

Compensations

Nowhere, perhaps, is the law of compensation better illustrated than in an American election, particularly a party primary election.

For, to compensate for the honor of victory, the winners must assume the burden of responsibility that goes with nomination or election. And, when the votes are counted, the losers have earned — whether they get it or not — the gratitude of the public for having made it possible for the voters to have a choice. Finally, unless the voter accepts his responsibility — the responsibility to use his own judgment in picking and choosing — he soon will lose the privilege of being able to choose; for if ever it becomes the rule for the voters to blindly follow the recommendations of a few party leaders, then nobody will run except those with the party leaders' blessings. When that happens, the American voter will have exactly the same right as the Russian voter has, the right to do nothing but ratify the decisions of the party bosses.

To illustrate: On the local scene, in this year's primary, it was a healthy situation that the voters had three candidates to choose from for the party nomination for representative; it was a highly unhealthy situation that they had only four to choose from for the three-member board of education.

And so, in this piece written before the results of last Saturday's primaries are known, we say something that has been said in these columns before, but will bear repeating.

To the winners — congratulations, and may you have the courage and the character to discharge your responsibilities to the public. To the losers — by offering for public office, you made a substantial contribution to good government, and the voters owe you their thanks.

\$56-And Friendship

The Franklin Lions Club held a recent dinner meeting in the cafeteria of the Chapel School, with members of the school P. T. A. serving the meal. Since most of the food was donated by members, the association was able to net \$56.25 — a tidy sum for the smallest P. T. A. in the county.

That, though, isn't the important part of the story.

It is other circumstances that make the incident noteworthy — circumstances like these: The Chapel School is the Negro school here; yet the Lions unhesitatingly accepted the invitation of the colored P. T. A. And meeting in a Negro school, the club members enjoyed a delicious meal, in an atmosphere of easy friendliness.

That should not be remarkable. But in a time when race relations are deteriorating rapidly all over the county, it is. There are many places where such a thing just couldn't have happened; there are even more where it just wouldn't.

But here it is not unusual — the Lions met at the Chapel School about this time last year.

Bouquet

It is sometimes easier to do the big things than the little ones. The big ones make so much more show. Besides, there are so many little things to do.

That trait of human nature, rather than indifference, we are sure, accounts for the delay on the part of Town of Franklin authorities in taking the small action necessary to eliminate a serious traffic hazard at East Main and Derby streets. All that was needed was to stop Main Street parking right up to the intersection.

Well, the town has taken that needed action now, and we want to be the first to toss a bouquet. In doing so, let us add that the importance of what the town has done is out of all proportion to its ease — it wouldn't have been a "little thing" had there been a traffic fatality at that intersection.

The Hatchetts Leave

Everybody here who knows them — and a lot of people do — regrets the departure from Franklin of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Hatchett.

It is a loss to the Presbyterian Church, of which Mr. Hatchett has been pastor for the past three years. But the loss goes far beyond a single church, for Mr. and Mrs. Hatchett have generously given of their talents, their time, and their energies to every worth-while enterprise, ranging from his work with the Franklin Jaycees to the contribution of both to music in Franklin. This is a better place for their having lived here.

As they leave for a new field, they carry with them the respect and appreciation, as well as the good wishes, of the entire community.

Letters

Elect The School Board

Editor, The Press:

I believe that you and the candidates for Representative all missed the boat on the matter of the board of education.

A bad law is not corrected by subservience to it, but by replacing it with a good law.

Three years ago, more or less, Representative Walter Dean introduced a bill in the Assembly to have the board of education elected by the people. Until such a bill is passed, your vote for a board member is worth no more than a vote in Russia is worth.

Is patronage more important than school children?

W. T. HENRY

Highlands, N. C.

Tourists And The Speed Law

Editor, The Press:

Last January I was caught in a speed trap a few miles from Franklin, doing 66 m.p.h. The highway was clear, traffic light, and driving conditions excellent. I had to post a cash bond of \$50 or remain in jail until April 16th, until my case came to court. I was informed that the usual fine was \$12 or \$15.

When the case came to court, I was represented by a lawyer, and the judge changed the charge to 65 m.p.h., and assessed costs only of \$26, cancelling the speeding charge. That is North Carolina justice as handed out to tourists. And mine is not an isolated case. Another Londoner, a retired police chief of a city in Massachusetts, and a lady from Detroit all gave me the same answer: watch North Carolina, they will get your money any way they can!

I have a copy of an editorial from your May 3rd issue, "A Sour Note." Is it possible that we tourists are a little right after all?

I entered from Tennessee where the speed limit is 65 m.p.h. At the state entrance at the peak of the Smokies, we stopped at the park and wandered around. I saw no speed limit sign, which is possibly my fault. The only signs from there to Franklin were limit signs announcing dangerous curves, posting a limit, and perhaps 500 feet past the danger, a sign "resume safe speed." There are no other speed limit signs existing, that we saw.

Rather than go back, as we were tempted to do, we drove on, wanting only to get out of N. C. as soon as possible, and I will swear in any court in any land that there is not one sign from Franklin to the south border to indicate what the speed limit is, until the state boundary. Do you call that frequent intervals?

If some of you citizens of North Carolina are a little embarrassed, and you should be, at what some of us tourists think of you, you had better get a fire under some of your officials.

We tourists have no quarrel with a speed limit, and make it what you like. We know that it is for our mutual protection, and mightily few of us deliberately break it. Few of us will ever go through North Carolina again, and you are the long-time losers. We know that we have been served notice that North Carolina is only interested in grabbing our money, not saving lives as your editorial proclaims. Will you print this?

J. E. SHUTTLEWORTH

London, Ontario, Canada.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Shuttleworth appears to be confused on some points, wrong on others.

He is confused in thinking the court's action in his case resulted in "cancelling the speeding charge". It did not; the record shows a verdict of guilty. It is our understanding that Judge Pless, presiding at the last term of court here, differentiated between degrees of speeding, letting those driving no faster than 65 miles per hour off with the costs, adding a fine in the cases of those driving faster than 65 miles. What Judge Pless did in Mr. Shuttleworth's case was to reduce the charge from speeding 66 miles to speeding at 65, thus limiting the punishment to

OUTPOURING OF LOVE

Friends Gather To Honor "Rumpled Little Man With Smiling Eyes"

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Many persons here, in addition to former students at Chapel Hill, know Dr. Frank P. Graham, long-time president of the University of North Carolina. He has visited here several times, and has spoken at least twice. He addressed a Franklin Chamber of Commerce dinner a number of years ago, and, more recently, spoke briefly at a similar meeting, when he was here as the guest of D. Hiden Ramsey, the chief speaker on that occasion.)

Such an outpouring of love and affection there was last Saturday (May 19) morning in the middle of the grand greenery of Chapel Hill.

They had gathered — these friends of Frank Porter Graham — to unveil a portrait. All of them were there — captains of industry, teachers, lawyers, housewives, preachers, tradesmen, sumptuous women in flowery hats, plain women in gray bonnets, students, senators, newsmen, governors, janitors and judges.

They filled Hill Music Hall to the overflow, and the warmth inside was like the May sun. It was generated by the rumpled little man with the crinkly, smiling eyes and the outgoing face, and then returned a thousandfold. It rebounded off the platform in the

disciplined, stylized tribute of North Carolina's distinguished orator, D. Hiden Ramsey; it soared to the heavens in the lovable, down-home language of Bob House; and it found its supreme moment of expression in the simple, charming response of Frank Graham himself.

Such a renewal of faith in the triumph of the good and the great was something more akin to a spiritual revival than an unveiling. And even when the recipient was struggling mightily to express himself (throwing tributes as usual to his friends, to his lovely wife and to all of the great parade of citizens whose lives his touched) he was engaged, also as usual, in a great spiritual battery charging, providing an example of goodness and greatness which those in attendance would, in the words of the poet, "remember in other times."

The portrait itself was grandly noble and kind. Perhaps its only defect was a failure to give oncoming generations (who would know Frank Graham only by portrait) a sense of his smallness of stature and giantness of heart. As all Tar Heels know, Frank Graham always resembled a little boy sitting in the giant chair on thousands of platforms he graced in his continuing crusade for the uplift of the human spirit.

And Bob House, with eyes twinkling, observed yet another defect:

"The world must be more responsive to his yearning than we are prone to think if he could sit still in New York, in sight of the United Nations, long enough to have his portrait painted. Our hats are off to Marian Graham who accomplished the miracle of keeping him put. And our wonder is the greater because she did her work without the expert aid of Kate, Alice and Hubert. Marian, his wife, Kate, his sister, Alice Neal, his cook friend, and Hubert Robinson, his all other kinds of help friend, a part of all Frank has met. They ought to be in the picture with him like angels hovering about as in old Italian paintings."

And so they should. For the greatness of Frank Graham lies in the greatness of his love for people and his staunch and unwavering faith. How many lives have been touched by these rare qualities, no man can say; how many great deeds and events they have started in chain-reaction some can recount but nobody can know for sure; what legacy this man, who has known the wonder of being "unveiled" in his lifetime, has left to his state only the oracles of the future can ponder after all of us have departed.

assessment of the costs. Presumably this was done in consideration of the fact the defendant was a visitor to the state.

(The fact that the highway patrolmen are on salary, receiving no fees for making arrests, and the further fact that court fines and costs make up a tiny fraction of the millions this state receives in revenue, make Mr. Shuttleworth's charge that this state "is only interested in grabbing our money" considerably less than convincing.

(As to 55 m.p.m. warning signs, the highway patrol says there is such a sign at the state line in the Smoky Park, and a check by this newspaper reveals similar signs just this side of Dillsboro (the route Mr. Shuttleworth followed) and just south of Franklin.

(Finally, we find ourselves wondering why tourists come to this region to enjoy the beauty of its scenery — and then speed by that scenery at 65 m.p.h.

(After all these things are said, though, Mr. Shuttleworth and other tourists have legitimate grounds for complaint, it seems to us.

(In the first place, elementary justice dictates the right of a tourist charged with traffic law violation to prompt disposition of his case. Requiring a tourist to put up a \$50 bond and either come back, weeks or months later, for trial or forfeit the bond, not only is wrong — it is pig-headed. It probably costs this state more in good will than all the millions spent in trying to build good will through advertising.

(In the second place, while it is ordinary good manners for a visitor to acquaint himself with and abide by the laws and customs of the region he is visiting, it seems to us good manners also dictate that a speeding tourist be given a courteous warning, for the first offense.

(At the very least, we should go all out to make sure the tourist KNOWS that our speed limit is 55 miles. That is particularly true in this area, and for two reasons: (a) this is a tourist region; and (b) in this area, tourists enter North Carolina from three states, all permitting greater speeds than this one does, and the tourist going, say, from Tennessee into Georgia, is in this state hardly long enough to become conscious of the lower North Carolina speed limit unless it is forcefully called to his attention. It seems to us the 55 m.p.h. signs at the state borders should be large and conspicuous, and the speed limit signs along the highway should be much more frequent than they are; with only two such signs between Dillsboro and the Georgia line, it would be easy for a tourist unknowingly to violate the speed law.)

Others' Opinions

(Opinions expressed in this space are not necessarily those of The Press. Editorials selected for reprinting here, in fact, are chosen with a view to presenting a variety of viewpoints. They are, that is, just what the caption says — OTHERS' Opinions.)

Everybody Is Subsidized

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

The Huckstering "Happiness Boys" have a new job. A high-powered public relations firm has been engaged to spread the word by modern methods of mass propaganda that small farmers are economic leeches, fattening on unearned federal subsidies.

Actually, farm subsidies are just a drop in the bucket compared to the indirect subsidies that have always been paid to manufacturers and labor through the tariff system, to the aviation and shipping industries through air mail and ship subsidies, to everyone that uses the mail through the chronic postoffice deficit, and so on down the line.

In fact, we have a striking example of a monumental century-old subsidy right on our own doorstep. Millions of dollars in oil royalties are being paid in this area to the beneficiaries of the great land grants by which the federal government subsidized the building of transcontinental railroads during the 19th century.

But we don't even think of these royalties as subsidies, perhaps because they are the sort of thing that is played down, not publicized by the hucksters.

VIEWS

By

BOB SLOAN



Once again, as happens nearly every Summer, water customers of the Town of Franklin are asked to limit their use of water.

According to Mr. Ramsey, town clerk, the town pumps are producing as much water as ever and the need for the town board to make the request is caused solely by the increase in demand. This increase in demand is brought about by lawn and garden watering, more car washing, and other similar Summer habits.

The fact remains that it becomes increasingly evident that Franklin does not have sufficient supply of water to meet the demands of its customers throughout the Summer months.

If, Summer after Summer, we could sell more water if we had it available, wouldn't it be good business to make sure we have the water available?

To get water in quantities sufficient to meet the demand, sooner or later, aren't we going to need a watershed and a gravity flow water system?

Each day we ask people to curtail their consumption of water stands for a day that the town could have received more revenue from the water department if they had had the product available to sell. Is that good business?

Doesn't it seem a little strange that living in an area which has one of the highest rainfalls in the United States and in an area not heavily populated that we cannot have as free use of water as some people who live in areas with much lower rainfall and that are much more densely populated? Maybe we are not getting our water in the most efficient way possible.

Mr. Swafford, Sir, so you think people aren't economizing.

We are proud your business is humming, but to paint a picture true and give the devil his due, Sir, won't you admit one thing you have added new;

Advertising.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

The Franklin Telephone and Electric Company will have their line completed to Almond in a few days.

Dr. W. H. Higgins and son, Harry, went to Nantahala Wednesday to take a couple of days outing and fishing. They returned Friday.

Prof. A. M. Norton, who has been teaching during the past year at New London, N. Y., arrived home last Wednesday to spend his vacation.

Tom Shepherd, colored, has opened a barber shop in the little office just above Trotter's store building.

25 YEARS AGO

George Carpenter, of Franklin, was elected the best all-round student among the boys at Western Carolina Teachers College in a recent campus election.

Jack Sanders, who for the past five years, has been operating a dry goods store in the Franklin Hotel building, is going to move across the street into the store formerly occupied by W. C. Cunningham and Company.

Mr. J. H. Stone left last Saturday for New Haven, Conn., where he will spend his two weeks vacation with relatives. He was accompanied by Mr. Earl Meacham.

10 YEARS AGO

Albert L. Ramsey, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Ramsey, of near Franklin, will be graduated from the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, June 4 with a high rating.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Leonard, of Charleston, S. C., are guests of John H. C. Perry, at "Highfield" on Walhalla Road.—Highlands item.

W. L. Hall, Jr., is spending two weeks in Raleigh with his aunt, Mrs. George B. Patton, and Mr. Patton.