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Three Years	7.50	Three Years	6.00

APRIL 18, 1957

Taxes And Business

What should the General Assembly do with the program recommended by the Tax Study Commission?

This newspaper has been critical of the commission's recommendations, on two scores:

(a) We do not oppose removing tax inequities against business; business, big or little, is entitled to a square deal—no more, no less. Our argument is that the recommendations don't go far enough; that they don't remove other glaring inequities. The prize example is North Carolina's longstanding policy of levying income tax against the portion of a man's income he pays to the federal government as U. S. income tax. In the case of an employee, the federal tax is deducted from his wages, so that the state taxes him on income he has never even seen.

(b) The plan would take certain tax sources away from the towns. In their place, it would authorize two new taxes. A town would be permitted to levy a tax of up to \$10 on each automobile, and to levy another tax of up to \$10 on every person holding a job that pays over a certain amount. The first proposal is unfair; the automobile already bears more than its share of the tax burden. The second is unthinkable—when North Carolina taxes a man for the right to work, we'll be ready to move to another state.

Those are, we think, valid criticisms.

But there are good arguments in favor of the plan. The fact that it has Governor Hodges' unqualified approval is one; for in Governor Hodges North Carolina has a public servant who is at once intelligent, honest, and dedicated.

And the Governor's arguments in favor of the plan are persuasive: We in North Carolina need, worst of all, more jobs that pay better wages. The way to provide them is through an expanding economy. And one of the best ways to bring that about is to make North Carolina tax-appealing to business. From a purely selfish viewpoint, it would seem to make sense to give business a tax break.

What, then, should our representatives in Raleigh do?

Well, we see no good reason why this has to be a question of either . . . or . . . For is it necessary to select any one group of taxpayers for fair treatment? Is reform of the tax structure as it affects business, in fact, an obstacle to reforming it as it affects the rest of us?

Of course taxes ought to be made fair to business. But, **simultaneously**, they ought to be made as nearly fair as possible for all taxpayers.

THE QUIZ CHAMPION

The New Breed Of 'Chucklehead' Produced By Modern America

Carolina Israelite

The Quiz Champion is the keeper of that fool's paradise, the Almanac. He represents Madison Avenue's greatest achievement in the philosophy of the "tie-in"; the association of "scholarship" with the sale of laxative, lipstick, and lanolin.

In order to be a Quiz Champion, you must be concerned only with that which is past. If Columbus had been a Quiz Champion, he would have never discovered America. He would have been heavily-laden with the words of countless others who said the world was flat, and he could also tell you in which cities those fellows flourished, and how many children each of them had produced.

The Quiz Champion is not a self-thinker. He is too busy trying to recollect the words and thoughts of others, which he has read and memorized, and thus his own words can never have any lasting value. No one ever did a considerable work in

the world who was not a self-thinker. The memory of too many useless facts weakens judgment. What we absorb by reflection becomes part and parcel of our mental processes and comes forth spontaneously for use when the mind enters the Society of Ideas to which it belongs. Mere feats of memory are of little or no use at all. Voltaire could not recall the name of the mayor of his town. Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, our two greatest philosophers, made a particular point of not cluttering up their minds with stuff that could be looked up at a moment's notice when, as, and if needed.

The Quiz Champion spits in the eye of the music lover who wants nothing more than to spend a couple of hours listening to the Toscanini recording of "Otello," but who now is burdened with a deep sense of guilt because he does not know (a) when the opera was first

produced, (b) who was the conductor, and (c) the name of the soprano of the premiere; a question in three parts, if you please.

Albert Einstein, who never remembered where he put his eye-glasses, liked to play the violin. If you asked him where Vivaldi was born, and how many children he had, the professor would have retreated to the other end of the room and pleaded with you:—"Please, let me just play it for you on my violin."

Over the years, I have known and communicated with six or seven of the leading Shakespearean scholars of our time. I do not recall that these men were particularly concerned with the given name of the fellow who printed the First Folio, or with the date on which Shakespeare's son-in-law died. All that seemed to matter to them was a study of the images in the "mirror" which Shakespeare "held up to life."

To be able to remember and repeat many names, dates, and verses, may be likened to the physical feats of the acrobats we used to see in vaudeville. The Quiz Champions, like those acrobats, excite the same attention by their novelty, and are alike of little worth. The Roman general who is said to have been able to repeat the names of all of his soldiers seems to have had no other distinction. Absorption, not verbal memory, forms judgment, and judgment has shaped our world.

The Quiz Champion is part of the current decline of the intellectual and the distrust of the scholar. He is our new knucklehead. He has succeeded in reducing "scholarship" to the level of knowing the population of Tokyo, and the batting average of Babe Ruth—and thus, unwittingly perhaps, he has helped to shut the door a bit tighter on—Original Thought—and the exploration of a New Idea.

Trash---And Prayer

Tying in neatly with the current clean-up-the-town drive is the Franklin Garden Club's continuing anti-litterbug campaign.

What is a litterbug?

He is the unmannerly and ignorant fellow who doesn't know any better than to drop a piece of paper on the street instead of into a garbage container; than to spit tobacco juice on the sidewalk instead of at least going to the curb and using the street; than to toss ice cream cups and empty cartons and wrapping paper out of his moving car window; than to picnic in a beautiful spot and spoil it for everybody else by leaving all his litter.

For those of us who live here, such behavior is inexcusable; we, at least, have been better raised than that. And if we were half as good Christians as we claim, we'd get on our knees every day of the year and thank the good Lord for the privilege of living in such a beautiful country . . . and ask forgiveness for every time we've marred what He created.

No law ought to be necessary. But since there are a few, both home folk and visitors, who will listen to nothing else, fortunately, there is a law. It reads:

Any person . . . who shall, within one hundred yards of any State Highway of North Carolina, or within a like distance of any other public road or highway, wilfully . . . deposit any trash, debris, garbage or litter within such limits, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction fined not exceeding fifty dollars (\$50) or imprisoned not exceeding thirty days.

Roane Bradley

Roane Bradley's outstanding characteristic was honesty—a complete honesty that did not stop with money, and that went far beyond mere good intentions.

To him, honesty demanded, of course, the prompt payment of even the smallest obligation; it demanded, too, that he give a little more than eight hours' work for eight hours' pay. But it also required that he make no obligation, financial or moral, he was not reasonably sure he could meet; that if he drew a map, it be accurate and complete to the tiniest detail; that if he made either a statement of fact or a promise, he must know before he spoke that what he said was the exact truth.

Who can assess the influence of such a character!

Bouquet

One of the pleasant and community-unifying customs of an earlier day was for a group of people to gather around the piano in someone's home and sing. A modern version of that is for members of two or more choirs to join voices, as was the case here Wednesday of last week.

For that evening's Easter Cantata, the choirs of the local Methodist and Presbyterian Churches and members of the Franklin High School Chorale were joined by several good neighbors from Jackson County, who crossed the Coweas not only for the performance itself, but made repeated trips to Franklin for rehearsals.

The program presented, Dubois' "The Seven Last Words of Christ", is said to be one of the most difficult, as well as one of the most beautiful, of musical compositions. But it was done with a near-professional touch that lent distinction to both the occasion and the community.

The person who deserves the lion's share of the credit is the director, and we make our best bow to Mr. Bill Harris.

"Don't Be Silly—The Door Is Still Open"



STRICTLY

Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

In this space a few weeks ago, I made some honest confessions about how, having taken a look at The Press building, office, and shop, I didn't feel we were in a very good position to call the kettle black, keeping clean-wise.

Well, since that time, we've been trying to do a little cleaning up. So far, we've only scratched the surface, but it's remarkable what a difference even a little time and effort can make.

Instance:

Last week we built a shelf. Just one shelf. But it was almost as good as adding a room.

VIEWS

By BOB SLOAN

When the Republican party wrested control of the national government from the Democrats in 1952 with the election of Dwight Eisenhower as President, many stalwarts of that party expressed the thought that the government would render more service for less money. They were going to do this by more efficient management ridding the government bureaus of "thousands of needless employees," obtaining a day's work for a day's pay, and other processes described best by similar clichés—and clichés they have really turned out to be.

We Democrats were skeptical that the services rendered by the government would be improved, but we did think that what we probably would get would be less service for less money.

It turns out, or so it seems to me, that what they are really doing is giving less service for more money.

The recent budget proposed by President Eisenhower is the largest peacetime budget ever. In his other years of administration, there has been no marked curtailment of expenditures.

But government service is steadily lagging. I cite two examples; one local, one national.

As a so-called economy measure, the Nantahala national forest headquarters was eliminated here in Franklin and combined with other forest headquarters in Asheville. In many small ways we do not get the same service we once did. For example, the trails and roads of the forest are not kept in as good a state of repair; nor are the recreation areas.

On a national level, the postal service is steadily declining on an ever-increasing budget. Post offices are kept open shorter hours, many post offices have been eliminated, to the boxholders a shorter number of hours, yet postal rates and the post office department budget are ever increasing.

Less service for more money is all that I can see that it adds up to.

With the death of Roane Bradley—Continued on Page 3

We have copies of the old Franklin Presses, bound by years. They are invaluable, of course; not only for reference, but as historical documents.

But for ten years, they've been stacked up, wherever there was a place for them, lying flat, three or four feet deep. The piles always were disorderly looking, and almost always when we wanted a year, we had to move anywhere from 10 to 30 volumes to get down to the one we wanted.

This shelf we've just built enables us to keep them neatly, in order, standing edge-wise. On the back of each volume is printed the year. So, when we want to see a Press in a certain year, all we have to do is glance at the years and pull out the one we want.

Just one shelf! The lumber cost two or three dollars and it took an hour to two. But it probably is the best investment we've ever made. Because, aside from the satisfaction of having things a bit neater, it will pay for itself, many times over, in time saved, in a single year.

Why, I wonder, didn't we build it ten years ago?

That little thing, of no great importance in itself, is important, it seems to me, as illustrating how all of us let procrastination rob us—rob us of the tonic of working in neat surroundings, rob us of convenience, and most important of

all, rob us of the thing life is made of—time.

Incidentally, when I raise my eyes from the typewriter, I see that ten-foot-long shelf of old Presses, going all the way back to 1889, and I feel a little like there stands a movie of the development of Macon County from that time—only 68 years by the calendar, but a thousand, measured in terms of change—to this.

Within those volumes is told the story of a lot of hope and aspiration; a lot of disappointment and frustration and heartbreak, but also a lot of achievement. The births and weddings and deaths, the successes and failures, of thousands of the people who have lived here.

I recall the difficulties under which they moved forward, back in 1889—no roads, no telephones, no refrigeration, poor schools indeed by modern standards, and almost literally NO money; I think of how far Macon County has come forward in those 68 years, of how little the people who moved it forward had to work with. Then I think of how much they gave us to build on—and of how slowly we're building. And I find myself asking: Isn't it time all of us shucked off our coats, rolled up our sleeves, and went to work?

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1892)

Mr. H. H. Dills, of Cartoogechaye, was out on Upper Nantahala last Thursday and killed a rattlesnake measuring three feet and 10 inches and having 10 rattles.

Mack Rhinehart, of Franklin, was here a few hours the other day. He's highly pleased with Franklin and seems to be prospering.—Waynesville Courier item reprinted in The Press.

The following persons subscribed amounts to help lift the debt on the Franklin school building: N. L. Barnard, \$25; Lee Crawford, \$25; F. T. Smith, \$15; Jacob Slagle, \$10; W. A. Curtis, \$10; W. B. McGuire, \$25; J. B. Addington, \$25; Alex Bell, \$5; J. G. Siler, \$5; and Dan Lyle, \$5.

25 YEARS AGO

(1932)

J. R. Morrison was elected chairman of the Macon County Board of Elections and T. S. Munday, secretary, at a meeting of the board Saturday.

Three prisoners, one indicted for murder, escaped from Macon County jail about 9 o'clock Wednesday night after sawing the bars of a window in their cell on the second floor.

Mr. Will Anderson and daughter, Miss Annie Beck, attended the farmers' meeting at Slagle school house Saturday afternoon.—Cartoogechaye item.

10 YEARS AGO

The Macon County grand jury recommended this week that the office of county school superintendent be made a full-time job.

Few persons knew it at the time, but Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Army chief of staff, passed through Franklin Sunday night.

The Macon County courthouse is considered the worst, with one exception, in Western North Carolina. Judge William H. Bobbitt, of Charlotte, told the grand jury in his charge Monday.