

## Time For New Look

Isn't it time to take a new look at the U. S. farm problem?

These things are happening on the farm front:

The government spends billions — of your money and mine — to support farm prices.

That means higher food prices for the consumer, and thus more inflation.

Inseparable from price supports are the restrictions that grow ever more artificial and complicated — restrictions aimed at limiting production of agricultural crops.

But surpluses continue to pile up. That is, the restrictions don't work.

And the very existence of these surpluses tends to further depress farm prices, and hence demand more price support. Furthermore, under the present system, there seems only one practical way to get rid of the surpluses — by sacrificing the farmer; by making him pay, either through more severe acreage reduction or lower price supports.

Those things have been happening, for a long time. But today there is a new element in the problem. Beyond the maze of economic factors is a human one that is more important than all the others combined.

For today, despite all the huge expenditures and all the regulations, the small farmer in America is being driven from the land as relentlessly as the kulak was driven from the land in Soviet Russia, a generation ago. In a single recent year, the farm population of this country dropped by one-eighth!

Aside from the matter of justice to the millions of individuals affected, that is a major problem of national policy; because the small farm, as a way of life, is historically recognized as having been one of the chief factors in making America great. Life on the farm developed such American traits as independence, self-reliance, a sense of responsibility, a certain toughness of moral purpose. There are reasons for that: the farm chores for the boy or girl, the life close to nature, the quiet and occasional solitude of rural life indelibly affect character. Furthermore, not only is this way of life worth-while for itself; all our urban progress has been based on the new blood, the new ideas, the new character, the cities have drawn from the country.

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But, we are told by the experts, technology has doomed the small farm. It takes fewer and fewer people, it is said, to grow more and more food; and so the small farm is economically obsolete. The trend is toward a few huge, industrialized farms; and, we are assured by government officials, agricultural economists, and even some farm leaders, the passing of the small farm is inevitable.

Nonsense! It is not inevitable! In this day of government control of almost everything, virtually nothing is inevitable. We use the power of government to save other things we think worth saving.

We can save the small farm, too.

But we can't save it taking the defeatist attitude so many so-called leaders do take. And we can't save it by putting more bandages on top of the old ones that cover up a festering sore.

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Isn't it about time for an entirely new approach to the whole farm problem? We could hardly create a worse mess than we have. Why not try something new?

Why not, as a starter, stop trying to repeal the law of supply and demand? Let the farmer grow as much wheat or corn or cotton as he thinks will be profitable, and let it sell for what it will bring.

Why not, then, recognize that subsidies have become an integral part of American economic life — what industry, or profession even, isn't subsidized in some way? — and frankly and directly subsidize the farmer?

And why not, instead of doing it by keeping prices artificially high, subsidize the farmer's purchases of what he uses on the farm — machinery, fertilizer, etc. — basing the amount of the subsidy on the parity idea?

Finally, why not give the small farmer a break, the smaller the farm, the bigger the break; with the subsidy graduated downward to zero for the

big, industrialized farms? After all, it is these big farms that produce most of the surpluses.

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What would be the effect of such a program?

Here are a few of the things it seems reasonable to believe it might do:

Eliminate the cumbersome restrictions on production, that seem both unnatural and un-American.

Make it possible for us to do the common sense and charitable thing — grow enough food to feed the millions of hungry in the world, and sell it on the open world market.

Curb inflation at the place it hurts worst, the food prices the housewife pays.

Stimulate industry by encouraging farmer buying.

End the nightmare of surpluses.

Finally, it might save the small farm.

## Commentary

It is an interesting commentary on politics and human nature that Kerr Scott, the professional politician, should have appointed Dr. Frank P. Graham to the U. S. Senate, a man with every qualification except political ones; and that Luther Hodges, whose success has been attributed to his not being a politician, should have named B. E. Jordan as Scott's successor, a man whose chief qualifications are purely political.

## On Head Of Nail

When home folk criticize the home town, they're likely to be over-charitable. When strangers are critical, they are likely to exaggerate. But when a young person, born and reared here, comes back home for a visit and talks about the filthy condition of Franklin's streets, and what it is costing us, he's likely to hit the nail on the head.

That, we think, is exactly what Cpl. Eugene McDonald does in his letter on this page. We commend it to those responsible, the officials of the Town of Franklin.

## This Day Of Daze

(The Tarheel Banker)

Sometimes it takes a bit of humor to comprehend how silly we're being in our attempts to solve our problems. Here's a letter written by an Arizona farmer to his U. S. Senator regarding a part of the government's farm program.

We'd heard about the letter, but hadn't seen it until we found it in The Congressional Record. Here it is:

"Dear Mr. Senator: My friend Bordeaux over in Pima County received a \$1,000 check from the Government this year for not raising hogs. So I am going into the not-raising-hog business next year. What I want to know is, in your opinion, what is the best kind of farm not to raise hogs on and the best kind of hogs not to raise? I would prefer not to raise razorbacks, but, if that is not a good breed not to raise, I will just as gladly not raise any Berkshires or Durocs.

"The hardest work in this business is going to be in keeping an inventory of how many hogs I haven't raised. My friend Bordeaux is very joyful about the future of this business. He has been raising hogs for more than 20 years and the best he ever made was \$400 until this year, when he got \$1,000 for not raising hogs. If I can get \$1,000 for not raising 50 hogs then I will get \$2,000 for not raising 100 hogs.

"I plan to operate on a small scale at first, holding myself down to about 4,000 hogs, which means I will have \$80,000. Now, another thing: These hogs I will not raise will not eat 100,000 bushels of corn. I understand that you also pay farmers for not raising corn. So will you pay me anything for not raising 100,000 bushels of corn not to feed the hogs I am not raising? I want to get started as soon as possible as this seems to be a good time of the year for not raising hogs.

Octave, Brussard.

"P.S. Can I raise 10 or 12 hogs on the side while I am in the no-raising-hog-business — just enough to get a few sides of bacon to eat?"

## Letters

### Looks, Sees, Wonders

To the People of Franklin and Macon County:  
It is with anticipation I await the arrival of my copy of The Franklin Press each week, as it is my only connection with my home town other than letters from my family and friends.

I have been reading the comments in The Press about the disgraceful appearance of streets in Franklin. I was home for a few hours Easter and during this time I had occasion to see for myself what The Press has been trying to get Franklinites to see during recent weeks.

A good many people rely solely on tourists for their income. Can these people actually believe they can attract tourists to such a filthy town? Do the merchants expect to sell their goods to tourists who would have to walk through filth ankle deep to get to a business establishment? If they do, then Franklin must be cleaned up.

You wonder why the younger generation leaves Franklin and Macon County in search of greener pastures. Take a good look at the town of Franklin from the viewpoint of a tourist or a young man or woman who has his life ahead of him. Does he or she want to spend his life and rear his children in a town as filthy as Franklin? Not I.

Being in service and living both on and off a military reservation, naturally I am concerned with cleanliness and sanitation which is stressed in the military. Surely the town officials realize that it is just as important to keep the streets clean as it is to have an effective garbage disposal system. Surely the sanitation officer or health officer realizes this and should take immediate action to make Franklin a healthful, attractive place to live. The onus is on you, the town officials, to see that Franklin is cleaned up.

EUGENE McDONALD,  
Corporal, USMC

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

"Sure I'm Above Water — But I Certainly Ain't High On Th' Hog Now"



## Strictly Personal By WEIMAR JONES

I always admired Kerr Scott, but was never one of those who worshipped him. To me, he was an exceedingly human personality. That meant he was beset with the frailties of ordinary humans — and was lovable for being so human.

He could be, and sometimes was, crude, ruthless, vindictive. But, as is true of most of us, his worst faults were really exaggerations of virtues. The crudeness often was plain speaking — surely a virtue in a politician! — gone out of bounds; the ruthlessness, a part of the drive that enabled him to get things done; and the vindictiveness, an exaggeration of the intense loyalty that was at the center of his character.

I never knew him intimately, but my few contacts with him made me feel I did; and because his was such a vivid personality, memories of those contacts floated up from the sub-conscious, as clear-cut as if they had happened yesterday, when news came of his death.

The first time I recall seeing him was a strictly personal significance. At the end of his campaign for governor, he came to A. B. Slagle's camp, on Nantahala, for a rest. Nobody was supposed to know where he was; but I learned, and went to see him, taking Mrs. Jones and our 12-year old daughter, Elizabeth, along.

Cordiality itself, the governor shook hands with all three of us — and for days Elizabeth kept her right hand tied up in a handkerchief, so nothing would rub off the governor's handshake!

Two incidents illustrated a phase of Mr. Scott's character I greatly admired, his honesty.

Shortly after he announced for the U. S. Senate, I met him in the lobby of Carolina Inn, at Chapel Hill. I'm naturally poor at placing people, and the light in the Inn wasn't good; so I hesitated to speak. But he recognized me immediately, and called me by name.

"How are you getting along with your campaign?" I asked. I expected the confident, if not boastful, reply characteristic of the professional politician. What I got was a grin, and this succinct confession: "I don't know."

And early in his administration as governor, I published in The Press an open letter to him, critical of some of his acts. As a matter of courtesy, I sent him an advance copy, with a note. I expected no reply.

But I got one. And again there was amazing honesty.

Perhaps because what I wrote was, on the whole, friendly, taking the tack that he was too big a man and had too fine a program to spoil it with petty politics, his note was one of appreciation, with the suggestion between the lines that perhaps the criticism was deserved. And that from a politician, flushed with victory!

Mr. Scott was often defeated

in politics, and sometimes in sarcasm. Most newspaper people in the state recall one time he got his comeuppance.

At the annual N. C. Press Association Institute, Governor Scott was present to present the newspaper awards. One went to a staff member of the Asheville Citizen-Times. Those papers had strongly opposed Scott in the primary; and when D. Hiden Ramsey, then general manager of the Asheville papers, arose to explain the staff member was not present, but that he (Mr. Ramsey) would accept the award, Mr. Scott's biting reply was:

"I hope, by next year, if a Citizen-Times boy wins an award, those newspapers will have money enough to pay his way down here to get it."

The hall rocked with laughter.

A year later, a Citizen-Times man again won an award, and when he came to the front to receive it from Governor Scott, everybody remembered what had happened the year before — and Governor Scott was shrewd enough to know they remembered. So he drew a big laugh when he simply commented he was glad the Citizen-Times was in better financial shape this year than last.

Later in the evening, when Mr. Ramsey was called on for a report, he asked permission to preface it with an explanation. This was the explanation:

"Our newspapers are no better off this year than last, but with the Fair Deal in Washington and the Scott administration in Raleigh, we have decided there is no longer any need to take thought for the morrow."

This time, the crowd howled — and Kerr Scott grinned!

When Governor Scott came here to dedicate the new Macon County schools, he made a big hit — but couldn't resist one opportunity to tell off his political foes.

Highlands made quite an occasion of the governor's visit, and everybody was present for the luncheon or dinner or whatever it was given in his honor. But Kerr Scott hadn't forgotten how, in the primary election, he had done poorly indeed in Highlands. And so, when he was called upon to speak, he opened his remarks — amid embarrassed silence — by saying he was glad to see so many Highlands people; "when I was here last, there wasn't anybody at home!"

On that same trip, there was a bit of chivalrous thoughtfulness that undoubtedly never will be forgotten by those affected. For the trip to Nantahala School, Mr. Scott put all the ladies in the party into the big governor's car, with the No. 1 license plate, to lead the motorcade, while the governor himself rode in an ordinary automobile, farther back in line.

Kerr Scott was, first of all, a human being, and was beloved as such. People loved him, in fact, not so much in spite of, as because of, his human frailties.

But he was not an ordinary man.

For my money, two acts stamp him as one possessing elements of greatness. The first was his determination, against all odds, to get the farmer out of the mud. The second was his courage in breaking all precedent to appoint Dr. Frank P. Graham, a man who had neither political standing nor experience, to the U. S. Senate.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK  
(1893)

"Poke sallet" will soon be on hand.  
Last Friday was a gloomy, raw day, with snow on the mountains — a rare combination of green and white.

Mr. J. A. Deal's hack overturned with his daughters one evening last week, and deposited them in the corner of the fence. But slight injury resulted to the young ladies.

25 YEARS AGO  
(1933)

Franklin is to have a fine new two-story brick building on the old Sloan corner facing Main Street and the courthouse square, Joseph Ashear, owner of the property, has announced.

About 75 friends and relatives helped Mrs. Nancy Cardon celebrate her 69th birthday at her home in the Cowee section last Sunday.

10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. John Bulgin was elected president of the Franklin Parent-Teacher Association Monday night.

Charlie Sutton and Harley Stewart were named county managers for Kerr Scott's gubernatorial campaign this week. C. N. West attended the Rotary convention in Asheville last week, — West's Mill item.

James Hauser was chosen president, and Miss Kate McGee vice president, of Macon County Young Democrats last Wednesday night.