

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

Second class mail privileges authorized at Franklin, N. C.
Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press
Telephone 24

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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

JULY 4, 1957

Ought To Come Down

Tourists are a major crop for Franklin and its environs.

But summer after summer after summer, Franklin has had to cultivate that crop under severe acreage reduction. The reduction was imposed by detours, necessitated by highway construction.

We are happy to get the highways. And we know we can't get highways without some minor inconveniences.

We think, though, those inconveniences should be held to a minimum; and we feel Franklin should not be required to operate on restricted acreage still another summer, if there is any possible way to avoid it.

The latest of our new highways is the fine one toward Georgia. That highway is now complete, except for some minor work. The motoring public is traveling it every day; to all intents and purposes, it is "open".

Yet detour signs still route the tourist headed toward Franklin via Highlands. Since others use the new highway, why can't he? If he must come the long way 'round, he often doesn't come at all; if he does come, he is irritated when he gets here and learns the new road is open. He is likely to ask just what we ask: Is it necessary to keep the detour signs up another five or six weeks? If this is required, why not "Open, But Travel At Your Own Risk" signs?

We do not doubt there are technical reasons. But we wonder if they aren't just technical.

Both common fairness to Franklin and its tourists and common sense seem to suggest that those detour signs ought to come down—now.

Progress: Zero?

The United States has gone 95 per cent of the way toward building a "clean" hydrogen bomb—that is, one free from radioactive fallout.

Such was the announcement that came out of Washington last week.

It sounds wonderful, doesn't it? But let's do a little arithmetic on it. All of us were taught in school that if you multiply zero by something, the result is zero. That is, 2 times zero equals zero, 4 times zero is zero, and so on.

Well, this reassuring statement came from the government agency—the Atomic Energy Commission—that all these years has been reassuring the public that there was no danger from fallout. No danger. That is, zero danger. So if you multiply

zero danger by 95 per cent reduction in the danger, what do you get? You get zero improvement.

If that sounds a bit crazy, remember it deals with a situation that is crazy. Because first the A. E. C. covered up the fact there was radioactive fallout; then it denied there was danger from this fallout; now it maintains it has eliminated 95 per cent of the danger that wasn't there in the first place.

One detail in the dispatch carrying the announcement underlines the point. The announcement came immediately after detonation of a mighty bomb. But the blast was postponed 24 hours from the time originally set. Why? Because of "unfavorable winds". And what have winds to do with it? Winds determine whether and which way and how far radioactive fallout is carried. If there was virtually no radioactive fallout, why bother with the winds?

The plain fact is the A. E. C. has been persistently dishonest with the American people. It has misrepresented, suppressed non-security information, and, on occasion, done even worse violence to the truth. Why, then, should anybody take its latest statement at face value?

The truth is—and nobody could read the conflicting statements of scientists on the subject without reaching this conclusion; the truth is, nobody knows just what the danger is, or how great it is. A government that was completely honest would tell its people just that.

From The Heart

About a month ago we remarked in this space that

... the thing Macon County needs worst right now is a brand new word—one that will combine the ideas of "we're proud of you" and "congratulations" and "good luck".

All this is prompted, of course, by the latest in a long string of firsts by Macon County young people, the district win by Macon F. F. A. boys. For if we say "congratulations" now, what'll we say when these youngsters bring home the state championship—again?

A new word? We're starting to work right now to try to coin one, because it's our guess we'll need it.

Well, the Macon County boys not only have brought "home the state championship—again". They have gone on to win what may be an even higher honor, the \$500 state prize for "cooperative activities," which means general excellence.

Now we need that new word even worse than we had thought we would. But it is yet to be coined! What the English-speaking peoples of the world haven't come up with in several centuries, of course we failed to find in a few weeks.

So we say, quite simply, all those things; and we speak, we know, for everyone of us who can claim you young fellows as belonging to our Macon County.

We do congratulate you. And we do wish you luck as you move on to new achievements. And we are proud of you—plumb proud.

And whatever those terms lack in originality is more than made up for by the fact they come from the heart.

Where Advertising Is Welcome

(Shelby Cleveland Times)

An impressive evaluation of the merits of newspaper advertising as compared with television advertising has been provided by Robert J. McBride, director of research for the Detroit Free Press. He says:

"People watch television because of the entertainment—commercials actually are intruders. A survey by Northwestern University shows that 61 per cent of housewives would prefer TV without commercials.

"At the same time, advertising is an integral part of the newspaper. Readers buy the paper for the ads as much as for the editorial matter. Both men and women readers plan their shopping from the newspaper. The Northwestern survey shows that 92 per cent of the respondents want their newspapers with advertising."

This brings Mr. McBride to his completely logical conclusion: "The advertiser gets the best results when his message is welcomed and desired."

NEW SECURITY PROPOSALS

REVIEWERS OF PROBLEM STILL SEEM RULED BY FEAR

Christian Science Monitor

Americans of an earlier age would be amazed at this generation's attention to "security." Twenty years ago the depression evoked a revolutionary new interest in economic security. The war emphasized military security, and the cold war aroused great concern with protection against Communist infiltration. This last called forth the survey just made public by the Commission on Government Security.

The 12-member bipartisan group set up in 1955 by Congress has done a tremendous, thoroughgoing job. The 800 pages of its report deserve wide attention and study. Some of its findings should serve as the basis for important legislation to simplify and regularize federal security measures. But we trust that Congress will take a

very hard look at some of the proposals which enter the vital field of individual rights.

For anyone centering attention on one type of security and measures for attaining it can easily lose perspective. A banker may see security largely in financial terms, a military man in armed might, a policeman in effective surveillance. But fundamentally for the nation, as for the individual, security lies primarily in spiritual and mental factors. The practice of justice, freedom, and equal opportunity which fosters loyalty is a primary bulwark of security. A prosperous, well-informed people are not easily subverted.

Of course, the Communist conspiracy is something new in American life, and new defenses must be erected against it. And order should be brought out of

the hit-and-miss improvisations set up in various federal agencies to deal with a suddenly perceived danger. The core of the commission's recommendations is for a central security office to train personnel and advise on uniform practices. It would also maintain a three-member review board to which loyalty cases would be appealed. There are plain advantages in this proposal. But Congress may not be in a hurry to set up another potentially powerful agency.

The commission has shown that it is aware national security cannot disregard civil liberties. It rightly recommends separating security from loyalty cases and permitting the accused to confront accusers. Wise, too, is the warning on over-classifying technical information.

But many thoughtful citizens will question other proposals, such as those on the Attorney General's list and the delicate problem of unintentional disclosure of security material by newsmen. Why should security procedures be extended into a horde of nonsensitive posts? On the whole, the commission appears to reflect the state of fear which ruled when it was appointed but has now eased visibly. The Supreme Court's recent emphasis on constitutional rights appears more in tune with the times.

It was Herbert Hoover, we believe, who once warned those who put economic security ahead of economic freedom that security could always be found in a jail. The warning applies when political freedom and security are in conflict.

"Man! Talk About Being Upset—"



STRICTLY

Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

This week's column is going to be a potpourri.

"What is that?" did you ask? You really don't know? Well,

it's a—a—ah—um—ah; why it's a—; well, it's a . . . why it's a potpourri, of course!

What was that? Oh, that doesn't answer your question?

Well, all right, all right; I'll go see what the dictionary says.

Mr. Webster defines a potpourri "as a medley or mixture".

Understand now? O, you do? Well, I don't.

But if you want to know what I mean when I say potpourri, it's what you'll have when you finish reading this.

In this space last week, I was talking about good manners. And, as always happens, when you get interested in a subject, you bump into a lot of things bearing on it.

The type on that column had hardly dried before I found two excellent definitions of good manners or courtesy or politeness or whatever you want to call it:

"There are two kinds of politeness: one says, 'See how polite I am'; the other, 'I would make you happy'."

The second definition: "True politeness . . . consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself." In other words, it's simply the Golden Rule, especially in little things.

When I was a boy here, there was an expression current among the unlettered—and like so many other expressions used by the unlettered, accurate and to the point—about good manners. Children were told by their elders: "Now, be pretty".

I remember wondering then why anybody would say that, because obviously nobody can be pretty merely by deciding to do so; either you are pretty or you aren't. I know now, though, that what these elder people were saying to the children was, "pretty is as pretty does". That is, people size you up by your good or bad manners.

One of the finest illustrations I know of politeness—in its real sense of wanting to make the other fellow feel at ease and happy—was in a story an old man told me many years ago.

Out in the country, late one hot summer afternoon, he stopped at a farm home for a drink of water. He was invited in, and he and members of the family engaged in a pleasant conversation.

At length, his host paid the visitor a compliment so delicate it would have done justice to a Chesterfield.

Leaning toward his wife, he whispered—but whispered loud enough for the guest to hear:

"Do you suppose we could persuade the gentleman to spend the night?"

Now for a bit of shop talk: We here at The Press were mighty proud to be able to announce last week that, the week before, our paid circulation had passed the 3,000 mark, for the first time in the paper's history.

I remembered having written a similar announcement when we hit 2,500, and got to wondering how long it had been, I found it in the issue of August 2, 1951.

From 2,500 to 3,000, a gain of 20 per cent, in a little less than six years. There is nothing sensational about that. On the other hand, it has been the natural, normal kind of growth that is healthy. And we'd rather have a normal growth of 20 per cent in six years than a 40 per cent forced growth in half that time.

The purpose of these comments, though, is not to boast, but to express appreciation. Because nobody knows better than we that though this growth represents approval of our efforts to publish a good newspaper, it is cause for gratitude

more than for gratification. For it was made possible by the cooperation, charitableness, and the loyalty of our readers.

And so, to our readers, we say, "Thank you!"

We shall continue to try to publish the truth, without fear or favor—but with fairness.

Speaking of our readers, a letter received the other day gives an idea of how people away from here see Macon County, as it is reflected in The Press. This comment is from one who has never been here, but reads the paper regularly:

"The Franklin Press gives me the feeling that you Maconians do not live at the point of utter exasperation. From what realm do you draw your relaxed existence—the physical, mental, or spiritual? Could it be the mountain air?"

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1892)

The plank sidewalk on West Main Street is in bad condition, broken in holes in many places and dangerous to walk on after night. There is also a hole in the culvert near Mr. Geo. A. Jones' that should be repaired, as one horse has already fallen into it and has been damaged to such an extent as to require killing. It is the duty of the town council which persists in collecting heavy taxes to put the streets and sidewalks in proper condition, and the citizens should demand they do it.

The mail service on all the routes leading from Franklin, under new contracts, commenced last Friday. The following are the sub-contractors on the routes: From Franklin to Andrews, J. S. Waldroop; Franklin to Bryson City, G. W. Dean; Franklin to Clayton, J. W. McCurry; Franklin to Dillsboro, D. C. Cunningham; Franklin to Walhalla, W. T. Potts; Franklin to Burningtown, Tuck Davis; Franklin to Roane's Mill, J. S. Waldroop. They all work cheap and this great government saves money by it.

25 YEARS AGO (1932)

On account of the inclement weather on July 4, the annual picnic dinner given by the Macon County U. D. C. chapter in honor of the few remaining veterans was curtailed. There were only three veterans who braved the elements and came out. These were given a delicious hot dinner at a local restaurant. The honor guests on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Hall, of Etna; Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Rhodes, of Otto; and Mr. A. M. Shope and daughter, of Prentiss.

On Sunday, about 50 relatives and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Buchanan, in honor of Mr. Buchanan's 72nd birthday. It was the fourth reunion of the family held at his home. He is a prosperous truck farmer of the Watauga section and is always among the first to have vegetables on the market.

Miss Arle Belle McConnell and Mr. Jack Gribble were married in Clayton, Ga., Saturday. Mrs. Gribble is the daughter of Mrs. Ida McConnell Evans, of Franklin, Route 2, and Mr. Gribble is the son of Mrs. William Gribble, of Prentiss.

10 YEARS AGO

The value of taxable property within corporate limits of the Town of Franklin has increased by more than \$400,000 during the past year, records in the town office show. This represents slightly more than half of the increase for the county as a whole. Thus, during the 12-month period, the town's tax valuation has grown by 27 per cent, boosting the town's taxable wealth to close to two million dollars.

Franklin town authorities hope to be pumping creek water into the water mains within a few days and temporarily relieve the acute water shortage from which the county has been suffering in recent weeks. The water will be chlorinated by two mobile filtering units.

Radford Jacobs, who is employed in Chicago, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gene Jacobs, of Franklin, Route 3.