

The Franklin Press
and
The Highlands Maconian

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SEPTEMBER 6, 1956

We Wonder . . .

"The United States must train more scientists and engineers." If we have read that almost hysterical exhortation once in recent months, we must have read it a score of times.

Well, we wonder . . .

Not that we would depreciate the contribution of scientists and engineers; that contribution is far too spectacular for anyone to belittle.

We wonder, though, first of all, because of the argument that almost invariably follows the exhortation; this country must train more scientists and engineers, we are told, "because Soviet Russia is training more than we are". Is that alone sufficient reason? Are we always to follow in the footsteps of Soviet Russia? Surely not!—unless we want to continue to become more and more like the nation whose way of life we most abhor.

We wonder, too, because the demand is not chiefly for students of "pure" science—men who seek scientific truth for its own sake; the emphasis, instead, is on "applied" science, on training men who can develop more gadgets, build bigger bombs. True, more scientists may help us keep abreast in the technological and arms race. But is that, in itself, a solution of anything?

We wonder, finally, because there is evidence—frighteningly convincing evidence—that we have, proportionately, not too few, but too many, scientists. For science, especially "applied" science, has failed dismally to create either individual contentment or national character. It has, instead, made life more and more complicated, and left the average man more and more confused.

Nor has science brought us the one thing the world most needs today—wisdom; our every modern problem grows not out of technical ignorance, but lack of understanding. For man's basic problem is the same today it has been always—how can he live with himself and his fellows?

The answer to that one is to be found in no test tube, nor will it ever be stated in a scientific formula.

Even if every American became a scientist, would that really help matters? Is not our real need, instead, more great philosophers, more great-souled men of religion, more dedicated teachers? It is only they who can help us re-achieve a sane balance between science and things of the human spirit—who can help us recapture those qualities that give meaning to life—the ability and the will to discriminate between the wise and the foolish, the good and the bad; the understanding that must be the basis of any real faith; the courage to have hope.

For, ultimately, such an achievement is our only way out . . .

'A Cool Resort'

It has been 77 years since Woodrow Wilson discovered the delights of the Highlands area. And, even then, that region was widely known, because young Wilson found Mr. Thompson's boarding house in Horse Cove filled with some thirty odd boarders, mostly from New Orleans and Charleston.

Despite the rigors of a trip that required "about 12 hours on the cars and fifteen on a stage over rough, ill-kept mountain roads", the young man who was to become the 28th President of the United States indicated what he found was well worth the effort, for he reported that his party had "certainly found a cool resort".

Well, the Highlands area is still just that—as a glance at The Press' weather reports for the past eight weeks quickly reveals.

During that July-August period, the highest



the congregation the way that produces unanimous purring. And yet that character of preaching laid the foundations for Christianity, produced the victories of the early Christian church and gave to the past two thousand years the revivals and reformations that culminated in Protestant Christianity at her best.

Method In His Madness?

(Steamboat (Colo.) Pilot)

But behind all the clamor there might be a desperate attempt by Mr. Stassen to gain the presidency for himself before he reaches a ripe old age. He still is young and if the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket should fall to win this fall he is in a right proper spot to be the "I told you so" guy who can lay a lot of claims to the top spot on the ticket in four more years.

Truman And Nixon

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

There is quite a close parallel, when you come right down to it, between Truman at Chicago and Nixon out in San Francisco. Each is popular with the professionals in his party. But both have alienated independent voters by their campaigning excesses. Both are detested by some, distrusted by many.

The Democrats dumped Truman, in effect, by snowing his candidate under with a landslide of Stevenson votes. As this is written, it seems quite unlikely that anything of the sort will happen to Nixon in San Francisco.

Science is not so nearly infallible that the warnings of instinct can always be disregarded.—The Saturday Review.

An Open Letter . . .

A Debt And A Challenge

. . . To Mrs. Texie Caler Ramsey

Dear Mrs. Ramsey:

At your 90th birthday party the other day, I found myself thinking how much we who are privileged to live in Western North Carolina, and especially Macon County, owe you and others of your generation

In the sense that you lived most of your lives under primitive conditions, you were pioneers. There were no washing machines, no telephone, no rural mail delivery—none of the time- and labor-saving devices and arrangements that are so taken for granted today. And there was almost NO money. Yours was a period of do-without and make-do-with-what-you-have.

Dire poverty here forced you to care for and set store by the few material possessions you had. Yet you were wise enough to make the distinction between the secondary and transient value of physical things and the primary and permanent value of those things of the mind and the spirit that are the base of any civilization worthy of the name.

On a foundation of such qualities as kindness, honesty, courage, and respect for intellectual and spiritual truth, you built here something great—a place that, no matter how hard it may have been to earn a living, was and is a good place to live.

We, today, also are pioneers, in a somewhat different sense.

Because the old patterns of life are disappearing under the impact of jet speed, the fear of insecurity, and such an abundance of things that it is sometimes a question whether we possess them or they us.

New conditions call for new ways; whether we like it or not, we must create the new patterns that will determine the kind of life we have here tomorrow.

Thinking of that, and watching your smile and the sparkle in your eye that 90 years have failed to dim, it occurred to me that what is remarkable about you and so many others—most of them long dead—of your generation is not the length but the quality of your lives; and even more, the quality of the community life you created.

And, as I bade you good-bye, I was asking myself a question:

Have we, who owe you so much, and who have so much more to do with—have we the character and the insight into what matters and what doesn't to build here a new way of life, to fit modern conditions, but one that retains the old values—a way of life not just duplicating the standardized mediocrity that marks so many American communities, but one that will make this a place where people still find it good to live?

Respectfully,
Weimar Jones

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

It has been said that one mark of an advanced civilization is the ability of the average man to express himself adequately and precisely.

If that be true, then we have a high type of civilization indeed here in the Western North Carolina mountains. For the local expressions, typical of the area, not only are adequate and precise; they are vivid and original.

What, for example, could be a clearer description of average health than our "as well as common"!

And who could improve on this one, overheard the other day: One man was complaining that he couldn't do this and couldn't do that "because I have to work". Promptly came this philosophical comment from one of the street corner group: "It is unhandy to have to work for a livin'".

Or this one, from the lips of Erwin Patton. Commenting on a bridge on the Franklin-Holly Springs road, a bridge that requires a sharp turn to get on and another sharp turn to get off of, he mused: "When they built that bridge, they nearly missed the road!"

The list could be multiplied indefinitely.

Here's hoping we don't "edu-

cate" all this expressive speech out of the mountain language.

I barely remember Kope Elias, the long-time-ago Franklin lawyer, but I've heard about him all my life. Yet when John Parris telephoned me recently to ask for some interesting Elias incidents, he struck me "cold" and I could think of nothing worth-while.

It was not until I had read Mr. Parris' column about the man who seconded the nomination of the first Adlai Stevenson, back in 1892, in fact, that I recalled what is perhaps the most amusing of the many stories about Mr. Elias. And this one really is about him, not of him, because it is the remark of an associate—an associate who must have imbibed rather freely earlier in the evening.

I give it here as a sort of postscript to that particular "Roaming the Mountains" column.

Mr. Elias was one of a group camping and fishing on Nantahala. They all slept in the same room, on pallets on the floor. Mr. Elias' stentorian snores kept some members of the party awake.

At last there was a series of gasps, puffs, and snorts; then the sleeper seemed to choke, and there was a long silence.

After what seemed minutes, one of the those who so far had been able to sleep only fitfully exclaimed, with relief: "Thank God . . . he's dead!"

VIEWES

By

BOB SLOAN



Many people who are critical of the various policies of conservation of some of the nation's resources by Government administration are very careless in their criticism. They make many rash statements in attempts to discredit government management.

For example, I have often heard it said that "we get no revenue from the government land in this county; think what we would get if private citizens owned it and paid taxes on it!"

For the fiscal year 1955-56, Macon County received \$26,607.28. Any person familiar with the tax paid on mountain land in this county will readily admit that the county would not have received nearly this much in taxes for the land.

In addition to this, any fair person will also admit that the land as a whole is in much better shape than it would be if had been cut, slashed and burnt, as much as it would have been under private ownership.

Besides the fine revenue it brings us, we have large stand of timber which is cut on a sustained yield basis thus insuring our saw mills of a supply for years to come.

The debasers of government management have to look elsewhere than the Forest Service to find an example.

Leaving out the above mentioned entries for the credit side of the ledger, the value received from soil conservation, fire protection, and recreational facilities would well make the Forest Service well worth more than every cent paid for it by the people of the United States.

Here is a definition of the new phrase, "peaceful coexistence." An American naval plane is shot down by the Chinese Communists with 16 Americans aboard but our President makes no protest. "Spineless existence" would be a better term, I think.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

The Macon County Baptist Association was in session at Briartown Thursday, Friday, and Saturday.

Henry O. Curtis, of Sylva, returned from a trip to Florida and stopped on Wednesday till Sunday here. He came on the first passenger train from Cornelia to Prentiss.

Mr. Booker Robertson, the mining engineer who has been working on the Deal property on Buck Creek, has found a rich copper mine.

25 YEARS AGO

Mr. Edison Picklesimer left Sunday to attend school at Mars Hill College.—Highlands item.

Mr. Thomas Henson and Mr. Lake Ledford left recently for Athens, Ga., where they will attend Athens Business College. They plan to study stenography, bookkeeping, and banking.

Mrs. Alice Childers left last Thursday for Philadelphia, Pa., where she will visit her son, Henry Childers. She will also visit her son, Lester, in Hopewell, Va., while away.

10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. William Dunn, of Washington, D. C., who is employed as a stenographer in President Truman's office, recently returned to her home. While here she visited her sister, Mrs. Jess Miller, of Sealy, and friends.

Although Labor Day week-end saw the usual exodus of summer visitors, the hotels have a nice September booking for the time they expect to be open, and many of the cottagers are staying over to enjoy the incomparable beauties of "Indian Summer" in Highlands.—Highlands item.

Mrs. Comer Vandiver spent several days in Greensboro last week with her husband, Col. Vandiver, who is stationed there with the Army Air Force.

The Three R's

Contrary to our stern policy of never running advertising on the editorial page, we bow low to the persuasive charms of the very lovely—and quite lonesome—young miss who prevailed on us to "stop being so fussy" and run this:

WANTED: Thousands of tourists who enjoy the beauties of life to visit Western North Carolina from September 15-November 1 in the provocative and breath-taking company of Miss Autumn, the most exquisitely dressed of all the mountain seasons. Objects: Rest, Relaxation, and Romance. Don't write, ride!

Others' Opinions

(Opinions expressed in this space are not necessarily those of The Press. Editorials selected for reprinting here, in fact, are chosen with a view to presenting a variety of viewpoints. They are, that is, just what the caption says—OTHERS' Opinions.)

Find Me One!

(Bob Shuler in His Methodist Challenge)

Find me in the Old or New Testament one conformist, preaching to please his times, who is approved by the Holy Ghost. Who gave us this revealed Book of God? Never was the prophet approved. He always cut across the grain of the generation to which he ministered!

We may not understand why, but for some certain reason God's prophets were dissenters. They protested. There was a word of warning. They faced their times, discovered the evils of their day and cried out against them. I am ready to concede that such preaching is never pleasant. It never strokes