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THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1958

## Wrong Emphasis?

That's a novel viewpoint set forth by a plain-speaking mother, in the article at the bottom of this page.

We suspect it doesn't cover the whole truth about teen-agers and their leisure; it's our guess that recreational facilities for youth are important in today's world.

This mother, though, raises a question that goes to the heart of the problem. Without actually putting it into words, she wants to know if we haven't put the emphasis in the wrong place; if we haven't tried to substitute mere physical facilities for inner resources—for the eagerness, the inventiveness, the initiative that are characteristic of all healthy youth.

## Over-rated

The Census Bureau has come up with predictions that the 1960 census will show that North Carolina and 13 other states have failed to grow as fast as the nation as a whole.

The predicted result: North Carolina and the other 13 slow-growing states will lose seats in Congress. It will be the first time in an even 100 years this state has lost a Congress seat.

And so we are being told—and undoubtedly will continue to be told, day in and day out—that our already breathless search for new industry must become yet more breathless; that more and more industry is the one and only cure.

Well, maybe . . .

But there are some sidelights on the situation that make us wonder.

The first is that North Carolina, in recent years, has been emphasizing industrialization as never before; just before the Census Bureau made its predictions, in fact, the N. C. Department of Conservation and Development had announced this state is getting new industries at a faster rate than ever before. But for all our pains, we are losing in the population race!

The second thing that makes us wonder is: Why, if industrialization is the road to population growth, is it that New York and Pennsylvania are the heaviest losers; each of them is expected to lose three seats in Congress. Yet New York and Pennsylvania are among the most highly industrialized states in the Union, and long have been.

At least a part of the explanation, in the cases of New York and Pennsylvania, undoubtedly is that population is fleeing the over-industrialization of those states like a plague.

Finally, how account for the fact that California and Florida, neither primarily an industrial state, will be the biggest gainers in seats in Congress?

The truth probably is that industry is only one of the many factors in determining population growth; that it may, indeed, be a minor factor.

In the case of North Carolina and five other Southern states that are in danger of losing one Congress seat each, a much sounder explanation probably is the mass migration of Negroes—a phenomenon that has most of its roots in things wholly unrelated to industry.

## Bouquets

Often it's the little things that count; especially in making those important first impressions. An illustration was a traffic sign at West Main Street and Harrison Avenue that sat at a drunken angle for weeks. It was a good day's work (though it probably took much less than a day) when the Highway Commission put it straight.

It's always noteworthy when any local group

## "And I Say It's Spinach And I Say T'Heck With It!"



goes to the semi-finals in a state-wide contest. And so there was nothing little about that the accomplishment of Franklin's Little Leaguers. It's not enough to give a pat on the back to the boys; they had some help. From parents, the public, and many others. Notable were team manager Grady Corbin and the unsung heroes of this year's adult work, Dan Angel and Mrs. Carl P. Cabe.

With the sixth annual Macon County Folk Festival history, it's worth noting that that institution continues to grow in popularity. Because it at once provides entertainment for visitors and home folks alike, offers the opportunity for participation to scores, and is thoroughly indigenous to this area, it's a Macon County "natural". Another "natural" for this county is the ruby mining that brings thousands here annually. It has the triple advantage of being something different, of providing the visitor with something to do, and of being enough of a gamble to make it exciting. Both are largely the brain children of J. P. Brady.

## Letters

### Macon Memories

Dear Mr. Jones:

Your "Strictly Personal" of July 24, a tribute to mountain folks, made pleasant memories come to my mind. May I tell you about them?

Years ago, it was a Sunday morning with a light snow on the ground, I visited the homes of several neighbors. In every home I entered on Walnut Creek, a grown person was reading the Bible.

Another incident in Gold Mine Community: It was a week day; I was walking through the community, stopping at homes, as a PMA committeeman. In one home I entered, the housewife had finished her work and was sitting reading the Bible. Later that morning, I entered another neat home; the housekeeper was reading the Bible.

Two incidents in the Elljay community: As I passed a home, a teen-age boy showed the box he was carefully making to keep the Bible in; when I entered another home, lighted by a kerosene lamp, a daughter was reading the Bible to her aged father and mother.

About two years ago I had the privilege of visiting the eighth grade of Cullasaja School. I asked: What did they wish to do after finishing school? Not one answered, "make money"; no, they almost all wanted to live a life of service to mankind. Believe me, I felt America was safe with young people with such high ideals!

These have been such pleasant memories; I wanted to share them.

Yours for a truly Christian America,

MRS. FAY MASHBURN

### NOVEL APPROACH

## Mother Tells Off Teen-Agers Who Cry 'There's Nothing To Do'

By Myers News-Press

It has become an accepted doctrine that the community must take the responsibility of providing places to go and things to do for teen-agers, lest they otherwise turn into juvenile delinquents, and many communities, including this one have provided planned recreation programs and facilities for this purpose.

But there is another side of the coin. A mother in Seattle, Wash., recently wrote a letter to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer about it, and her ideas, while full of common sense, were so novel in this day and age that they are attracting wide attention. Here is the letter she wrote to the paper: "Always we hear the plaintive cry of the teen-agers, 'What can we do, where can we go?' I can make some suggestions: Go home. "Hang the storm windows, paint the woodwork, rake the leaves, mow the lawn, sweep the walk, wash the car, learn to cook, scrub some floors, repair the sink, build a boat, get a job. Help the minister, the Red Cross, the Salvation Army. Visit the sick, assist the poor, study your lessons. And when you are through and not too tired, read a book.

"Your parents do not owe you entertainment. Your village does not owe you recreational facilities.

The world does not owe you a living. You owe the world something. You owe it your time and energy and your talents so that no one will be at war or in poverty, or sick or lonely again. In plain words, grow up. Quit being a cry-baby, get out of your dream world, develop a backbone, not a wishbone, and start acting like a man or a woman.

"I'm a parent. I'm tired of nursing, protesting, helping, appealing, begging, excusing, tolerating, denying myself needed comfort for your every whim and fancy, just because your selfish ego, instead of common sense, dominates your thinking and requests."

## Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

We in the South often are kidded by non-Southern friends about never having "rejoined the Union". Such a secessionist attitude, I was interested to learn, on last month's trip to the Midwest, isn't confined to the South.

In Illinois, though, it is given a little different twist. There, they'd like to push Cook County (Chicago) out of the Union. Illinoisians, I found, constantly refer to "Illinois — and Cook County".

Whether it's mere resentment at the big city's domination, or distaste for Chicago's unhappy tradition of gang wars, crooked politics, and the type of isolationism represented by the Chicago Tribune, I was unable to learn. But they are careful to make a distinction between Illinois and Cook County — and they aren't always joking when they do it.

At the newspaper conference I attended, there was, of course, the usual debate on segregation-integration. What interested me this year, though, was a note, among non-Southerners, of honest inquiry I hadn't heard quite so distinctly before. Two illustrations come to mind.

The editor of an Illinois weekly, a Republican of Quaker ancestry, whose relatives fought in the Union army, while he and I were chatting one day, brought up the race situation. What he said was substantially this: "It's high time we got away from thinking of the race problem as a purely Southern matter. If and when we in the North and West start looking honestly at our own attitudes and practices, we'll become a bit more charitable toward the South and its customs; and some charity is badly needed.

If there is to be any understanding. "To cinch his point, he named two towns in Illinois that won't permit a Negro to remain past sunset.

The second case was an Ohio couple who invited the only two Southerners at the meeting to their cabin one evening, with this explanation:

"We know the Northern viewpoint; we don't know the Southern. We'd like to get it. Won't you come talk to us."

And when we got there, they were sympathetic, open-minded listeners.

Word of the discussion had got around, however, and virtually everybody attending the conference was there. The result was the Louisiana chap and I had little chance to say anything; before we'd get even halfway through a sentence, two or three voices would interrupt with challenging questions. The usual one was: "Do you believe in human brotherhood?" A close second was: "I suppose you think the Negro isn't a human being?"

The discussion, of course, quickly deteriorated into a mere debate, that provided nobody with either information or understanding. And as I left, long past midnight, I found myself wondering why it is that almost nobody, North, South, East, or West, can discuss this subject without raising their voices? why what should be an intelligent discussion becomes a bedlam of shouts?

I've often commented on the kindness, the courtesy, the thoughtfulness of others, to be found among Macon County people.

Well, of course, I've always known there are good people everywhere, and that no community or group has a monopoly on any particular virtue (though I think some groups have certain virtues to a greater degree than others).

I've known there are kindness and consideration elsewhere, but I had a couple of striking illustrations of it on my trip.

I was to fly from Knoxville to Illinois, and if the bus that took me to Knoxville from Asheville wasn't on time, there was a question of whether I could get out to the airport in time to catch my plane. And because I'd already bought the plane ticket, I had to catch that plane.

Well, it was a Sunday, and the route was through the Smoky Park. Traffic was bumper to bumper, so we gradually lost time.

I told the driver my predicament, and he said "I'll do the best I can," but we got farther and farther behind schedule. Finally, as we pulled out of Galburg, an old lady who had got on there said: "Driver, I'll bet you didn't put my baggage on."

"I did if you checked it", he answered.

"O, I didn't check it; but I put it right there where you could see it . . . I'll just have to ask you to go back for it." And back we went . . . as I wriggled in my seat, getting tenser and tenser.

My seat companion overheard my conversation with the driver, and somehow the word spread, until apparently everybody on the bus knew my problem, and seemed as anxious as I that I make it in time.

Just as I had given up hope, and was bitterly wondering if I could get any of my \$60 plane fare refunded, the driver stopped at Sevierville, and quickly instructed the manager of the bus station there to telephone Knoxville and have a taxi meet the bus at the edge of the city, thus avoiding the necessity of bucking the city traffic to the bus station, and then hack out again.

I don't even know that driver's name; and you don't give a money tip to bus drivers. But here's a tip of the hat to the man who drove the early morning Trailways bus from Asheville to Knoxville July 13. He's a courteous gentleman.

The fellow I did give a money tip to was the taxi driver. He was one of the best drivers I ever saw, and one of the fastest; we made the 13 miles to the airport, as I recall, in a little less than 12 minutes! Generally speaking, I don't believe in tips, but that fellow earned one.

Giving the situation its final ironic, anticlimactic twist, when I got to the airport, barely on time, I learned my plane was 20 minutes late!

Later, going by rail from Illinois over to Missouri, I was nearing my destination, in another half hour, I'd leave the train, my watch showed.

Just then, a porter asked if I had lost a pin. I said, no, I didn't think so.

"But isn't this yours?" and he held out a lapel pin that is irreplaceable and that has great sentimental value to me.

The round screw-on thing under the lapel that held it in place had come off. I could have lost it in my seat, in walking through the car, on a platform as I went through a number of cars to the diner, or almost anywhere else. But the place it had dropped was where I sat in the diner; and the waiter was able to accurately describe me to the porter, because the former remembered my thick-lensed glasses.

Again, surely a tip was in order. But when I tendered it, I got the surprise of my life:

"O, no; I brought you the pin just for accommodation," said the porter, and I had to insist before he would accept a gratuity. I'd like to know that black man better. I think he's a friend. I suspect he, also, is a courteous gentleman.

### EDITOR 'GOES TO SCHOOL'

## The Specialist Has His Place, But . . .

We need specialists in the United States. They have served a highly useful purpose, and no doubt will continue to do so.

I think, though, we have been inclined to exaggerate their wisdom — a public exaggeration they haven't exactly put the brakes on.

While there are notable exceptions, specialists incline to be narrow; often they are dogmatic; and sometimes they are downright dishonest.

I suspect a growing number of Americans are coming to size up the specialist for what he is — an important cog in the machine, but just a cog; not the directing intelligence that makes the machine run.

That growing realization has tended to put the specialist on the defensive; and that, in turn,

has tended to make him less than honest — for nobody is so inclined to be dishonest as the man who is defending his position. He exaggerates things in his favor, ignores things that weaken his position.

I was reminded of these things at that newspaper conference I attended in Illinois last month. Specialist after specialist who talked to our group — pleasant.

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### UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

Shucks! life ain't long enough for the younguns to do all the wrong things we lay awake at night bein' afraid they may do.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1893)

A railroad meeting was held in Bryson City last Monday was a week to consider the matter of building a railroad from that town to Franklin. The following committee has been selected from among our citizens to meet with a Bryson City committee here tonight: J. A. Deal, W. A. Curtis, F. S. Johnston, C. C. Daniels, J. F. Ray, A. P. Munday, J. S. Sloan, J. C. Wright, R. L. Porter, E. H. Franks, and E. K. Cunningham.

Mrs. Zeb Baird and small daughter returned home Friday afternoon, after a two weeks' visit to friends in Asheville and Buncombe.

Mrs. Laura Robertson assisted Mr. Wiley Rogers in the post office a part of the time Mr. Frank Smith was absent sick.

25 YEARS AGO (1933)

Thirty-two merchants and businessmen of Franklin and vicinity have joined President Roosevelt's reemployment campaign and signed pledges to abide by fair practice codes approved by the National Recovery Administration (NRA).

The Nantahala Power and Light Company, which recently took over Franklin's municipal hydro-electric system, has begun to replace old poles and wires.

10 YEARS AGO

Members of the Siler family held their annual reunion here last Thursday, with 97 present.

J. H. Stockton last week was elected for his fifth consecutive term as moderator of the Macon Baptist Association.