

The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian

Entered at Post Office, Franklin, N. C., as second class matter
Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press
Franklin, N. C. Telephone 24

WEIMAR JONES Editor
BOB S. SLOAN Advertising Manager
J. P. BRADY News Editor-Photographer
WOLFE NEILL Reporter
MRS. ALLEN SILER Society Editor-Office Manager
CARL P. CABE Operator-Machinist
FRANK A. STARRLETTE Compositor
G. E. CRAWFORD Stereotypy
CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON Pressman
DAVID H. SUTTON Commercial Printer

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
Two Years	5.25	Two Years	4.25
Three Years	7.50	Three Years	6.00

NOVEMBER 8, 1956

On Our Way

Progress often is "spotty"; that is, we go forward in one area; slip back in another.

That may be true in Macon County. But recent weeks have brought to light such spectacular evidences of progress here, in a variety of lines, that there can be no doubt about the general trend—we are moving forward.

Two items in the "Do You Remember?" column of a recent issue of The Press offer striking contrasts with today. Back in 1946, less than a third of the homes in this county had electricity; officials of the Nantahala Power and Light Company estimate that at least 95 per cent of Macon County homes now have electricity.

Another 10-years-ago item reported that 80 young men and women from this county were attending college; the figure for this year is well over a hundred. That's an increase of one-fourth—but the population has gone up only about 2 per cent.

The most extraordinary item, though, was a recent news story in The Press about the number of students finishing grammar school and the number entering high school. The total entering high school this fall was actually greater than the number finishing grammar school last spring! Even accounting for new families moving in, the figures suggest that virtually 100 per cent of the Macon County children who complete the eighth grade go on to high school. That, incidentally, is a challenge to the high schools, to see to it that the quality of high school education measures up to the quantity of the enrollment, and the eagerness of these youngsters.

Add to these such things as the excellent exhibits at the recent county fair, the development of Macon County's own folk festival, what the rural community development program has done for the rural areas—and what the similar program is about to do for Franklin; add these, and take into consideration that most of them are evidences of a progress not purely physical, and you get a picture that is more than encouraging. It is thrilling!

'Preaching Newsman'

To Maconians, with the exception of a few, the name Oscar Jackson Coffin is just another name.

And, excluding this minority, Maconians are unaware of the influence this name has had, and will continue to have, on their lives.

Oscar Jackson (Skipper) Coffin was a newspaperman, in his early years a reporter, then editor, and finally, in his own words, a "preaching newspaperman", who virtually single-handedly moulded the journalism department of the University of North Carolina to the point where his fledgling newspapermen were constantly in demand over the South. "Skipper's" approval was the only recommendation a man needed for a job. In the early '50s, when the journalism department became a School of Journalism, he was named dean, a post he held until his retirement two-years ago.

Thousands of men (and women, too, although he was inclined to admonish them for not taking their proper places as mothers and homemakers) who came under "Skipper's" vitriolic pencil and caustic tongue are now writing news in the far flung corners of the world. Some have gone far, like Robert Ruark, the widely-known columnist lately turned novelist. The others like to think they're a little more enthusiastic about their work by virtue of having been Coffin-trained.

A gruff, cigar-smoking, gravel-voiced product of a journalistic era only now approaching a degree of polish, "Skipper" Coffin was a many-sided person: rough, but gentle; demanding, but understanding; uncompromising, but unbiased; fearless, but ever respectful of the power of the Almighty;

cynical, but never to the degree of losing his keen interest in people and their problems; and humorous, but with the wit of a moralist.

As a "preaching newspaperman", O. J. Coffin "hammered, with the help of the Almighty" into his students the principles of objectivity, accuracy, and loyalty. Those were the tools used by this master teacher in turning out newspapermen dedicated to a profession which, as he put it, "pays less than truck driving . . . but is a helluva sight more satisfying."

Last week in a Raleigh hospital, death wrote "30" to the life of newspaperman-educator Oscar Jackson Coffin.

But, there's a new "lead" being written on another story, because it's a sure bet that wherever news is being made, and written—be it in Macon County, North Carolina, or Africa—the influence of this "preaching newspaperman" will come forth in the accounts.

Letters

Criticizes Highway Department

Editor, The Press:

I have been a Democrat all my life. Now I am thinking of being a Republican the rest of my life. All I can hear on my radio is "Ike" is for big business. But "Ike" is not responsible for what I am writing about.

You just drive up to the Georgia and North Carolina state line and see what a Democratic state highway department has done for my little business. They made everyone a driveway to their homes and business places, and did not make me as much as a walkway.

ARLEN WILLIAMSON

Dillard, Ga.,
Route 1.
(Macon County.)

Compares Utilities

Dear Mr. Jones:

Again I would like to compare the two Macon County public utilities.

We are on an eight-party Western Carolina Telephone line. I have tried to get a single-party line, but have been refused so far. On talking with most of the others on our line, they all have had the same experiences. At times we can barely hear on other Highlands calls. Over fifty per cent of our long distance calls are not audible.

Because of such troubles, on a recent Monday, and Tuesday, at the suggestion of the operator who said our phone must be out of order, I called repair service. The following Saturday, the repairmen had not been around. Friday of the same week, our power, furnished by Nantahala Power and Light Company, cut off. I phoned the power company at once. At noon the power company crew were on hand looking for the trouble. At 12:30 p. m., one hour and forty-five minutes later, the power was restored.

In the last six years, I believe, the telephone company has had one tax cut and two raises in rates, pleading necessity to maintain service.

Incidentally, in searching the telephone book to try and find the officers or directors of the Western Carolina Telephone Company, we are unable to find the name of one single responsible officer.

Sincerely,

Buck Creek Road,
Highlands, N. C. OVERTON S. CHAMBERS

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.)

Off To The Circus

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

Looks like we'll have to try to cash in on our press passes to the circus in Denver this week-end. It may soon be too late to show our boys a real circus.

Personally, the sawdust performances never appealed to me very much. I never enjoy trapeze artists who perform without nets. I usually sympathize with the lions and tigers in the caged acts—how degrading it must be to them!

There are beautiful girls, but I think I'd rather see them on the stage, instead of standing on the back of a trotting horse, or sitting on the head of an elephant.

But I still remember how thrilled I was at my first circus, and it's only fair we give the boys an equal opportunity.

Up To The Courts

(Asheville Citizen)

It is pretty generally agreed that the answer to the highway speeding menace—be it drag racing or otherwise—lies with the courts and it is equally true that the great majority of our judges have failed to furnish the answer.

Refreshing and hopeful, then, is the attitude shown and action taken last week by Superior Court Judge J. Frank Huskins of Burnsville. Sitting in Charlotte, Judge Huskins



IN BURNING TRASH OR LEAVES, USE A WIRE-MESH BASKET OR METAL CONTAINER (WITH COVER) TO KEEP SPARKS FROM BLOWING AWAY. BUT DON'T START ANY OUTDOOR FIRE ON A WINDY DAY!

sentenced a fifth offender to six months on the roads for speeding at more than 100 miles per hour.

"Jail or the roads," is the motto of the judge who belittled the idea of setting up legalized drag strips.

Said Judge Huskins: "That's just like providing a practice murder place that would cut down on murders by letting them get it out of their systems."

The only thing that will curb the evil, Judge Huskins said, is "for juries to have the intestinal fortitude to convict them (the drivers) and the courts to put them on the roads."

Might Work

(Frederick, Colo., Farmer & Miner)

Everything else in the modern home is now controlled by the flick of a switch. Why not the children?

Sad Interference

(Nance County, Neb., Journal)

The farther this thing goes the more it looks like they're going to have to take education out of the colleges if it continues to interfere with athletics.

It's nice to laugh and grow fat, but when you do it's nothing to laugh at.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

A trip, short or long, usually is rewarding, stimulating. All the traveler has to do is open his eyes and mind; and there, spread out before him, are new landscapes, new faces, new ways of doing things, new ideas.

So I'm just like a child about travel. A trip, a trip, can—and usually does—prove to be an adventure.

A week's visit, recently, to New England, was no exception to the rule.

All my life, it has been a storied land—of bleak coasts, early settlement and stirring history, religious independence, faith in education, and reliance on character. Well, of course a few days is much too short a time for an intelligent appraisal—but I was anything but disappointed.

Long before I got there, though, other sights and sounds were having their impact. I had never been farther north than Washington, and I especially looked forward to seeing New York City. We didn't leave the train there, but we saw a lot of it, nonetheless. And my considered judgment is that the shrewd Dutch who bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$24 were out-traded!

Even if everybody there were rich, even if everything in the city were beautiful, even if the streets were paved with silver and all the buildings were of solid gold, I wouldn't give \$24 for it, now. Because it appalls me to think of human beings so crowded—mile after mile of apartment houses, stuck close together, reaching into the sky.

Starting with Baltimore, in fact, as the train hurried through one city after another, I was depressed by what I saw; one slum after another. The sameness, the drabness, the ugliness, left me with a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach—and a great pity for the people who have to live there.

New England has a charm all its own. At times, it reminded me of our own mountain region. At others, it was a bit reminiscent of Charleston, S. C., especially in the emphasis on history, as illustrated by the way many of the old houses have the dates they were built on their front doors. But it is really like neither.

The first word that comes into my mind when I think of New England—or at least the part I saw—is "trim". Every-

thing is in order. The poorest shack, the farthest removed outbuilding, is newly painted. I was there when the leaves were in full color, most of them still on the trees; but you saw few leaf-covered yards; the lawns are kept clean, to the last leaf. It is a beautiful country, too.

To a mountaineer, the experience of witnessing the majesty of the rolling surf, of smelling salt water, is to be transported into another world.

There is water inland, too. Rhode Island, for example, is dotted with "ponds", spring-fed lakes with evaporation the only outlet. To me, a pond is a body of water, usually built by children, covering perhaps a few square yards. So I was amused to be told, as we took a boat trip to an island some 14 miles off the coast, that we were passing through "Salt Pond"—it looked like the Atlantic Ocean to me!

Most of all, though, New England is a land of stone. It is so rocky that the early settlers had to clear away the rocks before there was room for crops; so everywhere you turn, there are neat stone walls—walls used as fences, as boundary lines, as pens for animals. And the size of some of the boulders in those walls made me marvel at the ingenuity, as well as physical strength and courage, of the men who moved

Continued on Page Three—

Views

By

BOB SLOAN



Writing an article for a newspaper one week before it is to be printed has its disadvantages. Many events could happen within the next week which will make every statement to follow seem ridiculous. However, here goes.

Regardless of the outcome of the election next Tuesday (last Tuesday when you read this) here are some questions all Americans should ask themselves:

How can the United Nations be a force for peace unless it has strength? President Eisenhower said in his report to the nation following the outbreak of hostilities, that, "The United Nations organization is the soundest hope for peace." Mr. Eisenhower said repeatedly during his election campaign that you must seek peace from a position of strength. What then are Mr. Eisenhower and the government of the United States doing to strengthen the United Nations?

Should not the American people be told more completely about the chain of the events which has led up to the present crisis, rather than be informed by their President, that all the news from Suez is good? In fact, one wonders if Mr. Dulles has kept the President informed as to his many changes in policy and the situation aboard.

According to James Reston, well known New York Times foreign affairs expert, the British assert that Mr. Dulles promised not to put pressure on the Japanese to recognize Chiang Kai-Shek, and then did; it was Mr. Dulles' personal influence that finally persuaded the British to withdraw their troops from Suez and avoid a showdown. In short, due to broken promises and switching policy a feeling of distrust toward Mr. Dulles, and Eisenhower to a lesser degree, has arisen in many foreign countries.

Isn't it indeed a strange world which finds us with Russia as our ally at the council table?

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

There will be a public Spelling Bee in the Courthouse next Friday night. Admission is 10c. Proceeds are to go toward the new desks for Franklin High School. Good music will be furnished by an Edison Phonograph.

It is proper to remark that the courtroom floor was swept and properly warmed Saturday for the public speaking of the county candidates. Charley Reese was looking after the matter.

Robert Stamey, W. R. Stallcup, and John Campbell were elected Justices of the Peace, and Harve Mashburn constable, in Franklin township.

25 YEARS AGO

Mr. Breedlove, of White Salmon, Wash., formerly of Stiles, is visiting old friends and relatives. Mr. Breedlove has been West 27 years. He says the people here are not feeling the depression as is the West. He says he finds plenty to eat at all the homes he visits. He states the papers out there say the people here on starvation but wrote his daughter to come and take breakfast with him and she would find the papers' statements on the reverse.

Macon County has a "paper" surplus of \$162,852, according to a report filed this week with the county commissioner. Of this, \$131,915 is in uncollected taxes.

10 YEARS AGO

Republicans again captured the sheriff's office, but lost all other county posts to the Democrats. Sheriff J. Perry Bradley was placed in office for another four years when he defeated L. B. Phillips by an unofficial margin of 256 votes.

An increase of 35 cents per hundred pounds in the price paid for milk has been announced by Coble Dairy Products, Inc.

Harry Holt, Jr., and Betty Speed were chosen king and queen of the Halloween carnival given by the P. T. A. Friday night at the school building.—Highlands item.