

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
Established in 1886 as The Franklin Press
Member: N. C. Press Association, National Editorial Association,
Carolina Press Photographers Association. Charter member, National
Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors.

BOB S. SLOAN Publisher and Advertising Manager
J. P. BRADY News Editor
WEIMAR JONES Editor
MRS. ROBERT BRYSON Office Manager
MRS. BOB SLOAN Society Editor
CARL P. CARR Operator-Machinist
FRANK A. STARRETTE Compositor
CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON Pressman
G. E. CRAWFORD Stereotypist
DAVID H. SUTTON Commercial Printer

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

APRIL 10, 1958

Whose Job?

About this time last year, a group of volunteers rolled up their sleeves and gave uptown Franklin's streets and sidewalks a good scrubbing.

It had been a long time since anybody had so much as glimpsed the pavement beneath the dirt, and everybody was surprised at how good the town looked, reasonably clean for once.

The improvement was so great, in fact, that it was believed the town authorities would keep the streets and sidewalks clean. But they probably have never been dirtier than they are today.

Must volunteers do the job, again?

Out Of The Hat

The Eisenhower administration has asked Congress to appropriate \$750,000 for the Civil Rights Commission.

Why does that commission need three quarters of a million dollars? The question is raised without reference to the controversy about civil rights; it would be an equally good question about any similar commission.

How can such a commission advantageously spend three quarters of a million dollars?

And how did the administration hit on a round figure like that? Why didn't the need come out at \$675,000 or \$825,000, or some other odd figure?

Well, in this age of billion-dollar appropriations, three quarters of a million is chicken feed. And we'd guess that's the answer. It's a nice, round figure that was just pulled out of the hat.

And as long as you and I sit back and meekly pay the bills, the figures that are pulled out of the hat, for this and other purposes, will get bigger and bigger, and will be pulled out with less and less care.

Bouquets

Three bouquets:

Bouquet No. 1, to the Town of Franklin for a nice job on those big holes in the street that leads from Palmer to Main at the post office. Bouquet No. 2, to the Town of Franklin, ditto. Bouquet No. 3, ditto, ditto.

A Yardstick

We never know how much a kindly word, a thoughtful little act, may mean. We don't, that is, until something like Miss Elsie Lee's letter, on this page, comes along.

That letter points up a thing that is more apparent to the visitor or newcomer than it is to those of us who live here all the time—the greatest thing we have here in Macon County is the atmosphere of kindness, neighborliness, thoughtful consideration of others.

It's a thing we cannot afford to lose. If, in striving for physical progress and material prosperity, we should lose this priceless intangible, the progress and prosperity would come at a high price indeed.

It does not follow that we cannot have a reasonable amount of progress and prosperity and these human assets, too. It does follow that every proposed program of change should be measured against this yardstick: What will it do to the Macon County that is such a good place to live because of the people who live here?

Shattered Legend

(Salisbury Evening Post)

A nation is sustained by many things, including its legends, large and small. When one of these dies, we are all perhaps a bit poorer.

For long years, former President Harry Truman's name has been linked in seemingly happy association with "The Missouri Waltz." Both as President and as piano player, Mr. Truman was presumed to have adopted it as his theme song.

He would play it at the drop of a chord, smiling, willingly as he gave it his mellowest inflections. Two notes of the piece from any comedian instantly invoked Mr. Truman's image.

Now, blow of all blows, it turns out he does not like the "Waltz" at all, but thinks it's bad music. Evidently, all these years, only politeness, political or otherwise, kept him from saying so.

At this point, if anyone dares to say that Franklin D. Roosevelt didn't like "Home on the Range", our foundations may start to totter.

Letters

Thanks Macon People

Editor, The Press:

I want to take this opportunity of saying that, though personal circumstances made it necessary for me to return to South Carolina, I hope someday to be able to return to Franklin. I shall never rest entirely happy until I do, and shall always twist the arm of anyone who will listen, to tell them of that wonderful area.

Many years ago, following the death of my beloved grandfather, I accidentally stumbled into Franklin. I was on this trip to attempt to ease some of the pain of my loss. Nothing on the entire trip interested me until I took a road that led me to your fine town. I loved it from the very first; and as soon as I saw Wayah Valley, I felt life would never be worth a plug nickel without someday being there. The people were so friendly and nice, so unpretentious—it didn't seem to matter whether you drove a Cadillac or lived in a big Colonial home, just as long as you were friendly to your fellow man, square with them, and seemed to care about others.

I want you to know that, in a spot in my life where there was danger of my becoming bitter, due to many personal losses, God seemed to take me by the hand and lead me to Franklin and area. From the very first, years ago, I realized that people in that area judged you by what you were as a person; that life was more simple there, and more worthwhile living. I want you and the fine folks of that area to know how I feel about them; and the happiness that being there brought. I want to thank them for being kind to a stranger, for being the real deciding point in my life—bitter, selfish, sarcastic or able to still be friendly—and love people. I just happened into your area almost eight years ago, when a crisis had arisen in my life; though your fine people never knew I had my own personal crisis, they were grand, friendly, accepting, sharing, wonderful people; and they made the DIFFERENCE in my entire outlook on life.

I want to thank everyone in that area for all their friendliness, and for helping me to be happy there. They have convinced my heart that man is never at so low an ebb that someone, some place, or some town does not come along to lift them up. Someday, I hope to be able to come back, for I shall always, in my heart, think of it as home.

Please convey my heartfelt thanks to all in Macon County, and my wishes for the very best in life.

(MISS) ELSIE R. LEE.

Kingstree, S. C.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1893)

Mr. F. R. Hewitt, of Hewitt's, N. C., was in town a day or two of last week, talking up a scheme for an electric railroad from Franklin to Almond, at the mouth of the Nantahala.

After a suspension of several months, the Mountain Eagle spread its pinions again last Wednesday and soared aloft on the balmy atmosphere of Highlands, and promises to be regular in its visits to all sections of the surrounding country. It is now in charge of Riedout Brothers as editors and proprietors.

25 YEARS AGO

(1933)

The relief seeds, which the welfare department is to receive from the state, are expected to arrive here the latter part of this week.

The Macon County Chapter of the U. D. C. held its monthly meeting with Miss Nora Leach Monday.

10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. Lester Conley has been appointed county commander of the American Cancer Society's field army.

A mutual aid association has been organized at the Franklin plant of the Van Raalte company. Directors are Miss Hallie Cabe, Mrs. Alleen Angel, Miss Catherine Conley, Mrs. Dolly Angel, Mrs. Margaret Neal, and Mrs. Beatrice DeWeese.

RECALLS LIFE IN 30's

Ignore Big, Bad Wolf And Maybe He'll Go Away

Carlton Morris in Hertford County Herald

The cry of depression is on in full swing. First one party and then the other comes up with sure fire solutions to halt the recession. One writer has suggested that we soft pedal the whole mess. He advances the idea that talking about it only makes it worse. In other words, he believes that if we ignore it completely, then it will go away.

Surely there are enough of us left to remember the great depression of the thirties, and I wish to assure the Republicans right now that it will not go away by ignoring or ignorance. We had a sample of that back in those days, ignoring and ignorance, and some of us pretty near starved to death in the process. That is the one time of life that I will never forget.

As though he looked down on our ignorance in pity, the good Lord blessed us with bountiful crops in those years, but you can't eat stock beans and our civilization has advanced to the point that we can produce cotton and wool but are helpless from that point on.

I remember my uncle hired me to help him harvest some beans. These were produced principally for hay and were very small. A combine would not harvest them

in those days and we had to cut them by hand and haul them to a threshing machine. This was back-breaking work that began at 7 a.m. and ended at 9 p.m. every day. Before the depression, the little beans sold for \$8 per bushel. They were down to 40 cents per bushel that year and my pay was 60 cents per day with no regard to the number of hours I labored, which was usually about 12 to 15.

My uncle also operated a little country store, and during the long week I purchased a drink occasionally and sometimes I would supplement my lunch with a candy bar or a can of beans.

On Saturday afternoon a group of the boys who owned an old auto were going into town to see a Saturday night movie and asked me to go along. I waited and waited at my uncle's store to get my pay until the boys were almost at the point of leaving me. Finally I screwed up my nerve and went in and asked for my pay. My uncle pulled down the old ledger on which he kept his accounts and after numerous interruptions, he arrived at my total debt.

I had worked five and a half days, which made him owe me a total of \$3.30. I later estimated that I had worked 75 hours. But there was a slight hitch to paying me off. I owed his store 60

cents more than my total income for the week. But he obligingly loaned me a dollar so I could go into town with the boys.

People sometimes tell me that my writing is sad and that I must have had a lonely life. They ask me to write humorous pieces for my column more often. I believe the influence of the depression years made a lasting impression on me that I will never be able to forget.

I remember the year my dad was building a big home for a lumber man in our community. My dad was a first class mechanic and he was drawing top pay of 25 cents per hour. We had an old mule and I undertook to farm our little place as well as another farm about five miles away. In the spring and summer I arose at 4 a.m. and drove the mule the five miles and worked him all day and drove back home. He lay down and died the week after the crop was laid by. Papa always said I plowed him to death.

One day Papa jumped on me good and proper about my appearance. All the summer I followed the old mule with only a pair of ragged dungarees for adornment and he felt that I was indecent since I had torn the pants off above the knees and wore no shoes. He turned quickly away

—Continued Back Page 1st Sec.

"Chicken, Sir. Reporting Home To Roost, Sir"



Strictly Personal

BY WEIMAR JONES

Strange and amusing things can happen to a man who is nearsighted. (Webster's Dictionary defines "nearsighted" as "seeing distinctly at short distances only" and I can testify the man who wrote that definition knew exactly what he was talking about.)

Well, after some ten years of "seeing distinctly at short distances only" (plus seeing virtually nothing when there's either too much or too little light), I thought surely I'd made every blunder possible. And a lot of 'em are possible!

Imagine, for example, how it feels to pass a man on the street without speaking, or with merely a nod; then, half a block away, to realize, from the familiarity of his posture or his walk or something else, that that was John Smith, a good friend of many years you hadn't seen in months! And I have that experience almost every day.

And how embarrassing to see a woman you think is someone you've known a long time, walk up and speak cordially, and then be warned — too late! — by the chill that comes your way, that you've never seen her before in your life!

That sort of thing can take some remarkable twists.

Just last summer, for example, Mrs. Jones and I went up to Highlands to see a play. We were among the first to enter the auditorium and take our seats. In a few minutes, a man approached us and spoke. Supposing him to be a Highlands friend I hadn't seen recently, I jumped up, pumped his hand, and told him how glad I was to see him again.

The obvious puzzlement in his voice, as he acknowledged my greeting, told me something was wrong. Then I realized it was Bob Sloan! — whom I'd seen and talked to at The Press office not two hours earlier.

And I know I'll never live down that candlelight tea at Chapel Hill a few years ago. I started off by mistakenly taking Gordon Gray, then president of the University, for a stranger, and welcoming him to his own campus! (I'd talked to him, too, not an hour before.) And before that social function was over, I'd smilingly acknowledged an introduction to a lady, grabbing and shaking the hand not of the lady I was speaking to, but of my wife! (And I didn't even know I'd done that until Mrs. Jones told me, a week or so later.)

That story has gone the rounds so much that most of my friends over the state (and this is an illustration of how thoughtful and considerate people are) make a point of unobtrusively telling who they are: "Hello, Weimar . . . this is Bill Jackson".

Well, I thought surely I'd had every possible funny experience as a result of being nearsighted. But on that trip to Missouri, the other day, I found still more Adventures in Myopia were in store for me.

I can travel fairly well. When a porter tells you to "go right up those steps" to reach the station and you don't see any steps, you know all you have to do is follow the crowd. And if you really get in a jamb about finding a train, the red caps always are remarkably dependable and efficient. Generally, though, I insist on being independent. And that can have complications.

I had to change trains at both Cincinnati and St. Louis, for instance, and it seemed to me the railway stations in those cities were the biggest buildings I'd ever seen. There were electric signs all over the place, most of them with arrows telling you plainly just where to find whatever you were looking for. But what good, to me, is an electric sign a half mile away? I'd walk that half mile only to find, when I got there, that what I thought was going to be the baggage check room was an exit to taxi stands. In St. Louis, I walked from one end of the station to the other, twice, looking for a restaurant. Finally, I gave it up, and went into a sandwich place. I asked the waitress what kind of sandwiches she had. A sour looking creature, she stared at me as though that were the most foolish question she'd ever heard. Then, being the kind who never wastes a word, she simply pointed to a big sign, fifteen or twenty feet away.

"I can't read that," I told her. "You can't read?" "I can't read that. What kind of sandwiches have you?" "Ham," she snapped. "What other kinds?" "Chicken salad." "What others?" and I kept on till I made her give me the full list.

Then I ordered ham!

It was my first experience on a train roomette, though, that proved the big adventure of that trip . . . probably of all trips.

I got into Springfield at midnight. My train was to leave at 3 a.m.; and I was so tired I felt I'd give everything I possessed for some place to lie down. So, when the ticket agent told me I could get on the Pullman car and go to bed then, but that all he had was a roomette, I didn't argue, even with myself, about the price of a roomette.

On the train, I told the porter I'd like to go right to bed.

"Your bed's all ready," he said, ushering me to the entrance to my space. I blinked; for I saw no bed. All I saw was a little room. Then he must have pressed a button or something, for out of the wall came down a bed, all made up.

Never have I seen a place with so many switches, buttons, and other gadgets. Next morning, in daylight, I discovered they were all labeled, but in the artificial light that night, I couldn't even see the labels, much less read them. If I could have, I probably would have taken them for granted, like anybody else; not seeing the labels whetted my curiosity. And so, still being a small boy at heart, I had to try them all.

After I'd turned on each of the electric switches to see what happened, I started pushing buttons. When I touched the first one, the sliding door to my roomette quickly shut — and I was frantic till I found I could open it again.

And, at every switch turning and button pushing, I shuddered a bit; that might be the one that would firmly (and literally) embed me in the wall where the bed had come from.

I looked, and then felt, for the green hammock thing the regular berths have; it wasn't there. I looked, and felt, for clothes hangers; they weren't there. Then I turned a knob and a door opened and revealed just what I wanted — something like an old-fashioned wardrobe.

At the foot of the bed, I found a little door fastened with what looked like an old-time door button. I turned it — and jumped, when there was a flash. The flash was the reflection of the electric light in the highly polished surface of something that looked like a wash basin, which dropped from a vertical to a horizontal position. I felt around until I found the hot and cold water that proved it really was a wash basin. Sleepy as I was, I played with that thing for minutes, turning on the water, then seeing it slush out as I pushed the basin back into its cabinet.

Having tried everything, I undressed. Reaching for my pajama pants, I looked up. There, in the next roomette, was a naked man, staring at me.

Indignantly, I reached for the bell to summon the porter. To reach it, though, I had to lean forward, and when I did, the other fellow leaned forward, too — and then grinned . . . that was the finest mirror I've ever looked into!

A train roomette expensive? Well, that one wasn't. Never did I get so much for my money — a million dollars' worth of fun.