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AUGUST 9, 1956

About Time

Once again, Water Supt. Herman Childers has had to appeal to Franklin people to conserve water; with the pumps operating in all the wells, the level in the water tanks has been falling, he said last week. And the latest appeal is the third this summer.

Nor is 1956 an exceptional year. There has been a shortage at some time during nearly every summer for a decade. One season the situation became so serious, it was necessary to pump water out of a pasture creek and then dump enough chlorine into the supply to make the water safe to drink.

How long are we, living in a land noted for the abundance of its water, going to be content to live on such a hand-to-mouth basis?

It doesn't take an engineer to know something ought to be done — toward a long-range solution. Exactly what is a question for engineers.

Well, isn't it about time we hired competent engineers to make a thorough survey of what we have and what we're likely to need, and then offer recommendations?

The McKeon Case

The McKeon court-martial at Parris Island, S. C., left three important questions unanswered:

1. Since there was little or no dispute about what actually happened on last April's "death march", why did it take the military board serving as a jury nearly seven hours to reach a verdict?

2. Since the board surely must have debated the case in detail in that seven-hour session, why did it take the same board, also charged with responsibility for fixing the sentence, another four and a half hours to make up its mind on that?

3. Why did the board acquit Sergeant McKeon of the two graver of the four charges against him and then give him a surprisingly heavy sentence for guilt on the two lesser charges?

The conclusion is inescapable that the board was wrestling with this problem: How to convict and punish Sergeant McKeon for something that outraged public opinion without at the same time convicting the U. S. Marine Corps itself?

... But We Hope

This newspaper is in full agreement with the comments of Judge Zeb V. Nettles, in Superior Court here last week, and with the concurring report of the grand jury — that this county needs a new courthouse.

We are in even more complete agreement, though, with the decision of the people of Macon County several years ago. They had to choose between a new courthouse and schools; they overwhelmingly chose schools.

Recent progress in this county proves it was the right choice.

Nobody wants to see a new, adequate courthouse in Franklin any more than we do. But we hope, when the next term of Superior Court convenes, the presiding judge will take into account that the people of this county went to the legal debt limit to build schools, before he damns us as backward. And we hope the next grand jury will vary the monotonous recommendation for a new courthouse by offering some constructive suggestions as to what, specifically, should be done, and as to how it is to be financed.

Who's Really Guilty?

Last week James Dudley Mathis was found guilty in Superior Court here of the slaying of his father.

It is the function of the courts to determine innocence or guilt, and we'd be the last to question either the competence or the honesty of the court in reaching the verdict.

We do question, though, whether young Mathis is the only guilty party — is even the one chiefly at fault.

For there is something wrong with a society that produces a youth who kills his father — somewhere along the line, somebody has failed that boy.

Evidence introduced in court was that this boy was reared in a two-room house with dirt floors, and with sacking instead of glass at the windows. What is far more significant, court officials said no member of young Mathis' family was sufficiently interested even to attend the trial. Which of us, who somewhat smugly pride ourselves on our good conduct, would have become a good citizen under such circumstances?

And there is something wrong with a society that can find no better solution of such a situation than to send a 17-year old boy to prison for a period of years.

The presiding judge later changed the sentence to confinement in a boys' reformatory, but that in no way lessens the indictment of our society — and that means you and me. In fact, the change to a more humane and intelligent disposition of the case serves to underline the fact that the prison term was the usual course of procedure.

What society — you and I and the court — really did last week was not to solve young Mathis' problem, but to bury our own — to put it safely out of sight behind prison walls, so we could forget it.

You Never Can Tell

In politics, you never can tell. Everybody has assumed that the Republican national convention would be a tame affair, but that the Democrats would engage in a free-for-all. It may still turn out that way. But Kefauver's withdrawal in favor of Stevenson could mean a first-ballot nomination by the Democrats, while the controversy over Nixon for vice-president easily might end up in a free-for-all at what was expected to be a G. O. P. love feast.

Wearied by all the to-do about race, we sometimes are inclined to say to the Supreme Court, to the segregationists, to the integrationists, and to all and sundry what a Texas woman wrote the Greensboro Daily News: May "time wound all heels — without regard to race, color, creed, or sex!"

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.)

Distinction

(Frederick, Colo., Farmer And Miner)

When the hustlers are through feasting, the crumbs go to those waiting for something to turn up.

Middle Age

(Frederick, Colo., Farmer & Miner)

Middle age is when a man must keep fit as a fiddle or look like a bass viol.

When Mother Puts Her Foot Down

(Langdon, N. D., Republican)

About the only times the modern mother puts her foot down is when the traffic light turns green.

Best Medium

(Chickasha, Okla., Star)

After all the revolutionary changes which have taken place in the advertising world in the last ten years, the newspaper — it is now proven — remains the best medium of advertising.

The proof is found in the lineage figures. In spite of the competition from new media, newspaper advertising continues to grow.

Patently Ridiculous

(Greeley, Colo., Tribune)

Recently it was announced that a young male singer noted for frenzy but short on talent would receive \$50,000 for making a couple of appearances on a television show. This is

patently ridiculous. The sum makes a mockery of the fine old idea that a man should be rewarded according to his ability.

The sum is more than double the annual salary of a U. S. senator. Thousands of college professors don't make that much in five years. Most people have to work even longer for \$50,000.

As American As Hot Dogs

(Greensboro Daily News)

Every day one reads more about the Americanization of Europe, about how our institutions have spread all over the Old Continent — snack bars in Paris, juke boxes in German bistros, women in slacks on the streets of Rome, and Coca-Colas everywhere.

Latest news of this Americanization invasion is a massive onslaught on England. At the British Food Fair in London next month 400,000 Britons will be introduced to the American hot dog, with mustard.

Arranged as a publicity stunt by the American Meat Institute and the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the event will exemplify another American institution — the giveaway.

The hot dogs will be given away at an American exhibit. They will be, says the Department of Agriculture, "highest quality U. S.-type hot dogs," meaning made of beef and pork according to federal specifications. They will be come-on for more prosaic comestibles such as chicken, lunch meat, cake and pastry mixes, fruit, cheese and dried milk that American processors hope to export in larger quantities.

Gratifying as is this prospect may be, it is actually a slight misrepresentation. The hot dog, like many another American institution which Europeans profess to abhor, is not really an American creation.

The frankfurter was invented in the 16th century in the German city of Frankfurt. It was introduced into the United States only in 1871 when a German immigrant named Charles Feltman started peddling franks at his Coney Island concession stand.

But this much can be said: Once it became naturalized, the hot dog was "100 per cent American."

The Real Culprits

(Wolfeboro, N. H., News)

Speaking of juvenile delinquency, which we were not, it often seems that parents are perhaps the greatest source of juvenile delinquency. A Father who runs his car for fifteen days on ten-day plates and boasts about it to his family; the parent who always has a mean word for every police officer, Trooper and Conservation Officer; the father who takes short trout or more fish than his legal limit; some gravel or loam or a Christmas tree or a few bean poles; the father or mother who drive home with a firm beer breath; the parents who stage solid family rows with loud language and four letter words are setting their children up in the business of becoming juvenile delinquents.

The Father who has no time for his son and the mother who has no time for her daughter are setting them onto the road to delinquency.

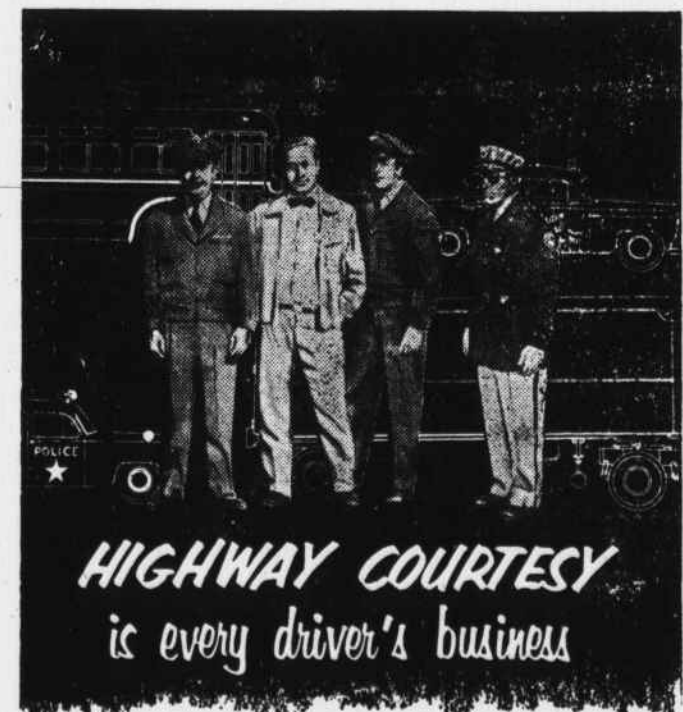
The Father who comes into Traffic Court with a chip on his shoulder when his son is picked up on a motor vehicle violation charge and proceeds to tell the Judge that every one is out of step except his Jimmy, is giving Jimmy the false impression that he can always get away with violations. When and if Jimmy is pulled out of a wrecked car some night, cooling off fast and ready for the embalming table, it is the Father and not Jimmy who is basically to blame.

The Mother who has a boy friend and who trains her daughters to help cover up for her, has no reason to be surprised when her daughters turn out to be bobby sox tramps, with fewer inhibitions than drunk Parisian ladies of pleasure.

Parents who have such unattractive homes that home is the last place that a boy or girl wants to go after school is over, are pushing the youngsters straight into trouble.

Of course, there are exceptions, when youngsters from good homes, reared by conscientious parents, go bad. But these exceptions simply go to prove the rule.

The longer we live, the more sympathy we have with boys and girls that are in trouble and the less sympathy we have with the parents. In the majority of cases, it is the parent who should go to Reform School and not the child.



PARTNERS in SAFETY

SLOW DOWN and LIVE

VIEWES

By

BOB SLOAN



Often times I have stated that I felt that one of the greatest needs of Franklin was more recreational facilities for the tourists and the young people of Franklin.

Two business men of Franklin who have made an excellent contribution along this line are T. W. Angel and Frank Duncan. Franklin now has one of the nicest, cleanest swimming pools in western North Carolina. To you cynics who say, "It was just a business investment." Sure that's right, but also it is a big chance and required the risk of a lot of capital.

I am sure that others deserve a lot of credit also, but I would like to convey my personal congratulations to John Bulgin and his two boys, Randolph and Fred; George M. Slagle, Norman Blaine, Allen Siler, and Mr. H. H. Gnuse, for the excellent work they have done in developing the playground for the West Franklin Community project. The land for this fine project was given by Mr. Siler and A. B. Slagle.

The comment of Mr. Siler's wife, Lucille, the other day as Allen departed for afternoon's work on the playground, "But, Allen, when are we going to get cleaned up around here", amused me.

I am sure there are other wives who have felt the same way, and they can all console themselves by taking pride in the fine job the men folks are doing there.

The two big political conventions are soon to be held, but here are the main results — I think Republican nominees will be of course Eisenhower and Nixon, and the Democrats will go with Stevenson and Kefauver. Election results — now it looks like Ike will get more popular vote than before but less electoral votes.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Miss Addie Bulgin has been elected principal of the Franklin Public School and Silas Dean assistant. The school will open as the seats arrive, which were ordered a month ago.

George L. Prentiss, president of the Tallulah Falls Railway, has been in town since Sunday evening. He will inspect the grading and work on the road.

Mr. D. H. Ashe, of Jackson County, was here Saturday. He has bought the Burke place from Floyd Strain and was here about executing and recording the papers.

25 YEARS AGO

Bobby Jones will play an exhibition match on the Highlands Estates Golf course Saturday, August 15, at 2:30 o'clock. — Highlands item.

Mrs. Mike Powers and son, Mike, Jr., of Pennsylvania, are spending several days here at the Munday Hotel. Mrs. Powers will be remembered as Miss Effie Love.

Miss Betty Sloan, who has been in New York for the past year, is visiting her mother, Mrs. W. W. Sloan, at Sunnyside Farm.

10 YEARS AGO

A. B. Slagle will build a scout house on top of the wooded hill just west of the Nantahala Creamery, as a memorial to his son, Charlie W. Slagle, and will donate the hill and the house for the use of the Franklin Boy Scouts.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Kesler and son, Bill, of Salisbury, are spending a week here with Mrs. Kesler's mother, Mrs. T. W. Angel, Sr., and other relatives in Franklin.

Mrs. Ralph M. Sargent was elected president of the Hudson Library Association at the annual meeting held at the library August 1. — Highlands item.