

The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian

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WEIMAR JONES Editor
BOB S. SLOAN Business Manager
J. P. BRADY News Editor
MRS. ALLEN SILER Society Editor and Office Manager
CARL P. CABE Mechanical Superintendent
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DAVID H. SUTTON Stereotyper
CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON Pressman

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A Myth Explodes

For decades now, nearly all the experts and most of the laymen have had a standard prescription for what ails us in North Carolina.

Whatever the state's economic ills, we have been told, and told, and told, there's a cure-all — industry . . . any kind of industry. If we don't get well immediately, then the trouble is not with the prescription but with the size of the dose. What we need is yet more industry; once we get enough industry, runs the well-worn theme, all our troubles will be over.

And the chorus swelled in volume, a couple of years ago, when North Carolina dropped below even South Carolina in average per capita income. "Disgraceful!" shouted the worshippers of Industry; "now, even more than ever, we must get more industry — that's the one way to raise our average per capita income."

Well, maybe.

But the other day there came out of the U. S. Department of Labor an announcement that raises some embarrassing doubts. In 1954, the Labor Department said, North Carolina was 48th among the states in average weekly earnings of manufacturing employees.

In other words, it isn't our oft-cited failure to strike a balance between industry and agriculture or our low farm income or even the lack of enough industry that puts us near the bottom in average per capita income; the average income of everybody is pulled down by the average income of industrial workers in this state. That is, we are in 44th place in per capita income because we are in 48th place in average earnings of factory workers.

Of course we need a balance between agriculture and industry, and of course a certain amount of industrialization is necessary to attain that end.

But what we seem to need first of all in North Carolina is industry that, on the average, pays decent wages.

The World Do Move

The world, it is said, "do move". Things change. Yesterday's ideas and tastes and customs are out of date today, or, at the latest, tomorrow.

We've granted that all along. But it seems it was a purely intellectual acceptance of this great truth. We didn't really comprehend it until the other day.

It always had been our idea that the purpose of art was to transmit from the artist to others ideas or inspiration or some other emotion. The viewers of paintings or sculptures or the hearers of music were expected to see and hear and feel what the artist saw and heard and felt . . . and the more vividly the artist got across his message to a great number of people, the greater his artistry.

As we say, that was our idea. But it seems we were wrong, dead wrong.

Because the other day we visited an exhibition of modern painting. We wondered, at first, why all the pictures were lying on their sides, instead of top up. We leaned to side to look, but that wasn't the trouble. Maybe they were upside down. So we bent over and looked between our legs. They made a mite more sense that way, but still they conveyed neither ideas nor emotion — unless puzzlement be emotion.

So we asked. And we were told!

Modern art (and they spell Modern with a capital, if not the art) has as a single purpose, to "express the soul of the artist" — and to heck with everybody else.

O. K.! O. K.! Our apologies for being ignorant!

But to go back to our opening remark:

The world do move. Praise be! Maybe it'll move some more!

Others' Opinions

High Authority

(Wall Street Journal)

The late Jim Thorpe, besides being a champion athlete, was considered a fine referee. One time he removed a player for cursing. "What rule did I violate?" demanded the player.

"The second commandment," replied Thorpe. There was no further argument.

Slow And Easy

(Capper's Weekly)

A tourist driving along through the country noticed a farmer and his little daughter sitting under a tree. The tourist pulled up alongside and admired the little girl.

"What do you call her?" he asked the farmer.

"Amalasyinta," the farmer replied.

"Isn't that a rather long name?"

The farmer looked at the tourist with contempt. "Listen, son, we're not city folks — we've got time."

Ending Sentences With With

(Cleveland Plain Dealer)

We may be old-fashioned, and all that, but we can't agree with English teachers who don't mind if a student of composition ends a sentence with with.

Teachers of freshman English may indeed have given up trying to ban a preposition at the end of any sentence — we'll admit that they have hoed a long, tiring row — but we wish they hadn't given up so easily.

Such usage of words is simply sloppy writing. Any sentence can be rejiggered so that it will not end in a preposition, which is not only shocking to the eye but hard on the ears.

We are aware of the existence of the "usage makes it proper" school, but we don't believe this, either. There are some people who use double negatives, but no one would attempt to defend this practice on the basis that usage makes it proper. Some people say: "I have went," and "her and me," but if everyone in the country followed suit, that wouldn't make it right.

True, some pretty good boys have been guilty of prepositional endings to sentences. Sir Winston Churchill is reported to have made a marginal note on a manuscript which had been corrected by a secretary who didn't like a phrase which ended in a preposition as follows: "This is the sort of arrant pedantry up with which I shall not put."

Then there is the story of the small boy who said: "I want to be read to."

"What do you want to be read to from?" his mother asked, starting out on "Little Boy Blue". The child didn't like it, and said:

"Why did you pick that for me to be read from for?"

You can see how complicated it gets!

It may be stuffy to stick pretty closely to the rules of grammar, but unless we do our language will get sloppier and sloppier. Others may do as they choose, but as long as we live we shall never end another sentence with with!

Leave The Good Myths Alone

(Chapel Hill News Leader)

A magazine writer says Davy Crockett was a phony, a wife deserter, and a ne'er-do-well.

The information is not surprising. Some of the big figures in history were not at all respectable in their private lives. They could not wear the harness, that's all.

But aside from all that, it is a question whether a people should, without good ground, be deprived of their favored myths and legends. A good myth is part of a nation's treasure.

The learned persons who stamp out a myth fail, as a rule, to put anything in its place. They pour water on a harmless glow and leave a grey blank behind.

They forget what should be obvious — that people must have heroes as well as daily bread. A hero perhaps begins in

SOUTHERN PINES PILOT

SCHOOL BOARDS SHOULD BE ELECTED BY THE PEOPLE

If a machine runs smoothly, it doesn't necessarily mean that it's the best possible machine — or even that it is the best machine for the job it is doing.

It's human nature not to look beneath the surface or examine the whys and wherefores if things roll along pretty nicely.

We're thinking these thoughts in connection with the way county school boards and a good many city school boards are chosen in North Carolina.

We have no reason to believe that the county board of education and the Southern Pines board of school trustees are not doing as good a job as would similar groups elected by the people. Maybe they are doing better jobs than would 100 per cent elected boards.

We're not thinking in terms of next week or next year, but rather about what is the most satisfactory way to fill public offices in a democracy in the long run. If good and capable men and women fill appointive offices that handle thousands

Rail oddities



DAIVING FROM THE NINTH FLOOR OF HIS HOME TOWN GOLF COURSE, A RAILROAD AGENT SAW HIS BARKY SUCKER BALL DISAPPEAR THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR OF A BUS CAR IN A PASSING FREIGHT TRAIN. THE BALL, MARKED WITH THE OWNER'S NAME, WAS FOUND, QUICKLY IDENTIFIED AND MAILED BACK TO HIM BY A FELLOW AGENT 300 MILES AWAY.

NEWLY TRAVELS FAST... TRAVELS FAR TOO. A RECENT BOOKLET MADE UP OF ITEMS SELECTED FROM THESE RAIL ODDITIES CARICATURES WAS THE SUBJECT OF AN ARTICLE IN A NEWS-PAPER OF EAST VICTORIA PARK, A SUBURB OF THE CITY OF PERTH IN WEST AUSTRALIA... ALMOST HALF WAY 'ROUND THE EARTH.

AN INDIAN UPRISING AGAINST AN EARLY RAILROAD UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN NEVADA IN THE '40'S REACHED A THRILLING CLIMAX WHEN AN EXCITED YOUNG BRAVE OF THE PAIUTE TRIBE ENGAGED THE LOCOMOTIVE IN PERSONAL COMBAT. HE SUCCEEDED IN LASSING THE FIRE-DRIVING MINISTER IN AN EXHIBITION OF COURAGE AND SKILL THAT DESERVED A HAPPIER ENDING.



a small way; he is only one size bigger than the average man. But he grows by loving repetition until he fills the horizon, delivers orphic and revered sayings, and at last becomes the saint of small boys who naturally must have romance to offset the steady diet of routine at home.

The Davy Crockett legend was in its beginnings harmless and useful. It has been over-done in the wholesale American way until it has become commercialized and racketty.

But as long as it inspired a single small boy to heroic deeds and lofty imaginations, it had its place in a varied universe, and the destruction of it shows only that the destroyer is baldheaded and middle-aged, and is out of touch with a boy's world.

Time For Silence

(San Angelo, Texas, Standard Times)

A visitor to a town deep in the state of Maine joined in a small group of men on a store porch and made a few remarks. No one replied and the visitor asked, "What is there, a law here against talk?" One of the natives replied, "No, but there's a sort of mutual agreement among us that nobody says anything unless he can improve on the silence . . ."

How wonderful it would be if everybody only talked when they could improve on the silence. Should that become the custom what stretches of silence we would have, restful for the ears and for the tongues. Sessions of the legislatures would be only a fraction of the hundred and twenty days they now cover. Rumor and propaganda would get no circulation. Even fear of another war might be dismissed.

There are countless other wonderful possibilities that do not need enumerating. Everybody would have time to read a good book or to do a little quiet thinking and soul-searching and it would all be for the best. There would be more happy homes and contented families. The habit of keeping silent unless one could improve it would grow until we would say nothing unless it meant something for the good of mankind.

Poetry

Editor
EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE
Weaverville, North Carolina

THE SUNFLOWER'S SECRET

The sunflower gay and yellow
Growing by the garden wall
Peeps at all the other flowers
Because he is so tall.
But he has to turn his head around
To follow Mr. Sun
Everywhere he goes
Until the day is done.

ANNIE G. LITTLE

Marion, N. C.

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

During the past week there have been events of considerable significance on a local, state, national, and international level.

The "Meeting at the Summit" has been held. No one can yet judge its worth. But it is certainly to be hoped that as President Eisenhower indicated on his return to the United States that there is a new friendliness in the world.

Perhaps man throughout the world is coming to the gradual realization that he has created forces of destruction so powerful that they must never be unleashed if mankind is to survive. Often it has been said that "Necessity is the mother of invention." I think that realization of this is the moving force behind the peace moves today.



Sloan

This past week Gov. Luther Hodges expressed the thought that mass integration would never be put into effect in the public schools of the state of North Carolina. To me, that is a strong indictment of the effectiveness of the Christian churches. One of the principal tenets of Christianity is the brotherhood of man. Will the Christian churches never be able to influence their members to the extent that they cannot mix and mingle together due solely to a difference in color of skin? Today, I realize that public feeling prevents it, but does the Governor think that the churches will never overcome this?

Locally, the loss of our district school principal, Ralph Smith, is of considerable importance and to me points out a weakness in the state school contract system. Mr. Smith was able to change his mind even though he had signed a contract here, but had the Board of Education changed their mind and found a man they had rather have had than Mr. Smith, the cry would have been raised, "Oh no, you can't do that, he has a contract." It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

We were informed today that the track was laid on the Railroad extension to the Scruggs place, this side of the Rabun Gap.

Mr. L. H. Enloe, who has been spending several months in Atlanta, Ga., returned to his home on Cartoochay last week.

Major W. J. Stribbling, of Wall-halla, S. C., was here Monday on business connected with our telephone system.

25 YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Bolick, of Washington, D. C., have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Ammons.

Dick Jones and the Rev. J. A. Flanagan left Tuesday morning for Gaffney, S. C., to attend a two-day session for presidents and secretaries of the Rotary Club for the 58th District.

Miss Alla Phillips, of Andrews, visited Miss Marie Palmer last week. She was accompanied on her return home by Mrs. Palmer and Marie, who spent the week-end in Andrews.

10 YEARS AGO

Sgt. James B. Gibbs has returned to Harvard, Neb., after spending a 20-day furlough with his mother, Mrs. Florence Gibbs, in the Cowee community. Sgt. Gibbs has been in the service for the past 2½ years.

Mrs. Dan Reynolds, of the West's Mill community, left Thursday for Norfolk, Va., for a visit with her husband, Seaman 2/c Dan Reynolds. Mrs. Reynolds will also visit her aunt, Mrs. Turner Vinson, and Mr. Vinson, in Clayton, N. C., before she returns.

Major General E. Brown, arrived Saturday to spend a 30-day leave with Mrs. Brown at the home of Mrs. John Stephen Se-well, following several years of overseas service.—Highlands item.