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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

JUNE 13, 1957

The Basic Need

Congratulations to the board of county commissioners for facing up to the long-apparent need for more money for the county's schools, and for the courage to levy taxes to raise it.

Our guess is there'll be little criticism of the 10 cents increase in taxes. We suspect, instead, there may be a question as to whether the increase is enough.

And we're not talking about the extra 5 cents Mr. Bueck, incoming school superintendent, asked for maintenance and operational costs. That other 5 cents may be needed for those purposes; and of course operation and maintenance are necessary. But not important.

They aren't, for the reason that there is little connection between how many paper towels are used, or how much wax is put on the floor, on the one hand, and how much the children learn, on the other. It is that latter that is important.

What we need in this county is a tax levy to provide a supplement to the salaries of classroom teachers. Because, generally speaking, schools are good or bad in ratio to the quality of the teachers. And surely one way to attract the best teachers is to pay them more.

There are some who immediately will say: "But we can't afford it." But can we afford to give our children any education but the best?

Battles And Bottles

The Rutherford County News tells of recent editorial troubles, all because of the omission of the one little word, "not".

It seems someone gave the Rutherforddon chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy the flag carried by that county's unit during the War Between the States; and a member of the U. D. C. wrote a piece about it for the paper.

Here, according to The News, is what happened:

Included in Mrs. Williams' article were the proud words, "Four years it waved its precious folds over a righteous cause, and when we furled it, it was because we were overpowered, not because we were conquered."

Well, the worst happened. The line came out in the paper, "... because we were conquered ..."

The UDC has not recognized anyone as conquerors of

IMPROMPTU VISITS BEST

Going Home; It's Stepping Back Into Stream Of Love

DORIS BETTS in Sanford Herald

On Saturday we bolted home from the office with the sudden thought that we'd like to go home and see the folks—home being always the town you grew up in, in our case, Statesville, N. C.

We hadn't made it for Mother's Day and here was a Saturday full of sun that seemed too golden for using up on television or yard work, or even reading.

Funny how the impromptu trips are always the best. The children spring to such excitement at the surprise announcement of a trip to Grandma's; the clothes are not all clean and ready; no advance arrangements have been made for the dogs; the car needs gas and oil; did we promise anyone we'd be at home?

The hour between decision and departure is a hectic one, and you ride off on a tide of mutual excitement.

"Can I swing in Grandma's swing? Do I have to take a bath at Grandma's tonight? I don't have to take a nap this afternoon, do I?"

So home we went—home to because Mamma cooked it instead of you, and back inside the walls where—so short a time ago, it seems you were wearing saddle oxfords and tying up the telephone all hours.

Or, to hear your parents tell it, where very recently you were climbing up on the furniture and spilling jam on the living room rug.

And coming back Sunday, after a scurrying overnight visit which seemed crammed full of cousins and aunts and ailments and recent funerals and lots of little children who are suddenly your contemporaries, we had the sense of having been "nourished" in some obscure way by being home again. We'd seen our children on the lap of our grandmother, who'll be their great-grandmother, and we'd had again that sense of both time and timelessness which comes from watching one generation blend into the next.

Thinking about the time home, and the loved ones seen again, we thought this about a sense of Family: We thought that here is the one place in the entire world where love is not dependent on approval.

the Confederacy, of course, so the error in the paper amounted to heresy. It was also libelous. And shameful. And downright disgraceful. Among other things.

We managed to get the line corrected in about one-third of the paper. But two-thirds got into the mails and on the news stands. So, if your News of last week said the Confederacy was conquered, don't believe it. It ain't so. And we've got a file copy at the office (a corrected copy, that is) to prove it.

Well, the Rutherforddon paper is not the first to have such troubles. We could cite a few of our own. Perhaps even more appropriate to this situation, though, is the old story that so well illustrates how typographical errors, once made, stubbornly refuse to be corrected.

In this case, the newspaper, referring to the service of a war veteran, sought to use the high-sounding phrase, "battle-scarred". But alas! when the paper came out, an "r" had been dropped, and the newspaper's readers were told that the old gentleman was "battle-sared".

Next week's issue carried humble apologies, an explanation about the dropped "r", and, to make the situation abundantly clear, a repetition of the phrase. But this time an "o" got in where an "a" should have been, and the old man was called "bot-tle-sarred".

They'll Be Missed

Some ten days ago, when Mr. Holland McSwain, retiring county superintendent of schools, entered the Franklin High School gymnasium to confer diplomas, something a bit unusual happened. There was no particular occasion for applause, but there was applause—a spontaneous applause that swept the crowd and continued from the time he entered the door until he reached the platform.

Why an ovation for a man just discharged?

In part, it undoubtedly was in appreciation of his six years' labors for better schools in Macon County; in part, it probably was an expression of affection for the man; but most of all, we suspect, it grew out of a new, widespread respect Mr. McSwain and members of his family have won for themselves. Because, in a period that must have been difficult and embarrassing, they have borne themselves with a quiet dignity both admirable and rare.

The McSwains have been good citizens. Their quick willingness to help with any worthwhile cause will be sorely missed. That, plus the spirit in which they have met a trying experience, assures them of the personal good wishes of everyone who has had the good fortune to know them.

Letters

Cowee or Watauga?

Editor, The Franklin Press,

What is the correct name of the gap on Route 23 at the Macon-Jackson line?

The historical marker in the gap refers to it as "Cowee Gap". A few personal inquiries have disclosed that many citizens of Macon County call it "Cowee Gap".

Most of the Forest Service and other federal maps which I have consulted show it as "Watauga Gap". The extremely valuable "Vacation Map" published by the Stephens Press and widely distributed among visitors follows this listing.

Far be it from me as an outsider to say what the correct name is. I do venture to suggest that the existing confusion should be removed and that one universally accepted name should be adopted.

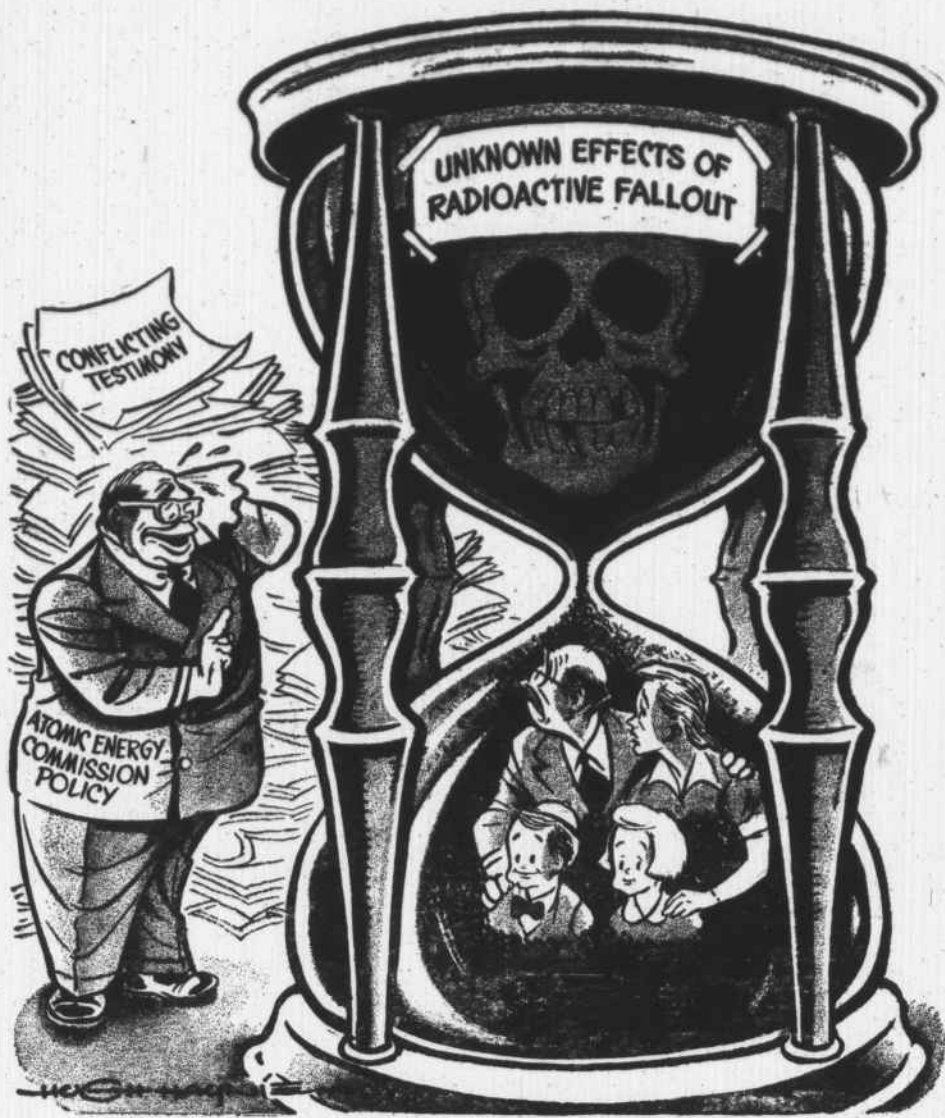
For any name to become official, it would have to be approved by the National Board on Geographic Names. But my understanding is that this federal agency is disposed to attach much value to the wishes of the citizens of the primarily interested community or communities in determining what name shall be established as official.

Certainly the gap is too historic and too important to suffer from a duplication of names.

D. HIDDEN RAMSEY

Asheville, N. C.

"Just Relax, We'll Know All About It—In Due Time"



STRICTLY

Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

We have our share of inflation, here in Macon County. By comparison, though, prices here are quite reasonable. Inflation in Franklin is as nothing, compared with other places.

I discovered that in Asheville the other day; discovered it twice.

I bought a light lunch—fruit, bread, coffee, a piece of pie. It was 86 cents. No meat, no vegetables; but 86 cents!

And I am reasonably sure that same lunch, at that same place, a year or 18 months ago cost only 70 or 75 cents. Why the increase? Because certainly the price of food at its source—the farm—hasn't increased that much.

Then I bought an article I have to replace every year or so. I've been buying that same item for more than ten years. Always in the past, it's been \$10. This time, it was \$20.

It is true I was given some extra "service" this time; but it was "service" I neither needed nor wanted. But was forced

to take it—and pay for it.

Is there anything you and I can do about inflation?

I think perhaps there is.

Suppose, whenever there is a price increase, and we are told that the price is so and so, we meet such an announcement with a one-word question:

"Why?"

"Why is the price higher than it was last week or last month or last year?"

We ought to be reasonable, of course. Sometimes a seller has no choice but to raise prices. If the wholesale price goes up, for instance, obviously the retail price must go up, too. And when labor costs go up, prices have to go up with them.

But there is nothing unreasonable in asking the question:

"Why?"

And I think it might set some people thinking. Because a lot of inflation is just one thing—greed.

I'm sure it would if we sent a little farther and added:

"I'll look around . . ." or "This is something I can do without; and I'm going to do without it until the price comes down".

If enough people did that, often enough, prices would come down; and they wouldn't take long to start falling.

All of us aren't going to do that, of course; for most of us are afraid to make a scene;

we'd rather be suckers than embarrassed. But if even one person out of ten did it, I believe it would bring prices down.

And all the evidence is the only way inflation is going to be really controlled is via sales resistance—by you and me and others like us.

In this space last week, I referred to the custom of eating black-eyed peas at New Year's to bring good luck. I had always assumed, as I believe most people have, that this was a Southern custom—or, at most, an American one. But it seems black-eyed peas and good luck are associated everywhere. At least, they are in Japan.

Mrs. Rolfe Neill tells me she found that out while living in Japan.

There they have a winter custom called "Setsubun". It is a matter of throwing peas through the windows—and Mrs. Neill suddenly found her house with peas all over it.

They throw peas out the windows to throw out this year's bad luck, and then throw them through the window outside to bring good luck for the coming season.

In Mrs. Neill's case, the Japanese were greatly disturbed because one window wouldn't open. In fact, they weren't satisfied until it was pried open, so the two-way pea-throwing could be complete.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1892)

The joint board of commissioners and magistrates last Monday set a tax of 9 cents on every \$100 of real and personal property and 27 cents was levied on each poll for pauper purposes. For ordinary expenses, a tax of 14 and 2/3 cents on the \$100 was levied for the year 1892. For public schools, a tax of 44 cents on each poll was levied. For road tax, five cents on the \$100, and 15 cents on the poll was levied.

The Franklin commencement exercises Friday night at the courthouse consisted of a debate for a medal on the following question: "In the light of history, which has been more conducive to the happiness of mankind, Democracy or Monarchy?" The speakers were J. Lee Barnard, Wiley Rogers, Fred Siler, and Walter Moore. The boys handled the subject pretty well, considering their age and limited access to historical books bearing on the subject.

Special from Smith's Bridge: Mr. Bob Conley smiles and says it's a girl, Mr. R. B. Hyatt was seen coming up the road a few Sundays ago with the Belle of Smith's Bridge.

25 YEARS AGO

(1932)

Funeral services for Thomas Jackson Johnston, one of the most prominent lawyers in Western North Carolina, who died at his home on Main Street a few minutes after 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, were held Wednesday at the Methodist Church.

A new mica washing plant is being established at the old Lyle Knob mine by Charlie Shields and Ed Duvall, of Iotla, who said they expected to have it in operation within a week.

10 YEARS AGO

R. N. Dupree has been chosen by the Highlands board of commissioners as town clerk to succeed Mrs. Virginia P. Merrill, who resigned. He was sworn in by Mayor James O. Beale.

Mrs. Lee Leach and grandson, Nat Macon, an instructor at the University of North Carolina, visited relatives over the week end.

VIEWES...

By BOB SLOAN

In opposing President Eisenhower's civil rights proposals, Southern Senators are making a great to-do about the fact that if the proposals become law, a person might be deprived of the right of trial by jury.

Certainly this right is an American heritage which should be zealously guarded.

The people of the South, who serve on these juries, can do a great deal to protect and preserve this cherished right of ours.

They should see to it that verdicts are rendered which are the essence of justice. They should not succumb to emotional lawyers' pleadings to "Render a verdict that will go down in history as saying to the Negroes that you shall not pass". This was the case in a recent trial in Montgomery, Ala., where two youths were charged with participating in the dynamiting of four Negro churches, and the homes of two Negro clergymen.

Even though the state's case included signed statements by both defendants that they had participated in the bombings, an all-white jury, after 95 minutes' deliberation, returned a verdict of, "not guilty", amid jubilant shouts and rebel yells, according to Newsweek magazine.

What better way can we find to say, "Justice, who cares about justice as long as the Whites reign supreme?"

When a jury obviously disregards the facts, as was done in this and the Emmett Till case, to render a decision intended to keep any minority group in a secondary position, are its members worthy of the sacred heritage of the right of trial by jury?

which they have felt in you and which now passes through you and resides in your children, coming along after.

And sitting here at a typewriter, very late on a May Sunday night, we do not recall that anything profoundly earthshaking was discussed all week end, beyond remembering all the funny and sad and pathetic events which, are a shorthand, a symbolism, for a closeness seldom expressed.

What we feel is a sense of having stepped in the stream again, and the stream is that of human being coming down to human being and down another step; and the garden variety love which seems to persevere whether the recipient is worthy or unworthy.

And what we remember most, as standing for the whole week end, is young David as he talked with his great-grandmother in a private moment, on the green porch rockers on Sunday afternoon—while she pointed out the nest in the crotch of a tree in the front yard; and told him that the Mother Starling was bringing dinner to her babies.

That is, no matter what different paths the aunts and cousins and sisters have taken, and no matter whether anyone now understands what anyone else is really doing, there exists a whole sea of love to swim in. It always seems to be waiting and what they love is YOU—not how successful or how handsome you are, or whether the money is coming in or going out, or whether you've gotten fat or thin or gray haired in the absence.

They love the YOU in you; and they love it because of the blood that is there, because they remember you when you were two days old and had a paprika-colored complexion, or because of a nearly-forgotten day when all of you did some lovely thing together.

Or stood together in the face of an illness which threatened all security, or a sorrow which seemed to shake the foundations of living.

They love the time which is accumulated in you—the chin which is like your grandfather's and the temper which is like Uncle Charlie's.

And they love the promise the food that's so much better