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and
The Highlands Maconian

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WEIMAR JONES Editor
BOB S. SLOAN Advertising Manager
J. P. BRADY News Editor-Photographer
GOLFE NEILL Reporter
MRS. ALLEN SILER Society Editor-Office Manager
CARL P. CABE Operator-Machinist
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CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON Pressman
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What's Happened?

What's happened to the Rural Community Development Program in this county?

Over a period of a few years, it brought more progress to rural Macon than any other one thing in half a century. How effective it was was indicated when a Macon community, a couple of years ago, won first place in all Western North Carolina.

But today there is a lag. Even if there were no tangible evidences of such a lag—and there are—it can be felt. What important projects are under way? Except in two or three communities, how often is the program even discussed? Where is the enthusiasm of a year or so ago?

Are we resting on our laurels? Are there no new ideas to be developed? Are there no more improvements to be made?

Unless something is done, and done quickly, all those neat, painted mail boxes will be shabby again, and other visible improvements will likewise deteriorate. Much more important, the momentum we gained over a period of years will be dissipated.

Beams And Motes

The North Carolina State Board of Medical Examiners proposes to suspend the licenses of a group of foreign-born doctors now practicing in state institutions.

The layman, of course, is in no position to have an intelligent opinion about the professional qualifications of these foreign-born doctors. The vigorous protest of a man of the intelligence and character of John W. Umstead, who is chairman of the State Hospitals Board of Control, however, suggests that it is not an "open and shut" case. His statement, plus that of the medical director of the N. C. Sanatorium System, Dr. Stuart Willis, suggests that however poorly these foreign-born doctors may have been prepared to practice medicine, they appear to be doing satisfactory work.

The average layman, we think, would go a step farther. Assuming that the only purpose of the State Board of Examiners is to raise the medical standards in North Carolina, the layman would suggest the board might well start with American-born doctors practicing in North Carolina.

The American-born physicians, it is true, are the products of accredited medical institutions, but is it the institution or its product that matters? Would the state board seriously maintain that all American-born doctors practicing in North Carolina really meet high standards?—are technically competent, are qualified by character, are ethically above reproach?

The surest way to make sure you're unpopular is always to be right.

FROM SOUTHERN PINES PILOT

On Wasting Time; Should Children's Every Minute Be Filled?

A book with a most arresting title has been attracting attention — Robert Paul Smith's "Where Did You Go?" "Out." "What Did You Do?" "Nothing."

Since the book is an argument for wasting time, we are at once prejudiced in its favor, albeit the volume refers to wasting time in childhood. While thankful that somebody has had the wits and courage to challenge the notion that children always have to do things, we wait with eagerness the still more courageous writer who will extol a similar policy for adults. But now we are talking about the children.

Several items printed on this page in recent weeks have questioned whether life today, for both adults and young folks, is not too highly organized. The book with the arresting title is the most elaborate attempt we have yet seen to expound this thesis.

Mr. Smith recalls, for instance, some of the delights of an unplanned youth:

"Many, many hours of my childhood were spent in learning how to whistle, how to snap my fingers. In hanging from the branch of a tree. In looking at an ant's nest. In digging holes. Making piles. Tearing things down. Throwing rocks at things."

Various adult supervisors, counselors, directors, instructors, coaches and so forth that hedge in a child's existence today may serve a useful purpose but we cannot help but feel

that they are too numerous and that they do not inspire a great deal of that quality which is childhood's special province, carrying a special meaning of its own: "Having Fun."

An editorial in the Raleigh News and Observer rounds out this subject with a disquisition on the old-fashioned back yard ("likely to be untidy and all cluttered up with horseshoes and fishing poles and balls and bats and dogs and cats . . . a high board fence around it and usually a large tree that was excellent for climbing"), as contrasted with back yards since landscaping has come in and that area has become "a pretty place for tired adults to rest in deck chairs . . . And the boy meets his friends in a public park or asks them into his house to watch television."

Is all lost, then, for childhood? Of course not. All children are made of more wonderful stuff than that. We suspect that despite, and in some cases even because of, organization, children still have plenty of fun. And each generation, we suppose, has its own pleasures or types of pleasures. But we see in Mr. Smith's book and in nostalgic reminiscences like that of the News and Observer a warning to parents that children often should be let alone to find and make up and enjoy their own kinds of entertainment. "Wasting time" and "doing nothing" remain honored occupations in our scale of values.

About Water

Out of last week's discussion, among town officials and citizens, of the Franklin water supply problem, complete agreement emerged on two points:

While there is now no water shortage, the town is operating on a margin much too narrow for comfort; and it is imperative that something be done to increase that margin.

These questions remain to be answered:

1. In seeking an adequate water supply, what relative emphasis is to be given to quantity, quality, and cost?
2. Having answered that question, what is the best system or combination of systems to be employed?
3. How is the project to be financed? That question, of course, covers not only the matter of original financing, but repayment of any loan: Must we raise taxes or water rates, or both? and if so, how much?

While the town board seeks satisfactory answers to those questions, we suggest it should take some immediate, even if temporary, action — dig another well or increase the storage capacity, or both.

Something New

Maconians are scattered over the world. For proof, you have to look no farther than The Franklin Press mailing list.

Copies of The Press go out each week addressed to Maconians now living in 39 states and the District of Columbia; in Alaska, Puerto Rico, and Hawaii; and in two foreign countries, Canada and Pakistan. In addition, the paper goes to servicemen in many countries, but reaches them through the army and fleet post offices in New York and San Francisco.

So it's nothing new for us to get a subscription from some far place. But what happened the other day was new:

We received a letter from a resident of Iran (that was Persia, when some of us studied geography), and the name stamped him as an Iranian. He asked that we "please subscribe me" to The Press. And he wanted not one copy each week for a year, but three!

Why does the Iranian gentleman want The Press? and why does he want three copies each week? Well, your guess about that is as good as ours.

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.)

Not Any More

(Changing Times)

Some families can trace their ancestors back 200 years but can't tell you where their children were last night.

Best Part Of Life

(Ivanhoe, Minn., Times)

There are great days ahead for those who are willing to venture, willing to work, willing to keep a youthful viewpoint and willing to admit that the best days are always ahead. The best part of life is the part we have yet to live.

Special Stamps

(Chapel Hill News Leader)

One of the strangest of the U. S. Post Office's series of special stamp issues is in celebration of the steel industry's rise. It says: "America and Steel Growing Together." Is this to set a precedent?

Suggested additions to the series: "America and Peanuts Growing Together." "America and Coca Cola Growing Together." "America and Ford Cars Growing Together." A very special issue might be lettered: "America and The News Leader Growing Together." Design might show the paper and the republic intertwined, plated, and glued. No charge for preliminary sketch.



STRICTLY

Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

Last Thursday night's special session of the town board, the first meeting of the Franklin aldermen I had attended in a long time, had something of the flavor of the old New England town meetings.

Called to discuss the water situation, the meeting was long; sometimes it was a bit tiresome. But when it was over, I was glad I had gone.

I left with a new faith in democratic government, especially democratic government as it works in a small community.

It was heartening, first of all, that a score of businessmen were interested enough to appear before the board to urge it to provide an adequate water

supply. As they filed in, I found myself asking: How many public boards, the country over, have twenty citizens appear before them in an entire year? And how many times, when there is such a delegation, are its members motivated by anything beyond crass personal selfishness?

It was good, too, to feel the atmosphere of welcome and cordiality that met the visitors. I've been to plenty of board meetings where a group of visiting citizens was treated as a nuisance, if not actually as intruders.

The discussion brought out remarks I couldn't agree with; statements that obviously were inaccurate; comments that seemed beside the point. But there was a tolerant attitude of give-and-take that was as unusual as the earnestness was admirable.

There was Verlon Swafford, speaking for the delegation, suggesting the proposed filter plant on Cartoogechaye, but emphasizing that the group left to the board the how of getting an adequate water supply; and adding that the businessmen were willing to pay the

price — higher taxes or higher water rates, plus giving up "our good drinking water".

There was Frank L. Henry, Jr., vigorously defending the rights of a minority; it isn't right, he declared, to give me plenty of water in my home or fail to limit an industrial plant, and at the same time require filling station operators to stop washing cars — "that's part of their living".

There was Harmon H. Gnuse, Jr., apparently going a long way toward convincing an audience hostile to his viewpoint, and doing it with facts and figures: Is it good business to put ourselves in the position of having drastically to raise water rates or taxes, in order to build a filter plant, when there is no assurance of a demand for the water? And is it good business to do it when past history shows you can get water for substantially less per gallon by digging wells? The fact we haven't dug enough wells isn't proof the well system is at fault.

There was Mayor W. C. Burrell insisting we must have

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DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1892)

A half-grown heifer belonging to Mr. Bob Scott was killed by lightning Sunday night within a few feet of Mr. John Shepherd's house on Harrison Avenue.

Mr. Fred S. Johnston left Friday morning for Chapel Hill to enter the law department of the state university, and will perhaps be absent two months.

We learn that Hosea Moses, of Ellijay, sold Dr. Lucas 30 acres of land last Monday for \$6,000. There is corundum on it.

Keep cool, gentlemen. The Press is a Democratic paper, as it has ever been and will continue to be. The hit dog is the one that squalls.

25 YEARS AGO (1932)

At a mass meeting of those seeking continued operation of the TP Railway, it was resolved Tuesday afternoon that the three counties served by the railroad—Macon, and Habersham and Rabun, in Georgia—be asked to sign an agreement that all goods shipped by them and consigned to them be sent by the railroad. Gilmer A. Jones, of Franklin, emphasized the need for cooperation, not only of shippers and consignees, but of consumers, as well. He pointed out the fact that the trucks were taking the business of the railroad at the public's expense.

The post office at Leatherman, 10 miles northeast of Franklin, was entered last Thursday evening about 10 o'clock and several dollars in money taken. Sheriff A. B. Slagle and Deputy George Mallonee wired to Brevard for blood hounds, which arrived about 3 o'clock the next morning, but they failed to catch the man or men. Oscar Rickman, postmaster and store owner, had been attending a revival meeting at Cowee Baptist Church and on his return discovered the robbery.

Hundreds of people from Macon and other W. N. C. counties are expected to gather on the headwaters of Cartoogechaye Creek Saturday for the unveiling of a granite monument over the graves of Chief Chutasoth and his wife, Kuntakie, in old St. John's churchyard.

10 YEARS AGO

A petition seeking an election on the question of the sale of beer and wine in Macon County is being circulated in the county.

Approximately 1,500 people attended the Farmers Federation annual picnic for Macon County at Franklin school last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford and children spent a recent week end in Belmont, visiting with Mrs. Crawford's sister, Mrs. Clyde Willis.—Holly Springs Item.