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

MARCH 11, 1954

## Pity The Motorist

Motorists—most of them tourists—probably are at this minute singing the “blues” about the rough treatment received in this county when they were unfortunate enough to be arrested for speeding during last week’s “speed clock” detail by highway patrolmen.

And they’re probably singing far and wide, from Maine to Florida. Bad news, you know, travels fast.

So, you say to yourself, they were speeding and were justly charged—so what!

The problem goes deeper than that, much deeper. Most of those who received tickets admitted they were speeding. And they were willing to pay a fine and be on their way. But could they do this? No!

You see, an act of the 1953 Legislature took the authority to dispose of speeding cases away from the justices of the peace and, in Macon’s case, tossed the disposition right into the lap of Superior Court.

So, our tourists find they are unable to pay a fine and be on their way. They must post a \$50 bond for appearance in Superior Court—which, incidentally just meets here three times a year.

This, to our way of thinking is inequality in the roughest form.

In some western counties, police and traffic courts operate daily and it is relatively simple for a motorist to stand trial and pay his fine, which seldom exceeds \$25.

But brother! pity the poor joker caught in Macon.

If he finds it is inconvenient to return for trial in Superior Court (some arrested live thousands of miles away from here), he forfeits the \$50 bond.

If he is the conscientious type—and many are—he might find that standing trial in Superior Court is really going to cost him. Costs in this higher court range from \$30 to \$40. Couple this with the judge’s fine (\$10 to \$25) and prepare to shed a tear for the poor motorist, which surely must feel like a hardened criminal by this time.

Like we said. The bad news always travels fast.

An act of the 1953 Legislature brought on this mess—we suggest that an act of the 1955 Legislature change it.

## Change-And The Future

So the Cullasaja and Ellijay post offices are no more!

Well, maybe that is progress, though we hasten to add we are far from sure that all the things the U. S. Post Office Department does these days represents progress—far from sure!

But progress or not, it represents change. And it is only natural that many of us should react to the change with a nostalgic regret. Because the closing of these, and other small post offices, is a symptom of vast change; their closing breaks another link between the present and a past in which each community was a distinctive unit—its own little world. That situation had its virtues; but it is worth remembering it also had its evils; it frequently is accompanied by exaggerated community jealousies and suspicions.

A single community no longer can live to itself. In the larger sense, the unit has become the state, the nation, and even the world. For practical purposes of common progress, though, the county still has meaning, at least in Western North Carolina, and is likely to continue to do so for a long time to come.

So, instead of wasting our energies in lamenting the passing of something that already is gone, we

would do well to concentrate on building a good county community, in seeking to build one second to none in the United States.

Not necessarily first in wealth—that probably is beyond the realm of possibility; but it is far from impossible to create a county that is at the top in citizenship, in kindness and neighborliness, and in the ability and willingness to see problems as they are to set out to solve them.

Toward such a goal, the Macon County community has a good start already.

## Matter Of Proportion

A number of stories, some of them in revolting detail, have appeared in the newspapers lately about men and women who have had their sex changed.

Probably the first reaction of most persons to these stories is that the fools in the world are becoming more and more foolish. The fact that these continues to be a few isolated idiots in the world, though, unfortunately is not the whole story.

There are two other, more serious considerations:

1. These changes usually require surgery and other medical skill. Who are the doctors doing this? And is the medical profession going to remain indifferent to this perversion of a high calling?

2. This abnormal behavior on the part of a few, but a growing number, of individuals almost certainly is the outgrowth of a false attitude to be found everywhere, especially everywhere in America, today. Prudish as they often were, men and women of a half century ago recognized sex as an important part of life. In magazines and newspapers, in books, in art, in the movies, and on radio and television — everywhere a young American turns today, he finds the suggestion that sex is all of life.

## Honesty Shrinks Not

“Secret committee sessions, except where the question of national security is involved . . . are designed to protect selfish political interests.”

That was the comment, the other day, of W. Kerr Scott, candidate for the U. S. Senate.

The Press is in agreement. In fact, we’ve been trying to say something like that for about a year now.

The idea wasn’t ours, though. John Milton said something to the same effect some 300 years ago. And a man named Philip Freneau said it better than either the Press or Mr. Scott. Writing in The National Gazette, an American newspaper, in 1792, he put it this way:

“How are you to know the just from the unjust steward when they are covered with the mantle of concealment? Can there be any question of legislative import which freeman should not be acquainted with? What are you to expect when stewards of your household refuse to give account of their stewardship? Secrecy is necessary to design and a masque to treachery: honesty shrinks not from the public eye.”

## Big News

Best news we’ve heard in a long time comes out of Michigan.

A headline tells the story: “Big Trucks’ Roar Gently to Purrr”.

The mammoth freight-haulers (and the little ones, too, we hope) soon to be seen, and heard, on the highways will meow like kittens instead of roaring like lions, it seems. Long research has at last produced a silencer for these destroyers of both peace of mind as well as ear drums.

Noise has long since become one of the horrors of existence in America, and anything that tends to mitigate this evil is headline stuff. Fact is, we’ve long been convinced present-day life calls for a declaration adding one more freedom to the Bill of Rights — freedom from incessant, interminable, nerve-wracking, damnable noise!

## Others’ Opinions

### A NEW ALL-PURPOSE EXCUSE

(Chicago Daily Tribune)

Physicists at the University of California, who are always making startling announcements, now tell us that tides are not confined to water; that land, too, rises and falls as a result of the gravitational pull of the moon and sun — in some places as much as two feet.

What a boon this discovery will be to a lot of people!

Truckers will tell us that bad pavement is due, not to trucks, but to the strain imposed by the tides.

Railroads will explain late arrivals by saying it was low tide at the point of origin and high tide in Chicago; and that the poor train therefore had to go uphill all the way.

Elevator operators who bring their car to a sudden stop at street level will apologize by saying that street level was 18 inches higher than they expected.

Bowlers will have a ready-made excuse whenever their scores do not come up to par. The alley of course was tilted by the tide.

And best of all, we need no longer fret about the various figures given as the height of Mount Everest. The 29,002-foot figure is low tide, and 29,141 is high tide.

## LET GEORGE TRY IT

(Kiron (Iowa) Weekly News)

Learn from the mistakes of others — you can’t live long enough to make them all yourself.

## BOMBPROOF BUGGIES?

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Tests indicate that the safest place to be in an atomic blast may be inside a motor car. This, at least, holds out hope that most of our teenagers would survive.

## HOLD ON, PLEASE

(Richmond News Leader)

About once a year we write this piece, and right now is as good a time as any:

What’s the matter with those business and professional men who think they’re too busy to make their own telephone calls — the big dealers who have their secretaries place their calls for them? Do these gentlemen have any idea of the bad public relations this practice leaves in its wake?

You know the sequence of events: The telephone rings, and you answer to hear a dulcet feminine voice on the other end: “Hold on, please, for Mr. Bigdome.” So you hold on, and you hold on, and you hold on. The clock ticks around and you sit there with a slow burn building up. And finally Mr. Bigdome condescends to pick up the receiver at the other end and the conversation gets under way.

It’s an ironbound rule around our plant that if a man is at his phone, he answers his phone; and if he wants to make a telephone call, he summons up the energy required to spin the dial with his own finger.

The first New Year’s resolution we have in mind is that the very next time a Mr. Bigdome sicks his secretary on us, we’re going to (1) hang up, or (2) ask Brother Big if he’s broken his wrist. There must be some way of putting an end to this increasing irritation, and one of these days we’ll find some insult that will take.

## Poetry

Editor  
EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE  
Weaverville, North Carolina

### IN THE GARDEN

There is a flower and all may grow it,  
Exquisite, lovely as Heaven’s display;  
Many have seen it, a child may know it—  
LOVE gleams bright on our path today.

LENA MEARLE SHULL

## STRICTLY

## PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

There’s an old story about the Macon County man, back in the days before we had either a railroad or highways, who never had been out of the county. At last he decided to take a trip, and went to Atlanta for a day or two.

On his return, friends wanted to know about his trip.

“Wonderful trip”, he said.

“Have a good time?”

“Wonderful time”.

“And what about Atlanta?”

“Wonderful place”.

“And the people there?”

“We-e-ll now, that’s different. They’re a shiftless lot”.

“Shiftless? What makes you think so?”

“Bound to be. Everybody in Atlanta must just STAY behind with their work”.

“And what makes you think that?”

“Think it? I know it! Why, everybody down there is running every minute, this way and that, their tongues almost hangin’ out.”

I got somewhat the same impression on that first and only trip of mine, recently, to Washington, D. C.

As I watched the thousands—thousands! surely it was millions — of automobiles, in a steady stream, going at such a terrific pace you knew better than to try to jaywalk; you crossed at a traffic light in fear and trembling — as I watched all that traffic, hour after hour and day after day, always hurrying, hurrying, hurrying; I said to myself, time

after time:

“There haven’t been that

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## News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

Two weeks ago I suggested that Secretary Stevens should receive some kind of medal for standing up to McCarthy, the man who seems to have most of Washington looking over their shoulder. It sorta of back-fired on me in that before we printed the paper the Secretary of the Army had retreated somewhat from his original stand.

Nevertheless I would like to make another similar nomination. More power to Senator Harley Kilgore for rising from a sick bed to vote against the Bricker amendment. This amendment would do much to upset the balance between the executive and legislative branches of government that was the intent of the authors of the Constitution. When Franklin Roosevelt was president the criticism was made that the executive branch of the government was upsetting this balance. Certainly the legislative branch of the government with this attempted usurpation of the executive powers and McCarthy’s committee investigation assuming the powers of the judiciary is very definitely upsetting this delicate balance between legislative, judiciary, and executive arms of the government which has been proclaimed by many to be the heart of the American system. Again more power to Senator Kilgore for helping to keep his own folks in check.

The other day Governor Umstead ordered his director of the Budget to tighten up a little on government expenditures and to be a little more thrifty with the state’s money. The same day he ordered a new Cadillac for the Governor official car. Tut! Tut! Governor. Reminds me of that song title, “Why Don’t You Practice What You Preach.”

I wish that we elected state highway commissioners so maybe in some fashion we could put it to a vote whether or not Nantahala will get the all weather road to Franklin. I don’t know, but I believe that enough money was wasted creating the new highway districts to have built the road and made it 20 feet wide. I am just judg-

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## Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

**50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK**  
Farmers are beginning to get down to work on their farms.

Prof. F. M. Burnett resigned his position here last week as principal of the Macon High School and left Thursday morning for Nashville, Tenn., to enter the Medical Department of Vanderbilt University. Prof. J. N. Bradley succeeds him as principal of the schools.

Mr. C. T. Blaine has moved to the Harris Roller Mills and is employed in the store and general management of the business.

The Macon High School has enrolled to date some 135 students, and there are nearly 100 in actual attendance.

### 25 YEARS AGO

According to an announcement made here Monday, S. R. Joines has bought out the interest in the Joines Motor and Tractor Company, Inc., local Ford dealers.

Last Saturday morning snow on Wayah Bald was four inches deep—none in Franklin.

J. V. Arrendale, county agent of Clay and former agent of Macon, was here Tuesday to meet the district agent, John W. Goodman.

Mr. Rummy Ray, who has been working in Hiawassee, Ga., for the past several months, is here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jess Ray.

### 10 YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Corbin, of Gneiss, have rented their place of business to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Tilson. They also have bought an apartment house in the residential section of Knoxville, Tenn., and have moved there.

Fred Houk has been accepted in the Navy and is now in training with the Navy unit at Carson-Newman College, Jefferson City, Tenn.

Porter Duncan, of Pontana, visited friends and relatives Sunday.