapers, he uses the pen with ease and a degree of elegance. He cherishes a love for the 'angle art,' and I must say usually succeeds in his fishing exploits much better than he has today. By profession he is a knight of the needle; but, being somewhat advanced in years, he amuses himself by fulfilling the duties of deputy postmaster in the village of Franklin."

The lawyer was here interrupted by the hero of his story, who insisted upon his changing the "subject theme," and the consequence is, my readers will be disappointed in obtaining any more information respecting the scientific deputy postmaster of the Alleghany mountains.

Interesting Indian

But, leaving the intellectual out of view, the most interesting character whom I have seen about Franklin is an old Cherokee Indian. His name is Sa-taw-ha, or Hog-Bite, and he is upwards of one hundred years of age. He lives in a small log hut among the mountains, the door of which is so very low that you have to crawl into it upon your hands and knees. At the time the greater part of his nation were removed to the Far West, the "officers of justice" called to obtain his company. He saw them as they approached, and, taking his loaded rifle in hand, he warned them not to attempt to lay their hands upon him, for he would certainly kill them. He was found to be so resolute and so very old, that it was finally concluded by those in power that the old man should be left alone. He lives the life of a hermit, and chiefly supported by the charity of one or two Indian neighbors, though it is said he even now occasionally manages to kill a deer or turkey. His history is entirely unknown, and he says he can remember the time when the Cherokee nation lived upon the shores of a great ocean, (the Atlantic,) and the color of a white man's face was unknown.

Tells Of Mound

In the immediate vicinity of this place may be seen another of those mysterious Indian mounds which we find beautifying nearly all the valleys of this land. And here it may not be out of place for me to introduce the opinions concerning their origin which prevail among the Indian tribes of the South. By some they are said to have been built by a race of people who have become extinct, and were formerly used by the Cherokees merely as convenient places to have their dances and their games. A superstition also prevails, that in the ancient days every Indian brought to a certain place a small bark full of the soil which he cultivated, as a tribute to the Great Spirit, who in return sent them a plenteous harvest.

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Others' Opinions

BURLINGTON MILLS COMES WEST

(Asheville Citizen)

Franklin and Macon County have won deserved recognition in the decision of the Burlington Mills Corporation to build a large hosiery plant near Franklin. It is good news to all Tar Heels, who have observed with pride and all-round satisfaction the steady growth of the Burlington Mills company in recent years. It is especially welcome news in the whole region west of the Blue Ridge divide, because industry has been laggard in coming to some of the westernmost counties here.

At a time when North Carolina legislators and citizens in general are deliberating over the state's need for more revenue, and therefore for more pay-roll plants and more tax-paying citizens and corporations, the Franklin Chamber of Commerce has set a fine example of how to take off coats and go to work for more industries.

Burlington's scouts are trained and experienced in finding favorable locations for new plants—locations favorable in several ways. Making surveys of a number of possible sites in several communities, Burlington's representatives very evidently found an economic and human-relations setting at Franklin that met their hopes and specifications. Above all, the Burlington survey men found a group of businessmen ready and glad to go the second mile in friendly and helpful co-operation. (This three-million-dollar plant is expected to begin operation by next spring.)

North Carolina no more than any other forward-looking state wants to be top-heavy with industrial plants. But this state's economic problem is far from any stage of congestion from industries. Indeed, our own college, university and business economists tell us that North Carolina has been moving more slowly than the other Southern states out of too much agriculture for sound economic progress.

Thus North Carolina still has room for more textile plants, particularly for those requiring a considerable degree of skill. Furthermore, if the textile industry has been first and foremost in the South's economic development, textiles often open the way for still more industrialization, and diversified industrialization requiring still higher degrees of skill—and commanding still better wages.

And so this transmountain region, already having made some advance in industrialization, finds it a good omen that Burlington Mills proposes to operate one of its 76 mills in a western county no longer remote by reason of poor transportation facilities.

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

A little more than five years ago, the big problem before the people of Macon County was, would we be able to build our school buildings. The bids had been opened and they were much higher than the amount of money available from the bonds voted and state help. What could we do? We needed the buildings and besides if we waited too long the county bonds would be defaulted and have to be voted again. Fortunately, one group of men had so managed affairs entrusted to them that they were able to raise the money and make it possible to get started on their school building program.

The other day money was being raised to bring an industry here. In fact, we got an industry which will furnish employment to many and perhaps make it possible for some of our native sons and daughters to return home. The largest single factor in being able to raise this money was the fact that this same group of men who made the school building program possible made available a substantial part of the money required for this new project.

This group of men to whom I refer are the board of commissioners led by their chairman, W. E. Baldwin.

They have come through twice when it meant a lot to the county. In both cases they went down the line heavily on the side of progress. They were able to do so because they had not frittered away their strength (the county's money in this instance) to meet the demands of each little pressure group that appeared before them. Also in each instance they spent the money where it would help the county as a whole, not just one section.

Two of these men are up for re-election this fall—John Roane as member of the board of commissioners, and W. E. Baldwin as chairman of the board.

The voters know at least this about them on the basis of their past record. If the reins of the county government are placed in their hands again our affairs will be in the hands of men who work for sound progress that will benefit the county as a whole.

Having served on the Board of Education for six years, I often heard it said, "We shouldn't have politics in our schools." With this I agree and would like to add, "That if you don't want politics in the schools you had better keep the teachers out of politics."

Incidentally with the expected coming of this new mill and related growth in population, the decision of the Board of Education to build as many class rooms as possible and let other things go until more money is available looks wiser all the time, because essential class rooms should come first in a school building program.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Gov. C. B. Aycock was the guest of Hon. Sam L. Rogers over Friday night.

The following young ladies from Macon County left last week to attend the State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro: Misses Sarah Gray, Pearl and Maude Barnard, Leona Weaver, and Lizelle Hill.

25 YEARS AGO

At the monthly meeting Monday the town board fixed the tax rate at \$1, as against 90 cents for last year.

Miss Louise Porter, Bobby and Beau Hames, and Billy Porter went to the circus in Asheville Sunday.

The Franklin Power Plant has been sold by the Jupolito Company to the Empire Public Utilities Company.

10 YEARS AGO

A continued drive for salvaged tin cans is being made by Macon County block leaders and Director of Civilian Service Corps Mrs. Gordon Moore.

Starting the 13th, the Highlands Red Cross Center will hold all-day surgical dressings sessions each Friday.