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, Carolinas Press Photographers Association. Charter member, National Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors.

BOB S. SLOAN	Publisher and Advertising Manager
WEIMAR JONES	Editor
J. P. BRADY	News Editor
MRS. ROBERT BRYSON	Office Manager
MRS. BOB SLOAN	Society Editor
CARL P. CABE	Operator-Machinist
FRANK A. STARRETTE	Compositor
CHARLES E. WHITTINGTON	Pressman
G. E. CRAWFORD	Stereotyper
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

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1958

Side Effect

There appears to be considerable question about whether, when we landed troops in Lebanon, we chose either the right place or the right time to act. There are those who question, even, if we chose the right action; developments in the Middle East could put us in an indefensible political position. If worst should come to worst, though, and we accomplished nothing by intervening in the Middle East, our prompt and determined action there conceivably may have a side effect that is sorely needed.

A short time ago, Walter Lippmann pointed out that some sixty Americans were being detained by four nations. It has become common, in fact, for anybody to pick up Americans any time, anywhere, throw them in jail, and hold them for some form of ransom, usually political.

There was a time when that wasn't tolerated by the United States. When this nation was young and small, it told the pirates along the North African Coast, in no uncertain terms, that America had "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute". Nowadays, the tendency is to "negotiate" for the release of Americans held without so much as the shadow of a legitimate excuse.

Maybe, now that we have acted, our government will have the courage to put a high price on the freedom and rights of individual American citizens. We must, if we expect to get the respect of the world. And surely there can be no genuine and lasting peace without respect.

Everybody agrees with President Eisenhower, of course, that war in today's world is too terrible to contemplate. That, though, does not change the age-old fact that, beneath the reasonableness and coolness and deliberateness that this age demands, there must be the willingness to fight, if need be, for what is right and just. That is true of both men and nations.

A 'Natural'

How effective publicity is depends largely on how unusual it is. If it leaves the one it's aimed at goggle-eyed with surprise, then it makes its imprint on his mind and sticks in his memory.

And since few thangs are so unusual as for a perfect stranger to find himself presented with a gift, the local Chamber of Commerce's "Welcome to Franklin" project is sure to give tourists a pleasant memory of Franklin that will last a long time.

Too, the thing that makes it a "natural" for this particular area is the fact it fits in with the spontaneous hospitality and natural generosity that are characteristic of people here. In other words, it typifies the sort of spirit the stranger will find hereabouts, if he lingers.

Commentary

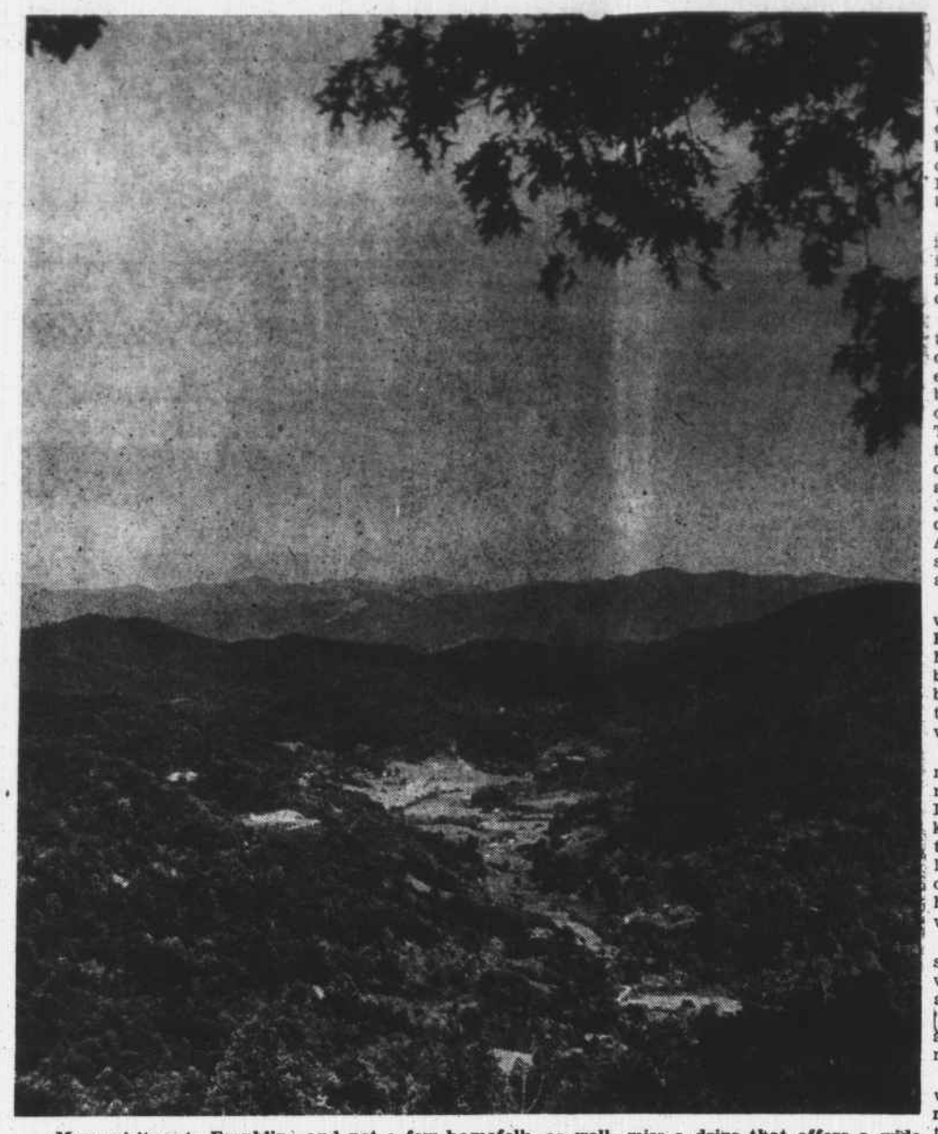
The letter on this page from the residents of Pinehill Trailer Court is a remarkable communication. For the visitors had the perception to recognize and identify what most strangers to this area feel but cannot always put into words. Impressed as they were by the picturesqueness of a square dance and the skill of the dancers, the folk out at Pinehill were even more impressed by "the bearing and deportment" of the youngsters. It is a significant commentary on our times that good manners should be noteworthy. It underlines an intangible value we have here we can ill afford to lose.

Philosopher

Little as the casual acquaintance might guess it, beneath the jovial surface of Franklin's late Bob Davis was a lot of serious philosophy.

This recollected comment of his, made in the middle of a sudden rainstorm, illustrates the point:

"Some people think every time it rains, the Lord has pushed a button somewhere. Well, now, I wonder . . . When you think about how many different places on earth it's raining at the same time, that would be a lot of buttons. Besides, don't you reckon the Lord has some other, more important things to do?"



Many visitors to Franklin—and not a few homefolk, as well—miss a drive that offers a wide variety of breath-taking scenery. U. S. 64 West takes the motorist through the beautiful Cartoogechaye Valley, and then up to and through Wallace, Black, and Glade Gaps. If time is limited, the motorist may return the same route—and find new beauty as the same scenes are viewed from different angles and altitudes. Or he can make any one of several loop trips. This photograph was made from Wallace Gap (elev. approx. 3650). Looking east, it shows the upper reaches of the Cartoogechaye Valley.—(Staff Photo)

Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

I'm not in the habit of choking women. Fact is, I never have choked one; probably wouldn't know how to start. But the other day I surely would have tried, if I could have got to a fat, hard-boiled Mid-Western female.

I'm a coffee addict. Whether it's morning, noon, or night — or in-between times — a cup of boiling coffee does wonders for my disposition.

And so, when I was on a plane, traveling from Knoxville to Marion, Ill., I was greatly disappointed when the plane stewardess brought no coffee along with the delightful lunch she served me. The storm we were passing through was so violent, it was out of the question to try to serve anything liquid, she explained. Just then, we were bobbing up and down like a row boat in the North Atlantic, so I could see there was sense in her decision. I was disappointed, nevertheless.

I comforted myself, though, with the thought we'd soon be in Paducah, Ky., where I had a three-hour layover. Undoubtedly, there'd be a restaurant at the airport; besides, having a cup of coffee there would be one thing to help while away that three hours.

Well, sure enough there was a restaurant, but somehow I couldn't seem to get the door open. I kept trying to turn the door knob and shaking the door, all to no avail. Finally, a forbidding looking woman on the other side of the glass partition shook her head at me — much as a mother would at a naughty child.

I was puzzled. Then I saw a sign on the door; maybe that would explain. I looked closely. It announced the restaurant hours: "Open 8 a.m. to 4 p.m." I looked at the airport clock. It said 10 minutes to 3.

Once more I tried to get the woman's attention, but she paid me no mind. Finally, I banged on the glass partition hard enough, I hoped, to shatter it: I wanted that coffee.

That time she looked my way. I pointed at the sign, pointed at the clock, and once again shook the door.

Hands on hips, she looked straight through me. With such emphasis it looked like it might break her neck (and I hoped it would), she shook her head again. Then she turned her back on me and walked away.

Three hours, and no prospect for coffee! And that sign said, plain as day, "open till 4 o'clock"! And it still wasn't 3!

I didn't choke her. Instead, I was humanitarian. But I'm afraid all that made me humanitarian was the thickness of that glass partition.

* * *

That long wait in Paducah reminded me of one of the disadvantages of air travel. When I have to wait in a place, I like to see the town. When you travel by bus or rail, you are close enough in to be able to do that. But an airport always is so far out of town, all you can do is sit at the port. I'd particularly have liked to see Paducah. It's a place I've heard of all my life; and besides, it was the home — as a marker at the airport told me — of one of America's greatest story tellers, the late Vice President Alben Barkley.

At Paducah, too, I was reminded of another thing. More and more people today travel by air. Most successful business men use air travel whenever possible; taking planes between cities, and hiring a U-Drive-It automobile for their stops.

Yet Paducah is the first airport I can recall visiting where the chamber of commerce had utilized the airport for an advertising display. There I found such an excellent display, I wanted, all the more, to see the city.

That wait at the Kentucky city's airport brought me still another thought; rather, impressed on my mind what we all know: Air travel is the coming thing. The time is not far off when even the smaller towns will be by-passed unless they have facilities for planes to land and take off.

Franklin, one of these days, is going to need a really up-to-the minute airport. Such an airport might enable it to make up for its lack of rail transportation and it's near-lack of bus service. It's not too early for civic leaders to be planning for action along that line.

Two more interesting experiences came my way during that three-hour wait. But they'll save till next week.

EDITOR 'GOES TO SCHOOL'

Did U. S. Pick 'Wrong Time, Wrong Spot' To Intervene In Mid-East?

By The Editor

Earlier this month, I had the great good fortune to attend the National Conference of Weekly Newspapers Editors, sponsored by Southern Illinois University.

An unusual fature of this annual conference, and one of its virtues, is that attendance is limited to 25. That enables the participants to get personally acquainted during the five days they are "going to school"; and the opportunity for exchange of viewpoints was furthered by the fact we all ate together, three times a day, and bunked together, two or three to a cabin, at the isolated state park where the meeting was held.

While the gathering was small, it was certainly national in geographical representation; editors were there from California and Florida, from Connecticut and Louisiana, and from states in between. To illustrate the diversity of background and viewpoints, one of my cabin mates was a Catholic Democrat from Long Island, the other a Protestant Republican from California.

It wasn't a vacation. Sessions were held mornings, afternoons, and evenings — and the discussions often continued, informally, far into the night. The pattern was for a specialist to talk at some length on the topic chosen; then throw the meeting open for questions and general discussion. Some of those weekly editors are keen, and often the specialists visibly wriggled as the newsmen pinned them down with to-the-point and penetrating questions.

Only two sessions dealt directly with newspapering; at all the others, the topics were problems or issues of national scope, with special reference to their application to the small community — such things as schools, religion, local government, organized labor, agriculture. Thus the discussions would have been of interest to the lawyer, the doctor, the farmer, the average citizen. It occurs to me, therefore, that I may have picked up material there of interest to people here in Macon County.

In this and succeeding articles, I'll pass along not so much the information given us as my own and other editors' reactions to it.

One of the most interesting discussions was about the crisis in the Middle East. The speaker at that session was the Chicago Daily News' reporter assigned to the State Department in Washington. He talked to us three days after American troops landed in Lebanon, having left the capital by plane only three or four hours before he sat down at the big table with us. A lot has happened since then, of course, but I have been interested to note how subsequent developments have borne out what he said a fortnight ago.

Here are a few highlights of that discussion:

The Middle East had its own cultural renaissance when the rest of the World was in the Dark Ages; and today Lebanon is "a revolving door between two civilizations".

The real problem in the Middle East always has been Arab nationalism — the Arab nations' desire for national political and economic independence — but the United States' foreign policy has ignored this problem. It has always sought to explain every difficulty in terms of Communist intervention or infiltration — a Communist villain under the bed.

Egypt's Nasser has done none of the things he promised in the way of raising the Egyptian standard of living; the average Egyptian is even worse off today than he was 25 years ago. Despite that, Nasser is the idol of people of all classes in the Middle East.

The revolutions in Iraq and Lebanon caught us flat-footed; nobody in Washington suspected they were coming.

State Department policy in the Middle East cannot be disassociated from the big American oil companies' interests there. But it isn't as simple as that; for American **national** interests also are tied up with Middle Eastern Oil.

Somewhere, sometime, the U. S. had to draw a line, as it has done in Lebanon. There is some question, though, as to whether we picked either the right spot or the right time.

Illustrating that point is the fact that the Lebanese Parliament today (Thursday) is scheduled to elect a president, who in turn, will pick a premier. Where would we be if the new premier should decide he didn't want American

—Continued on back page, 1st sec.

Letters

Praise For 'Cloggers'

Editor, The Press:

Greetings to the people of Franklin.

This is the morning after and, contrary to the usual meaning of that expression, we in Pinehill Trailer Court are highly elated. Last night it was our privilege to be entertained by your now famous group of youngsters who call themselves the Smoky Mountain Cloggers. In our hall, a group of about sixty trailerites were waiting to greet these talented offspring of yours. It was generally thought that this would be just another exhibition, but the enthusiasm and good will shown by these dancers carried us all away. Many of our oldsters caught the spirit of youth and, with no thought of competition, joined the youngsters on the dance floor.

Result—a wonderful evening was enjoyed by all. We thoroughly appreciate the efforts of Mrs. Harry Roberson in giving us such a good show. We also want to express our thanks to Jimmie Lunsford, Harry Roberson and Bob Mashburn for the splendid music that accompanied the Cloggers.

And last, but far from least, a word to the parents of these talented youngsters. Not only were we highly impressed by the ability of the girls and boys, but far more important was their bearing and deportment. The girls were splendid little ladies and the boys were perfect gentlemen. Parents! Our hats are off to you. If our children, over the country, could receive the training evidenced by the Smoky Mountain Cloggers there would be no teen-age problems.

So with gratitude in our hearts and a profound respect for the people of Franklin, we, as a group, want to say we love Franklin. We delight in the beauty of your countryside, but most of all we enjoy the friendly atmosphere in town. The friendly greetings on the sidewalks and the attitude of the merchants make us all want to return to this community year after year.

This letter approved by the residents of

PINEHILL TRAILER COURT
Allen W. Edmiston.

July 18, 1958.

You Figure It Out

(Answers)

A statistician is a man who draws a straight line from an unfounded assumption to a foregone conclusion.

The phrase, "damning with faint praise", is as old as Shakespeare—and he probably borrowed it. But rarely, if ever, has it been illustrated more trenchantly than in this recent comment on John Foster Dulles. The Secretary of State was being damned roundly, when one of the group protested: "Well, now, I wouldn't say that Mr. Dulles was an **unmitigated** disaster."

School And Spelling

(Eaton, Colo., Herald)

It should be a source of deep pride and satisfaction to small-town and rural America that Jolitta Schlehuber, 14-year-old farm girl from McPherson, Kans., who won the 1958 National Spelling Bee, has gained her education thus far in a two-room school house—without the frills of "progressive" teaching.

But, by the same token, Jolitta's victory may be causing parents of youngsters who attend schools that are more pretentious but less respectful of the three R's (and of spelling), to do a little soul searching.

Indestructible

(Charlotte Observer)

The Communists may try to convince their devotees that the Bible is nothing more than an interesting book of mythology, but they are not averse to using its passages to illustrate some of their propaganda.

For instance, in Poland the first atomic reactor installed is named Eve. Evidently came from the Bible . . . remember her?

Then comes Chen Po-ta, vice president of the Chinese Academy of Science in Red China, comparing Yugoslavia's Tito with Judas. Judas received only 30 pieces of silver for betraying Christ, but Tito received millions for betraying the Reds.

These two items point up the fact, perhaps, that even the Communists realize that the Holy Book is indestructible, even in Red countries.

TOO MANY TABOOS

HAVE ZEALOTS ROBBED US OF OUR SAVING SENSE OF HUMOR?

Greensboro Daily News

Paying tribute to "The Golden Age of Comedy", a film collection of excerpts from screen comedies made 25 to 40 years ago, the Southern Pines Pilot voices not only nostalgia but keen regret that no such comedy is being produced now.

But let the Pilot take over:

How wonderful to see them again: Will Rogers as a harassed police chief, mounting and dismounting from his horse in a fantastic series of flips and stiff pirouettes, or again as Robin Hood, satirizing the dashing Douglas Fairbanks; Edgar Kennedy, master of the "slow burn," displaying fearfully mounting anger when tormented by Laurel and Hardy who are dressed in sailor suits; cross-eyed Ben Turpin tied to a post in a cellar which is filling up with water and then along comes a dog chasing a cat, both of them into the water, splash and round and round, and the cat takes refuge on Ben's head as the water reaches the level of his neck.

"Why can't they do it now?" we asked a friend as we left the theater.

"Mostly because there are too many taboos in our way of life today," was the reply. "Nowadays, the SPCA wouldn't let them throw a cat and dog into the water or tie a knot in a lion's tail when it comes through a hole in the end of its cage. Certainly the FBI and the National Association of Chiefs of Police wouldn't approve of law enforcement officers losing their pants at strategic moments. What about that horribly hilarious scene in which three whole car-loads ('touring cars' with no tops) of pursuing sheriff's deputies go hurtling over a cliff, while the watcher's sympathies lie entirely with the escaping outlaw — what kind of healthy social outlook is that? Every delinquent in the country would be blamed on that movie. Does it encourage wholesome family life, it would be asked, for a wife to take after her husband with a two-by-four and lay waste a whole neighborhood in the ensuing chase? Those are some of the reasons you couldn't make 'Golden Age' comedies today."

And the tragedy is that the Pilot is right. Some overzealous, humorless organization is ready to take off in not only the areas which our Southern Pines contemporary cited but practically all others. The Jewish jokes, the Italian jokes, the Negro jokes, the jokes about the slow-thinking British and the German jokes are all proscribed. They might disrupt international relations or hurt somebody's feelings. Mind you, we did not include Irish jokes; we're still naive enough to believe that the Irish joke about themselves. No offense was meant in the now verboten stories; they were part of our folklore, part of the frontier spirit and a saving sense of humor. Many of the very nationals who are now thought to be offended told stories on themselves. Surely this lost sense of humor, this sharply restricted ability or right to laugh and be laughed at, has taken something out of us. These jokes were not intended to be cruel, to hurt anybody or to be anti this or that. They simply represented comedy and comedians in prime. They ran a merry gantlet ranging all the way from a grin through a chuckle to what has become the well-nigh extinct American belly laugh.

And a people, a nation or a world which takes itself too seriously, which stifles comedy because it sees something behind it that really is not there, has lost a trait which, down the years, had been one of its saving features.

No wonder comedians are at a new low; there's nobody left to be the butt of their jokes except themselves.

UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

The man that ain't got no prejudices generally ain't got no convictions neither.

Robbin' the average tourist of the notion every other mountaineer's a moonshiner is sorta like takin' candy from a baby.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
(1893)

Mr. R. L. Porter spent two or three days of last week over on the railroad. ("Over on the railroad" presumably meant visiting points on the Murphy Branch of the Southern.—Editor.)

A load of corundum came in Saturday from the new mine on Skeenah, recently bought by Mr. Hipkiss, of Boston. The mine opens up a new industry for Macon and will give employment to a number of hands at good wages.

We are informed that the people of Bryson City have called a meeting for next Monday to consider the matter of building an electric railroad from that place to Franklin.

25 YEARS AGO
(1933)

A state convict camp, estimated to cost approximately $25,000, is to be built in Macon County in the near future, it was announced here Monday.

Hundreds of people visited the antique exhibit held in the Masonic Hall Thursday and Friday under the auspices of the Macon County chapter of the U. D. C.

10 YEARS AGO

Miss Katherine Long, bride-elect of Victor H. Perry, was honored with a tea and miscellaneous shower, given by Mrs. Roy Beshears and Mrs. Pearl Hunter at the home of the latter, last Friday afternoon.