

# The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian

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## Child Without A Country

Baby Anthony Lewis may grow up to be a ne'er-do-well or even a criminal; it is more likely he will become just an average good citizen; but, as in the case of all infants, it is possible he will become a Shakespeare, a Lincoln, a Lee.

But whatever his potentialities, no nation wants him. At four months, he already has been denied citizenship by three nations, France, Great Britain and the United States.

The baby was born in France, but the French refused him citizenship because he was not registered with the authorities as a Frenchman immediately after birth. His mother is English, but Great Britain holds citizenship cannot be transmitted by the mother. The U. S. attitude is a bit more complicated.

The child's father, William J. D. Lewis, 25, was born in Germany, the son of an American father and English mother. At 17, young Lewis came to this country to enlist in the U. S. Air Force. He remained in the United States two years, then was transferred to France, where he has been stationed with the Air Force 5½ years. He is now a sergeant.

But the requirement, when an American marries an alien, is that the father must have lived in this country at least 10 years prior to the birth of a child, for the child is to be an American citizen!

All this, mind you! not about an adult alien, not about a person suspected of subversive ideas, but about an innocent baby!

When governments operate in an atmosphere of such pig-headed stupidity, where an infant's citizenship is concerned, is it any wonder we get nowhere on such matters as atomic control, disarmament, and peace?

## Worth A Million

When the Town of Franklin gets around to laying long-term plans for its water supply, it will have three choices. It can continue to sink deep wells. It can acquire one or more protected watersheds. Or it can take water out of a creek (probably Cartoogechaye) and filter and treat it.

Even if it is possible, by the use of chemicals, to make polluted water safe to drink—and it probably is; and even if there were no difference in the taste of water from different sources—and there is a difference!—there is another important consideration in the case of a tourist town like Franklin.

Over a period of years, it will be worth a million dollars in advertising value for Franklin to be able

### A MACON COUNTY VACATION

#### Visitor Thrills To Sun And Moonlight On Peaks, Ring Of Cowbell At Dusk . . .

(EDITOR'S NOTE: How does Macon County appear to the lowlander as a vacation spot? That probably depends on the vacationist's tastes. But one kind of vacation here is enthusiastically described by an Alabama woman in a letter to the editor of her home town newspaper, The Boaz, Ala., Leader. In the following excerpts, Miss Ethel Battles tells of her recent vacation, spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Johnson.)

Will you let me tell you about my trip, through your paper? Everytime I go anywhere and start to tell anyone about my trip, they have been to the same place, stayed longer, saw more, and spent more than I did. So I never really get to talk about my trips.

I spent 10 days up halfway between Highlands and Franklin, N. C. It was so cold that we wore

sweaters most all the time; fires at night and early in the morning, two blankets to sleep under and most of the time I had to double one over me to stay warm.

My room was right over a swift running stream that just lulled you to sleep. The house I was in is over one hundred years old, built of logs, and wooden pegs were used instead of nails. This house belongs to some friends of mine who live in Daytona Beach; it was built by their grandfather. He also built the long table we ate on, with wooden pegs and hand-made legs. Quite a bit of the furniture was built by him in the same way. They of course have added some modern conveniences, but the old things are still there . . .

One of the nicest old things is the cider mill, which they still use. We picked up apples right in the yard, one fed the cider mill while another turned it. Make a gallon or two and put in the cold stream that runs from the spring, that never runs dry, and is cold as ice. The water is piped into

to say it has water that is GOOD and water that was pure TO START WITH.

And that figure of \$1,000,000 probably is an under-statement.

## Red-Faced

From Winston-Salem comes a letter, good-naturedly chiding us. It is from Mrs. C. Ogburn Ferguson, the former Miss Margaret Franks, of Franklin. She writes:

I read every word in The Franklin Press every week, and once a year I get home. Last year, when the paper said "two sons", I let it go. Just for information, "Chuck" is a boy, but the "Scott" is very definitely a girl. I'm getting a bit confused.

Well, if Mrs. Ferguson is confused, we are red-faced; and doubly so because she is so good-humored about it.

Imagine! the same mistake, about the same person, two years in a row! It illustrates two things we have often said: (a) In this business, you just can't win; and (b) once you make a mistake, you keep on making it. Which brings to mind the error we made, years ago, in reporting a birth. For three successive weeks, we tried to correct it, and each time made a new one. Finally, in desperation, we wrote an editorial, apologizing to the baby — the first editorial apology, we suspect, ever addressed to an infant.

What could be worse than to call a girl a boy? Just one thing: To call a boy a girl!

To Miss Scott Ferguson, we tender our humblest apologies. And hereafter, we'll know that the name "Scott" is feminine, not masculine — at least, when it's followed by "Ferguson".

## For Us All

This is a time of tension between groups.

There is suspicion and friction not only between races, but between those of opposing views, and strange as it may seem, between people of different geographical sections of the country.

In such a time, all of us, whatever our race, whatever our views, whatever our section, might find an incident of long ago helpful as an antidote to the intolerance that is poisoning many minds.

The story is told by William J. Miller, a North Carolina native who now is an editor of Life, in a guest editorial he contributed to the New York Herald Tribune. It happened "in devastated, impoverished Richmond, not long after the stillness at Appomattox.

"One Sunday, in the middle of services at the leading Episcopal Church an elderly white-haired ex-slave walked down the aisle and knelt, in his rags and tatters, before the altar. A buzz of anger ran among the members, until an elderly, white-haired, white Christian rose, with a soldier's stiffness, in his front-row pew, and went forward to kneel beside his black brother. The man was Robert E. Lee."

## Best Wishes

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

Weimar Jones, known throughout the state — and an even larger area — as a talented editor, has sold his interest in The Franklin Press to his long-time business associate, Bob Sloan.

Mr. Sloan has been manager of the firm, while Mr. Jones was the editor, and produced an editorial page that enjoyed being quoted as much as any newspaper in the state.

While Mr. Jones has disposed of his financial interest in the newspaper, he will remain as editor. This will be welcome news to the readers of The Press that Mr. Jones will continue in his capacity as editor.

Our best wishes go to Mr. Sloan as he takes over ownership of the growing newspaper, and retaining Mr. Jones as editor. The Press has an energetic and competent staff, and is one of the best published, and most interesting newspapers coming to our desk.

the house, but the water is never cut off . . .

We had ham and eggs, with home-made jelly and jam for breakfast all the time. An ice cold melon was kept in this cold stream all the time, along with the cider and milk. Food never tasted so good; no telephone to bother you. We played Scrabble when there was no work to do or no place to go. It is just a mile or so from the most beautiful falls I have ever seen . . .

We had dinner one night with a friend of ours that runs a lodge that is right on the river. Part of the kitchen and dining room is a huge rock; as a matter of fact, one whole end of the room is rock, which is used for shelves of canned food, plants, etc. She only served ham and chicken, hot biscuits, honey, fresh green beans, potatoes stuffed with cottage cheese set in a bowl of slaw, red-egg gravy and cream gravy, too, fresh peaches and ice cream.

There, too, you could eat on her screened-in porch right out over the Cullasaja River; however you

would need a jacket or sweater . . .

I think the prettiest sight I saw while I was gone was the moon coming up over the mountain. And I actually got up one morning soon enough to see the sun come up over the Smokies. It was breath-taking.

I know some folk would not enjoy that sort of a vacation; most folk would like the beach or the city with a big hotel with bright lights and night clubs, but not me; I like the cool mountains with their swift streams and the quiet peace they bring at twilight. And I had very little expense.

The sight of the moon and the sunlight on the mountains, the ring of the cow bell on a far hill, the song of the thousands of birds, the chirp of the crickets, the cool air I breathed, the twilight hour before dark and the song of the brook more than made up for the time I lost here. Many times I said:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

## "Just Put It Where The Old Stalin Statue Used To Be"



STRICTLY

## Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

Two bits of mighty good sense came my way in casual conversations last week.

"Often there's a big difference between being uneducated and being ignorant," commented a Florida friend who spends the summers here.

He was not under-rating education, of course; he is a firm believer in education. But he was making the distinction between knowledge and wisdom. He was making the point, too, that a lot of uneducated people in this region, especially among the older

generation, are a long way from ignorant. They are people you can learn something from; whereas an ignorant man nobody can learn from — and he will learn from nobody.

Many of these sensible mountain people, though they lack formal schooling, have ideas, traditions, and an outlook on life America can ill afford to lose. And he deplors the sense of inferiority these people sometimes betray in the presence of the educated.

"They ought to take stock of themselves, and put its real, high value on what they have," he concluded.

## Are We Mice Or Men?

(Hickory Daily Record)

Ogden Nash is referred to by the New York Times as that "mortal Bard" who authored the following "immortal lines":

"I think that I shall never see  
A billboard lovely as a tree.  
Perhaps, unless the billboards  
fall,  
I'll never see a tree at all."

Because the billboard lobby has powerful allies in labor and political leaders, it is being generally assumed that the public have already lost their fight to keep the new Federal super-highways free of obstructions along their 41,000 mile course.

All of which would indicate that most of us are mice rather than men, when it comes to standing on our rights and fighting for causes we know to be for the general welfare.

The Times recalls that over six weeks ago a Senate sub-committee reported a billboard-control bill for the interstate highway system so watered down that its control features are hardly recognizable. Instead of penalizing the States for failure to adopt decent roadside standards, instead of helping them to buy up advertising rights along the routes—two control methods either of which might have been effective—this milk-toast measure offers a tiny bonus above the already authorized Federal contribution of ninety per cent of the highway costs to those States that enter into sign-board-control agreements.

The lethargy of the American public is at times incomprehensible. It seems absurd that the general public, who will pay the enormous price which the new system of super-duper highways will cost, should be willing to sit idly by while the billboard interests prepare to take over the roadsides and destroy the native beauty that motorists have a right to enjoy as such.

As usual, President Eisenhower has come forth with his trite: "I don't know what I can do about it."

Why don't some of Ike's admirers give him a copy of the life of Theodore Roosevelt — who would rather have been caught dead than admit his inability to do something constructive when the occasion demanded.

Of course it is! Of course we never find the ideal, the perfect. But we can seek. And it's the seeking that gives life purpose, zest.

The man who stops seeking is useless, withered on the vine, dead already.

They haven't all lived, and some of the boxes have been neglected. That was to be expected.

Even so, those blossoms in the boxes along Main Street — an oasis in a desert of concrete — make a pretty show. Probably nothing that cost so little and took so little work could have been devised to do so much to make Franklin attractive.

Here's a bouquet to the folks who originated the idea and those who went along with it — and here's the hope this summer will be only the beginning.

You can't please everybody. For instance:

Two persons were standing on the sidewalk by Rankin Square. One admired the brilliant display of color provided by the red roses blooming there. Not so the second: Said he:

"I don't like it . . . there ought to be more than one color."  
Please everybody? Some bodies you can't please ever.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK  
(1892)

Uncle Dee Cunningham insists on its being a fact that on a recent trip to Highlands he killed a whole family of pilot snakes consisting of the old mother snake and 75 snakelets — 76 in all.

Uncle Jess Gregory, the one-armed and one-eyed Confederate veteran who has walked and carried the U. S. mails hundreds of miles in this section, returned last Saturday from a trip to Wrightsville Beach where he attended the soldier reunion. Uncle Jesse was highly delighted with his trip to the ocean.

The lawn in front of the residence of Henry Stewart, Esq., at the west side of the village, with its beautiful green, offset with lovely flowers, is observed and much admired.

25 YEARS AGO  
(1932)

Macon's \$1.21 tax valuation was left unchanged for another year at a called meeting of the county commissioners last Friday. It was feared for a while that Macon, like many other counties in the state, would have to increase its rate on account of shrinkage in valuation and slow tax collections; but the commissioners found that through a reduction in debt service charges they could maintain the same level.

Only one game of baseball was played last Saturday by the teams of the Macon County league. Cartoogechaye went to Highlands and won a hard-fought game by a score of 12 to 10. Cartoogechaye, West End, and Cowee, are tied for first place with three wins each.

10 YEARS AGO

Permission to transform the county lot, situated on the north side of West Main Street, into a community playground and park was granted the Franklin Lions Club Monday by the County Board of Commissioners.

Miss Carolyn Corry has been employed temporarily as county home demonstration agent to fill the position made vacant by Mrs. Florence Sherrill's absence. Miss Corry, a native of Tifton, Ga., has arrived to assume her duties. She comes here from Charlotte.

V. W. McCall was employed as Highlands town clerk at a meeting of the Highlands town council Monday night. He will succeed R. L. Dupree, who has been filling the position temporarily.