

# The Franklin Press

and

## The Highlands Maconian

Entered at Post Office, Franklin, N. C., as second class matter  
Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press  
Franklin, N. C. Telephone 24

**WEIMAR JONES** Editor  
**BOB S. SLOAN** Business Manager  
**J. P. BRADY** News Editor  
**MISS BETTY LOU FOUTS** Office Manager  
**CARL P. CABE** Mechanical Superintendent  
**FRANK A. STARRETTE** Shop Superintendent  
**DAVID H. SUTTON** Stereotypist  
**CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON** Pressman

SUBSCRIPTION RATES		INSIDE MACON COUNTY	
OUTSIDE MACON COUNTY		One Year	Six Months
One Year	\$3.00	One Year	\$2.50
Six Months	1.75	Six Months	1.75
Three Months	1.00	Three Months	1.00

SEPTEMBER 24, 1953

## Which Way?

Are you for or against the proposed bond issues, to be voted on in Macon and the state's other 100 counties on Saturday, October 3?

It is not for The Franklin Press, or anybody else, to tell you which way you should vote; that is a matter for your own mind and conscience.

But we do suggest that this is an important matter, and that you should have convictions, one way or the other.

Listed below, for your consideration, and your acceptance or rejection, are some of the reasons why it seems to us the voters of Macon County, old and young, Democrat and Republican, town and rural, rich and poor, white and black, should go to the polls and put this county resoundingly on record as favoring the bonds:

1. The \$22,000,000 for the state's mental institutions is badly needed, to provide more space and more and better facilities, that is generally agreed by both official and private groups that have visited and studied these institutions. If that is correct, then surely there can be but one answer; for a people who won't provide proper care for their kin and neighbors who are sick in mind either is ignorant of real conditions or is too hard-hearted to deserve to be called Christian—or even civilized.

2. The proof of the need for the \$50,000,000 for schools may be found right here in Macon County. And we probably are better off than many other North Carolina counties, because we supplemented previous state-provided funds with the proceeds of our own bond issue. Yet we find we are not even up with the plow; some classrooms are crowded already, and in some cases children are being taught in lunchrooms or auditoriums, and even on stages. And we are going to need more classrooms, not fewer, in the next few years. The other things like gymnasiums and lunchrooms and auditoriums that are missing at some schools could, if necessary, wait, but the classroom space must be provided.

3. If the state bond issue does not carry, where is the money for these additional classrooms in Macon County to come from? Where, indeed, except out of Macon County taxes! If the state doesn't pay for it, we must. And that, almost certainly, will mean an increase in our local, Macon County tax on property.

4. Issuance of the bonds by the state will mean no increase in property taxes—the state doesn't collect any property tax. Furthermore, fiscal experts at Raleigh say, it probably won't call for any increase in taxes of any kind; that present revenue will take care of interest and principal payments on these bonds.

## Not Unusual

The purchase of the new electric football scoreboard for Franklin High School by a group of energetic and sports-minded citizens is commendable and this group is due a rousing vote of thanks.

But even more commendable is the spirit of cooperation constantly demonstrated by the people of this county.

This spirit no longer borders on the unusual, but is taken for granted when there is a job to be done.

The new scoreboard is but one in a series of examples.

## Good Sense

It's been a long time since any public figure has talked such good sense, and put it so simply, as Federal Judge John J. Parker, of Charlotte, in an address last week to the National Conference on Citizenship in Washington.

Judge Parker's words are the answer to those who think we can be part slave, part free; that we have freedom of religion and of speech and of the

press, but restrict it to those who believe or speak or write our way.

Said the distinguished North Carolina jurist:

"It is easy enough to believe in freedom of religion for Episcopalians or Baptists or Presbyterians. The test is whether we believe in that freedom for Mohammedans or Buddhists or atheists.

"It is easy enough to believe in free speech for Republicans and Democrats. The rub comes when it is applied to Communists and Fascists and others whose teachings are hostile to our institutions.

"We must never forget that unless speech is free for everybody, it is free for nobody, that unless it is free for error, it is not free for truth. The only limitations which may safely be placed upon it are those which forbid slander, obscenity, and incitement to crime."

And to those who think the end justifies the means, that violation of fundamental principles may be justified in the interest of a "supposed public good", Judge Parker said:

"The answer is that we shall have fought the battle against the enemies of freedom in vain if in the fighting we destroy freedom itself."

## Letters

### KERCHOO!

Editor, The Press:

I would like to suggest that you undertake a vigorous and tireless campaign in your paper to rid Macon County of ragweed.

Countless numbers of people suffer from hay fever due to the pollen from this weed and many persons leave early because of its unbounded prevalence in the county.

Yours very truly,

Highlands, N. C.

T. E. BINFORD

## Others' Opinions

### DISCRIMINATION

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

Little Mary, five, had been a little resentful of the inclusion of a baby brother, Johnny, into her family life, two years ago, and even now spurts of jealousy appeared on the scene.

On this beautiful summer day, little Johnny, in search of adventure and spurred on by the spirit of curiosity had climbed up on a table and very promptly and completely, had fallen off. The damage was slight except that the following day, the young man had exhibited as fine a pair of "shiners" as one could locate, even on a seasoned sinner. Naturally, he was indignantly proud of his distinction and reveled in the attention he was attracting. It didn't take Little Mary very long to adjust a huge chip on her shoulder and a dark scowl on her face. Finally she could stand it no longer and blazed forth: "That's right. Give him everything. You never think about me. I don't see any reason why I can't be blacked-out, too."

### SHORT AND SWEET

(Twin City Sentinel)

This one didn't happen in Winston-Salem—no one will claim that—but it wasn't too far away.

It seems that when Carey Braxton, the town reprobate, finally died, the relief was general. Carey had been by way of being the personification of Old Nick. He'd run a bootlegging business behind his barber shop, could provide odds on the races, knew where the women were and so on. Most folks said he wouldn't be missed.

But if that was the general feeling, there was at least one exception. Carey's preacher had to preach the funeral sermon, and, as it was customary in those days to do a good deal of extolling the departed, he was stuck. He'd preached a lot of funerals and done a lot of extolling. But what could you say about Carey?

Well, the day approached. All of Careys folks came into town from all over, brought a lot of mourning clothes and started a daily parade into town to exhibit their grief. There were 35 or 40 of them, and the word got around they'd be expecting a mighty fine speech from the preacher.

When folks heard about that they decided this would be one funeral they didn't dare miss. So the whole town turned out in mass when the day of the funeral finally arrived.

At the church there was a lot of commotion. The casket was wheeled in and opened and Carey's whole family paraded up for a final look. So did the others, some of them bringing their children to get one more look at what a really bad man was like. Then everyone settled down for a fine sermon.

The preacher stood up. He took out his handkerchief and wiped his face.

"Folks," he began, "we've come here today to bury Carey Braxton."

Then he wiped some more, and stood silent for a moment, as he looked down at the casket and then out at the gathering. Then his hands clutched the lectern a little tighter.

"Folks," he said, "I knew Carey."

"You knew Carey."

"Let's bury him."

## OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

### "HITCH and VISIT"

THE OLD HITCHING POST TRADITIONALLY SYMBOLIZED AMERICAN WARMTH AND NEIGHBORLINESS. IT STOOD JUST OUTSIDE THE HOME, AN INVITATION FOR FRIENDS TO HITCH THEIR HORSE AND BUGGY AND PASS THE TIME OF DAY.



WITH THE AUTOMOBILE TODAY WE ARE ABLE TO RANGE FAR AFIELD FROM THE OLD HITCHING POST. AND THE NEIGHBORLINESS WHICH IT SYMBOLIZED HAS ACHIEVED STEADILY BROADER HORIZONS AND MEANING IN OUR DEMOCRACY.

## HAVE WE LOST THE ART OF BLUSHING?

(Slimeon Stylites in Christian Century)

The erudite and vivacious columnist of The Churchman, Wilbur Larremore Caswell, has been gold-digging in the Old Testament and has come up with a beautiful outside nugget from Jeremiah 8:12: "They do not know how to blush."

Who said the Bible is out of date? What could be more terribly in date than this observation about people to whom blushing has become a lost art?

You can take it from there on in. Make your own list of people who do not know how to blush.

The right answer to the frequent question, "Is my face red?" is, "Not a bit!"

There are many red or at least pink faces, but the coloring generally seems to have been put on from the outside, in the form of rouge and not from the inside, in the form of a blush.

Back in the 19th century—at least according to the records from England—there was too much blushing, as there was too much fainting among the ladies. That was before Freud made the blush obsolete.

We are told that some sensitive souls blushed at the exposed legs of pianos and wished them, decently covered. Many people did not blush at all over the slaughter of children in mines and factories, but turned a deep scarlet over the mention of a baby before it was born. Jeremiah is quite explicit:

"Were they ashamed when they committed abomination?"

"No, they were not at all ashamed; they did not know how to blush."

What a description of the blushless tribe of racketeers and lobbyists, the 5 and 25 per cent boys whose stock defense is, "What I am grafting is just common practice."

There are some citizens who do blush deeply over the McCarran Immigration Act. There ought to be more. How would Jesus of Nazareth fare if he tried to come into the United States? The quota from Palestine would be filled. He would not have the minimum funds necessary to be admitted. And what a field day the investigators would have over His spoken words!

I could furnish the names of a few publishers who ought to indulge in a faint blush. They are winning their noble fight to elevate the scribbles found on schoolyard fences up to the level of literature.

Why not all blush together over the savage slashings proposed in Congress on nearly everything that makes for social welfare in the United States, on educational appropriations and those for guarding the national health?

Of course, that leaves more money to hand over to that noble champion of democracy, Franco. Even so, we still might blush.

## Poetry

Editor  
EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE  
Weaverville, North Carolina

### FALL

The flaming banners waving high in fall  
Flaunt all the final glory of the trees  
That from the time of spring's compelling call,  
Through buds and leaves of summer lived for these,  
The fruits that glow in every jeweled hue  
Deck trees as ladies for their gala days.  
They knowing that the golden hours are few  
Wear them delighted till they're laid away.  
Fruition's hour is fall, unmeasured joy  
Of garnering before the winter's sleep,  
And this is happiness without alloy.  
Its memories through the night of winter keep  
Their vigils. Hope is yearning for the spring  
But what a triumph autumn days can bring!

EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE.

## News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

I think the Franklin Fire Department deserves a large round of applause for their handling of the traffic at the football game last Friday night. It was hard work and a big job well done.

The Franklin Lions Club also deserves the thanks of the community, especially the school patrons, since their handling of the ticket sales brought in considerable revenue for the athletic program and the band.

There is considerable writing and talking now days about the two bond issues Gov. Umstead proposes—one for 50 million to build additional school buildings throughout the state and the other for 22 million dollars to improve and enlarge the state mental hospitals. The money for both purposes is badly needed. Certainly we here in Macon County could use money to enlarge our school facilities, and certainly we would like to see adequate facilities provided for our mentally ill.

I have heard the question raised, "Will we get our proportionate share?" I think the best answer to that is that you can rest assured that a larger proportion of the school bond money will be spent in Macon County than our proportion of the state tax income will pay off. Another thing it will be very hard for Macon to attempt to build these buildings from county funds. State officials have said that if the income remains the same for the state that this bond issue can be financed without increasing the state taxes. I can think of no reason why any person in Macon County would vote against the bond issues. Just make sure that we all remember to go vote on October 3. It not only is good business for us, but it will also help to make for a better future for our children with better school facilities now.

## Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

### 50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Mr. George Franks left Wednesday evening to return to the West after a month's visit to his father's family.

Capt. Jacob Fulmer and son, of Cherokee county, are visiting his daughter, Mrs. E. K. Cunningham.

We were given a little foretaste of winter last Thursday night. Fires and heavier clothing were necessary to comfort. The thermometer told of 40 degrees Friday morning, and frost was seen in low places.

### 25 YEARS AGO

That the voters of Franklin have faith in R. M. Mead and his promises of industrial development of Franklin was amply demonstrated here Tuesday when the citizens of Franklin voted overwhelmingly to sell the power plant to Mr. Mead.

We suppose that by the time the next election rolls around Macon County will have imported some machine guns.

A former citizen of Macon has requested that he be buried in this county. He states that after his death he wants to keep on voting.

Miss Ida Moore left Monday last week for Atlanta, Ga., to enter the conservatory of music.

### 10 YEARS AGO

Miss Fannie Mae Sherrill, who has been employed for some time in Washington, D. C., is spending a few days visiting her mother and sister here.

High school seniors have elected the following officers for the year: Myra Slagle, president; Bill Raby, vice-president; and Helen Ramsey, secretary-treasurer.

Miss Jena V. Frazier has returned to Washington, D. C., after spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. V. Frazier, of Franklin, Route 5. She is employed with the Federal Bureau of Investigation.