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and  
**The Highlands Maconian**

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AUGUST 13, 1953

## An Eye-Opener

To farmers and business men alike, The Press respectfully recommends the annual farm and home tour tomorrow (Friday) as an eye-opener.

The business man who hasn't really looked at farming in Macon County in the past year or two will be amazed at what he sees. He'll come back home with a new idea of the possibilities in rural Macon—and a new conception of the rural market, right here at his doorstep, that he probably has been neglecting if not actually ignoring.

The farmer, no matter how progressive and prosperous, is sure to pick up worth-while ideas from his neighbor in the next community.

The tour will leave the Agricultural Building promptly at 9:30 Friday morning.

## Makes Sense

Few of the 20th century's gadgets so affect American life today as the automobile.

Motor transportation, in fact, has become such a necessity for most people that the person who cannot drive is sorely handicapped. Furthermore, it is literally a matter of life and death whether the people who drive automobiles really know how to drive.

It is quite proper, therefore, that the Franklin High School should offer its students a course in automobile driving. It makes particularly good sense to get hold of these youngsters and teach them the right way to drive before they have to learn through error.

County Superintendent Holland McSwain is to be congratulated on his foresight and imagination in arranging for the institution of this course at the coming school session here.

## Bouquet

It sounds a lot like "carrying coals to Newcastle", but here's a bouquet for the women (and a sprinkling of men) responsible for the annual flower shows in Highlands and Franklin.

We confess to a sense of perplexity at the detailed break-down of classes. After all, it is immaterial to us whether a marigold is more or less than 31/32 of an inch in diameter, so long as it is a pretty flower. At the risk of exposing the complete ignorance of a layman, we had always supposed a beautiful flower was to be admired just for being a beautiful flower, and that there was no call to demand of flowers the conformity man is inclined to demand of man.

But all that aside, the folks who are responsible for these flower shows—and an incredible amount of work is involved—are stimulating interest in flowers. And that is eminently worth-while. There really is no reason why this region should not be a veritable flower garden, from March's jonquils through October's chrysanthemums.

## How To Write An Editorial

The method isn't recommended, but here's how a lot of editorials are written:

First, you postpone the actual start of writing just as long as possible; because any kind of writing is hard work—and don't let anybody tell you it isn't!

Finally, when you've changed the typewriter ribbon (that really didn't need changing) and sharpened all the pencils on your desk (that already were pin-point sharp) and replenished the supply of copy

paper (that was more than plentiful)—finally, when you can find no other excuse for procrastinating further, you sit down to the typewriter.

But do you start writing immediately? You do not!

Instead, you stare at the blank wall in front of you, five minutes, ten minutes, half an hour. Usually, out of the nowhere, an idea comes; furiously you start writing, to get it on paper before it escapes. But some days, ideas refuse to come, no matter how hard and long you stare.

You pick up the newspapers on the desk and leaf through them. Usually, some headline will start the old thought-tank churning; again you madly pound the typewriter keys. But some days, nothing you read strikes a spark.

You resume staring at the blank wall.

At last, in desperation, you put a piece of paper in the typewriter and begin putting down words... like the ones above.

But soon even words refuse to come. Wryly, you note that what you've written will fill only a few of the 20 inches in a newspaper column.

Usually, you stare at the wall some more...

But occasionally you are honest with yourself. On those honest days, you admit to yourself: "I haven't a darned thing to say. Why say nothing?"

And if it is an exceptionally honest day... like this one... you put on your coat, lock the front door, and go home...

## Others' Opinions

### HORSE SENSE

(Cleveland Times)

There's more than a little wisdom in the observation that there were fewer wrecks in horse and buggy days, because the driver did not depend entirely on his own intelligence.

### SOUTHERN INFLUENCE

(Jacksonville News and Views)

Southern Shriners have changed some of New York's habits at least for the duration of the big Shriner convention. Hanson's, the famous theater district drug store, carried a window sign advertising grits for breakfast.

"I had to do it", the owner explained. "Some Shriners told me they wouldn't come in here if we didn't have grits. So I told them of course we'd have some. The first thing I did was find out what grits are!"

### A POETICAL APPOINTMENT

(Thomasville Tribune)

Governor Umstead has, perhaps, received more favorable publicity from the appointment of James Larkin Pearson as North Carolina's poet laureate than from any other official designating, including that of Senator Lennon.

Reason for the reaction is easy to come by. Mr. Pearson is a poet. Simple in lyric vein, maybe, but genuine. Many laureates are not. Some, like Mr. Pearson's predecessor Dr. Arthur Talmadge Abernathy, are impressive intellectually, but not too much possessed of the singing spirit, major requirement among poets. Walt Whitman, who was a singer, would have liked the current nomination from North Carolina.

Mr. Pearson shares qualities of simplicity with another Tar Heel, John Henry Boner, a Whitman contemporary, who had the misfortune of living in a barren age where public recognition was concerned. Almost as unfortunate was the late John Charles McNeil, another Tar Heel poet with whom Pearson shares tradition of inheritance. In England to be named as poet laureate has oftentimes meant an official seal of approval. Just as often it has been the kiss of death, where productivity on the basis of merit is concerned.

North Carolinians will have no such fears for Mr. Pearson, chiefly because of his long years as a practicing newspaperman, but most of all because he has the poetic gift.

### EXONERATION OF BISHOP OXNAM

(The Biblical Recorder)

The appearance of Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam before the House Un-American Activities Committee in Washington on July 21 marked an historic event in the history of American political and religious controversy. Dr. Oxnam has been a distinguished bishop in the Methodist church for many years and has been one of the outstanding Christian leaders of the world.

Members of the congressional committee have made ridiculous charges against him, and he has been under attack for some time, apparently because he stands for justice and freedom in American life and against the conservative and reactionary forces which are set for the defense of the "status quo." Congressman Donald R. Jackson, Republican member of the committee, even accused Bishop Oxnam of "serving God on Sunday and the communist front the rest of the week."

Bishop Oxnam charged and apparently proved that this congressional committee has in its files a great deal of unreliable and false material against him, which they have not taken the trouble to verify, and which is given out to the public as if it were carefully sifted facts. The Bishop accused the committee of playing into Communists' hands, "by bearing false witness against fellow Americans."

We cannot go into details or even mention the main points involved in this 10½-hours' appearance before the congressional

## OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

### GROWING PAINS

NEVER HAS AMERICA HAD SO MANY CHILDREN OR SO MANY OLDER PEOPLE AS TODAY. SO WE ARE EXPERIENCING CERTAIN "GROWING PAINS," SUCH AS THE NEED FOR MORE SCHOOLS AND BETTER PLANNING FOR RETIREMENT, THAT WE HAVE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT.



WHAT WE ARE APT TO FORGET IS THAT THESE GROWING PAINS HOLD PROMISE FOR THE FUTURE—IN THE EXPERIENCE OF A SELF-RELIANT OLDER GENERATION, AND THE DYNAMIC DRIVE OF AN ONCOMING GENERATION—TO CARRY FORWARD IN THE WAYS OF OUR DEMOCRACY.



committee, but we would earnestly urge that all freedom-loving Americans read the testimony carefully and prayerfully, and try to form a fair and just conclusion in regard to the significance of this event.

If any individual Christian minister is found to be a communist, he should be dealt with, of course, in a fair and just way as any other American citizen, but the partisan, political forces of this country are going entirely too far in smearing the character of outstanding Christian leaders because they believe in the application of the Christian message to the whole of life, and speak out for social and economic justice, as well as for freedom of thought.

Whether we like it or not, we are facing a period in America when the political forces of this country are in danger of openly persecuting outstanding Christian leaders, and even the church itself, if we are not on our guard. All loyal Americans are anxious to beat down this kind of menace to freedom; also these loyal Americans wish to preserve against Communism and every other kind of totalitarianism the precious American principles of liberty, justice, and fair play. The day of this irresponsible, slap-dash smear in Congress or anywhere else in America should be ended.

Bishop Oxnam rendered a service not only to himself but to all loyal American democracy in his strong and vigorous testimony before this congressional committee.

There is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality.—John Bright.

## STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

I have enough of the loyalty of the mountains that the idea of a "Hillbilly Day" in Highlands, when it was first proposed a year ago, left me cold. Must we poke fun at ourselves, I asked myself, just for a few tourists' dollars?

Well, maybe I didn't understand the idea back of the "Hillbilly Day" festivities; or maybe the idea, itself, has grown.

In any case, the purpose of Highlands' "Hillbilly Day", as I now understand it, isn't to poke fun at the mountaineers, but at the queer ideas others have about us.

It's about time for that! Three typical illustrations of the gross ignorance about the mountains and the people who live in them... and of the determination of a lot of people to let nothing change their ideas on the subject... occur to me.

There was the instance, many years ago, of how a Macon County-ite, on a visit to a distant city, was received like any normal human being, until it was discovered that the visitor hailed from the mountains of Western North Carolina. That discovery made the visitor something to be exhibited. "A mountain white? I never thought I would see one!"

Then, more recently, I happened to be with a couple from Chicago on a bus tour of the Great Smokies. It was apparent that their ideas of the mountain people had been taken, without change, from the fiction of half a century ago; so another mountaineer and I de-

cided to do a bit of educating. We explained at length and in detail about the misrepresentations and exaggerations in the long-ago novels about the mountains; and then told of the changes that had taken place. We thought we had done a good job. But, just before we left the park, there came from a chimney, hidden behind the trees, a bit of smoke. "Why, that's a mountaineer's still right there!" they exclaimed in delight.

Later, I had a letter from the lady, telling me that she had accepted a number of invitations to lecture to Chicago women's clubs on "The Mountaineers of Western North Carolina". And that, mind you, after spending one day on a bus riding through the Smokies!

## News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

I recently ran across an article in the Washington Post which I think is well worth mentioning because it so completely debunks an attitude that is too often prevalent today. Many so called thinking people often including news writers and commentators like to picture our Army, Navy, Airforce and sometimes Diplomatic Corps leaders as being ruthless selfish monsters devouring youth to satisfy their own ambitions. They are not often thought of in human terms. Let's look at Korea and see whether or not the "High Brass" hasn't been called on to fill the role of the worried father who wonders how "my boy is making out out there tonight."

General Van Fleet's son, a bomber pilot, has long been listed as "missing in action" after a raid over North Korea. General Mark Clark's son, an infantry officer (although many will insist that a boy whose father had the "pull" of Mark Clark would not even have to serve in the infantry) was wounded near Heartbreak Ridge. General George Patton's son has served in some of the roughest fighting in Korea. General Eisenhower's son has served at the front. Selective Service Director General Lewis B. Hershey's son, a Marine, fought through the landing at Inchon, fought through the rugged advance to the Chosion Reservoir; finished his tour of duty, and volunteered to go again. He was severely wounded. CIA chief Allan Dulles' son and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles' nephew was wounded as a forward observer with the Marines.

When these leaders have had to order attacks they could not help but think of the cost because their boys were there too and the "killed in action" telegrams with their bluntness read no more easily to them. However, it is all the more to their credit that they have not failed in their duty nor turn soft. Even though it meant respite for his son as well as himself, General Mark Clark said that he could not feel any elation over the truce in Korea because he knew that we were leaving a job undone.

For the past 10 years a term that has become increasingly popular and more in common use in this country is Un-American. Because of the loose way it has been used its complete meaning has sometimes been obscured. This past week, however, I read a complete and detailed account of the most Un-American thing I have ever heard of. U. S. News and World Report carried a complete transcript of the interrogation (inquisition would be a better word) of Bishop Oxnam of the Methodist church by a congressional committee. It was so disgraceful and the indignities that this American citizen was subject to that I feel that we

Continued on Page Three—

## Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

**50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK**  
The thoughtless individual who scratched the initials "W. P. C." in large letters on the back of one of the pews in the Methodist church was very impolite to say the least of him.

The Rev. E. L. Bain is the first preacher Franklin has ever had who doesn't want his members to stick to their pews. He has had a quantity of paint remover purchased and applied to the pews and the sticking qualities have departed from them, and Mr. Bain's hearers will feel more comfortable and perhaps give more attention to his sermons.

**25 YEARS AGO**  
The annual invitation tournament played on Franklin Golf Club's course last week was a decided success. A number of surrounding towns and clubs were represented and quite a bit of good golf—and some not so good — was unleashed by the contestants.

It is no trouble to find boys to pick peaches, provided the peaches were skirts.

Mr. C. L. Newman, associate editor of The Progressive Farmer, and a photographer, were here Tuesday and part of the day Wednesday for the purpose of taking pictures of the home, barn, livestock, and family of Charlie Teague, Master Farmer of Macon County.