

# EDITORIAL Weimar Jones Editor

## Purpose Of Streets

To this town's public officials, and to all concerned with planning for Franklin's future, we pass along the words of a recognized authority on highways and streets, and the ever-growing traffic that flow over them.

Speaking recently at the annual dinner meeting of the Waynesville Chamber of Commerce, W. F. Babcock, director of the North Carolina Highway Commission, commented:

"The purpose of streets is to move traffic, not to store vehicles. The only solution of the parking problem is off-street parking areas."

That, of course, is doubly true where the streets are as narrow as those in Franklin.

And it is far easier and cheaper to plan and act now, for the bigger Franklin of 10, 15, or 20 years from today, than it will be then to catch up with a runaway traffic and parking problem.

## Robes And Justice

Next time we have a term of superior court in Macon County, the presiding judge will appear in judicial robe.

The purpose of the state-wide ruling requiring judges to don robes when they go on the bench is, of course, to lend dignity to the court. And maybe it will work that way; for people are inclined to be affected by appearances.

We wonder, though, what it may do to judicial tempers, come hot summer days. We wonder, because we've observed how irritable we get when we're hot and can't do something about it!

In all seriousness, law enforcement is no minor matter; and if robe-wearing will add dignity to the transaction of judicial affairs, we're all for it. We cannot resist expressing the hope, though, that the robes will lead the judges to a second step toward dignity—keeping better order in the courts. The way people move about in the courtroom, talking and laughing, sometimes makes the court appear more like a convention in recess than the solemn process it seems to the layman the administration of justice should be.

## Salute To Courage

A salute to Dr. H. T. Horsley.

It was ill health that brought him to Macon County. As a young man, he contracted tuberculosis, and his physicians sent him here—sent him here, no doubt they feared, to die.

But he did not die. He fought the years-long battle for health, and won. And then, for some 40 years, this fine example of the country doctor traveled the roads of Macon County, day or night, responding to the call of human suffering.

Back in 1956 ill health struck again. For a year he was hospitalized. But once again he battled and won.

And now, at 73—long past the age most men retire to take it easy—Dr. Horsley has started all over as a practicing physician. That is yet another example of this quiet man's courage. And courage always inspires a salute.

## Senseless Waste

Suppose tomorrow morning's newspaper should announce:

U. S. Business And Industry  
Today Discharged 3,400

And suppose a similar announcement should ap-

MRS. RENA B. LASSITER

## What Ever Happened To Those Old Hanging Kerosene Lamps?

In Smithfield Herald

Do you ever wonder what became of things that were once a familiar part of your everyday living, but for some reason their whereabouts has been completely forgotten?

I read somewhere the other day that every single thing we have ever known is locked away in some closed compartment of our brain to be opened when touched at the right time. Maybe what became of the hanging lamps that I used to have is tucked away in some part of my cranium but the right thing has not yet touched it. However, memory of the hanging lamps themselves was stirred recently when a copy of the recently published anthology of Youth's Companion fell into my hands. Indeed the volume aroused many other memories that had been lying dormant.

The Youth's Companion, a magazine whose span of life was from 1827 to 1927, was a welcome visitor in our home the last 19 years of its existence. Every issue was read from cover to cover. And one of the features that we enjoyed was the annual premium number issued each fall for a number of years. A subscription to the magazine plus some cash would bring to us the desired premium. I recall that we got the Big Giant Steam Engine long before our boys were big enough to operate it. But the thing that they got fun out of was the Magic Lantern in which picture postcards could be shown.

But it was an article on hanging lamps in the new anthology that set me to wondering about my old hanging lamps. My husband and I began keeping house in the then four-room cottage on South Third Street next to Ada

pear again the next day, and the next, and the next—3,400 discharged every day throughout the year.

Within days, most of us would say something was wrong; within weeks, we'd wonder if the leaders of business and industry were crazy; within months, we'd demand that something be done, so as to avoid the loss of these workers, who would number a million before the end of the year. And when we learned those being discharged were our most experienced workers, our demand would be so insistent, it would get action in Washington.

Well, just exactly that is happening, every day in the year. For the Census Bureau reports that an average of 3,400 every day reach age 65; and for most, that means forced retirement.

Maybe we can't change the retirement system that automatically discards a worker at 65; maybe it ought not to be changed.

But can a nation that is mustering its wealth and manpower and skill and ideas to fight a cold war — can such a nation afford not to find a use for the energies and training and experience of all these millions who are useful the last day of their 65th year, but are tossed aside the next morning?

## Letters

### Busiest Little Town

Dear Mr. Jones:

Thought I would write to say I just can't do without The Franklin Press, as I want to hear from Macon County, my old home place. I often think of you all and the good people in Macon County and old Burningtown and Iotla.

I was up there the other day, and I just stood on the sidewalk for a long time and watched the people. It is the busiest little town in the South.

ERNEST A. ROPER

Monticello, Ga.

### Youth, Jobs, And Home

Editor, The Press:

I read in The Press of December 12 a letter from another service boy. It was on the topic of the ex-service boys' getting jobs after they finish their career with the armed forces.

I graduated in 1956 from Franklin High, and I agree with my fellow G.I.; it is pretty hard to get jobs in Macon County, even if you do have a high school diploma. There is many a person working outside Macon County that had to leave in order to make a living. For some reason, there isn't the right kind of work in Macon County for the younger generation. Here in Japan, I work on different types of aircraft and if I wanted to continue to use my training on aircraft after I finished my tour of duty, I would have to leave home. I know Macon County is not the place for commercial airlines, however.

Thanks very much for The Press, which I receive about three weeks late. I really enjoy reading it through. It keeps me pretty well informed about the happenings in Macon County. We people from Macon County should be proud to live in as nice a place as we do. I am coming back to Franklin after I finish my tour of duty. I am very happy to have as many friends as I do in Macon County, and I am very happy to be from Franklin myself.

Let's show the rest of the United States that we have a fine county, too.

A/3c HAROLD L. CABE.

Tachikawa, Japan.

### Cheerful Chairful

(Pageant)

A man walked into a barber shop and asked for a shave. The chief barber's bright young assistant spoke up and said to the boss: "May I try shaving him? It'll be good practice for me."

"All right, go ahead," replied the man of experience somewhat doubtfully. "But be careful. Don't cut yourself."

### Mama's Teen Talk

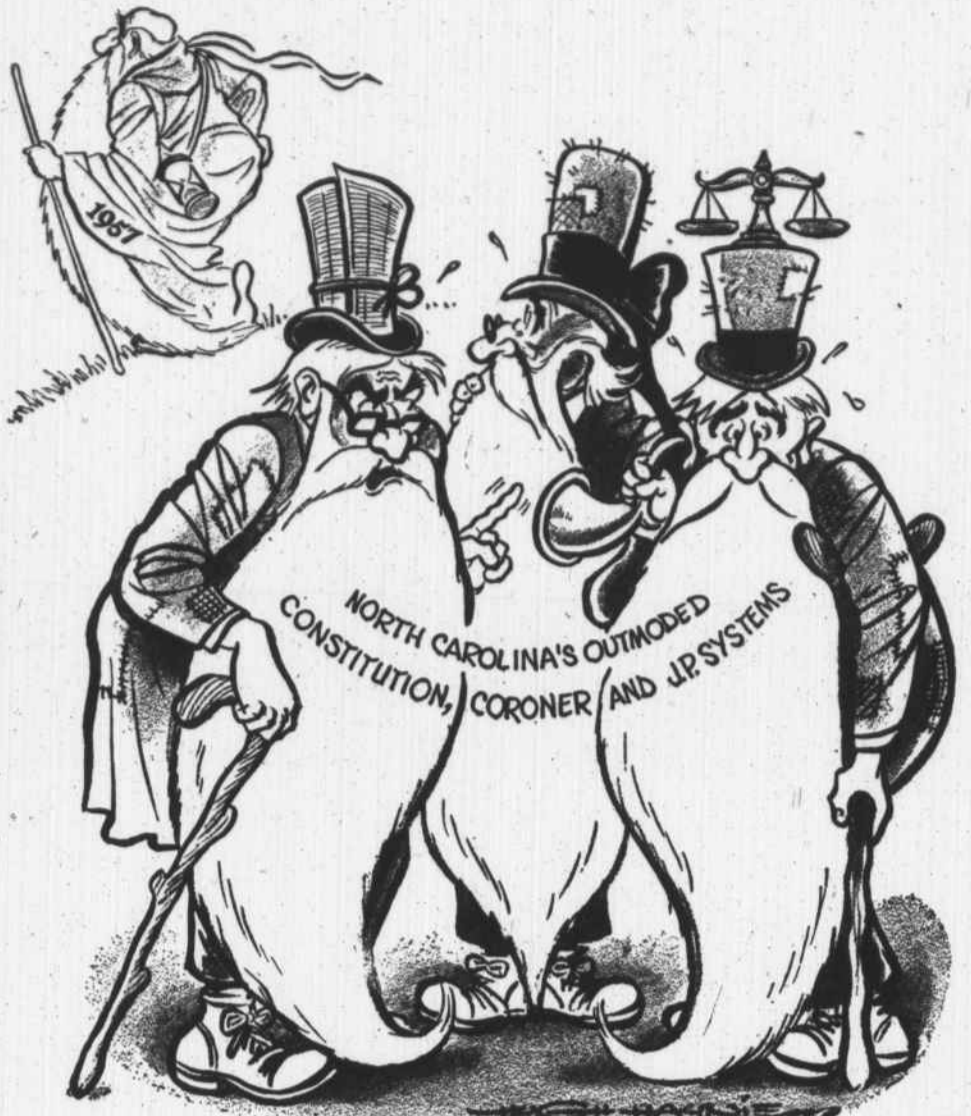
(Atlanta Constitution)

There's likely to be a breakdown in communication between young ones and parents unless Pa and Ma learn teen-age talk. This mother of a sub-teen-ager learned quickly though.

"Mama, may I hit the flick?" the young lady asked. "Hit the flick?" said Mama. "I'm afraid I don't read you." "Oh, Mother," said the sub-teen, "you mean you don't know? Hit the flick is teen talk for 'go to the movie.'"

"So!" said Mama, "in that case, ask me again after you rub the tub, scour the shower, spread the bed, and swish the dish."

## "I Hear Tell We'Uns Ain't Long F'This World Either"



## Strictly Personal By WEIMAR JONES

It seems to me I'm always needing an "alibi" for something I did that I shouldn't have, or more often, something I didn't that I should've.

It's worst of all, of course, right after Christmas.

There're Christmas cards, for instance. Even if I get around to sending Christmas cards, and even if I get them off on time, always I get some cards at Christmas, from long-time friends, that I realize, with sinking heart as I read them: "That's somebody I forgot". And often these are the very ones that have a personal message written on them.

I always feel so bad about such lapses of memory, my conscience tells me: "You must answer that with a note". But when I sit down to write the note, it seems to call

for some explanation of why I didn't send a card.

There never is a satisfactory explanation, of course, because you can't say: "I think so little of you, I just forgot you."

Well, a day or two ago, I received a message that is the all-time answer to the need for such an "alibi". It's so good, I'm going to keep it to use next January. It said:

"We didn't send any Christmas cards this year; we wanted to save the poor mailman. And now it's a bit late for a New Year's card. So call this a Valentine greeting—and give us credit for being early!"

Last week I was in Chapel Hill to attend the annual North Carolina Press Association Institute. It's a meeting I always look forward to. For not only are there always good programs; it is an opportunity to renew friendships, and to get new slants and new ideas from fellow newspapermen. Like most people, I'm inclined to get into a rut; and the best remedy for that, I've found, is contact with other people.

It doesn't take a press meeting, though, to lure me to Chapel Hill; the smallest excuse will take me there. Because Chapel Hill has its own personality, and to anybody who knows the place, a visit there is like a visit to an old, beloved friend.

It's not just the beauty of the place, though it is one of the most beautiful of American college campuses. And it's not just the pleasant village atmosphere that lingers, though it long since has ceased to be a village.

Through the years, some strong men have placed their stamp upon it, and the imprint doesn't rub off easily.

There are, of course, other fine educational institutions in the state. But Chapel Hill, strange as it may seem, remains the educational and cultural capital of North Carolina. It does something to the mind and the spirit. It's a

place every Tar Heel should visit, savor, and be stimulated by.

Why is it so hard to get enough teachers for the schools?

A friend has passed along the following purported letter to a county superintendent, first published in the Texas Outlook, as a possible answer to the question:

"Dear Superintendent; I appreciate your kind offer of a job for my girl, Mary. She had her heart set on being a school teacher, but I talked her out of it. Teachin' school is too much like being a preacher's wife. It's a high callin', but people expect you to give more'n they pay for."

"You take the teachers here in town. The only difference between them and the Christian martyrs is the date and the lack of bonfire. They were hired to teach and they do it. They teach the young-uns that learn and they entertain the ones that fell on their heads when they was little. But that ain't enough; they are supposed to make obedient little angels out of spoiled brats that never minded nobody and to wet-nurse the little wildcats so their mother can get a rest, and make geniuses out of children that couldn't have no sense with the parents they got nohow."

"But that ain't the worst. They got to get up shows and plays to work the school out of debt, and to sing in the choir and to teach a Sunday School class, and when they ain't doin' nothin' else, they're supposed to be a good example."

"On top of everything else, they can't hold hands comin' home from prayer meeting without some gossipy old sister startin' a scandal on them. I'd just as soon be a plow mule as teacher. A mule works just as hard, but it can relieve its soul by kickin' up its heels after quittin' time without startin' any talk. I appreciate your kind offer and may the Lord have mercy on you and your teachers, but my daughter ain't interested."

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1893)

Mr. T. B. Higdon moved to Ellijay Monday. We shall miss him in Franklin.

The Franklin Library Club meets next Friday evening at the residence of Mr. R. L. Porter.

Owing to the inclement weather, the Methodist quarterly meeting has been postponed till next Saturday and Sunday at Snow Hill. It is expected to be protracted.

25 YEARS AGO  
(1933)

During the past three months, around 900 men have been given employment on relief projects in Macon County.

Miss Mildred Kinnebrew, whose engagement was recently announced to Phil Bruce McCollum, was honor guest Tuesday at a miscellaneous shower given by her great-aunts, Mrs. George A. Jones and Mrs. J. S. Sloan, at the home of the former.

10 YEARS AGO

Notice of the appointment of A. R. Higdon as a volunteer veterans' rights committeeman by the U. S. Department of labor was announced here this week.

The Franklin Lions Club, under the leadership of R. R. Gaines, president, will hold a President's Birthday Ball, as a polio benefit, Saturday evening.

## WEEK-LONG HOUR

### A Thought for Today

(From yesterday's talk by the editor on The Press' weekly 8:20 a.m. Wednesday program, "A Thought For Today", over Station WFSC).

William Dean Howells said it: "Some people can stay longer in an hour than others can in a week."

What an awful thing to say! You and I wouldn't think of telling a visitor he was like that, would we? But, honestly haven't you had guests you thought would never go?

We all know the kind: First of all, they never draw breath from the time they arrive till we sigh in relief when they finally depart. It isn't a conversation at all — it's a one-way talk feast.

Then, instead of being considerate enough to decide, before they ever come, what subject they think might interest us, they talk about what interests them—and they're too self-centered to see they're boring everybody but themselves.

And they take at least half of that week-long hour to say goodbye. They stand at the door, holding it open so all the heat goes out, while they say: "I must go — but did I tell you what I said to so-and-so about such-and-such?" or "I must go, because," and there follows a long harangue about all the things they have to do when they get home—(if they ever do!); or "I must go, it's about to rain. . . . This has been a rainy season; reminds me of that rainy time we had in 1946 or was it 1947; or maybe it was 1945 . . . let me see now, what year was it . . ."

And finally, when the door closes for the last time and the visitor really does go, what do you and I do? You know the answer to that one: We call out, "Do come again, real soon, when you can stay longer."

And if that doesn't prove all of us are a bit strange, consider this: How often have you and I asked ourselves:

"Am I, maybe, a little like that!"