

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

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MAY 26, 1955

A Lot To Do

Just four weeks from today, Franklin's big centennial celebration will open.

We're going to have a lot of visitors.

What will they see?

The first thing they see, unless we get busy, and get busy now, will be a dirty town.

There's a lot of paint that needs putting on; there are a lot of banks and grass plots that need mowing; and there are a lot of vacant lots that need clearing off. There are a lot of streets here, too, that are disgraceful; streets in the heart of Franklin that have litter — rocks washed down from banks, broken glass, paper cups — that has been on them not weeks, but months!

Isn't it about time we started on the big job of getting ready for the big event?

... The Best Governed

On the one hand, we have science's miracle, the Salk vaccine.

On the other, we have millions of parents eager for this answer to desperate prayer.

In between, is the government — muddling, if ever there was muddling; moving forward, backing up, moving forward, then changing its mind and backing up again.

Maybe some government administration of this program was necessary. In theory, it seemed highly desirable. But it is hard to see, to date, a single constructive contribution that has come from government.

The situation recalls the suggestion of old Tom Jefferson to the general effect that the least governed people is the best governed people.

Something Irreplaceable

The Masonic Hall on Church Street belongs to the Masons. Since it is their property, they have a right, of course, to do with it what they wish.

But none of us can live to ourselves, and their plan to raze the structure effects the whole community; for if and when the Masonic Hall comes down, Franklin will have lost something irreplaceable.

This is one more in a long line of instances, it seems to us, suggesting that Franklin is 40 or 50 years behind the times, in one respect. Because in other sections of the country, the value of the old and the historic has long been recognized; they not only save the old buildings, they restore and preserve them. We, in Franklin, on the other hand, cannot tear down the old fast enough!

The Masonic Hall is one of Franklin's few remaining old buildings. It has seen — and been a part — of a lot of history.

But it has something in addition to age and history to recommend it. Architecturally, it has a grace and dignity that are not likely to be duplicated. Anybody can put up a modern new building — usually something exactly like other new buildings to be found all over the United States. But who, once it is gone, can restore the gracious old structure on Church street? It gives distinction to the entire town.

There are many people here, we suspect, who hope the Masons will reconsider their decision.

In the world we live in, freedom once lost is lost to stay lost. — Elmer Davis.

Why Poppy Day?

Saturday will be Poppy Day.

The annual observance is in the nature of a memorial to the American boys for whom "the poppies grow, beneath the crosses, row on row", across the seas "in Flanders field". (And, more recently, for those who died in World War 2, as well.)

How better remember those who gave their all than by serving their buddies?

So the American Legion Auxiliary annually sells poppies, using the funds in the service of disabled veterans of both wars, and of the children of veterans.

Others' Opinions

YOUR LINE MAY BE VERY BUSY

(U. N. C. Daily Tar Heel)

The scene is a cluttered room in the Senate Office Building, and the actors, members of the House Judiciary subcommittee, have deserted the stage to make room for a wiretap expert, who is demonstrating his equipment.

The senators are holding hearings on proposals to permit use of evidence gained from wiretapping in federal court cases, and the wiretap expert shows how easy it is to eavesdrop.

A telephone "bug" allows police to record telephone conversations when the receiver is lifted and general room conversation when the receiver is down. Another microphone can be hidden in wallpaper. And a third type receiver is the size of a pack of cigarettes.

"It costs less than \$10 to convert a home telephone, radio, television set, or phonograph into a wiretap device," says the expert. "In some respects, it's all rather frightening," the expert adds almost proudly.

And the senators sitting on the sidelines of this demonstration in electronic eavesdropping nod their heads in agreement — because it is "all rather frightening" to know that the government may probe into one's private life and conversation, without warrant or warning.

PAINT INDICATES PRIDE

(Holley Mack Bell in Bertie Ledger-Advance)

If I were a millionaire, I would give a prize to every householder in the Roanoke-Chowan who painted his house. I'd also give a prize for every barn, outbuilding, chicken coop and tobacco barn painted. And being a millionaire, I'd furnish the paint and brushes.

I'd request that the householder do the painting, if he were physically able; but since I'm so sold on the idea of paint, and being a millionaire, I would even supply the labor. Because I am sold on painting.

There are probably more unpainted buildings in Eastern North Carolina than in any section of the U.S.A. I don't know this for a fact, but I'd be willing to bet.

Why this is so I'm not exactly certain. It's not necessarily poverty; because oftentimes you see a nice big house that's recently been painted, but the paint gave out before they got to the outbuildings. And then you see unpainted tenant houses of people who live in big houses in town and drive big cars.

My feeling is that people who live in tenant houses have self-respect and want a painted house. But, of course, that's not the main consideration to an owner — he's interested in his investment.

If an owner is interested in his investment, it seems to me that he would paint tenant houses. Paint helps preserve and insure the lifetime of a house and is well worth the expenditure.

A SCIENTIST ANSWERS

IS ATOMIC SECRECY EFFECTIVE?

By LLOYD V. BERKNER

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is reprinted, by permission, from the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists. It is taken from an address delivered by Dr. Berkner at Dartmouth College. The author is president of Associated Universities, Inc., a group of 12 universities administering Brookhaven National Laboratory.)

Really serious secrecy applied to military technology seems to have emerged coincident with the discovery of radar about 1930. During the ensuing decade, the record is not impressive. Secrecy seriously delayed radar development, and neither technical nor tactical progress was very appreciable. As a consequence, radar failed to prevent Pearl Harbor, although it then was technically and demonstrably adequate to have done this relatively simple job. Pearl Harbor was a tactical failure born of military ignorance growing out of secrecy since the warning of the radar was ignored. Had we advertised our radar protection of Pearl Harbor, it is doubtful that the Japanese would have attempted a surprise. In any event, our own commanders would not have been ignorant of the powerful tools at their command.

The development of airborne

radar applications awaited the war, for at its commencement we had no anti-submarine radar, no night fighters, no means for extensive sea search. The lack of such weapons is directly attributable to the technological delays consequent to secrecy. Had airborne radar been developed and advertised openly, the consequent great progress in these developments might have so weakened the German confidence in their submarine supremacy, or ability for strategic air attack, that World War II might never have been precipitated.

Years Of Delay

More recently, the years of delay in initiating a continental defense to clothe our bareness to modern bombs arose from the cover that secrecy afforded to the recalcitrance of a few arrogant men. Is it necessary to cite more examples?

So you can see that the record of our administration of secrecy is unimpressive. Yet the need for widespread secrecy has become a sacred cow, a belief hedged by the deepest emotions and accepted without question by many Americans. In the present atmosphere, one is supposed to feel a sense of guilt in questioning our security policies. Yet the record

shows that a little less secrecy, and more comprehension, might well have altered events enormously in our benefit.

Moreover, the policy of extreme and widespread secrecy leads to abuses that have no place in a democratic state. The removal of security clearance, with its inevitable disgrace and loss of employment, has been used as a threat to force conformity of cleared individuals to current policy. The recent denial (New York Times, November 16) to military and naval academy cadets of freedom to debate diplomatic recognition of Red China stems, not so much from direct efforts at "thought control," as from the fear that proponents of Red Chinese recognition in a college debate could not subsequently be "cleared" under security regulations. Thus their usefulness would be lost to the government. Precisely the same sword hangs over the head of anyone whose employment requires access to secret material by sharply restricting his thoughts on any controversial subject.

To quote Vannevar Bush "... It is ... sadly true that we do have thought control in our midst." (New York Times, June 13, 1954).

Above all, secrecy permits a flood of propaganda, sometimes

Poetry

Editor
EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE
Weaverville, North Carolina

THOUGHTS IN SPRING

Beyond blue seas, pale towers rise . . .
Beyond the drifting foam
Lie the lands my forebears knew,
The moors and mists of home:

A part of me is over there
In a wet, sweet English lane
Where hawthorn buds and the hills beyond
Are grey in the silver rain;

A part of me in the north of France
At home in Normandy
Drifts out with the scent of apple-bloom
To mate with the tang of the sea;

A part of me to Scotland belongs
Like the plaids that do not change—
To the skirl of pipes that haunt the glens
With a music wild and strange;

A part of me in Ireland,
On a wind-swept sun-lit hill
Is one with Erin earth and air
And the lilting tunes that spill

Melodic, down the centuries . . .
Beyond the drifting foam
Lie the dim, nostalgic lands
That echo, softly, "Home . . ."

Oxnard, Calif.

BESS HINES HARKIN.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Back in May, 1954, I was homesick for Macon County.

Looking back through the files of The Press, I find I was writing, in this column a year ago, how much I regretted all the things I had missed, here at home, during my nine months' sojourn in Chapel Hill:

"... nippy winter days . . . when the trees are leafless, so you can see a lot of things you never know are there, in summer . . . snow on the mountains, making every ridge and hollow stand out against the sky . . . open wood fires on cold winter days . . . the woods, when the arbutus, one of spring's first flowers, blooms beneath the dead, dry leaves, . . . the sight, and smell, of newly plowed mountain red clay . . . All these I've missed, for this year."

Well, just to show how funny human nature is, I've been homesick, all this May, for Chapel Hill!

Not that I'm not still glad to be back home; I am. For there's no place in the world quite like this spot.

But, somehow, Chapel Hill casts its own, inimitable spell. The tiniest, fleeting memory of its campus creates a nostalgic

longing at once painful and pleasant.

It's not just the ivied walls, though that is part of it; it's not just the intellectual stimulation always found in a university town, though that, too, is part of it; and it's not just the kindly neighborliness of the village, that Chapel Hill, somehow, has managed to retain, appealing as that is.

Primarily, it seems to me, what gives the place its charm is the presence, everywhere, of youth . . . boys and girls hurrying — or, in late afternoon, strolling, along graveled campus walks beneath mighty oaks.

There's something moving about that sight.

For youth is eager; it is sensitive, both to the beautiful and the fine, and to disappointment and disillusion; and it is so heart-breakingly sure of itself (what disappointments it has in store!)

Seeing those youngsters, hastening to meet adulthood, brings with it, too, a thrill.

For here are energy and hope and dreams . . . here is new courage . . . here, indeed, is the future!

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

I have often heard people in Franklin say that Negroes here in Macon County have just as good an economic opportunity as the whites. I wonder how many Negroes are employed in our few industries.

Several people have spoken favorably concerning the proposal I made last week that the tax rate be increased to provide funds for the upkeep of the Youth Recreation Center which will be built here. (The reason I say that so positively is that although the Youth Center is still in Sloan the infant stage, where there is such a demand the people generally find a way. Also I have a great deal of confidence in the people behind this movement.) True, already I have heard people say that such a levy might not be legal. But again I say where there is a will, there is a way. The swimming pool and tennis courts at Franklin Lodge and Golf Course were originally built with public money. A legal way was found then, and it can be done again.

Soon the air will be filled with stirring pronouncements delivered at graduation exercises for our youth to hear and heed.

Here is the advice I would like to give to the youth of Macon County — "Stay Home". This is a land of great opportunity if only you will look for it. The average graduate was born here; he loves this county. His parents have built a good name for him. He (or she) can make good here, and live a happy life. Stay home; Macon County needs you. There are those of course who wish to specialize in some field which offers no opportunity here, but first look hard and then look again and see if your particular talents can't be used here. We need you.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Dr. S. H. Lyle had excavations made last week for the foundation walls of his new sanitarium, on Harrison Avenue.

Master Frank Bryson took a fish from his trap Friday morning of the "red-horse" variety that measured 29 in. in length and weighed 16 pounds.

The rains during the last two or three days past are delaying the farmers with their farm work. The weather has been quite cool during the past week, which is not beneficial to corn and other crops.

25 YEARS AGO

A highly enjoyable dance was given at the home of Mrs. C. H. Zoellner Saturday night in honor of the graduating class. Four sets were danced to the splendid music, and those present spent a thoroughly delightful evening. — Highlands item.

Dr. F. T. Smith, who spent several days last week in Wilson visiting his daughter, Mrs. Fleet Scroggs, returned home Friday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Scroggs and little daughter, Rosalie.

Mrs. E. R. Kinnebrew is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Jim Cook, in Athens, Ga.

10 YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar E. Watkins returned to their home in Albany, Ga., on Monday, after spending the week-end with Mrs. Watkins' father, J. A. Conley, and sister, Mrs. H. O. Cozad.

Mrs. C. H. Menger left Sunday to spend several weeks in Indianapolis, Ind., with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Paetz, who recently suffered a broken arm in a fall at her home. — Highlands item.

Mrs. F. Ecker, of Portsmouth, Va., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hedden.