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and

The Highlands Maconian

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1958

Achievement

The good food, the good feeling, the good sportsmanship in competition — these, alone, make it an enviable privilege to be a guest at an "Achievement Day" program of Macon Home Demonstration Club women.

Beyond that, there is achievement.

Progress, anywhere, is best seen by contrast. The best way to realize how this community has grown is to go away a while, and then come back again. And the best way to appreciate what these farm women have achieved is to contrast last week's program with those of a decade ago.

Progress may be seen in a dozen ways—the score sheets, the demonstrations, the very dresses the women wear. Most remarkable, though, is something less tangible. The old kindness and gentleness so characteristic of Macon women are still there. But they have replaced the shyness and even awkwardness some of them once felt with a quiet poise and a graciousness that would do credit to any group of women anywhere.

Another Angle

Under the state's new compulsory automobile liability insurance law, every vehicle on the road must be insured; and the careless drivers are forcing the insurance rates up. That hits you and me.

But there's another angle to the situation. The state may be hit, too.

To illustrate: This year there was a drop of more than 2 per cent in the number of automobile and truck license tags sold in Macon County. That is, one automobile owner out of every 50 stored his car, presumably because he would not or could not pay for liability insurance. Now the insurance rate has gone up, and unless carelessness on the road is curbed, it will continue to go up.

Will that mean more and more cars stored? If it does, the state stands to lose not only the revenue from the sale of license tags for those cars, but the far larger revenue from the tax on gas those cars won't use.

Ain't Progress Grand!

Scientists in California have come up with a new garden spray, says a news story.

It's not for bugs or beetles or blight, it's for smog. And smog, in case you didn't know, is "ozone and oxidized hydro-carbons"; that is, air, mist, smoke, and poison carbons.

California's truck crops used to be worth 5 million dollars a year. Then smog came along and ruined their market value. For smog burns and bronzes the leaves of truck vegetables.

But, now, thanks to science, California truck farmers have a remedy. They spray their vegetables with Ozoban; that "ascorbic acid anti-oxidant" is absorbed by the plants' cells; and lo! they are green again.

Ain't progress grand! First it creates smog. Then it finds a way to keep the smog from destroying the plant life that was doing fine before we had the progress.

P. S. Story didn't mention a spray for human lungs.

Lots of complaints have been made about the condition of our Macon County courthouse. But it remained for a former resident, who had business at the courthouse while here on a recent visit, to put it in a brand new way: "It's an offense in the nostrils of civilization!" ... That's right; he meant it stinks.

"Whatdaya Mean, 'Out'? That's Only Three Strikes"



Exploiters Of Compassion

(Christian Science Monitor)

A long, low, chromiumed car drove well past the house and stopped. It dropped a young man on crutches who swung himself back along the road, up the path, and to the door.

"Good morning!" he said. "And how are you this fine morning? May I step inside and explain an interesting plan to you?"

The householder, long and sadly experienced, replied pleasantly, but asked, "First, won't you tell me what you are selling?"

"Nothing," replied the young man. "I am a handicapped veteran, and I want to tell you how to help me get votes to start me up in a business for which I am well qualified."

Half hating himself, the householder said "no" with all the kindness and firmness he could muster. And the next morning he read how federal agents had arrested a ring for exploiting handicapped veterans in a fraudulent subscription "racket."

These exploiters were not connected with any of the well-established veterans' organizations. The incident is related only to dramatize one way the unscrupulous heartlessly play upon a natural public sympathy. For a long time after every war these vultures soar above the disabled veterans in particular.

But some money-raising methods of even the most respectable veterans' organizations have raised questions. And it is well that Congress has been looking into them. The investigating committee is urging a law which will require: that at least half of any money raised by the device of selling "un-ordered merchandise" shall go to the stated charitable purpose; that no groups using such a device shall sell "sucker lists" of those responding; and that all veterans' organizations shall amend their charters to place all public contributions in trust funds and make annual financial reports to Congress.

For the sake of self-respecting veterans and the always compassionate but often gullible public, Congress should do no less.

It Wasn't The Amount Of Money

(Morganton News-Herald)

Alabama's Governor James E. Folsom was wise in commuting to life imprisonment the death sentence of an illiterate Negro handyman convicted of a \$1.95 robbery.

Justice, like almost everything else, is a relative term, but it seems to be best served by saving 55-year old Jimmy Wilson from the electric chair.

This is the case which brought protests from throughout

the world when Wilson was sentenced to die. So great was the flow of protests from other nations that Secretary of State John Foster Dulles transmitted them to Governor Folsom.

They did not, we hope, have anything to do with the Governor's decision. There was far more to the case than a simple \$1.95 robbery.

The convicted man forced his way into the living quarters of a woman whom he attempted to assault during a robbery. This is one of the more heinous crimes in society's catalogue. North Carolina makes first degree burglary—the invasion of an occupied home for the purpose of robbery—a capital crime.

The fact that Jimmy Wilson got less than \$2 is incidental, and the fact that it did not result in murder was a fortunate happenstance. That the Negro did not get a much larger sum is because it wasn't there.

Other countries, victimized by propaganda into believing that a man's life was to be taken solely because he stole \$1.95, failed to understand that he was convicted of committing one of the most serious crimes in the statutes.

Society, through its laws, must protect as sacred the occupants of homes and especially women who are alone. Such robberies must carry severe punishment by the very nature of the offense. But in the Alabama case, the intelligence and nature of the man seemed to make him entitled to something less than the electric chair.

But to make it appear that he was simply a petty offender is nothing less than tommyrot.

Letters

Thanks From Flyers

We, the Florida Air Pilots Association, hereby extend our thanks and gratitude to the citizens of Franklin, North Carolina, for the kindness and hospitality we enjoyed during the "First Pilots Ruby Rendezvous" and look forward to a return trip to your beautiful country and your unsurpassed hospitality.

We hesitate to name any one person, there were so many who contributed to the success of our fly-in, we would be sure to miss some who surely deserves credit. With this in mind, we say thanks to each and every one of you.

I might add that it makes me proud to call Franklin my second home town.

With warmest personal regards,

V. H. BURT,
Cruise Director,
Florida Air Pilots Assn.

Miami, Fla.

STRICTLY PERSONAL By WEIMAR JONES

W. A. Curtis, long-time editor of this newspaper, was a man of keen discernment, as readers of the 65-years-ago items in The Press must have observed.

Back in 1893, for example, when a Macon man left here to seek his fortune in another town, Mr. Curtis duly reported the departure, and then commented:

"We wish him contentment and prosperity in his new situation—but look for his return to Macon ere long."

That remark recalled the old story about the Maconian who got in trouble with the law; was haled into court, tried, and convicted; and, when the time came for imposition of sentence, was given an option by the judge: Go to jail or leave the state.

He left the state.

But in a matter of weeks, he was back home, and put in his appearance at the sheriff's office. The soft-hearted sheriff reproached him:

"What are you doing back here? You know I have no choice but to put you in jail and make you serve your term. If you'd just stayed away two years, like the judge told you, you could have come back and been a free man."

"I know," was the prompt reply. "I had all that figured out before I came back. But I decided I'd rather be in jail in Macon County than free somewhere else."

Those illustrations of the pull Macon County has on its sons and daughters were brought to mind by a letter I received the other day from a young woman in a distant state.

Normally, we never publish a letter in The Press unless the

writer is willing for his name to appear with the communication. This one, though, is too apropos to pass up.

"You can drop a hint to the young people in Franklin," the letter read, "that if they have any sense, they'll stay in Franklin, instead of running off to the big cities as soon as they get out of school."

"Please don't mention my name if you put any of this in The Press, because I don't want certain people to know that I'd give anything to be back there now. I said I'd be glad when I could get away from Franklin for good, and they said: 'You'll come back as soon as you can, if you leave.' I denied it strongly then, but now I plan to go back as soon as I can—by next summer, I hope!"

Franklin needs recreational facilities, she points out, commenting: "If Franklin had a bowling alley, skating rink, and a place for dances, Clayton and Sylvia wouldn't get all the teen-agers' money."

Then she gives her reaction to life in the city:

"You can't make any racket 'cause you're afraid you'll disturb the neighbors; can't turn the TV or radio up, for fear you'll wake the man downstairs or across the hall, who works at night—and will come complaining; can't wash because someone's got all the clothes lines full. And every time you cook a meal, it's open cans that come from the grocery store."

"People in Franklin can live just as well on a small income as people here do on a big one, because of the big difference in the cost of rent, groceries, clothes, and everything else. My husband makes \$248 a month, and we barely get by. If Dad made that much at home, he'd probably be able to put \$70 of it in the bank."

"Gosh! people who live in the country don't know how lucky they are — especially those who live in or near Franklin."

That's the experience of one young person who could hardly wait to get away from Macon County.

Yet next spring, when there's another big crop of Macon graduates from high school and col-

lege, most of them will go else-where to seek their fortunes.

A few of those who leave will do so because they must, if they want work in their lines. But most will leave because they want to leave. They'll be kidding themselves when they say "there's nothing to do in Franklin; they don't know, because they haven't bothered to look."

What's the reason for this attitude? There are, of course, many reasons; but here are two important ones:

First, both at home and at school, we are giving our young people false standards.

Second, we have neglected to teach them that opportunity is everywhere; that when a person fails to find it where he is, the trouble is likely to be within himself.

The proof of that is the number of persons from elsewhere who have come to Franklin, and found and exploited the opportunities that were here all the time, but that we who live here overlook. To cite just three of many illustrations:

Mayor W. C. Burrell came to Franklin with nothing — and seems to have done fairly well.

And Donald C. Smith and E. S. Purdom, starting very small, in a few years have built businesses that are nationally known.

UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

They's just one thing worse'n a frown — a smile that ain't meant.

Some of these old folks act mighty young. Well, that ain't no cause for surprise — that's why they lived to be old.

Some o' them that come a-visitin' must think a welcome is like an all-day sucker ... just lasts and lasts.

'Cause he answered that hard question them two women asked him, Solomon is called wise. Shucks! women's questions ain't no test. What we'd like to know is how he'd answer some of the questions the kids ask.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1893)

J. P. Angel and son Green went to Hayesville Sunday to be at court with a load of saddles and harness of their own manufacture.

The Greensboro Normal and Industrial School (now Woman's College—Editor) for young women has opened with about 350 students.

We regret to note that Mr. Wm. Guess has been very sick for several days. He joined the Episcopal Church last week. We hope he may soon recover.

25 YEARS AGO

(1933)

The second annual community fair of the Cartoogechaye section will be held at the Slagle school October 20.

The Bank of Franklin has been authorized to make a ten per cent payment, or dividend, on deposits "frozen" since the institution closed during the banking panic which spread over Western North Carolina in the fall of 1930.

10 YEARS AGO

The first successful television demonstration in Macon County was conducted last week end at "High Haven". Wayah Bald camp of Gilmer A. Jones. The demonstration was sponsored by T. T. Freck, of Freck Radio and Supply Company, Asheville, and Frank Martin, of Martin Electric Company, Franklin. Good pictures were received from the WSB television station in Atlanta, an estimated 118 airline-miles away.

Science For You

By BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: Make dancing moth balls.
NEEDED: Moth balls, baking soda, vinegar, and a tall glass of water.

DO THIS: Mix soda with the water, dissolving it until the moth balls will sink very slowly in the solution. Pour in some vinegar, and stir slightly. The moth balls will rise to the surface, and go down again, keeping this up-and-down dancing motion for a long time.

HERE'S WHY: The acid vinegar and the alkaline soda water combine and release a gas, carbon dioxide. The gas forms bubbles on the moth balls, making them lighter than the solution. They rise to the top, some of their bubbles are lost, and they sink again until covered with more bubbles.
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FIGURES SAY 'YES'

Are Women, Who Now Outlive Men, Also Inheriting The Earth?

Walter Spearman

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is from a speech, delivered by Mr. Spearman, University of North Carolina Journalism professor, at Chautauqua, N. Y.)

Women are inheriting the earth!

In the first place, women are outliving men—by some six years. They live to be 73. We men can only expect to reach 67. That, in turn, means that women are outnumbering us. Back in 1930 men outnumbered women in the U. S. by a million and a half. Today there are a million and a half more women. There are seven million widows, so we can't even absorb all these extra women by marrying them.

When did this rather terrifying trend begin? Back around 1900 the American woman out-lived the American male by only two years and ten months, but she pulled steadily ahead until now she has the six-year advantage. If this keeps up long enough, we males won't even live long enough to get married.

Five times as many men as women die of stomach and intestinal ulcers, attributable, at least in part, to excessive tension. (After all, why should women die of ulcers—they are married to men.)

Three times as many men as women commit suicide every year

—but, it might be added, more women try to kill themselves—but skillfully avoid it. They seem to know just how many sleeping pills they can safely take or just how long to leave the gas turned on.

Heart diseases kill 100,000 more men than women every year—perhaps because we foolish men keep breaking our hearts over some woman.

Deaths from cancer are five per cent higher for men than women; and the cancer rate for women is falling.

Medical authorities usually give two reasons for woman's greater hardihood. In the first place, woman is biologically stronger because Nature has fitted her for the bearing of children and maintaining the race. In the second place, woman is psychologically better able to cope with the pressures of our competitive society in this age of anxiety. We men bottle up our worries and try to pose as strong and unafraid males who can cope with any situation — from catching a mouse to launching a Sputnik. Woman pours out her worries in tears, tempers, letters to the editor — or in long drawn-out telephone conversations with her dearest friend.

Women are moving steadily into the business world and frequently leaving husband at home to operate the vacuum cleaner, the washing machine and the outdoor oven

on the Great American patio, where men are rapidly becoming "The new servant class." "You are so good with machinery," she tells the unsuspecting male. Now "togetherness" is a fine concept, but it doesn't necessarily mean togetherness over the cookstove and dishwasher.

Back in 1890 less than a fifth of American women were in the labor force. Today over a third are at work outside the home. Three out of every ten married women are working — and two out of every five mothers whose youngest child is of school age.

A research team from the University of Michigan discovered that four out of ten husbands in the average American home get their own breakfasts and help with the dishes after supper, but only one out of seven helps dust or clean the house.

But the revolution in the home is minor compared to the revolution in the field of politics. American males have not yet realized that women can take over politics — any day they want to. For the first time in 1956 women voters were actually in the majority. The Census Bureau estimated there were roughly 4½ million more women than men of voting age.

Will women assume the political power they can assume? Will major political decisions no longer be made in barrooms, hotel rooms

with drawn shades, or around the stove in the country store — but in beauty parlors beneath the hair dryers, around the afternoon bridge tables or at the PTA? In 1960 will the women decide to put in as President Eleanor Roosevelt or Senator Margaret Chase Smith or Marilyn Monroe?

They decide what we eat and how much. And if they suddenly go on a diet, we find ourselves eating cottage cheese, lettuce and brown bread.

Men may read a book from the "Literary Guild," but it's the woman who sends in the family subscription. Who do you suppose put "Peyton Place" and "By Love Possessed" at the top of the best seller lists?

Men may talk about educational policies but it's the woman who teaches school and runs the PTA. Mr. Gallup and Mr. Roper may run the public opinion polls, but it's women like Mrs. Gallup and Mrs. Roper who set the public office, but it's the League of Women Voters that prods out the voters on election day.

Women are indeed inheriting the earth — but what are they going to do with this earth they are inheriting so rapidly? Eve had only one small garden, but, with the help of a serpent, she changed the world of her day. Now women have the whole earth to work with.