

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

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SEPTEMBER 20, 1956

About Water

There is a story about the long army convoy that reached a point where the highway went through a tunnel, and the top of the tunnel was about an inch too low to admit the military vehicles. The convoy already was late, and to take another route would lengthen the trip by something like a hundred miles.

Experts, called in, measured and figured and debated soberly what to do. Cut off the tops of the vehicles? Attempt to raise the roof of the tunnel? Or blast the tunnel wide open?

A small boy, listening, volunteered the suggestion: "Why don't you just let a little air of of the tires?"

With the thought in mind that sometimes the layman — because he can see the forest in spite of the trees — has an advantage over the expert, we offer these non-technical suggestions to the Franklin Board of Aldermen as it struggles with Franklin's water problem:

1. The town should utilize the respite the fall and winter months provide to do some long-time planning — and planning for two or three, or even five, years is not long-time.

2. Once a plan is worked out and made public and meets public approval, every move should be toward completion of the long-time plan, rather than just a temporary expedient. We probably can't carry out a long-time plan all at once, but we can do it a step at a time.

3. This is a land of abundant water, and the town should encourage, instead of discouraging, the use of water—encourage it both by providing plenty, and by making its rates low. Franklin could hardly make a better investment than to build here a clean and beautiful community. And you can't be clean—whether it's streets, or automobiles, or the inside of kitchens—without water. Nor can we have green lawns and luxuriant flowers without water.

4. The mountain area is noted for the quality and purity of its water, and it would be foolish not to take advantage of that fact. Towns in the flat country have little choice but to attempt to purify polluted water from rivers and creeks. We are fortunate enough not to be forced to do that. The fact is we probably could obtain the use of one or half a dozen watersheds at little or no cost, because once again we are fortunate in having them owned by an agency—the Forest Service—which considers providing water for the people one of its major purposes.

Three Could Do It

(CONTRIBUTED)

To Mr. Curtice, president of General Motors; Mr. Ford, president of Ford Motor Company; Mr. Colbert, president of Chrysler Corporation: Gentlemen:

Your companies make about 90 per cent of all U. S. automobiles.

Last year those cars killed 40,000 Americans. Another two and a half millions were injured—from slight bruises to arms, legs, and eyes lost forever.

If that many soldiers had been killed by an enemy weapon in the war, the headlines would have been big and black. Even now, in peacetime, when a plane crashes with a death list of 50, the headlines run across many columns. But 100 are killed every single day in the cars which you produce.

Recently the Governor of Connecticut, to stop this slaughter, cracked down on speeders in his state. Troopers, concentrated for the purpose, halt-

ed every speeder. Flagrant offenders had their driving licenses suspended for 30 or 60 days. There were no exceptions.

Complaints from motorists were loud and bitter. Yet the death and accident rate dropped by 11 per cent. That shut the mouths of objectors. You can't argue against cold facts.

Earlier, North Carolina had clearly demonstrated the definite relationship between speed and highway deaths.

Connecticut has a maximum legal speed of 45 miles an hour, except that 55 is permitted on parkways. North Carolina's maximum is 55. The maximum in other states varies. The lowest is the District of Columbia's—25 miles. The highest are in Oklahoma and Wisconsin—65 miles, 55 at night. The average for all 48 states is 55 or 60.

From your giant assembly lines, though, come cars that can far exceed those legal limits. They do, constantly. Your ads subtly invite us to break the laws:

"Surging 227 horsepower . . . Flashing action . . . More zip for passing . . . You'll leave traffic lights behind like lightning . . . Pass in a split jiffy . . . The hates-to-stand-still-look."

All of these ads urge us to step on the gas and never mind the law. Or the inevitable blood and death.

Professional racing drivers can speed safely on the Utah salt flats. An average motorist on an average road cannot. Millions of drivers are not skilled. They are near-sighted, their reactions are slow. They are careless, reckless, stupid. Putting them behind the wheel is like giving a baby a straight-edge razor or matches and dynamite caps.

Suppose they were protected from their own folly. Suppose they couldn't buy a car that would exceed the legal limits. And then suppose the death rate dipped by even 10 per cent.

We'd have 4,000 fewer widows, orphans, bereaved parents this year. Thousands more would not need artificial eyes and legs, or crutches.

Three men could bring about that happy result. You three, working together. Not one or two of you, but all three. You would have to reverse a trend—the frenzy for more speed, bigger and more powerful motors. Instead, your advertising would talk about safety, economy, comfort, legality.

Could it be done? Yes, by you three gentlemen—and your associates. And if 40,000 dead bodies could speak they would implore you to take this drastic, this far-sighted, this truly patriotic action.

Letters

Appreciation

Editor, The Press:

In fifteen years as a member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, my wife and I have had the pleasure of traveling to all sections of North Carolina, and in a great many areas of the entire U. S. However, I think we can say in all sincerity that never have we been received with such kindness and hospitality as was shown us a few weeks ago by your local V. F. W. post and Auxiliary members, as well as the entire city.

We were extended special courtesies as V. F. W. members by the Franklin Motel and Horsley's Cafe. Many thanks! We as-

All people in each race should applaud those in the other race who want a Christian solution (of the desegregation problem). If . . . each person in each race should try each day to speak some kind word or do some kind act to some person in the other race, we should have a climate in which such a Christian solution should be assured.—Dr. Clarence Poe in The Progressive Farmer.

Teach them Safety by YOUR example



sure you the trip will long be remembered, and we are looking forward to a return visit.

MR. AND MRS. C. A. RUDISILL

356 Haywood Road,
West Asheville, N. C.

How Wilson Must Have Come

Editor, The Press:

I would like to come forward with some help in solving the mystery of just how Mr. Thos. W. Wilson (President-to-be) arrived at Horse Cove. I have noticed that this has aroused some considerable comment and interest in the county and some editorial comment nearby.

The question is, of course, easily settled with a little application of the Holmes technique, as outlined below.

It has been established that Wilson did come to Horse Cove, but it seems that he never did tell his correspondent as to his route of arrival. But wait! He has left us a clue that the astute might follow. Remembering President Wilson, I believe that all of those who do might gain by his example of significant innuendo; by applying this to his reference to the "most ill-kept roads", there is only one conclusion as to his route on his way to Horse Cove. He must have come by Cashiers, N. C. and there some moonshiner, awed by such an imposing company, and possibly with some insignificant other motive, directed the coach-and-four by way of Glenville, up Pine Creek, down Walnut Creek, and thence to the cooler sanctuary of Horse Cove, as the Walnut Creek Road, in the memory of man both oral and recorded, has been the most "ill kept" of any road hereabouts.

I realize, of course, that this information is probably late, inasmuch as the county historian has no doubt already noted this obvious fact and entered same in the chronicles accordingly.

WENDELL P. KEENER

Walnut Creek Road.

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.)

Nothing Ever All Wrong

(Englewood, Colo., Press)

Nothing is ever all wrong. Even the stopped clock is right twice a day.

Overdoing It

(Johnstown, Colo., Breeze)

To make a mistake is human, but when the eraser wears out before the pencil, you're overdoing it.

Price Of Civilization

They're annoying and painful. Yet we cannot afford to take the attitude that taxes are "taken" from us.

The fact is that we get a lot for our money. The dollars that go to run the government are, as the late Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, the price we pay for civilization.

—Greeley (Colo.) Tribune

You Can't Eat Integration

(Davis Lee in His Newark, N. J., Telegram, a Negro Newspaper)

This integration-segregation issue has stirred up bitterness, hatred, prejudices, and has destroyed long-standing friendships. But, strange as it may seem, fifty per cent of the Negroes are not concerned about it either way.

The liberals, who are frothing at the mouth and shedding crocodile tears over the plight of the poor Negro in the South, will gladly give him integration, but won't give him a job or provide his family with clothing or bread.

The Southerners don't want to have integration, but they will gladly give him a job and help clothe and feed his family.

The liberals will open their schools to Negro children, but they won't hire many Negroes as teachers. The South won't admit Negro children to its schools, but they will give the Negro his own school manned by teachers of his own race. And all of this is given to him without cost.

There are forms of segregation that are degrading and humiliating, but to have one's own school and teachers is not one of them. Giving the Negro his own school and teachers is more in keeping with that concept of freedom, justice, and equal opportunity that the founding fathers had in mind than is an integrated system of education . . .

In no section of the country does the Negro enjoy the educational, employment, and economic opportunities which he enjoys in the South.

The labor unions are pouring thousands of dollars into this integration movement, yet Southern Negroes are working at jobs that Northern Negroes can not get, because the unions will not accept them as members. There are more Negro carpenters, brick-layers and building contractors in North and South Carolina than there are in the 33 integrated states.

Negroes can't eat integration. They need jobs. They need the opportunity to develop their talents . . . The South is the only section of this nation that offers such opportunities. If these liberals and agitators are the Negro's friends and Southern whites are his enemies, then someone needs to protect him from his friends.

When a man appears generally disliked, inquire after him diligently, for he is a great man. — Confucius.

Views

By

BOB SLOAN



Last week, there was one little incident reported in the press which I imagine few people noticed that I feel should have great bearing on the Presidential election this Fall.

On Wednesday, September 12, President Eisenhower had "a little get together" for the elite of the Republican Party at his farm at Gettysburg, Pa.

His address, the main event of the evening, was to be delivered in a pavilion erected some 200 yards away from his house. When the President was ready to go down and, "meet the boys," he rode down on a motor scooter.

Four years ago, before Mr. Eisenhower had had a heart attack, and when he was vigorously campaigning for the Presidency, can anyone imagine him riding a motor scooter when he had such a short distance to go?

He rode down because there was danger that the physical exertion of walking 200 yards might tire him. And yet he and the doctors would have you believe that he is in perfect health.

A good brisk walk across that 200 yard stretch swarming with watchers and well wishers would have been excellent tonic to those who might be concerned about the President's health — better than a doctor's report. But they couldn't take the risk.

Public funds should be open to public scrutiny. With this in mind, I would like to suggest that the receipts and expenditures of the County Commissioners, the town boards of Franklin and Highlands, the school athletic fund, and the general school fund should be published at least once a year. I have often heard this suggested as a way whereby the above various bodies could explain their problems to the public.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Charley Rhodes killed 15 rattlesnakes Thursday at Capt. Bingham's lumber yard on Tesenta. They were under a lumber pile that was being removed.

Some boy is going to be killed or badly mangled some day by jumping on and off trains as they approach or leave the station at Prentiss, if the practice is not stopped.

F. B. Moore, of Saginaw, N. C., arrived the latter part of last week and is with his brother, H. P. Moore, in the office of the W. M. Ritter Lumber Company as stenographer.

25 YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Currier, of Cornelia, Ga., are here visiting Mrs. C. C. Cunningham and other friends this week.

Mr. Harry Furr, of Concord, spent last week here visiting his brother, Dr. W. E. Furr.

Mrs. John Awtrey returned last Wednesday from a six-weeks' visit with her son, Hugh Awtrey, in Paris.

Franklin High School football team is scheduled to play its first game of the season with Sylva on home grounds Thursday of next week.

10 YEARS AGO

At least 80 young men and women from Macon County will attend college this year, a survey made by The Press shows.

Only one out of every eight dwelling units in Macon County has running water and less than one-third have electric lighting, a report of the N. C. State Planning Board shows.

Highlands school opened September 12 with a full faculty and an enrollment of a little more than 400 students.—Highlands item.