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NOVEMBER 20, 1953

They've Done It Again!

They've done it again!

The "they" refers, of course, to Macon County 4-H and FFA youth, and the "it" to stealing the Fat Stock show at Asheville.

For the third straight year, Macon County's contingent has brought home the grand championship, not to mention lots of blue ribbons and many other honors.

That three times in a row didn't just happen. It is the result of hard and intelligent work on the part of the boys and girls. And back of that was encouragement and direction on the part of their adult advisors. Still farther back was a lot of good home training of these youngsters, that produced the character on which this success was built.

If we've had an agricultural revolution in Macon County in the last quarter-century—and we have!—the record these young people are making indicates we may have half a dozen revolutions in the next 25 years.

And along with the improvement in farming attitudes and practices has gone a corresponding improvement in the attitude of the Macon County public toward home-grown products.

As recently as five or six years ago, most home folk thought they must have Western beef. Today not only home folk, but people far and near, have come to recognize that we have the top quality right here at home.

The proof of that statement is on file in the office of Franklin Frozen Foods. Manager Oscar Ledford has had orders for weeks, from such places as Detroit, Miami, and Cincinnati, for halves or quarters of this premium Macon beef.

Clint May

Clint May loved the Nantahala country that to him was home. And he loved the larger community that is Macon County.

He loved them and he had faith in them. He wanted for them the best. He believed the best was attainable for them. And so he set out early in life to help bring about that best.

Especially, he was determined that this generation of children should have the best possible education; to him, devotion to the public schools came next to his religion.

Not a wealthy man, he worked hard to earn a living for himself and family. Then, at the end of the normal day's work, he often started on another, laboring far into the night for community betterment—a road needed here, decent schools for all Macon County, a higher school standard, or whatever community project needed doing. And he did it all quietly, without ostentation.

It probably is true of him that he gave his life for his country, in the usual sense—that is, that he drove himself to an untimely death; he was only 39. Certainly it can truly be said of him that he gave his life for his country, in the larger sense—that is, that he gave it, day in and day out, week in and week out.

The General's Dilemma

In fairness, it should be recalled that General Eisenhower has never made a flat promise "to bring the boys home from Korea".

But the flat promise he did make, in the last week of the campaign—the promise to go to Korea—led many people to believe he could and would end the

Korean fighting. He would not go, these people must have reasoned, unless he thought it would do some good; he is a great general and a great man; he must have in mind a way to end all this.

It is possible some of the General's advisors intended that the promise should be so interpreted; it is possible, perhaps probable, that the General, who showed himself on more than one occasion to be remarkably naive in political matters, did not realize the implications.

However that may be, today he faces a terrible dilemma.

That dilemma was well stated in a recent history paper written by a Macon County college student:

For the past few days a question has been raging through my mind: Is Eisenhower going to Korea, and if so, what in the world is he going to do there?

I am not the only one wondering about this. The day after the election, I spoke to a mother of two boys in Korea. The old darky said something which I believe is in the hearts of many mothers:

"De wrong man done won, but he promised to bring my two boys home from Korea. I hope he knows what he's talking about, but I don't see nothing he nor anybody else can do by going over there."

What will the General do when he gets there?

One of the first things he will do, as any father would, is look up his son. Then what?

Try the peace talks again? Surely not. If Russia had wanted peace in Korea, she would have reached some sort of compromise with us long ago.

Train the South Korean soldiers? Maybe, but that would take far too much time. Our boys say if the South Koreans do take over on their own, it will mean loss of ground paid for by American lives. Any way, it doesn't seem fair for tiny Korea to be left to stand against all of Russia.

It is hoped that the General has something new in mind. If not, I don't see how he can do much good over there.

He will have to end the war or lose the confidence of the American people who elected him. That is a large assignment for one man. I hope for his sake, as well as for the sake of the democracy we cherish, that he will be able to stop this part of Communist aggression.

The question remains, how?

Letters

PROUD OF NEW DEAL

Editor, The Press:

We, the majority of losers in the last election—the very poor people of the country and the Negroes—still have much to be thankful for. We have been shown by two great men what sort of leaders to choose and fight for in the future.

In spite of all that has been said about the New Deal by people who hate it, we are proud of it, and of the man who gave it to us. We are also proud of the tough little scrapper who has fought with anything he could lay hands on to carry on the New Deal program, and all it stands for.

The New Deal program gave inspiration and help to the little poor man who wanted desperately to be able to make a living for himself and not be dependent on crumbs from the rich man's table. It also gave hope and encouragement to the Negro by seeking to obtain for him, his right to be a true citizen of the country he supports with his taxes, and fights and dies for.

(MISS) CORA TALLEY.

Franklin.

Others' Opinions

THE WAY IT IS

(Mutual Moments)

Actually, the so-called weaker sex is the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

BIGGEST TROUBLE

(Bill Keziah in Southport Pilot)

As we have frequently said, our greatest trouble as a newspaper man is that we frequently come into contact with people who are dumber than we are.

WITH A FERVENT "AMEN"

(Whiteville News-Reporter)

To the announcement that members of the State Highway Patrol will crack down on "excessive noise" in the operation of vehicles, we can only add a fervent "Amen".

A little more than three years ago, many people uttered a sigh of relief when the General Assembly banned the sale and explosion of firecrackers, but the populace has been greeted with a more than adequate successor in the form of gutted mufflers, cut-outs, and ear-shattering Hollywood-type noise producers.

Cpl. T. P. Hoffer, in charge of the State Highway Patrol unit in Columbus County, is giving motor vehicle operators a chance to correct their equipment without being cited to court. He has asked that note be taken of this warning. Those who ignore the opportunity to get rid of gutted mufflers and any



other faulty equipment that makes excessive noise will have no one to blame but themselves if they are ordered to court. The wise, as usual, will take heed. The careless will find the courtroom an expensive waiting place.

YOU'RE RIGHT — IT'S GETTING WARMER

(New York Times)

Largely through the publications of Dr. Hans W. Ahlmann, Swedish climatologist known the world over for his work in the Arctic regions, we have learned that the world has been getting warmer in the last half century. Spitsbergen's mean temperature was higher by ten degrees in 1950 than it was in 1900. Eskimos are catching and eating cod—a fish that they had never seen before 1920 or so. The White Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia are open to navigation three or four weeks longer than they used to be. In Iceland farmers are growing barley in soil that used to be frozen. Dr. Ahlmann's trump card has been the glaciers. They have been melting away of recent years at such a rate that the oceans are now higher by two-fifths of an inch than they were in 1900. If the icecaps at the Poles were to dwindle in a week to nothing New York's skyscrapers would be jutting out of the ocean and fish would be swimming in and out of their offices.

All this comes down to saying that we are living in the closing phase of an ice age which is 30,000 years old and that the icecap has shrunk from Virginia to Greenland and the Pole. The old-timers who complain that winters are not what they used to be are right in the main, though they make the mistake of thinking that the local conditions with which they are familiar hold good for the world.

Dr. Ahlmann, a close student of this matter, now tells us that the world temperature seems to be leveling off. Probably it will take thirty or forty years to make certain. Suppose it turns out that the temperature is now fairly steady. What of the future? It certainly does not mean thermal constancy. Whether or not the temperature will go up or down nobody can foretell. There is good reason to believe that it has been rising and falling rhythmically for thousands and perhaps for millions of years. This being so it may be that we are at the beginning of a decline and that thirty years hence we shall be boasting about the mild winters we used to have back in the Nineteen Forties and Fifties, and the street-cleaning department will groan at the vast amount of snow that it has to remove.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

It has now been nearly seven years since I came back to Franklin, where I was born and reared, to live. And after all this period of time, I still find myself surprised at how SMALL some things are.

I had been back home on visits often enough to accustom myself to the remarkable growth of the town and the amazing development of the rural areas, but usually these visits were too short for me to note how various landmarks and other things that were here when I was a child had SHRUNK during the years.

It is an experience that everybody who has come back to their home community, after an absence of years, must have had.

As a child, nothing appealed to me more than to play on the bank on the east side of the Georgia road (pardon me, Maple street), just about opposite the present home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Reece. The yellow clay was ideal for the building of railroads, complete with fills, cuts, and tunnels. It also was ideal for ruining forever the seat of a boy's pants, and I had that clay-covered seat warmed many times for playing on that bank.

But the point is that, in those days, that bank was a great, towering cliff, and today it doesn't seem high at all!

Then there was the Lyle Cut (now Lyle street). Those were vast cuts and incredible fills that the late Dr. S. H. Lyle created in order to get a street to the front of his home. Today there seems nothing extraordinary about them!

And the construction machinery he used! It was something brand new, a horse- or mule-drawn "scoop" that picked up a vast quantity of earth at one spot and dumped it at another. Actually, I am sure the amount of dirt moved was inconsequential, but those scoops were more remarkable, and seemed bigger, than the largest steam shovel of today.

There was "Summer Hill" (now the Sewell residential mysterious mountain then; and property). It was a huge and a place, incidentally, where boys of the community found themselves at daybreak at the first killing frost, to pick up gallons of chestnuts. Today it is what its name implies, a HILL.

How big the cross-ties in the railroad track seemed, and how wide apart were the rails!

And the courthouse was a mammoth building—especially at night. To a small boy going to the post office on a winter evening, the streets were dark enough, but the yawning cavern that was the courthouse door and hall was so tremendous

Continued On Page Twelve

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

I heard of an idea the other day which seems to me would bear investigation on the part of people throughout this section. There is a proposal that a highway postoffice be established between Athens, Ga. and Bryson City. This highway postoffice would connect with the highway postoffice that runs from Asheville to Murphy.

The idea has been developed far enough to where I saw a proposed schedule which would give Franklin two mail deliveries from the south each day. It seems to me that any plan which would give more rapid mail service from Atlanta and other southern cities is well worth our investigating.

Admitted that The Press had an error concerning the date for the bloodmobile, I don't think that it is sufficient excuse for our falling to obtain our quota of 100 pints. We got 72. This blood helps to save our boys' lives. It is badly needed. Other communities raise their quotas. What's wrong Macon County? Don't we want to stand behind our boys as other communities do? Are we going to count on some other community to give the blood to save our boys' lives?

Once again Franklin and Macon County boys and their beef calves walked away with all honors at the livestock show in Asheville. Maybe we had better slow up a little or they may drop us from the league as too fast competition. It is just one of the many signs of progress by the farmers of Macon County in recent years. Not only did we have the grand champion of the show, but we had also 30 blue ribbon winners out of 35 calves entered from this county. That it seems to me is the greatest honor of the show and is most indicative of the high quality beef that is found throughout Macon County.

The other day Bruce Palmer sold the Franklin Feed Mill. I hear he got a good price. I hope so because I think he deserves it for sticking with something through rough times. He started in the old Hastings building which was so rickety that you had to wear a heavy mackinaw even in the building to keep warm in the winter. Bruce used to have a hard time writing orders with gloves on. He had enough confidence however, to stay with it until he built a new modern well equipped feed mill.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
"The smallest hair throws a shadow"—across a man's appetite when he finds it in the butter.

Mr. John Leach, of Andrews, is visiting his mother and other relatives here this week.

John Angel and Frank Palmer returned from Waynesville Tuesday. Frank Curtis remained over there a few days.

25 YEARS AGO

This is a List of the Boys and Girls So Far Who Have Joined the 4-H Club: Hascle Clark, Grace McGaha, Frank Bryson, Eddis Holbrooks, Eme Lee Carter, Hazel Matlock, Lucile Morrison, Dorsey Matlock, Weaver Sheffield, Weaver Holbrooks, Claude L. Rickman, Woodrow Gibson, George Hurst, Earl Rickman, Ralph Bradley, Paul McCoy, Mary Duvall, Olen Bradley, Bonnie Parrish, Cecil Gibson, Dorman Gibson, Odell Hurst, Nelson Elmore, Mary Jo Elmore, Paul Hurst, Halle R. Dalton, Eddis Clara Painter, Harold Sheffield, J. M. Dalton, Robert Ervin Sloan, Wilfred Fisher, Cleveland Smart, Mary Cumi Teague, Horace Mann.

10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. L. B. Ramey, of Champaign, Ill., is visiting her sister, Miss Ethel Hurst, at her home on Harrison avenue.

Allen Siler left the N. C. State Highway commission as assistant division engineer a few weeks ago to accept a position with the Asheville Construction company. He was with the highway commission 20 years, since he was a boy in his teens.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Shuford, of Lincolnton, have been visiting their relatives in Macon County.