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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 |

FEBRUARY 2, 1956

Goes To Show You

It's with no small amount of fanfare that we declare we're "plumb proud" of the Woodrow Teagues, an energetic Prentiss family.

"Our folks" have put Macon County in the national center ring of achievement once again by exemplifying the spirit of the family engaged in farm and home development work.

The Teague's "new look" is one of several farm and home work programs covered in an article appearing in the January issue of What's New In Home Economics.

Just goes to show what a family can do if it wants to — especially a Macon County family.

The Proper Balance

The editorial cartoon on this page graphically suggests what this newspaper has advocated with the incessancy of a magpie for years — a healthy, agricultural Macon County bolstered in its economy with the proper balance of two ingredients economically suited to the area, Tourist and Industry.

Agriculturally, Macon County is climbing rapidly and with a sureness indicating continued prosperity.

Industrially, the county's progress has been much slower. And that is as it should be. Macon can well afford to be overcautious in its selection of industry, since it does not depend entirely upon this factor for existence. Too, the county is in a position to now profit by the mistakes of other counties that have gone overboard in seducing just "any old industry" and are now facing economic problems as the "fly-by-nighters" pack up and leave.

Tourist-wise, the potential in Macon County has only been scratched. Gradually, wide-awake businessmen are leading the area into new fields toward the highly competitive tourist bankbook. The beauty of the mountains is a stable factor, but is no longer powerful enough to stand alone as an attraction. Opening up of the area's beauty marks (the toll road to Whiteside Mountain) a new trend in appeal. More and better accommodations are in the making. Emphasis, it seems, should be on bigger and better promotion.

Scaled properly and with vision to these three things — Agriculture, Tourist, and Industry — there's little doubt that Macon County can, and will, reach the top.

'Blue Monday' Whine

With their almost customary "blue Monday" apologetic whine, most of the fiery sports pages of the nation's daily newspapers for weeks have lamented the impending doom of United States athletes competing in the winter Olympics.

Although the inevitable is just now asserting itself — the games started this week — sports writers have been indicating the coupe de grace on the wallpaper as a matter of course since the last Olympic games.

And the fact remains that the United States is making a very poor showing, and for a variety of reasons, ranging from sprains to broken sled runners, and retroactive childbirth.

That's right — retroactive childbirth.

Crying towels soggy, the sports pages have tearfully noted that Mrs. Andrea Mead Lawrence's chances of winning in the women's giant slalom ski race were about nil because, since a double Olympic triumph four years ago, she has had three children.

We don't profess to know what relationship exists between competitive skiing and having children and what bearing it would have on an athlete

Agricultural Helpmates



placing in an event. The sports writers are more educated along this line because, as they predicted, Mrs. Lawrence placed only fourth.

Be that as it may, our hat's off to Mrs. Lawrence; for a couple of reasons.

First, even though the sports pages wrote her Olympic obituary long before she donned her skis, her wonderful spirit of competition carried her through.

Secondly, because we're sure those three children mean more to her than all the Olympic gold medals put together.

Did You Know?

Unlike the daily papers, where a push button and a huge press do the job in one operation, The Press each week is printed four pages at a time; the first four on Friday, the second on Monday, the third on Tuesday, and the final Wednesday afternoon.

It takes 15 pounds of ink to print a 16-page issue of The Press.

Twelve reams of newsprint (600 pounds) go into each week's issue of The Press.

In producing The Press each week (16 pages), the four-page flat-bed newspaper press runs more than 12 hours. Four more hours are spent by an operator at the folding machine before the product is ready for public consumption.

The average press run for The Press is 3,000 copies weekly.

D. HIDDEN RAMSEY

NEWSPAPERING---It's The Greatest Game In The World

(Editor's Note: The following is taken from an address by Mr. Ramsey before the N. C. Press Association in Chapel Hill at its mid-winter institute. A retired Asheville newspaper executive, Mr. Ramsey has a wide circle of friends here).

I spent in the service of the daily newspapers of my home town many crowded, happy, and I venture to hope, somewhat purposeful years. The work was always demanding of time strength and mental exertion but I never found it drudgery. Each day was a new venture, each issue of the paper was a complete achievement in itself. There were, of course, many frustrations and failures but they were quickly forgotten in the reassuring knowledge that tomorrow would bring a completely new day and a new issue in which we could do full penance for the sins of today and in which the reader, remembering little, would forgive everything.

If I had my life to live over again — which none of us can do except in our vain imaginings — I would take the same old footwork trail. I would choose newspapering as my life-work and I would spend my days within the shadows of the mountains that bulk so large against the horizon of my home land and among the kindly, eternal engaging folk who inhabit its towns, valleys, and hillsides.

For the past sixteen months, I have had no responsibility for the production of any newspaper. I am just another subscriber, just another number in the ABC reports, just another unit of purchasing power which

some harried solicitor is trying to sell to some skeptical advertiser. I read newspapers now to keep abreast of the news and of opinions. Once my duties forced me to read the comics; now I am even able to ignore them altogether. No longer do typographical errors throw me into apoplectic seizures. Now just like any other simple citizen I savor the end result of the work of your slaves of the wheels of journalistic labor. I can even throw my paper aside in angry disgust without feeling that I have been a traitor to my kind.

No reasonably perceptive and reflective person can change so sharply the angle from which he views his life-time calling without gaining a partially new perspective and without modifying somewhat his sense of professional values. It is from this slightly different perspective — my withered branch — that I propose to speak today.

As recently as twenty years ago I heard vocative experts — a deceptive breed at best — freely and dolefully predict that the non-dailies would be ultimately driven out of business by the strong dailies circulating in their territories.

This prophecy has not been fulfilled. On the contrary, the non-dailies taken as a group are more prosperous, more widely read, and more influential than they have ever been in their history. Still better days lie ahead for them.

The truth probably is that during the past two decades the non-dailies have made as much progress, if not more, than the dailies. If any of our daily publishers feels that this is an improvident statement, I urge

him to read regularly many of the more enterprising non-dailies. He will find it a rewarding practice. He will soon discover that there is much wisdom in these journalistic babes and sucklings.

I have been deeply impressed by the quality of the editorials, the sheer readability of the personal columns and the thoroughness and excellence of the news coverage which our better non-dailies are providing. Some of their editorials will not suffer by comparison with the more pretentious editorials appearing in some of our larger dailies. I know of no more interesting personal columns than some of them are printing.

This morning I wish to take my metaphorical hat off to the non-dailies of our state. Judged as a whole they are exemplifying journalism at its best by recording and interpreting accurately the lives of their respective communities. Deeply rooted in their soil, they have that assurance of permanence furnished only by indispensable public service rendered with competence and character.

Modern daily newspapering is a funny, even ridiculous business. It is chockful of contradictions, contrarities, and anomalies, of material things that are appallingly impermanent and of intangibles that are as everlasting as human nature itself and man's unrelenting quest for a better life.

Every successful publisher must live a double life and he must live this life of duplicity, usually righteous, in the full sight of his community and with a positive, even noble genius for keeping each clashing

Letters

Left Mark On Area

Dear Mr. Jones:

Over the past several years since we have been employed here in the Bank building, one of the brightest spots in our lives has been the friendship of Mr. James M. Denman, who died January 19, 1956. He was affectionately known to us as "Uncle Jim".

Let us all pause for a moment in our busy lives in respect for this man who left such a profound mark upon Macon County and Western North Carolina. He really did leave his mark here, and his name will live as long as our public records stand. Through the years he conscientiously surveyed and prepared many thousands of descriptions of Macon County properties. He was proud of his profession as a registered North Carolina surveyor. He honestly pursued his work and took pride in doing a job to the very best of his ability.

Mr. Denman was a quiet, unassuming man and had a very special place in his heart for children. One of his greatest pleasures was making a child happy with an ice cream cone or a piece of candy, "just to see them smile". He encouraged children in their school work, taking pride in their accomplishments. He loved people, and lending a helping hand to make the lives of others more pleasant was his delight. Those who loved him will especially remember the thoughtful little things he did for others out of which he derived so much pleasure. Things others did for him were never overlooked; he was appreciative and did not hesitate to say so. He made doing things for him a real pleasure. On occasions when tempers flared, or when hearts were heavy, he possessed that rare gift of smoothing things over with a kindly word of cheer and a hearty little chuckle, or with his sly grin, followed by a bright remark. "Uncle Jim" loved to give. To his associates he gave a wonderful share of happiness, and we will always hold his memory dear to our hearts. Mr. Denman loved his family and his home. He was a lover of flowers—especially pansies, which he raised every year to share with his friends.

Mr. Denman was a good and staunch citizen; was well educated, and possessed a remarkably broad vocabulary. He was soft spoken, but when occasion demanded, he could meet it with resounding eloquence and gusto. He was always ready to defend his rights and beliefs in speech or by letters to the press — an admirable quality. America would be an even better country if we had more of his kind; folks who would be willing to speak out and take a stand for the things in which they believe.

Although a native of the State of New York, "Uncle Jim" loved our North Carolina as his own, and adopted our mountains as his home. He knew them well, and could hold you spellbound for many an hour with his stories of the mountains and his work with mountain people.

Time will go on and others will take over his work, but his empty desk and chair can never be filled. Beautiful memories of this lovable person with his quiet manners, his sly little smile and ready friendship will live on in the hearts of those who knew him best. He was our "Uncle Jim".

Very truly yours,

(MISS) LUCILLE PICKENS
(MISS) MARIE JENNINGS

Franklin.

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference.—Reinhold Niebuhr.

Views

By

BOB SLOAN



The following may be a Russian fantasy, or it may not.

Ivan Petrovich hurried up the steps of the dull, grey building. He walked with quick step and there was an eager smile on his face. For several years now, he had been summoned to Moscow every three months to appear before the Committee and report on his work in America.

Before, he had dreaded these meetings, for Joseph Malinsky was a hard man who demanded results. Through diligent work, Ivan had risen in the party to this position of high trust — head of the American bureau whose mission was to attempt in every way possible to bring about the downfall of the democratic system of government in that country. Until recently he had made little progress, and he feared for his position.

This morning he had good news for his comrades.

He was almost humming to himself as he entered the committee room. The stern faces of Comrade Joseph and other members of the committee, whose decisions could even mean his death, had a sobering effect on this almost cheerful Russian. Still, he could not repress a look of buoyancy from his face as he laid his report on the desk and assumed a position which he hoped gave forth the air of respectful humility.

"Ah, perhaps Joseph will be pleased and I will be allowed to remain in Moscow with my beautiful Olga one week longer," he thought to himself as he noticed that his judges were re-examining the report with interest.

"This Interposition, can you tell us how it will help our cause?"

This was the question Ivan had hoped for. That this was their first reaction meant not only that his report was clear, but it gave him a chance to place as much credit as possible on himself for a situation which might develop in America. Pure— (See Back Page, 1st Section)

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

The telephone exchange was knocked out of commission by the lightning last week or was so badly deranged that messages have had to be transferred at central since. A better exchange cabinet was purchased several weeks ago, but has not come to hand yet.

The snow at Asheville last week was reported at from 12 to 15 inches deep, while here it scarcely covered the ground entirely. A great deal fell throughout the day, but it melted nearly as rapidly as it fell except on the mountains.

There will be a social meeting of the Franklin Library Club next Wednesday night February 14, for the reception of new members.

25 YEARS AGO

Miss Irene Sloan has been visiting at Clayton, Ga., the past three weeks.

Miss Margaret Cozad, who has been teaching school at Horse Cove, closed her school there last Friday.

Mr. Buren C. Byrd left Tuesday evening for his home in Salt Lake City, Utah. He has been on a several days' visit to his sister, Mrs. T. M. Hollman. This is the first trip to Macon County since he left 13 years ago.

Mr. Edwin Bleckley, who has been in Tampa, Fla., for the past year, came home last week for a visit to his family here.

10 YEARS AGO

Harold R. Rideout began work in the Highlands post office Monday morning in the capacity of clerk. — Highlands item.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Brogden recently went to Bryson City to visit their son, Bill Brogden, who just returned from overseas duty.

E. J. Carpenter has been appointed Macon County chairman of the membership campaign of the N. C. Symphony Society, according to an announcement made by Gov. R. Gregg Cherry.

The product itself, the individual issue of the newspaper, is (See Back Page, 1st Section)