

## 1954, 1958, and 1959

Five years ago this week, today's Do You Remember? feature recalls, Gneiss became the 19th Macon County neighborhood participating in the Rural Community Development Program.

Last year, we did not quite half as well, the total being just 9. What's happened?

This year, let's be content not with 9, and not with 19 even. Let's make it 100 per cent. It can be done!

## Sensible Suggestion

The most sensible suggestion we've seen about the much-discussed appointment of trustees of the University of North Carolina comes from Louis Graves, writing in the Chapel Hill Weekly.

Traditionally, a board of 100 trustees is appointed every two years by the Legislature; and Mr. Graves agrees with the argument that that method is good, because it is democratic and tends to distribute the trustee representation over the state.

The trouble is that legislators, being quite human, are inclined to use this appointive power to repay political or personal debts. Thus it not only follows that a good many people are put on the board who have no qualifications for the job, but often so many of the 100 are appointed as a favor that, each legislative session, some of the best members of the board—men and women who have studied and worked at the job for years—are left off. Some of these omissions are so outrageous as to be almost scandalous.

Mr. Graves suggests this remedy: Leave the present plan as it is, but add an amendment to the law that would permit the Governor, in his discretion, to appoint six or eight additional members from among persons who have served the previous term but were not re-named by the Legislature.

That plan is so simple, and would seem to be so effective, the wonder is it wasn't hit upon long ago.

## Commentary

A fellow was trying to get out of a parking place and on his way. He was parked on the west side of the Square, his car headed toward "Dixie Hall".

The traffic, coming south out of Iotla Street and around the courthouse and into Main, was heavy. At last, though, he got backed out of the parking place.

But he couldn't seem to get into the stream of traffic, because each time he started to pull over, a motorist, coming out of Iotla Street, would see what the fellow had in mind and quickly speed up.

The time was just after noon Sunday. The traffic was homeward-bound cars carrying persons who had been to church.

## New Light On Davis

Most men, the famous as well as the obscure, are combinations of heroism and cowardice, goodness and evil, wisdom and folly; that is, they are human.

Yet while you and I recognize that that is true of our neighbors, we are inclined to forget that it is equally true of great public figures. These latter we usually pigeon-hole as heroes or villains, saints or devils.

Four American notables of the Civil War period illustrate that. For aren't Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee usually thought of as almost god-like? and, on the other hand, don't many people consider General William T. Sherman and Jefferson Davis as little better than scoundrels?

Something came to light the other day about the last of those four—Davis—that, while it has no relation to his virtue, does reveal the President of the Confederacy as a man of remarkable foresight and good sense.

Today, nearly a century after the Civil War, it is generally agreed that one of the chief things that doomed the South to defeat was lack of arms manufactories.

Well, a chronology of events preceding the war of the 60's, just published by the National Civil War Centennial Commission, recalls how Davis, then a U. S. Senator, saw that need before war came. A hundred years ago last November, he predicted secession and war, and urged the South to



build cannon foundries and small arms factories—advice that went unheeded.

And that prediction and that advice came more than two and a half years before the outbreak of war!

## We're Ag'in It

The latest development in plant nourishment, says a report, is molybdenum. It's something that is fed to seed before they're even planted—with alleged vastly increased yields.

That's a dangerous, a frightening, a wicked perversion.

Because if they can do that, look what's likely to happen to humans. Why, the next thing you know, our wives will be giving us food that's been pre-chewed, pre-digested, pre-tasted even; maybe a single pill for the day's nourishment. Or, if the idea is taken to its logical conclusion, we'll be given a pill or a shot, as babies, capable of sustaining us through life. Thus eating would become both unnecessary and obsolete.

Imagine life without cornbread and turnip greens, without hotdogs, without ice cream and chocolate cake. Just imagine it!

Yes, sir, we're ag'in this whole idea.

## Fallacy

(Jack Herbert in Wall Street Journal)

The saying that "No two people in the world think alike," is proved a fallacy when you look at wedding presents.

## Some Are Home Less

(U. S. Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla.)

All men are not homeless but some are home less than others.

## Net And Gross

(Frederick, Colo., Farmer & Miner)

More and more these days we find ourselves pondering how to reconcile our net income with our gross habits.

## Preventing War

(Christian Science Monitor)

We should prefer to see war prevented by positive peace-making which removes the misunderstanding, hatred, fear, and greed which make for conflict. But at the present stage of human thinking it seems necessary to seek prevention by making attack unprofitable—even surprise attack.

## How To Be Popular

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

An article in the Sunday Denver Post pointed out that Americans are perhaps the most unpopular people in Europe these days. An editorial in the same issue of the Post provided

70,000 MADE YEARLY

## For Warmth Or Decoration, Traditional Potbellied Stove Remains Popular

New York Times

There are seasonal reminders on store shelves that the potbellied stove of yesteryear still is with us. Aside from the variety of miniatures available for gifts, the old-fashioned stove has taken on added meaning as the weather continues cold. For even in this day of radiant heating and thermostats, the friendly old stove with claw-footed legs is still being manufactured and used in communities the world over.

Statistically, it is perhaps startling to learn that foundries in Maryland, Virginia, Georgia and Alabama still produce potbellied stoves for home and commercial use. An industry spokesman recently revealed that 50,000 to 75,000 are manufactured and sold annually in the United States. The owner of a hardware store in Washington, D. C., said

that he had sold about a hundred of the stoves each year for the last ten years. By way of explanation, the manufacturers and retailers point out that potbellied stoves have become principal items in interior decorating as plant holders or quaint conversational pieces. However, there are many instances where the stoves are being used today for their original purpose — to burn coal for warmth — in work shops, country stores, and hunting and fishing lodges. At their peak in the nineteenth century, the potbellied stoves were used in offices, stores, schools, and railroad stations.

The development of the stove has been attributed by historians to the need for an indoor heating unit that could burn coal without difficulty. Early stoves traced

some salve: "Popularity is not so important as most Americans think." (But the editorial went on to list things we could do to increase our popularity.)

Actually, popularity IS important, to people everywhere. In fact, in a democratic system, popularity is a must. And if we wish to be leaders in a democratic world, our popularity among other nations is essential.

In a recent TV show, a rich man became acquainted with his neighbors by visiting them in an old, beat-up pickup. He explained that people like you better if you drive a car worse than their own.

This is something that Americans have been cajoled and threatened and hammered at every day, NOT to believe. Because advertising insists you must have the best and the newest and the biggest, to be popular. Deep in our hearts we all know better, but it's a big chore to learn to reason against the unending commercials being screamed periodically into our ears. Misleading commercials disgust us all, but disgust may not be a sufficient reaction to immunize us against the repetition of a false philosophy.

So, instead of shrugging off our American wealth as a respectable family would, we boast about it and flaunt it in front of the have-not nations, like a new-rich Texas oil-man. We even advertise how many TV's and cars and refrigerators we have.

Popularity IS important, and when America becomes adult enough to take her health in stride, and not put it on a pedestal, our popularity is sure to take great strides forward.

## The Meaning Of Words

(Brunswick, Ohio, Leader Post)

We assume that the meanings of words are fixed; that they said the same thing yesterday as today, and that they will continue to say the same things tomorrow.

But that is not always the case. Words . . . and very important words . . . can apparently mean one thing in one era and an entirely different thing in another.

Take, for instance, the honored old word, "liberal". For centuries, a liberal was a man who fought for the rights, the dignity, and independence of the individual against the monolithic power of the state. But now the so-called liberal is a man who seeks to place more and more power in the hands of the state, and to ever broaden its authority over the lives and fortunes of the people.

Or take the equally honored word, "federalism". Classically, as understood by this nation's founders, it meant a principle providing for a division of powers between a central government and the state governments. Neither was subordinate to the other, and the combination of the central and state governments constituted the federal government.

But nowadays federalism, as preached and practiced, simply means stripping the state governments.

It's time . . . high time . . . we stopped perverting the meaning of words and used them honestly and accurately.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK  
(1894)

The third party sentiment is very quiet in Macon County now.

We hear it rumored that an effort is being made to establish a government still in the vicinity of Franklin.

The Rabun County (Georgia) Board of Education has decided not to have any public schools taught this spring.

"Irish" Billy Moore, of Clay, was over Saturday greeting his Macon "neighbors", who are numerous.

35 YEARS AGO  
(1924)

The Macon County Farmers Federation was organized Jan. 14 when the board of directors met. Jas. A. Porter was appointed business manager.

At the annual meeting of the Macon County Building and Loan Association January 15, the stockholders elected the following directors: J. C. Wright, H. W. Cabe, Gus Leach, J. S. Conley, R. D. Sisk, S. H. Lyle, Jr., Gilmer A. Jones, Frank I. Murray, Sam L. Franks, and T. W. Angel. The new directors chose as officers: Mr. Cabe, president; Mr. Wright, vice president; Mr. Lyle, secretary-treasurer; and Mr. Jones, attorney.

15 YEARS AGO  
(1944)

Miss Mary Jo Setser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Setser, of Cartoogechaye, has assumed her duties as home service secretary of the Red Cross here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McCoy, of Gneiss, announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Shirley McCoy, to Mr. Alex Arnold Jan. 7.

5 YEARS AGO  
(1954)

Gneiss has become the 19th community participating in the Rural Community Development Program.

STRICTLY

## PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES



As I sit at the typewriter, my intellectual motor idling, there come to mind two remarks, wholly unrelated, and made by women who have never met.

The first, widowed a generation ago, likes to tell how, once when the family larder was low, she put her imagination and her inventiveness to work to prepare the best meal possible with what she had; and how she had her reward, when her husband said:

"I declare, you can fix the nicest meals, with the least to do it with!"

Such a little thing to say, and yet how very much it meant. One brief sentence, yet treasured these forty years. It is a simple illustration of a profound truth: Usually, it is not the big things that are remembered, but the little ones.

And such an easy thing to say. Yet how rarely do most of us take the trouble to say these little, easy things.

Then, with a chuckle, this old lady adds:

"After that, of course, I nearly broke my neck, trying."

What a lesson in psychology that is. For it suggests how hungry each of us is for a bit of praise; and how, given one little word of praise, we'll "nearly break our necks, trying" to measure up.

It suggests, too — to all of us, but especially to parents and teachers — that the big mistake most of us go through life making is not expecting too much

of others, but too little. The other woman, much younger, has been told she has cancer, and that her case is hopeless.

"Each new day", she says, "is a precious gift."

Of course it is! Because she has been made to realize that the number of her days now is limited to a few. And since she doesn't know the exact limit, each new day is like a reprieve from death. It could be the last. And so she must make the most of it.

How foolish you and I are not to adopt that same philosophy!

Because isn't each one of us under sentence of death? This victim of cancer knows, approximately, when: we do not. That is the only difference. And, even at the very best, our days will be far too few.

Why not, then, think of each new day as "a precious gift"?

Literally, it is just that. For once gone, it cannot be re-lived; and each day, in some measure, is different from every other. Yet there are people who would "kill time"!

Yesterday is history. Of tomorrow we know nothing.

But today is here. In this one day we may thrill to the beauty of a sunrise, or to the trust of a child's hand laid in ours, or to the joy of achievement. One brief span of twenty-four hours, a little life within itself, to be used to the fullest, to be enjoyed to the utmost, to be savored for what it is, something irreplaceable and unique.

## A Prayer For The Middle-Aged

(From The Elk-a-seltzer)

"Lord, thou knowest better than I know myself that I am growing older and will some day be old. Keep me from the fatal habit of thinking I must say something on every subject and on every occasion. Release me from craving to try to straighten out everybody's affairs. Make me thoughtful but not moody; helpful but not bossy. With my vast store of wisdom, it seems a pity not to use it all — but thou knowest, Lord, that I want a few friends at the end.

"Keep my mind free from the recital of endless details . . . give me wings to get to the point. Seal my lips on my aches and pains. They are increasing and love of rehearsing them is becoming sweeter as the years go by . . . I dare not ask for grace enough to enjoy the tales of others' pains but help me to en-

dure them with patience.

"I dare not ask for improved memory, but for a growing humility and a lessening coarseness when my memory seems to clash with the memories of others. Teach me the glorious lesson that occasionally I may be mistaken.

"Keep me reasonably sweet; I do not want to be a saint—some of them are so hard to live with—but a sour old person is one of the crowning works of the devil. Give me the ability to see good things in unexpected places and talents in unexpected people. Give me the grace to tell them so. Amen."

## TIP TO PARENTS: HEDGE YOUR BET

Advice to expectant parents: Don't set your hopes too high for a boy or for a girl. Always make a second choice.—Washington (Iowa) Journal.

PIERCE HARRIS

## Make Young Friends As Years Pass

IN ATLANTA JOURNAL

Outside of an old mule standing on a hill in the rain, the loneliest looking thing in the world is an old man eating supper in a restaurant—alone.

It shouldn't happen to a dog. Even a dog enjoys a bone more if he has another dog sitting close by gnawing at another bone. Every living thing hungers for company. When it is human hunger it can be a cruel thing.

A judge asked a young fellow why he had got himself in so much trouble by falling in with some men bent on committing a crime. The young fellow said, "Judge, I just got lonesome."

There is no need to come down the sunset slopes alone. One has a whole lifetime to gather friends around him. To have friends, one must be a friend.

I don't intend for it to happen to me. I guess the years will finally get me in the "elder statesman" class—the "elder" class, anyway, but they can't make me sit down and eat supper alone.

I am making some young friends. Your old friends will die

off and leave you. If you don't want to go down that lonesome road with your own shadow as your only company, you had better do the same.

They say, "Old friends are the best friends" and I'll go along with that, but you can make young friends and keep them so long that even while they themselves are still young, they fit into the "old friend" class.

A big city can be the loneliest place on earth. In a desert you can be lonesome but it takes a big crowded city to make one feel the icicles of loneliness hang like daggers to the eaves of the soul.

Friendships are like fences. They have to be kept in good repair or they will fall apart. A good way to have a new and better year would be to resolve to do something about ramshackle friendships.

A note to an old friend. A phone call. A knock at a familiar door. It can be done several ways but the results are always the same, a feeling of having recovered something almost lost and gone.

Science is working at putting all the calories a person needs in one small pill, I'd rather chew the food myself and swallow it like food should be chewed and swallowed. But if a person is going to neglect his friendships, pull in his shell, and become "a lonesome looking old mule on a hill"—then swallowing a pill is as good a way as any to eat supper.

Science may be able to keep a man from starving to death by the pill method, but there is no pill on earth that will feed the hungry heart.

You know why men buy parrots and keep monkeys in the house? It's because they need to hear a voice and have the feeling that some other living thing shares life with them. Eating supper with a monkey is better than being alone, and listening to a parrot is an improvement over dead silence.

Remember, though, it doesn't have to be a monkey or a parrot—you can have friends, and enjoy their fellowship around a lighted friendly table.