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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

DECEMBER 30, 1954

## Nobody Knows

Does anybody know what is the correct valuation of the properties of the Western Carolina Telephone Company within Macon County and its two towns?

Two months ago, this newspaper suggested that nobody, including the public officials responsible, knew. Every development since that time has tended to confirm the correctness of that suggestion.

Here is what has happened, in order:

1. The Western Carolina Telephone Company filed with the State Board of Assessment, the authority responsible for fixing the tax valuation of public utilities, a statement listing its properties and their value. The statement showed the company's miles of telephone line had shrunk, since the previous year's listing, by about one-third in Franklin, and by about one-half in the county as a whole.

That statement was accepted, apparently without question, by the state board.

2. When the discrepancy was called to the company's attention by local officials, it filed a corrected statement, showing approximately the same number of miles as the year before, but so drastically reducing the value per mile as to cut the company's tax bill by approximately a third in Franklin, and by about 40 per cent in the county.

This second statement was accepted by the state board — again apparently without question.

3. Meanwhile, the company issued an explanatory statement that may have been clear to telephone company officials and members of the state board — it wasn't to the layman.

4. Last week, the company filed a second corrected statement, on its properties within the Town of Franklin. (It was indicated a second corrected statement also was being filed for the county, but the first of this week it still hadn't reached county officials.)

This third correction showed what apparently was the discovery of 333.9 miles of line within the limits of Franklin, not previously listed. A value of \$11,497 is placed on this additional line.

After all the corrections, however, the value of the same property within the limits of Franklin has dropped, in a single year, from \$74,109 to \$52,834. That's a decrease of nearly a third in the company's tax bill.

And this time the State Board of Assessment not only has accepted the company's statement — once more apparently without question.

It has written the town authorities that this is the correct figure, and that last year's larger valuation was in error; thus, the state board implies, the Town of Franklin owes the telephone company a tax refund for last year.

Well, maybe.

But we don't think anybody knows.

## Cause For Shame

The closing weeks of 1954 brought with them two incidents of which no American can be proud. Either incident, taken alone, is cause for embarrassment. The two, taken together, will make thoughtful citizens of this country ashamed to be called Americans.

In Washington, a fortnight ago, an army board of review upheld the 10-year sentence given a country boy from Virginia, on a charge of collaborating with the enemy while a prisoner of war in Korea.

Cpl. Edward Dickenson was one of 23 Americans who refused repatriation at the end of the Korean fighting. In its frantic effort to "save face", the American government promised these prisoners

they would not be punished, if only they would come back to the American side. Cpl. Dickenson and one other accepted at face value this promise of their government. Both have been rewarded with long prison sentences.

The point, therefore, is not whether these youths succumbed to the wiles of their Communist captors. The point is that the U. S. Army has broken the promise of the American government.

The story of the second incident came out of Berlin last week. There a U. S. court sentenced a young German woman to five years for betraying military information to the Russians. She had wangled the secrets from two intelligence officials — one an army colonel, the other a civilian — by serving as mistress of one, the "occasional sweetheart" of the other.

And what about those most guilty, the army colonel and the high civilian intelligence official, from whom she got the information?

The army has given no indication it plans to punish them. In fact, it has been careful to protect them, by suppressing their names!

## New Year Resolutions

We have no quarrel with New Year resolutions. We are, in fact, in favor of them — for the other fellow.

In our own case, however, we've found several very disconcerting and discouraging things about resolutions made on January 1. In the first place, we've made a lot of them — but never kept one. In the second, we've noticed, in our own case, that the custom of making good resolutions at the New Year is used as a convenient excuse for postponing until then all the good resolutions that should have been made last February or March. In the third, we have observed that while everybody is much interested in his own resolutions and quite ready to talk about them, nobody is a bit interested in anybody else's.

In view of these and other considerations, we have resolved, at the approach of this new year, to publish our entire list of New Year resolutions. They follow, in full:

## Others' Opinions

### THE DREAR FUTURE

(Chicago Daily Times)

On the Isle of Arran, off the west coast of Scotland, they tell you how to predict the weather with absolute accuracy: If you can see the neighboring coast of Ayrshire, it is going to rain; if you can't see it, it is already raining.

### WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

(Southern Pines Pilot)

How can we get people to stop throwing things into the street?

This is a question that has the town council stumped. As well as anybody else who stops to think about it.

We put trash cans, plainly labelled, around the streets. They stand empty while the ground around them is littered with every imaginable sort of trash. (Take a look at the one in front of A and P, if you doubt it. Especially on a Saturday.

We put boxes on poles along the sidewalk. That's supposed to be easier, but apparently it's not considered so.

At a recent council meeting, one of the city fathers reported the following discouraging remark, which he had overheard:

"Th'ow it in that little ole box on the pole? What 'yuh mean? A man'ud be a fool to put trash in a box when he kin just drop it in the gutter."

Anybody got any ideas?

### "STICKIES" AND SUCH

(Greensboro Daily News)

The Morganton News-Herald's dissertation upon "stickies" is the first time we have encountered them either in actuality or in print since childhood visits to Grandma's years ago.

The "stickies" we remember were precisely like these our Morganton contemporary enjoyed while visiting at a Linville Falls home: Biscuit dough rolled thin, spread thick with butter, given a good coating of sugar and sprinkling of cinnamon, then rolled up, cut into rather thin slices and cooked in a moderate oven. We must have been able to smell "stickies" for blocks as we'd generally manage to slip over to Grandma's through the alley — another word that is less and less encountered with municipal growth and planning — whenever they were on the dinner table. Our recollection is that they were served warm and right on the table with the rest of the meal.

But mere mention of "stickies" starts a chain reaction which brings to mind other goodies which nowadays we encounter no more than we encounter them. There were teacakes, for instance, cake batter rolled out thin, cut into various shapes, round, square, diamond and sometimes heart, baked in a moderate oven and sprinkled atop with sugar just about the time they were ready to take out. Teacakes, from our point of view, were made for between-meals eating.

And fried pies, who, if he has ever eaten one, doesn't remember it, dried apples or peaches encased in shortened dough, folded over into a half-moon, crimped down around the edges, and then cooked to a tantalizing brown in deep-fat? By the way, is there any such thing as dried apples or peaches any more? If there's to be any further mouth-watering let it be over quince preserves, lavishly piled upon a hot buttered biscuit. How long has it been since anybody in the congregation enjoyed anything like that, or has even looked upon a quince tree?

It's downright uplifting in spirit to learn, via the News-Herald's dissertation, that the art of preparing at least one of these goodies hasn't been wholly lost.

### STRICTLY

## PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

### RANDOM THOUGHTS . . .

Wonder why the Santa Claus letters mailed by hopeful youngsters always find their way into the post office box of The Press?

And, I understand, it's the custom, the country over, for letters addressed to Santa to be passed along to the newspapers.

In our own case, we are duly flattered that the postal clerks think we are the one agency best able to play the role of Santa. But we could tell 'em better!

"Shave and a haircut . . . four bits".

That old song is outmoded in more ways than one. For not only is 50 cents far too little today to buy a shave and a haircut, but a barber shop shave has become almost extinct.

In the old days, many men bought all their shaves . . . often just one a week, on Saturday afternoon. But no more! First safety razors, then electric razors, changed all that. So much so that a barber told me the other day that graduates of barber colleges today hardly know how to shave a customer.

Wonder when, and why, the old custom of tolling the church bell for funerals went out of use.

Ain't the English language funny? (Incidentally, that word "ain't" is a good old Anglo-Saxon contraction.)

You can take two or three combinations of letters and they are pronounced the same way. For example, "row" and "roe". On the other hand, you can take the same combination of letters and get words that are pronounced differently and have different meanings. For instance "row", meaning to row a boat, and "row" meaning a quarrel.

And that sort of thing goes on endlessly in this speech of ours.

Speaking of language, I was interested the other day in the way a newspaper reporter got across to readers the size of the new carrier, "Forrestal". He first explained that the flight deck of the big ship was about four acres. Then, to make it more vivid, he said it was the size of four football fields.

In other words, there are a lot of people in the United States who don't know how big an acre is, but nobody who doesn't know the size of a football field.

That makes clear, as all the figures in the world never would, how rapidly the farm population of the United States has shifted to the towns and cities.

## News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

As a close out to the year 1954 I would like to state my personal opinion concerning various things that have happened during the past year and may happen during the coming year.

One of the most idiotic things I have seen in the past 12 months was the stand taken by the Methodist Council of Bishops in opposition to military training. This body of men takes the position that military training will prevent these young men from becoming good Christians.

In the first place it has been my observation that the service groups do a better job of seeing that the young men attend religious services than the parents do of this same age group not in service. I am willing to make a small bet that the percentage of young men who attend church who are undergoing military training is higher than that on the outside.

The Bishops take the position that a year or so of military training will affect or warp the minds of these youths. An insult to everyone concerned including the churches, to my way of thinking. If any group can undo in a year or two what the church has had eighteen years to do, then the church must have a pretty weak argument. This should not be said of an institution which has endured since the time of Christ. That military training will in anyway weaken the growth or strength of Christianity is sheer nonsense, I think.

The shooting of firecrackers and other loud explosives on Christmas is a custom which I wish would die out. To me, Christmas seems the most inappropriate day in the year to indulge in this form of celebration. From the number of blasts of dynamite that was fired in my neighborhood this year I fear that the custom is growing.

Well, since all I can do is hope, I plan to spend a good bit of time between now and next Christmas hoping that the custom has now reached its peak and will gradually die out.

During the past year there have been some actions by the Board of Education and school officials in which the intent was not always made clear to the public. In fact, some times it has been a considerable period of time before the true meaning of their actions became clear. I hope this is not a custom that will grow, but one which will stop — and fast.

## Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

### 50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK.

Mrs. R. L. Porter and her son, DeWitt, came over from Silver Birch Lodge Thursday and returned Saturday.

Miss Kate Robinson is here from Lenoir, N. C., to spend the holidays with her mother's family. Miss R. has a position as music teacher in Davenport College.

Bernard Elias came home Friday from Trinity College to eat the Christmas turkey with pa and ma at the old home-stead.

### 25 YEARS AGO

Miss Sue Hunnicutt, senior student at N. C. C. W., has returned to Franklin to spend the holiday season with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hunnicutt.

Classes were brought to a close early last Friday in the Franklin High School and Franklin Graded School. A two weeks' vacation began with the closing of the school doors on that day. Classes will start again on January 6.

### 10 YEARS AGO

Miss Lillian Jones, who is taking a secretarial course in Akron, Ohio, is spending several days here with her grandmother, Mrs. Martin Jones, at her home on Bonny Crest.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matlock, of Winston-Salem, spent this week at West's Mill visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Matlock and Mrs. Margaret Ann Morrison.

Col. and Mrs. Elliott Caziar spent Christmas week-end in Atlanta with Mrs. Caziar's niece, Mrs. James Randall, and family.—Highlands Item.

## Letters

### 'BREATH OF FRESH AIR'

Dear Mr. Jones:

I read with approval and appreciation your "Strictly Personal" in the issue of December 9, which dealt with the matter of freedom of thought, speech and press.

It is good to know that there are editors, churchmen, teachers and some government officials who are not afraid of freedom and who are willing for those with different ideas and opinions to express themselves freely. It seems to be the style today to condemn anyone who does not conform to certain patterns of belief. This uncompromising demand for conformity seems to me to be a threat to our democratic and to our religious institutions.

Very often the person who dares to be different and to think freely is a blessing to us all.

Your observation that "in the realms of religious, political and economic thought and speech, we are either free or we are not free" with a breath of fresh air at a time when a high price is being put on our right to be free agents.

May God bless you as you speak for the dignities of our democratic way of life.

Sincerely

REV. S. B. MOSS.

Franklin.