

SUBSCRIPTION RATES			
OUTSIDE MACON COUNTY		INSIDE MACON COUNTY	
One Year	\$2.00	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

THURSDAY JUNE 5, 1958

## Election Postscripts

Some congratulations are in order.

First of all, of course, to the winning candidates. It is an honor to be given the confidence of the public. Along with the honor, of course, goes a correspondingly heavy responsibility.

Second, to Macon County voters, for turning out in such numbers.

More than 3,000 votes were cast in the Democratic primary. This compares with approximately 1,500 two years ago, and with some 2,700 in the 1954 election, the last time most of the county offices were to be filled.

In addition to the Democratic votes, more than 1,100 Republicans cast ballots in the primary election that party held this year. Thus, there were well over 4,000 votes cast in primary elections in a county of less than 17,000 population.

While it is each party's business how it conducts its own affairs, it has always seemed to us that the democratic way to nominate, as well as elect, public officials is at the ballot box. We, therefore, commend the Republicans for having a primary election — something rare here in the past.

### LOSERS HELPED

A word of appreciation is due—and it has been the custom of this newspaper to say such a word after each election—the defeated candidates. They performed an important function in making democracy work; for they gave the voters an opportunity for choice.

Even in Russia, they have elections. The difference is that here the voters may choose between candidates. If the time ever comes that we have only one candidate per office, our elections will be little better than those of the Communists.

### NEW VOTING BOOTHS

Every election is important. It should be carried on with the dignity that befits its importance. And most voters in Franklin township, we are sure, will join in a word of praise to the county board of elections for the new voting booths. They are not elaborate—there is no reason why they should be; but they are in welcome contrast to the ramshackle, tattered makeshifts that had served before.

### ANOTHER PRECINCT?

The division of the Franklin township precinct into four new precincts seemed to prove wise, too. It looks, though, as though Franklin proper needs to be split again. Such an out-size proportion of the total vote was cast here that, even this year, the vote-counters had to work until 1 a. m. Creation of still one more precinct, by the division of the new Franklin one into two, seems called for.

### SIGNIFICANT

What the various results mean is anybody's guess. We'll comment here on only one, the Congressional contest.

It's significant, it seems to us, when a complete novice in politics, with the triple handicap of being foreign-born, a Jew, and speaking English with an accent — it's significant when such a man can pile up 18,000 votes, nearly 40 per cent of the total cast.

It may mean a number of things. One thing it almost certainly means is that there is growing and widespread dissatisfaction with the timid, "safe", narrowly provincial Democratic leadership that has dominated this Congressional district for decades.

## Nobody At Home?

When a stranger comes to a place where the yard is grown up and the doors hang on one hinge, at an angle, he takes it for granted nobody lives there.

When a stranger comes to Franklin from the south or west, the first thing he sees at the top of the hill (where Harrison Avenue intersects with West Main Street) is a traffic sign, standing at a 45-degree angle.

And it's been like that for months.

## "Don't Fret, Chile! Pappy Won't Let 'Em Take Y'Alive!"



## Need More, Not Less

The annual Hillbilly Day celebration in Highlands has been popular with home folk and visitors alike. To the latter, especially, it came as a welcome and pleasantly different bit of diversion; that was proved by the whole-hearted way they participated.

We would regret, therefore, to see it discontinued.

We have no doubt the Highlands town board had good and sufficient reasons for its decision to drop sponsorship of this particular celebration. But the thing tourists most frequently find to criticize about this region is the lack of entertainment. We need more of it, not less. And so we trust the Highlands board did not act in this matter without having something else in mind, new sponsorship for this event, or a substitute that will prove even better.

### Could Be

(Coast Guard Magazine)

High heels were invented by a girl who once was kissed on the forehead.

### Taxpayer's Complaint

(Libertyville, N. J., Beacon)

There's a tax when I phone, and a tax when I wire, there's a tax on my heat, and my fireplace fire. There's a tax on my lights, and a tax on my books, and if I would fish, there's a tax on my hooks.

There's a tax on my hat, and a tax on each shoe, there's a tax on my shirt, and on other things too. There's a tax on the oil I rub on my hair, and a tax on the toothpaste I use

### SOMETHING TO CLIP

## Nature Has Come Up With Remarkable Sights In W. N. C.

John Parris In Asheville Citizen-Times

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Here's something worth clipping for reference. It contains good trip suggestions to pass on to tourists or to use yourself when relatives or friends come this summer for visits.)

To roam the mountains is to see what the world was like when it suffered the travail and spasms of its youth.

This is particularly so in the Balsam and Blue Ridge mountains of Jackson County.

Here nature's handiwork through incalculable time stands strange and awesome in its mysterious beauty.

Some of it is rare, and none of it is common.

Here nature has built rock bridges and dammed lakes.

She has moulded gigantic figures in stone.

Eons before Nubian slaves built tombs for the Pharaohs, she sheared a mountain in half to make an 1800-foot high granite wall.

She gouged deep into the earth to release smoke from a smouldering fire.

She divided the waters of a single spring between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico.

She channeled a river along a mountain crest and then sent it cascading 411 feet to form the highest waterfall in Eastern America and the seventh highest in the country.

She wrapped another waterfall in a rainbow that is almost ever visible.

Her first tool was a prehistoric ocean and when its waters receded she used glaciers to cut grooves in the earth's crust.

For instruments of polishing, she has relied on the icy waters of mountain streams, the wind and the rain and snow, and sometimes sleet and hail and lightning.

The best map for locating and identifying them is the Western North Carolina-Great Smokies-Blue Ridge Vacation Map.

This is made easy both through the use of names and symbols.

Once you have the map, locate N. C. Highway 107, then the crossroad village of Tuckasee.

Turn north at Tuckasee on Highway 281 and proceed six miles to Anvil Tongue, a great rock hanging over the Canada prong of the Tuckasee River.

Ahead two-tenths of a mile turn right on a dirt road to Natural Rock Bridge spanning the prong, and Wolf Creek Falls.

Right from Tuckasee on a logging road for three-and-a-half miles is the Smoke Hole where passersby often warm their hands in the vapor when the temperature is low.

The Cherokee Indians used to say the smoke came from the townhouse of the Nunnehi, immortals who dwell beneath the mountains and the rivers.

South of Tuckasee, N. C. 107 passes through and up a winding gorge where the mountains overhang the river, houses perch precariously on the hillsides, and waterfalls—such as Grassy Creek Falls—spring from the mountain toward the highway.

Once out of the gorge, the traveler is in the land of lakes. The first is Lake Thorpe.

Beyond Lake Thorpe is the crest of the Blue Ridge. And

with such care. I am taxed if I gargle, and if I get ill, I'm taxed if I swallow a capsule or pill. I'm taxed when I plan, and taxed when I talk, and a tax on my sex makes me taxed when I walk. They tax all the money I earn, beg or win, then tax me aplenty for blowing it in.

## Letters

### 'Long Letter From Home'

Editor, The Press:

I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for the nice write-up that you gave me in the May 22 Press.

I am very proud of my home county and town. And when I speak of home, I mean Macon County and Franklin. I look forward each week to receiving my copy of The Press. It is like getting a long letter from home.

FRANK W. NOLEN

Gastonia, N. C.

### Likes 8-Column Paper

Dear Mr. Sloan:

It gives me much pleasure to congratulate you and the other members of The Press force on the first publication of an eight-column (full-size) newspaper in Macon County.

The good citizens of Franklin and Macon County may well feel proud of our up-to-the-minute pictured and snappy newspaper.

Your fine contribution toward progress in this section can hardly be measured in words.

WALTER A. STEELE

Franklin.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Steele's words are doubly welcome, as coming from a life-long printer and a former member of The Press staff. In the interest of complete accuracy, however, it should be pointed out that this is not the first time an eight-column newspaper has been published here. More than half a century ago, The Press was eight columns. Later, it became five, then six, then seven, and now it's back to eight columns.)

there beside the road, right on top, is a gurgling mountain spring that divides itself.

Cashiers is the intersection of NC 107 and US 64. Here you can follow NC 107 for two miles, just beyond the entrance to High Hampton, and turn right down into Whiteside Cove.

Down in the cove is the community of Grimshaws whose claim to fame is that here once was the smallest post office in the United States.

To the right drops the massive cliffs of Whiteside Mountain. It is the highest in the east and has one sheer drop of 1800 feet.

By turning right at Cashiers, on US 64 and heading toward Highlands, the traveler comes to a toll road leading to the summit of Whiteside.

From the parking area just below the summit a trail extends half a mile to Devil's Courthouse, a jutting rock formation on the east side of the mountain.

Also on Whiteside is a spring that divides its flow of water between the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico.

There's a boulder on the mountain with mysterious Spanish writings that may have been the work of one of De Soto's Dons when they came through the area back in 1540.

The most impressive waterfalls in Eastern America are in the region.

The grandpappy of these falls is beautiful Whitewater Falls, which has two levels. The upper falls cascade 411 feet.

Whitewater is reached by a good gravel road by turning off US 64 near Oakland, between Cashiers and Lake Toxaway.

## Strictly Personal By WEIMAR JONES

(NOTE: During the primary campaign, it would have been taking an unfair advantage for the editor to use this page to promote his own candidacy, even indirectly. That was kept scrupulously in mind. But now that the election is over, there seems no impropriety in relating here some experiences and some strictly personal reactions of a defeated candidate.)

It could have been worse.

That three-cornered contest for the Democratic nomination for representative could have been four-cornered or five-cornered or six-cornered; and thus I could have been not third in the race, but fourth or fifth or sixth.

Which reminds me of a blessing an old man I used to know said once.

At mealtime, he insisted that every member of his big family be present, promptly on time; and nobody sat down until the old man had said the blessing. Usually, he thanked the Lord in detail and at length.

One day, though, as he stood behind his chair, he scanned the dinner table. All he saw was dried beans and cornbread, with water to drink. Hopefully, he looked at his wife for some sign that there was more in the kitchen; but there was no reassurance in her eyes. And so this was that day's appropriate but abbreviated grace: "O Lord, we thank thee—even for this."

That, of course, doesn't really represent my feeling; for I am

genuinely and deeply grateful to many people.

Not once did I ask anybody to vote for me. But some 800 did—without being asked. Nor did I ask anybody to work for me. But I suspect a number of people did that, too, though I don't even know who they were. Such an expression of confidence is cause for gratitude, under any circumstances; I am doubly grateful because it came unsolicited.

Looking back, I have no regrets. If it were to do over again, I'd do what I did and do it the way I did—make myself available, tell the people exactly where I stood, offer to answer questions; then leave the decision to the voters. I did that—and that fulfilled my responsibility.

I thought I could do a creditable job as this county's representative. (I still think I could have.) But most of the Democratic voters thought the other two candidates were better qualified. The decision as to that was their responsibility. I accept the verdict cheerfully.

I am glad I became a candidate, and not just because I have done what I conceived to be a citizen's duty; I am glad, too, because of the experiences it brought me; some of them revealing, some amusing, some heart-warming.

One revealing incident: I had always felt—and, maybe naively, thought others felt—that the vote was something sacred, to be cast almost prayerfully, for the best man; not something to be given as a personal favor. Well, everybody, it seems, doesn't feel that way. One man, in fact, volunteered this information:

"I wanted to vote for you. But you didn't ask me. So I voted for one of the others, who did ask me. Why, he ever came and spent the night with me."

Then there was that experience this babe in the political woods had with the old lady. Approaching me on the street, during the period of registration, she explained she had no way to get to her polling place, in a far-distant part of the county, to register. Did I know anybody who'd take her?

I'm far from enthusiastic about the practice of hauling people to the polls. But I said to myself: "You believe in everybody's registering and voting; and you preach good neighborliness. Your candidacy has nothing to do with it. It's your job, as a citizen and as a good neighbor, to take her." So I did.

When she was registered, I offered to take her home. It was "just a little piece", she said. She directed me where to leave the highway, and then I followed her directions, over one country road after another, for miles and miles.

When at last we arrived, she thanked me; then, still holding the car door, she turned to ask:

"Mr. Jones, haven't you a dollar you can lend me?"

I didn't have. And, coming back home, my gas tank empty and my afternoon gone, I thought wryly: "She'll not only vote against me; she'll never even like me."

And there was a wild ride—two wild rides, in fact—over in the Nantahala section. I wanted to see a man we'll call Bill Smith. I was told how to get to his house. It was the worst road I've ever been on; it went up at what seemed a 45-degree angle, there was one hair-pin curve after another, and it was so narrow you couldn't have passed a boy on a tricycle. I went on only because I had to—there was no place to turn until I came to the end of the road, at Bill Smith's house.

I was repaid by the cordial greeting that you always get over Nantahala way; nonetheless, I solemnly promised my-

self, if I ever got back down the mountain alive, I'd never be caught on that road again.

Finding your way on unfamiliar roads is difficult at best; when you're so near-sighted you can't read the signs or recognize landmarks at a distance, it's really tough. Somehow I got hopelessly confused, and the next thing I knew I was on a road that seemed as bad as the first one; and once again, there was no place to turn around.

So I drove on, almost straight up, and around one sharp curve after another, till I came to the end of that road—and found myself right back at Bill Smith's house!

And there have been happy experiences I never could have had without this first venture into politics.

There was the remark, repeated to me, made by a man I greatly respect, shortly after I made my announcement. In that announcement, I said there had been no great public pressure to get me to run; that nobody had begged me to run; that the decision was my own. Said this man:

"That's right. There wasn't any great hue and cry for Weimar to run. That's the most honest political statement I ever read."

Who could pay any of us a higher compliment than to call us honest!

There were the scores of people, some of whom I didn't even know by name, who approached me to congratulate me on announcing, and to wish me well.

And there were the letters. Dozens of letters, from all over North Carolina, and some from outside the state. Letters congratulating me for becoming a candidate, expressing the writers' wish they could vote for me, and generously saying I could be useful in Raleigh. One of those letters came from the president of a North Carolina college; one from the chairman of an important state board; one from a former member of Congress, mailed from Europe; and many others I felt honored to receive. Appreciated most, though, were the ones that came from plain people, in various parts of the state—some of them people I'd never even met.

Then, last Saturday morning, came a telegraphic message of good wishes from South Carolina.

And Sunday morning brought the nicest touch of all, when a voice on the telephone said: "We're so glad you aren't going to be 'way off down in Raleigh next winter. We'd miss you. Besides, we need you here."

To try to pretend it's pleasant to lose would be both foolish and dishonest. But nearly every situation has its compensations. And things like those are beyond price.

There may be another compensation, too.

Of all the blessings I value, I place first the right to do my own thinking and to speak plainly. Well, speaking plainly is frowned on in politics; it isn't supposed to pay. In the long run, I think it probably does pay. But I can see how, in politics, there might be a temptation to soft-pedal unpleasant things. Well, the voters last Saturday relieved me of that possible temptation.

And it may be that, subconsciously, they were shrewd enough to know I could be of more value to Macon County doing the plain speaking every community needs than as a public official.

In any case, I am sure of the truth of what I said, in a radio broadcast on election eve:

"... when the great majority of the people go to the polls and seriously and honestly vote for what they are convinced is best, the outcome usually is both wise and right."

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1893)

The mail from Clayton failed to arrive yesterday, we suppose on account of the rain and high waters.

Mr. John Hester brought a side of home raised bacon to town Friday and sold it for \$14.10. It weighed 94 pounds.

Mrs. N. P. Rankin and daughter, Miss Lily, left Monday morning for a month's visit to relatives in Guilford County.

25 YEARS AGO

(1933)

More than 100 Rotarians from 48 North Carolina and South Carolina clubs in the 58th Rotary district are expected to come to Franklin for the annual district assembly in July.

Forty-three relatives and close friends of "Uncle Bragg" Higdon enjoyed a sumptuous dinner given by his daughters-in-law, Mrs. Leslie and Mrs. John Higdon, in celebration of his 78th birthday Sunday.

10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. Siler Slagle, who, before her recent marriage, was Miss Nina Rae Waldrup, was honored with a tea and miscellaneous shower last Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Louis Phillips and Mrs. Erwin Patton were the hostesses, and the party was given at the Patton home on West Main Street.

A seven-acre white pine forest was dedicated to the memory of Cpl. C. L. Potts, only member of the Nantahala National Forest organization to give his life for his country in World War 2, in a ceremony at Cliffside on Memorial Day.