

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

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deserves a rest; because all during that long period, he has added to his journalistic duties service to his community, his region, and his state, in scores of fields. He deserves a rest. But those who know him best, though they wish for him a more leisurely pace, will hope that his great talents will not be permitted to lie fallow. They are so sorely needed in today's confused world.

There's one thing about this segregation-integration discussion: It neatly divides everybody into just two groups — those who agree with us, and the so-and-sos who don't. Almost nobody, on either side of the debate, will credit anybody on the other with either intelligence or honesty.

Letters

FAVORS ANIMAL SHELTER

Dear Mr. Jones:

I was very glad to see the article "Woman and Dogs Have Troubles In Court Here", in The Press, September 2. Mrs. Ordway is surely a remarkable woman in her love for animals, and in her devotion to her work of helping them, and keeping them off the streets in Franklin. I feel that all of us who are citizens of Macon County (and especially those of us who love animals) owe a real debt of gratitude to her.

Yes, an animal shelter or something of that kind seems badly needed in Macon County both for the protection of its citizens, and for the sake of the helpless animals.

I have been a subscriber to The Franklin Press for a long time, and enjoy your editorials especially. We came up from St. Petersburg, Fla., and built a summer home in your beautiful mountains.

We enjoy visiting and shopping in Franklin. We think it has an exceptionally picturesque location, with its beautiful panoramic view of the mountains. Since we came up here some years ago, we have seen Franklin grow and many improvements take place. We hope that the people will decide that it is now time to do something about an animal shelter (or something of that nature), both for the protection of its citizens and for humane reasons.

We hope Franklin will soon have an animal shelter along with the other things they are going to make Franklin an even more attractive place to summer visitors and future home owners.

Sincerely,

Blue Valley,
Highlands, N. C.

ELISABETH B. KLEIN

Others' Opinions

EDIBLE 'LEATHER BRITCHES'

(Henry Belk in Goldsboro News-Argus)

"Leather britches" to me meant a pair of trousers made out of leather. But now I know it always doesn't mean that.

My mother-in-law in 50 years of teaching in the public school served communities from Qualla in the Cherokee mountain country to Southport on the coast. Jesse Hinson asked her if she knew what "leather britches" are and she said at once that that was the local name for dried string bean as prepared in the North Carolina mountains.

To make "leather britches", the mountain people pull beans when they are grown and spread them on a wire frame in the sun. They dry out to a sort of leathery consistency. This unique method of preserving food goes back to the days before we had the home canner or the deep freeze.

Mother says she has eaten "leather britches" in mountain homes and that it is not a particularly delightful gastronomic experience.

SENSE-MAKING MILK PACKAGE

(Charlotte Observer)

Having frequently urged the adoption of proved practices which would lower the price of fluid milk on the retail market, we welcome the introduction of the "milkon plan" by some local distributors. It is predictable that the other processors in this area will soon follow suit, thus encouraging the quality of milk in Charlotte to buy in one-gallon jugs at a lower price than his favorite grocer or market.

The practice is hardly "new". It has long been established in many other urban localities and has met with favorable and popular response.

Use of the gallon jug instead of the quart cartons or bottles enables the purchaser to cut the expense of packaging, labor, delivery, and handling. When these savings are passed along to the customer, the retail price of milk is reduced and in many cases, consumption of milk increases.

In a time when milk and other necessities are available in virtually every household, there is no practical reason why milk should not be bought in gallon lots. The NEWYER needs justify such quantities. We hope consumers in the Charlotte area will take advantage of the opportunity now being offered. It makes marketing sense.

I'M JUST A WHEEL

(American Oil Company Leaflet)

I'm just a wheel. A steering wheel. And you're my captain. Behind me you're the lord and master of a miracle. You can make me take the kids to school. You can turn me down the

This Needs Changing . . .



Want to drive your fellow motorist to distraction. Then just double park behind his automobile at the county courthouse and go off for a half-hour or so. This practice of double parking continues, as evidenced by the photograph. It's not only hard on the nerves and disposition of your fellow motorist, it's unfair, too. He puts his money in the parking meter and would like to leave when his business is finished. But he can't do it if you double park behind him.

This picture editorial was suggested by a motorist who experienced a half-hour wait to get his automobile out while a woman, double-parking, did her shopping.

sunny road toward town. With me you can guide your goods to the market place . . . you can rush the sick to be healed . . . you can go in minutes to places hours away. You can do magic.

Yet, in the blink of an eye, in the tick of your watch, I can turn deadly killer. I can snuff out the life of a kid still full of life — maybe your kid. I can twist a smile into tears. I can wreck and cripple and destroy. I can deal out death like the plague. And I'm no respecter of persons. A child, a grandmother, even you, my friend . . . It's all the same to me.

I'm sensitive. I respond instantly to the hands you give me. Give me calm hands, steady hands, careful hands . . . and I'm your friend. But give me unsteady hands, fuzzy-minded hands, reckless hands . . . then I'm your enemy, a menace to the life, the happiness, the future of every person, every youngster riding, walking, playing.

I was made for pleasure and usefulness. Keep me that way. I'm in your hands. I'm just a steering wheel. And you're my captain. Behind me you're the lord and master of a miracle . . . or a tragedy. It's up to you.

THE PENNSYLVANIA 'DUTCH'

(Miss Beatrice Cobb in Morganton News-Herald)

I've never tried to trace back my ancestry, but I am fairly sure that in the blood strain on my father's side there would be found a trace, at least, of "Pennsylvania Dutch." That impression is likely based on what I recall hearing my father tell about his grandfather. When the "old man's" first wife died, my grandmother's mother, he went back to Pennsylvania for his second wife. My father recalled that when as a boy he accompanied his mother on periodic visits to the family home, his "step grandmother" spoke such broken English ("unabridged" Pennsylvania "Dutch", of course, was her language), he couldn't understand a thing she said. Undoubtedly in many of the families of that day where there had been from time to time "waves" of Pennsylvania settlers, the same situation he remembered existed.

Anyway, because of this personal and local background I had more than ordinary interest in the "Pennsylvania Dutch" section through which our automobile meanderings a couple of weeks ago took us. At a "Dutch Kitchen" at Selinsburg, Pa., in the heart of the Dutch and Amish country. I picked up a pamphlet from which I have already had more enjoyment than I can usually get out of any investment of 25 cents: "Quaint Idioms and Expressions of the Pennsylvania Germans."

Here are just a few of the expressions evidently growing out of an effort to translate "Dutch" into English. It will be noted that many of these are more or less well known and used in this section.

"He is so busy he hardly ever SITS (sides).

"I GO OUT and SHOO (scare) those darn chickens out of our yard.

"We'll eat a SNACK before we leave.

"She sure SOT him down in his place (shamed him).

"UNBEKNOWNST to her I SNUCK up and gave her a big kiss.

"A WEEKNY (tiny) is better than none.

"I PLUMB or CLEAN (entirely) forgot.

"It's raining ABEADY (before expected).

"If you don't behave, you get a good WHACK (sharp slap).

"What YET would you want for nothing?

"Do yer MIND (recall) when I fell in the CRICK.

"Don't be so LIPPY.

"You FAVOR yourself in that picture.

"You need a little more FLEW GREASE (additional effort).

"HE HEARS (talks) everything he hears.

"I wish you'd come here and BRUSH ME OFF.

"I'm not all CROSS AT ME (angry)?

"Y • H let me BANDER (speak) worried you, then LOOK OUT.

"The 'NOOGE-MAN (evil spirit) will get you if you don't LOOK OUT.

"Some drunks cut the darndest DIFOES (capers) when they get STEWED.

"Fritzie, come in to eat; Ma and Pa are on the table and Johnny has ET HIMSELF ALREADY.

"Them, new people think they are BIG BUGS.

"Mom says I DASSENT (dare not) go 'out and play."

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

The families, friends and relatives of 131 persons who have been traveling the highways of North Carolina owe Mr. Ed Scheidt, head of the North Carolina state highway patrol, and members of the patrol their never ending gratitude. Despite criticism and opposition from the public as to their methods, this group of men have reduced the traffic fatalities on the highways of North Carolina by 131 in the first nine months of this year as compared to last year's record. This reduction in traffic deaths was made even though there was an increase in the traffic on these roads of between three and four per cent.

People who criticize the highway patrol for doing a better job of enforcing the traffic laws should remember that their loved ones may be among those 131 persons who are living because of the increased efforts of the highway patrol. Perhaps then you won't be so critical of the patrol.

The newspapers, too, I think, are due the patrol an apology. They have helped to publicize the use of speed clocks and radar devices for checking speed on the highway as "Speed Traps". Out of state people claim that these devices are "Speed Traps" despite the fact that there is a large sign on each major highway as you enter North Carolina telling you that in this state that speed is checked by radar and that the law will be enforced. Further—

Continued on Last Page

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Mr. C. D. Baird left Thursday to return to Atlanta to re-enter dental school.

The Franklin High School has 68 pupils enrolled this week.

The Republicans of Macon County met in convention in the courthouse Saturday and nominated the following ticket: Legislature, H. H. Jarrett; sheriff, T. B. Higdon; register of deeds, D. W. McCoy; coroner, Joe L. Fouts; surveyor, J. W. Ambrose; county commissioners, J. C. Wright, J. J. Smith, and J. A. Waldroup.

25 YEARS AGO

Miss Annlewill Siler has accepted a position as designer in the New York office of the Grimes Co.

The public has just learned that a few days ago Bill Mangum, age 22, rescued his chum, Winton Perry, from the waters of the lake at Camp Nikwasi.

10 YEARS AGO

Final enrollment this week of the late students brought the number attending the Franklin High and Elementary schools to 961.

Mrs. Charles Bradley, chairman of the Woman's Salvage Division for Macon County, announces that the first week in October will be set aside for a broad drive for tin cans.

Cause For Humility

The men who drafted the Constitution of the United States — meeting in secret, behind closed doors — came out with a document that put great emphasis on a strong central government, and almost no emphasis on human rights.

The people refused to have it that way; they demanded ten amendments, putting check-reins on the government, and guaranteeing certain freedoms to the individual. Those amendments are known today as the Bill of Rights.

The very first of the ten provided for a free press. The purpose, of course, was to make it possible for the people to learn all the facts about any given situation, and to get the widest possible diversity of viewpoints about the meaning of those facts. It was wisely recognized that only thus would the people be able to make wise decisions.

Freedom of the press, therefore, is primarily a right of the people themselves. It was granted to those who publish newspapers and other periodicals only because that is the only way the people can be assured of their right to know. It is not a proprietary right of newspapers; they are merely the stewards of this right that belongs to the people.

That puts a tremendous burden of responsibility on the press.

First of all, the press has the responsibility of accurate, objective, complete, and fearless reporting; of editorially commenting on and interpreting the facts so reported in a fashion that is at once fair, honest, forceful, and courageous; and of keeping its columns wide open for viewpoints and convictions other than its own.

Next the press has a responsibility for guarding this freedom of which it is the steward. Because newspapermen are the first to know it, when freedom of the press is about to be abridged, it is their job to lead the fight to keep the press free. But they, alone, cannot keep it free; they can only lead the fight. This freedom, like any other, will endure only so long as the majority of the people want it to endure — are willing to fight for it.

And that places yet another responsibility on the press. For the people will fight to keep it free only if their press is so reliable, so honest, so courageous that there can be no doubt in the public's mind that it deserves to be free.

* * *

These sobering responsibilities, it seems to us, the press should face as it observes National Newspaper Week, starting tomorrow (Friday).

For our part, this newspaper faces them with a sense of humility and of determination to do a better job.

Hidden Ramsey Retires

Announcement of the retirement of D. H. Hidden Ramsey from active newspaper work comes as a shock to people both inside and outside the newspaper craft.

Inside it, Mr. Ramsey has so won the confidence and admiration of his fellows that they have come to look upon him as a tower of strength and a pillar of wisdom.

Outside it, the people of this state, and especially of Western North Carolina, have come to count on him as a sympathetic and hard-hitting champion of justice for the weak and the defenseless.

After 34 years as a newspaperman, Mr. Ramsey