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OCTOBER 4, 1956

One-Way Streets

The one-way streets experiment here got off to a bad start. It did because town authorities failed to take the public into their confidence.

All of us are creatures of habit. Change an infant's schedule, and you usually get an upset baby; change an adult's habits, and you are likely to have an angry man or woman. The change in traffic regulations, affecting people's driving habits, would have caused some irritation, under the best of circumstances. And, in this case, the circumstances were far from the best.

Instead of telling the public, well in advance, exactly and in detail what was about to be done, and why, and what was expected of the motorist, authorities suddenly put up the one-way traffic signs—without either prior announcement of a date or explanation. The wonder is not that there was confusion and misunderstanding and irritation, but that there wasn't more!

If you and I are reasonable human beings, though, we won't damn the plan just because of the way it was initiated.

Maybe one-way traffic on Main and Palmer Streets is no solution at all for the serious traffic problem here. But the only way to find out is to give it a fair trial.

One thing must be said for the aldermen: They faced a problem, and they came up with a tentative solution. At least, they didn't just sit on their hands and shake their heads; they were willing to do something.

At the best, the new regulations probably will have to be modified after a few days' or weeks' trial. At the worst, they may not help at all. If the aldermen are fair-minded, they will stand ready either to modify or repeal the new regulations, according to the results. If you and I are fair-minded, on the other hand, we'll give the experiment a trial, for a reasonable period of time—and judge it by results.

After all, driving a block or two out of the way is no great hardship, provided the traffic moves smoothly and with reasonable speed—certainly no greater hardship than spending ten to fifteen minutes trying to go two blocks along a traffic-jammed Main Street.

No matter how well it works, though, one-way driving will be a temporary remedy, not a final solution, of Franklin's traffic problem. For it cannot change these basic facts:

1. Whether it goes two ways or one, the amount of traffic will be the same. And if the town continues to grow, so will the traffic.
2. We're trying to handle mid-twentieth century traffic on mid-nineteenth century streets. Ultimately, we must widen our streets.
3. A major cause of traffic difficulties is lack of parking space. We need a parking area, in or near the downtown section—a big place, where we can handle not scores, but hundreds, of automobiles and trucks.

Today's two burning issues: In the nation, integration. In Franklin, one-way streets.

I can visualize a North Carolina with its highways wider and safer, with boulevards by-passing congested towns and cities but with easy access to them. These boulevards will be beautified with plantings of native shrub and trees; they will be clean and our citizens will be proud to keep them clean. And the wayside junk and trash yards will be moved or hidden by patriotic owners on a voluntary basis or by law through an aroused citizenry.—Governor Luther H. Hodges.

Bouquet

To everybody responsible for last week's county fair, congratulations! Not that they really need congratulations; because they must be in a glow about the event's success.

No statistics are at hand about the number of exhibits or the attendance, but we'd guess it was considerably bigger than the 1955 fair.

What was most impressive, though, was not the quantity of the exhibits or the number of people viewing them, but the quality of what was shown and the pride of the seers.

There was abundant cause for community pride . . . and we in Macon County have only got started!

Could Be True

"We may very well find that . . . we can abolish the draft and at the same time have a stronger defense and at lower costs", Adlai Stevenson has said. The draft not only is "wasteful, inefficient and often unfair", according to the Democratic Presidential nominee, but "is fast becoming obsolete".

Mr. Stevenson's words may be mere political demagoguery, as the opposition was quick to charge. But we'd be wise to remember they may be true.

For aside from the danger to freedom of a continuing draft, there's the vital question of cost. If, in this atomic age, the draft has become or is becoming obsolete, the cost is a luxury we can ill afford. Those who favor a big military establishment as a safeguard against Communist aggression would do well to remember that the Communists' first hope is that we'll spend ourselves into a depression . . . with Communism as its sequel.

Whose Freedom?

WARNING: Any part of this piece, without the rest, will be misleading. We don't want to mislead anybody. So please don't read any of this unless you read it all.—Editor.

A secret meeting was held by the Franklin Board of Aldermen last week. What happened is anybody's guess. After the meeting, a spokesman said the board will tell the citizens of the town what the board thinks they ought to know, when it thinks they ought to know it.

Rumor has it that the Board of County Commissioners has granted big tax refunds to favored businesses and individuals. But only the board members and those who got the refunds know who got how much; for the records of the board's transactions are securely locked away from newspaper reporters' eyes.

In superior court yesterday, a man was sentenced, without a jury trial, without having been indicted by a grand jury, and with newspapermen and the public barred from hearing the testimony on which he was convicted. The Press was threatened with contempt of court if it should reveal any details—even the name of the defendant—it might learn.

None of those things happened, of course. But they could happen. Such things are happening in other countries. And such things once happened in England, and even in America.

All that prevents their happening in this country, today, is the American Bill of Rights, which guarantees—among other things—the right of the press to report to the citizens what their government is doing.

Who would be exploited, if such things should happen here? Who would suffer injustice and persecution in secret trials? Who would be powerless to do anything about the situation because of ignorance of what the situation was?

The average citizen!

And so freedom of the press is not something that belongs to the newspapers; it is something the newspapers merely hold in trust for the real beneficiary, the citizens of this nation. The press has the right to freely report on events because, and only because, the people have the right to know.

That is the real message of National Newspaper Week, October 1-8.

Letters

Likes Editorial

Dear Mr. Jones:

I was quite pleased on my recent trip to your hospitable town, in search of rubies, to read the "Three Could Do It" editorial in your September 20 issue.

Highway safety has been my chief concern for the past

fifteen to twenty years. To find parallel thinking on the matter, so far from home, offset the disappointment of my vain quest for the elusive gems which I mistakenly assumed so abundant down your way.

I am gratified at the, albeit, belated attention now being given the epidemic by our public officials, and have proposed certain legislation to remedy the terrible and ever-mounting carnage. It is difficult to understand the apparent reluctance to take positive action before now. However, I understand that the National Committee for Uniform Traffic Laws and Ordinances, for the first time in its long history, will advocate an "absolute" speed limit on national highways with supporting legislation at state and federal levels to accomplish this end.

You are to be congratulated on helping thus to spread the gospel of highway safety. And thanks again for your courteous reception on my visit to your office. Keep up the good work.

CARL A. NUETZEL

Louisville, Ky.

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.)

Luxurious' Postal Service

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

Now we know why Postmaster General Summerfield is asking for an increase in postal rates. He has to find the money somewhere to pay for those ball point pens on the customers' desks in the Windsor postoffice.

Whoops!

(Lamar, Mo., Democrat)

From society column: "The bride was entrancingly gowned in a sheer, soft blue net gown which fell to the floor as she swept down the aisle."

Poetry

Editor
EDITH DEADERICK ERSKINE
Weaverville, North Carolina

FRANKLIN IN AUTUMN

Franklin, steeped in a mellow autumn day,
Is a bit of Paradise not too far away.
Thru opalescent mist the mountains rise
To meet the turquoise of the skies.
A nippy breeze whips rainbow leaves
From off the many flaming trees.
The orchards show rosy tints of Yates
And chrysanthemums bloom by garden gates.
There are cornshocks and pumpkins gold;
Above, wild geese fly south to escape the cold.
Asters and goldenrods polka-dot the scene
With a background of pines and hemlocks green.
God smiles, especially on Franklin in the fall,
So I head for this spot as the road does call!

EARL J. GRANT

Doraville, Ga.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

In his "Blarney" column recently, J. P. Brady told about the group of ill-mannered tourists (and most tourists who come here are anything but ill-mannered) who thought it "cute" to make smart remarks about "the strange looking people" on the streets here. He then proceeded to describe the "strange" appearance of the critics.

The incident recalled a story, now many years old but still apropos:

The persnickety woman tourist sat down, gingerly, on a park bench in a Western North Carolina tourist town; gingerly, because of the presence, at the other end of the bench, of an overalled, unshaven elderly "native".

Directing her words to the park in general, but obviously meaning them for the ears of the other occupant of the bench, she commented, with distaste: "My! there certainly are some queer looking people here."
The old man continued his chewing, for moments; spat speculatively but accurately at a knot-hole in a nearby tree; then, also appearing to address the world in general, replied: "There sure are . . . but come September 1, and they'll all be gone!"

Last week, Mr. Brady gave me another text—that business about "TREASON", right on the staff of The Press.

I wouldn't have mentioned it, outside the bosom of the newspaper family, if he hadn't first. But since he brought it out in the open, himself, there seems no need for reticence about this family skeleton.
Mr. Brady's reference—and mine—was to the expression, "different than"; an expression that is coming into use by people who should know better. And now that it has cropped up right here in our own newspaper family, maybe it's time I!

preached my sermon on that evil all over again. So here goes. . . .
". . . different than!"
Of all the ignorant, ungrammatical, nonsensical expressions, to me that one is the worst.
It rubs me the wrong way. I suppose the reason it irritates me is it most often is used by those language snobs who laugh first and loudest at the incorrect language of the unlettered, who look longest down their noses at the good English phrase, "you all", and who even affect British pronunciations. In other words, a lot of the people who use it are those who should, and claim to, know their English. Yet they insist on saying something is different than something else.

Different than, indeed!
It lacks dictionary sanction.
More important, it violates every rule of logic, as applied to grammar. Than is a conjunction, and a conjunction is used to connect, rather than separate. Different, an adjective, is followed not by a conjunction, but by a preposition; in this case, the preposition, "from".
Most important of all, neither a dictionary nor a knowledge of grammar is necessary to recognize that "different than" is a contradiction in terms; it just doesn't say anything. One man can be older than another, or taller than another. But how in the name of common sense can one man be different than another? You might just as well say that one man is different like another.

But the expression is spreading; you see it and hear it on every hand.

And if I don't watch myself I'll end this damnation of my pet aversion by saying I'm determined to keep on being different than the folks who use it!

VIEWS

By

BOB SLOAN



One way streets are a "hot issue" at the time I am writing this, (Friday morning), and will be when this paper is published.

I, for one, feel that the street committee is to be commended for trying to do something to improve the traffic situation in Franklin.

The problem is very difficult to solve and changes may be needed in the solution that is being recommended. Undoubtedly, it will work hardships on some people in that they may have to drive more distance in getting to and from work. However, the main consideration should be, does it help or impede the general flow of traffic in Franklin?

As to how it will affect business, no one can say with certainty. I hope our business men will adopt an attitude, "let's wait and see", and do this with open minds.

One thing that I do believe is, that, unless the traffic situation in Franklin is improved, the federal highways US 441, 64, and 23 will be routed around Franklin. So in the long run it may be necessary to drive a little farther to work to have more business after you get there.

In regard to my comment on President Eisenhower's health, two weeks ago the following letter was received addressed to the Editor:

It seems to me that Bob Sloan is having to scrape the bottom of the barrel, to come up with his weekly dig at President Eisenhower.

He must remember that Eisenhower is not the only President who found it "difficult" to walk about.

The mere fact that he, rode on a scooter, should have no bearing whatsoever on the Presidential election this Fall.

KENNETH BUCHANAN

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Miss Mabel Arthur left Friday for Phoenixville, Pa., where she is to enter, on probation, a nurses' training school.

James and Frank Palmer, who have been in Montana during the past two or three years, returned home Sunday.

On account of washouts on the Murphy branch of the Southern, no trains from the East reached Dillsboro Sunday nor till up in the day Monday, consequently no mails were delivered.

25 YEARS AGO

Miss Carolee Pannell, who is doing stenographic work for Judge Thad Bynum at Clayton, Ga., spent the week-end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pannell, at their home in East Franklin.

Mr. M. L. Dowdle left Monday for Boston, Mass., on a business trip.

The vocational agriculture class and the home economics department of the Franklin High School will hold an exhibit of the products of their past year's projects at the school on Saturday, October 10, it was announced by Earl Meacham, instructor of the agriculture class.

10 YEARS AGO

Major and Mrs. Frank Carmack, who have been operating the Franklin Lodge and Golf Course this summer, have closed for the winter and are leaving within a few days for Tampa, Fla., where they will spend the winter.

Highlands must have had a record season in the sale of picture post cards, since 78,300 one-cent stamps were bought at the Highlands post office during the months of July, August, and September.—Highlands item.

Mr. and Mrs. Wiley Clark and three children, of the Cullasaja community, left Thursday for Grand Island, Fla., where they will spend the winter months.