

The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian

Second class mail privileges authorized at Franklin, N. C.
Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press

Telephone 24
Established in 1886 as The Franklin Press
Member: N. C. Press Association, National Editorial Association,
Carolina Press Photographers Association, Charter member, National
Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors.

BOB S. SLOAN Publisher and Advertising Manager
J. F. BRADY News Editor
WEIMAR JONES Editor
MRS. ROBERT BRYSON Office Manager
MRS. BOB SLOAN Society Editor
GAIL F. CABE Operator-Machinist
FRANK A. STARRETTE Compositor
CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON Pressman
G. E. CRAWFORD Stereotypist
DAVID E. SUTTON Commercial Printer

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
Two Years	5.25	Two Years	4.25
Three Years	7.50	Three Years	6.00

APRIL 3, 1958

Why A Dozen?

Recently Explorer III was sent aloft, and it is predicted that soon the United States may have a dozen satellites in orbit.

Why? What purpose can a dozen serve that wouldn't be served by one or two? What scientific knowledge can a dozen gain that couldn't be gained by one or two? And unless there is some good reason for a dozen, why spend all those millions?

Even to the layman, those questions seem to demand answers. And now it appears they seem good questions to scientific minds, too. For the other day Dr. Harold C. Urey, Nobel prize-winning scientist who had a big share in developing the atom bomb, remarked that earth satellites are "interesting, but they don't mean anything".

But has anybody heard a really satisfactory answer offered to the people who pay the bill, the average American taxpayer?

Still 'By The People'

The important issue in the controversy about tolls on the Blue Ridge Parkway was not whether tourists would be permitted to travel the Parkway without cost or would have to pay a small fee for its use.

The important issue had to do with honesty. When the Parkway was created, much of the land was donated to the federal government; in return, there was a "gentlemen's agreement" that it always would be toll-free. The proposal of the National Park Service to impose tolls was an effort to repudiate an agreement; the fact that the agreement was not a formal, signed contract had nothing to do with the moral issue.

If the Park Service had remained stubborn, under the circumstances there was little anybody could do about it. Why, then, did it reverse its previous, publicly announced decision to impose tolls?

The answer to that question suggests the real significance of North Carolina's victory. The victory is significant because it showed that government — even appointees of appointees in the powerful, sprawling federal government — still is responsive to public opinion.

It is heartening to have evidence that citizens, once they are aroused, still can direct their government, rather than be directed by it.

Another Question

Why do we in North Carolina hear so much about the ills of under-industrialization and so little about the blight of over-industrialization?

That question, raised by The Press recently, provoked the interesting editorial in the Greensboro Daily News that was reprinted on this page last week. Then, the other Sunday, approaching the subject from a different viewpoint, the Asheville Citizen-Times joined the discussion.

Expressing what probably is the view of the majority of Tar Heels, the Asheville newspaper declared that "North Carolina is not over-industrialized".

Maybe not. Frankly, we don't know; and we wonder if anybody knows, with any certainty. For how can you measure without a yardstick? And is there a yardstick, a tested, fixed criterion, that will tell us just when we move from under-industrialization to over-industrialization?

We hear much about the need for a balanced economy; North Carolina, in fact, seeks industry

as a means of achieving such a balance. But what is a proper balance between industry, agriculture, tourists, the service trades, etc.? And, specifically, what proportion of the workers in a state, or a community, should be employed in industry — one-tenth? one-fourth? one-half? three-fourths? or nine-tenths?

Until and unless we determine what constitutes a balance, we are likely to go from one imbalance that seems bad to another that may be worse.

Apt Phrase

"Hidden payroll."

That phrase, used by President George R. McSweeney at the recent Chamber of Commerce dinner here, aptly describes the effect of tourists on the economy of a community. Tourists provide a payroll that nobody sees, as such, but that nearly everybody feels. Because the tourist is ready to buy not only lodging, food, and gasoline, but a score of other things; and most of the money he spends in a community passes through many local hands after it leaves his.

Tourists provide a payroll, too, that creates neither smoke nor slums. Nor is it inclined to dominate the community, politically and socially as well as economically, as a big industry in a little town almost always does. On the contrary, it's a payroll that can have the effect of vastly improving social and cultural life.

Whether it does that, of course, depends on the quality of the tourist attracted. This payroll, like any other, should be sought selectively. We can determine, in advance, the type of tourist we get; it will depend entirely on what attractions we offer.

Why Not A Crash Farm Program?

(Smithfield Herald)

The Department of Agriculture reports that U. S. crop yields reached an all-time peak in 1957. Production per acre was 27 per cent higher than it was 10 years ago. Total crop production matched records set in 1948 and 1956 although acreage was at its lowest level since 1919.

The soil bank took 27 million acres out of production and there was a decline in output of corn, wheat, and cotton. But farmers used the acreage to grow other crops — such as oats, barley, sorghum, grain, and soybeans — in record volume.

High yields per acre and bumper crops ought to be good news, but it isn't. A Washington news report says: "The glut of feed grains is expected to result in a pork surplus late next year. Prices for pork should start dropping about Labor Day, 1958."

The sad story of agriculture in recent years has been that the more our farmers learn about scientific farming the more we have crop surpluses and the more our farmers are troubled by price slumps.

Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Benson shows little imagination in meeting the problem of stabilizing farm income. He would return to "free farming," letting unrestricted price fluctuations keep supply and demand in adjustment. What happens to millions of farm families while the adjusting takes place doesn't seem to bother Mr. Benson.

Price supports give farmers a measure of protection against ruinous prices, but a price-support system that piles surpluses on top of surpluses is not the ultimate answer to the economic problem of agriculture.

There seems to be a need for greater imagination in national agricultural planning. Or perhaps the pressing need really is for boldness in putting imagination into practice. Congressman Cooley, in his recent address before the Smithfield Chamber of Commerce, declared that the Benson-Eisenhower regime has turned down new ideas in agriculture as fast as they have been proposed.

In that same address Mr. Cooley observed correctly that the problem of agriculture is faulty distribution more than it is overproduction. While the American farmer is tormented by mounting surpluses, many a person in the world is tormented by a lack of food for his family. By a bold application of imagination, what torments the American farmer could be used to erase what torments the millions of people who face starvation. And the torments of the American farmers also would be erased in the process.

This is the day of "crash" programs — a "crash" program to develop military weapons as powerful as Russia's and a proposed "crash" program to educate enough Americans in science to keep the United States abreast of Communist science. Why not a "crash" program to channel the surplus production of U. S. agriculture into areas of the world where under-nourishment breeds all sorts of human misery and political unrest? Why do we have to confine our boldness to the military realm?

A lot of guys who complain about the boss being dumb would probably be out of a job if the boss were smarter.

—Frosts (Texas) Bullmanac

PROGRESS OR JUST CHANGE?

Gone Are Front Porch Days Of 'Come In A While'

Bygnall Jones in Warren Record

The major things I have against automobiles is that they kill quite a number of persons and that they keep most persons broke. Outside that, they serve many useful purposes and I suppose that people will continue to buy them so long as they can obtain the money to make a down payment.

While the automobile is supposed to be a very useful servant, it is easy to let one become our master, and it is very easy to become too dependent on it.

These thoughts came into my mind as I walked home in a very light rain one Sunday night from the home of the Rev. John Link where I had gone to return a book for my daughter. My car had been out of commission for several days and while I had the use of my son's car for really essential trips, I found myself at times at one place when I wanted to be at another, and the best prospects for getting there being by walking.

That Sunday morning, I walked downtown to get the mail, and later I walked to the office. Sunday night Mary Brodie wanted to borrow an English book from Jane Link, and I walked with her to Jane's home. After she had finished it, I walked back to the Link home and returned it.

As I walked home that Sunday night, I thought of days gone by when walking was the principal means of getting around the town, and I thought of Spring and Summer nights and of Sundays when people went for walks, and of walking groups meeting other walking groups and the pleasant exchange of conversation and idle but harmless gossip.

And I thought of the families that used to sit on porches when porches were an important part of the home, and how one walking by would be invited to come in and rest a while, and what a delightful part of small town life was this. And as the night, or

Sunday afternoon wore on, how this group would grow until it was almost a party, and quite often ice cream or cake would be brought out to make it a real party.

I contrasted this with the present, when one hesitates to drop in on a neighbor or more distant friend for fear of interrupting a TV program or upsetting the plans of a neighbor. There is little porch sitting now for there are so few porches upon which to sit, and gone with porch sitting is the casual invitation to drop in for a good talk and relaxation in an age in which hurry seems to be the chief occupation.

Reflecting on these things, I felt that except for the progress in medicine, and the availability of modern plumbing and screens, I would be willing to give up all the progress of the past 40 years for a return to the peaceful existence of another era when one had time to be sociable.

"Gee, I Wonder Why More Birds Don't Show Up?"



Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

Business took me to Missouri the other day. And, as is usual when I go away from home, I saw and heard things that interested me.

I forget, between trips, how ugly cities are. I was re-reminded on this trip.

Maybe it's because it's so big, or maybe it just happened that my train went through its worst sections; whatever the reason, St. Louis was the city that seemed to me most hideous. Mile after mile after mile of ugliness, of grime that appeared to have been there for generations, of depressing slums... and the people who live in big city slums.

Somebody might say: "Well, some of the man-made parts of Franklin are ugly". And of course they are.

But, at least, you can get away from Franklin, within a few minutes. And maybe it's because of that ability to escape that there isn't the evidence here of humans being degraded by ugliness.

I was interested to notice how many of the railway station restaurants provided no place whatever for the customer to sit. It's literally a case of eating on the run; maybe a sign of these hurried times.

The terrific prices in such places, though, plus the utter indifference (with notable exceptions) to anything but getting your money, made me think perhaps the stand-up-to-eat arrangement has a hidden motive of greed: If people stand, they don't stay so long; that enables the management to get them out of the way sooner, be able to serve other customers, and thus do a bigger volume of business.

The trip reminded me, too, of what a small world it is, after all. I always seek a conversation with my seat mates, and in the four days I was away, I met two strangers with whom I had things in common. One, a New Englander, lives within a few miles of my brother and has close ties, two

generations back, with Western North Carolina. The other, a school boy, attends the same northern prep school and knows quite well the two sons of one of my good friends in middle North Carolina.

The trip's biggest surprise was to find how amazingly like us here in Macon County are the people of the Ozark country, which I visited.

Except for the time lapse and for the fact I'd seen so many miles slide by as I looked out the train window, I'd have thought I simply had stepped across a county line in Western North Carolina.

At the hotel in Springfield, a city of 110,000, I found not only informality, but a friendliness and desire to oblige, especially when I asked for some information, such as you'd meet in few hotels in North Carolina cities. I found both the white bellboys and the taxi drivers like our taxi drivers; pleasant and courteous, but with no hint of servility. Without being offensive about it, they showed clearly they felt themselves as good as anybody else.

When I reached the small town that was my destination and inquired where to find the man I'd come to see, the person asked went out on the street to point out the direction; then someone who had just driven up and heard the inquiry generously offered: "Get in, and I'll take you there". And he did.

And the man I went to see I found to have the same reserve, the same quiet cordiality, and the same open-handed hospitality we show here. When our business had been completed, this man who had never seen me before insisted I spend several days at his home; and I'm sure he meant it.

Finally, I found the distinctive expressions the same. On the street, for example, I heard an expression — probably once good English — that is still heard here sometimes: "You-uns".

That, I'm sure, you'd hear only two places in the world — in the Southern Appalachians and in the Ozarks. And until my trip, I'd have thought there was only one place.

I had to take some meals on the diner. I say "had to", because,

while I dearly love to eat in a diner, my Scotch conscience always hurts me when I do; for nowhere do you pay more for food. So I usually ease my conscience by first making sure there is going to be no time and place for a meal at a restaurant. Having reassured myself on that score, I can go in the diner — and thoroughly enjoy being extravagant.

Two of this trip's diner experiences stick in my memory. Crossing Indiana at lunch time, I was impressed that there was little choice of foods offered on the diner menu. Opening it, I found only about half of the right hand page given over to luncheon dishes, none of them particularly appealing to me.

Then my eye went to the left hand page. It was filled — with the widest imaginable variety of alcoholic beverages.

I found myself wondering: "Is the great preoccupation of so many Americans with alcoholic beverages perhaps a dangerous symptom of a feeling of insecurity, of an inner fear, particularly fear of themselves?"

The second experience had to do with food.

I like fruit, and of all fruits, I like apples best. And so one of my favorite foods is apple sauce. (Though even better is a dish that seems to be unknown in many parts of the country, stewed apples.)

Well, when I saw on the menu a meal with apple sauce listed as one of the dishes, I ordered that meal without much reference to what else I'd get.

Imagine my surprise at what the waiter brought! A big leaf of lettuce, and on it, a microscopic dab of apple sauce.

It was bad enough to get a mere couple of teaspoons, instead of a soup bowl full. But to have apple sauce served as a salad!

Apple sauce a dessert? Maybe. A side fruit dish? O. K. A staple food? Fair enough. But a salad? That's a desecration!

If I hadn't been in such awe of the waiter — and who doesn't stand in awe of a railway dining car waiter? — I'd have demanded my money back, walked out, and gone hungry!

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1893)

Dr. J. H. Fouts has removed his shingle from Glenville to Robbinsville, N. C.

Miss Margie Hood returned home Monday from a month's visit with her aunt, Mrs. R. J. Roane, at Bushnell.

Mrs. Mell Penland had a mare mule weighed last Saturday, and she tipped the beam at 940 pounds, and she is a little under three years of age.

25 YEARS AGO (1933)

Ten federal camps to house approximately 1100 men in the unemployed relief army are to be constructed in the Nantahala National Forest, it was announced today by John B. Byrne, forest supervisor.

The Franklin Library will be reopened Saturday, with Mrs. J. A. Ordway in charge.

The dilapidated "lazy benches" on the public square have been replaced by elegant park seats.

10 YEARS AGO

The Western Auto Associate Store here this week was sold by Mrs. Grace O'Mohundro to Verlon Swafford.