

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

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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

APRIL 22, 1954

A Bit Hasty?

More than two years ago William Homer Cochran, Jr., was killed by the explosion of a crude bomb placed in his automobile.

Although they are said to have continued working on the case, during that period, law enforcement agencies have failed to come up with a solution of the mysterious crime.

Recently an attempt was made on the life of the young man's widow—by the same method, and presumably by the same person or persons.

Mrs. Cochran has fortunate chance to thank for the fact she is alive and uninjured—not the effective work of police authorities. This second crime is rather convincing proof that the failure to solve the original crime left her life in danger, for more than two years.

In view of that, hasn't the S. B. I. been rather hasty in marking the two cases closed, following a young man's suicide? Surely there was not enough evidence prior to George Henry Smith's suicide to warrant his arrest—or he would have been arrested. It appears there was not even enough evidence to warrant keeping him under surveillance—if he had been, it would not have been possible for him to take his own life without anyone's knowledge.

Has additional evidence been developed since his suicide? If so, what is it?

The S. B. I. can hardly afford to fail twice. Unless there is a lot of evidence the public doesn't know about, it looks like the S. B. I. is taking a long chance on just that.

If there is additional evidence, why isn't the public told about it—and told what it is?

'Corrupts Absolutely'

It has been said that "power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely".

That comment came to mind the other day when a retired major general of the U. S. Army offered a \$100 reward to the first non-commissioned army officer to give Pvt. G. David Schine a punch in the nose.

The general is quoted as having said, when he forwarded his certified \$100 check to the commanding officer at Fort Dix, N. J.:

"If Schine had been under me and had refused to do his duty, his beak would now be on the back of his neck."

This newspaper holds no brief for Schine; but what the former investigator for Senator McCarthy is, or is thought to be, is one thing. The rightness or wrongness of the general's gesture is another.

The general could hardly have said more plainly that an underling in the military service is, and ought to be, in the absolute power of his superiors; and that a superior has a right to use that power in any way he sees fit—including incitement to physical violence.

But it said to the credit of the army that it refused to accept the reward check.

But if the army really frowns on such an attitude, it should take steps to have the general's pension revoked. For hasn't he proved himself unfit to wear the uniform?

Ask Real Experts

We find ourselves unable to accept, without further evidence and argument, the recommendation made here last week by Judge H. Hoyle Sink—that the grand jury system be abolished as outmoded.

It seems to us Judge Sink and other critics of the grand jury system sometimes fail to see the

forest for the trees; that is, they would abolish the system because it is abused, or because grand jurors do not always do their duty.

That, it seems to us, is a rather lame argument. For any system can be abused. And the best of all possible systems will break down unless the human beings connected with it strive to make it work.

Judge Sink is not the first to lambast the grand jury system; undoubtedly he will not be the last. But to our knowledge, all the critics to date have been in the role of experts—that is, experts without practical knowledge.

What we mean is that the people who are in the position to know how well or how poorly the grand jury system works are those who have had first-hand experience with it—that is, those who have served on grand juries.

Isn't it about time somebody asked their opinion?

Others' Opinions

IN W. N. C., TOO
(Lenoir County News)

The dogwood blossoms may not possess the formal splendor or rich air of the azalea and other more glamorized flowers, but to us they add more to the Eastern Carolina spring than all other flowers combined.

SPLIT INFINITIVE
(Chuck Hauser in U.N.C. Daily Tar Heel)

How split can an infinitive get? Jack Stilwell passed this quotation on to me to bolster my case for split infinitives. It's by one of the acknowledged masters of the English language, Winston Churchill, in the first chapter of *The Gathering Storm*: ". . . to more adequately, effectively, and candidly present their views on the question. . . ."

PATIENCE, PATIENCE!
(Twin City Sentinel)

A clergyman had left his name out of the telephone directory because he received too many calls. A merchant of the same name in the neighborhood began to be pestered with calls asking him to officiate at weddings and funerals. Finally he went to the minister and asked him to have his name put back in the phone book. The minister refused.

The merchant determined to complain to the phone company. He was writing the letter one Saturday when his phone rang and the timid voice of a young man asked if he would marry him at once.

"No," the merchant shouted into the transmitter, "I'm too busy writing my sermon for tomorrow!"

MISS BEATRICE COBB

Picturesque Mountain Speech

In Morganton News Herald

Edward Garner, from whose writings I have quoted before and whom I consider to be an authority on mountain sayings, is of the opinion that picturesque mountain speech is fast disappearing. I agree with him. I found much interest in an article which he wrote for the Asheville Citizen-Times a few Sundays ago and consider it well worth reproducing here:

"Like the blight that spelled finish to the beloved chestnut trees of the mountains, the advance of the twentieth century is fast relegating the quaint, picturesque and fascinating speech of the people of the Southern uplands to the archives of things past.

"But still, in remote coves and 'hollows,' far up on the headwaters of a lonely, sparkling creek, or on a mountain's 'yonder' side it greets the ear with the voice of other eras, and raises the curtain of time on the speech of ages that are history.

"In Superior Court some time ago a witness in a trial having to do with a shootin' scrape testified one of the men involved took two 'shoots' at another. 'Shoots' for 'shots' goes back to the time of Shakespeare, 350 years ago.

"A mountain man cannot pay a greater compliment to anyone than to say that that person is clever. By 'clever' he does not mean, he is bright, intelligent or skillful, although he may be. He means that person so referred to is generous, warm hearted, friendly.

"A mountain man packed some provisions in his car, and went away on a trip. He camped along the way, and his food supply diminished until he was down to about three pecks of potatoes. One evening he camped near a watermelon patch. The owner of the melons came up, and they exchanged small talk, which finally got around to melons. The owner went to the patch and returned with a fine one, and gave it to the camper. It developed that the farmer had no potatoes, so the camper insisted on his taking half of those he had. Then the owner of the melons went for another one which he gave the mountaineer to take with him to eat farther along the road, whereupon the uplander practically forced him to take the remainder of his potatoes. A third melon was picked and given, but the mountain man had nothing further he could part with, in recounting the incident later he said ruefully, 'I shore hated for him to outclever me, but he done it.'

"Sorry," as used in the mountains, has nothing to do with regret, but means worthless and no-account, and as applied to a person means that the one spoken of is far from being all wool and a yard wide. 'Sorry' is the antithesis of 'clever.'

"The state of the mountaineer's health falls into three cate-

gories. If he feels not too good and not too bad he is 'middlin'; and if he is in the pink he feels 'tol'able.'

"Should he wish to know who you are, and asks you, 'What might be your name?' he is employing an expression centuries old.

"If a food is palatable it 'eats good.' If a bed is comfortable it 'sleeps good,' and anything that falls pleasantly on the ear 'listens good.'

"When he tells you a secret he 'confidences' you. If he 'faults' you you are guilty of an error, in his opinion. If you invite him to accompany you on a hunting expedition, and the prospect 'pleasures' him you have his acceptance in, 'I'd admire to go with you.'

"A long distance is a 'right smart piece.' If he 'thinks a sight of you' he has a great liking for you.

"Sometimes he makes a superfluous addition to a word, speaking of ham as ham meat, of a dentist as a tooth dentist, of a teacher as a teacher woman, and of a biscuit as biscuit bread.

"A neighbor who lives close by is just a 'whoop and a holler' distant.

"Although an unmarried man may be 50 he is seldom spoken of as a man but remains a boy in their conversation right on unless he should marry. But when a boy in his teens marries he immediately becomes the 'old man' and the pert and sprightly girl, oftentimes even younger than the groom who has won her hand, undergoes a quick metamorphosis and becomes the 'old woman,' or the 'old lady.'

"Their hospitality is all that is connected in the expression, Southern hospitality. A passing stranger ate a meal with a family in a remote cove. When he had gone a youngster said to his mother, 'Ma, your biscuit bread flew in his mouth like a covey of white pigeons flying off the roost.'

"I'm pleased he liked them," she said."

Letters

A READER RECALLS

Dear Weimar:

I have read your very interesting article as to the former locations of The Franklin Press. It is my recollection that The Press was located in a small building just back of Angel's Drug Store and almost in the Love yard prior to moving to the Higgins Building. Of course, not being as old as you are, I probably am wrong about this. Another editor not mentioned by you was Mr. Jule Robertson. It was while working for Mr. Robertson that Frank Curtis made the exact change of a 5c piece for a customer who purchased two blank deeds. The deeds sold two for 5c but the customer only wanted one Deed and requested his change, whereupon Frank placed a 1c piece under the paper cutter and after cutting the penny in half handed the customer 2½c.

You mentioned "Uncle Jack" Johnston. Do you remember the story about the visiting minister who insisted upon holding the mirror for "Uncle Jack" while he shaved and happening to observe Mr. Johnston noted that he had his eyes closed and was continuing to shave without the use of the mirror as he was accustomed to doing?

With very kindest regards to you, I am,

Cordially yours,

Burnsville, N. C.

DOVER R. FOUTS.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

CHAPEL HILL—What makes a great university?

Most large American universities always have had finer physical plants than that at the University of North Carolina; most of them always have had more money, usually in the form of endowments; and most of them always have had larger operating funds—and thus could pay higher salaries to their professors.

Yet the University of North Carolina has been recognized for half a century as a great institution.

What has made other great universities great may be a matter of debate, but almost anybody who ever has been at Carolina will tell you that the thing that has made it great is its freedom—both in the classroom and on the campus.

That freedom has got U. N. C. in trouble many times, of course; for freedom always is a dangerous thing. Give a man, or an institution, freedom, and sometimes he, or it, will do something foolish.

But from the beginning of time, all knowledge and all new ideas have sprung from minds that were free.

And there is but one way for the individual's judgment to grow and his character to develop; he must be given the freedom to try his wings. That inevitably carries with it the danger that his wings won't hold him. But the remarkable thing is not how often they fall, but how rarely they fail.

That is the philosophy that underlies the freedom given students at Carolina; a freedom little circumscribed except by

Nor could anyone read this
Continued On Page Eleven—

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

The demand for early copy for next week's paper requires that I write this column before the closing time for filing in the Democratic Primary, so you, my good readers, (all two of you) will be spared any remarks (pithy or otherwise) concerning the local political situation.

With a hope that I will not sound irreverent, I would like to offer a thought in keeping with the Easter spirit. Most anyone will agree that never has the world seen such troubled times. The observation is so trite that the press may balk at printing it. Yet it seems to me that a great portion of our troubles come because of a lack of one thing—Faith.

Certainly anyone would agree that the continuing turbulent international situation is primarily caused by a lack of faith of nations, or to put it another way, distrust of each nation of the other's intentions.

Certainly a great many of our economic problems are caused by a lack of faith in the future of our economic system. Why should there be so many advocates that we retrench now? With faith of growth in the future there will be expansion and growth; without it there won't be.

Certainly nowhere is the lack of faith in our fellow man more apparent than this continual probing into each other's past lives with the hope that evidence can be found that you or I once knew a communist, or possibly entertained the thought that some other political or economic system might be better than ours. Even though the incident may have occurred many years ago and the person has become a staunch advocate of our present way of life they are apt to be branded as a traitor. This hysteria on the part of so many I think is a form of frantic breast beating which people engage in because they lack faith. If they have faith in our way of life why do they fear for persons to examine other ways of life?

Today great strides have been made in the field of science. Developments have occurred which seemingly placed their results beyond the control of man.

I humbly offer the suggestion that most of these problems,

Continued On Page Eleven—

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

The usual spring dullness has struck our town. The farmers and country people are getting down to work is the cause.

W. A. Shields, son of Mr. "Bud" Shields, of Iotla, leaves today for Baker City, Oregon.

During the thunder storm on Friday night, lightning played pranks around the Myers shop pretty freely, but no damage was done.

Mr. O. A. Young, who taught one of our schools on Ellijay last fall, we are told has secured a position at the World's Fair as a guide.

25 YEARS AGO

Miss Margaret McGuire, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McGuire, won third place in the state musical contest for high school girls held at N.C.C.W. on April 21.

Another paradox is that a swelled head is not due to an excess of brains.

The unidentified baby now at a local hospital will probably be a charge on the county. Just another small affair for the commissioners to worry over.

Wiley Rogers, youngest son of Mrs. Sam Rogers, sang over the radio from Washington city Tuesday night of this week. Many of his friends here tuned in to hear the concert.

10 YEARS AGO

Miss Lynette Martin has returned to her position in Jacksonville, Fla., after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Martin.

Former Governor Clyde R. Hoey was a visitor in Franklin on Tuesday in the interest of his candidacy for the Democratic nomination to the U. S. Senate.

Mrs. A. L. Leach, of Chapel Hill, is spending several days with her children here.