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THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 1959

Goals For 1959

Here are two 1959 goals we suggest for Macon County and its towns.

They are worth while for many reasons. And they have the great advantage of being simple goals, that can be reached.

Nothing has done more to brighten and enrich country life in this county than the Rural Community Development Plan; it has worked wonders everywhere it has been tried. The only trouble is, there are communities that aren't participating — some communities where it hasn't been tried at all.

Why not make it 100 per cent in 1959?

It can be done. In each community where it has been so successfully tried are persons who have friends in communities that aren't organized. A word here and there, to persons in the unorganized communities, would soon spark some interest. And the first thing anybody knew, these areas that aren't now benefitting from the plan would be asking for more information; for help, maybe, in getting an initial organization formed. For once people realize they are missing something, they are quick to do something about it.

The second suggested goal is for the towns.

Why not set out, right now, to make Franklin and Highlands, before 1959 ends, the cleanest, neatest, best kept towns in North Carolina? (There is no reason why they can't set the pace for the South or even the nation; but, to keep it from sounding too hard, maybe it'd be better to say "the cleanest, neatest, best kept towns in North Carolina".)

That can be done, too. It'll take some leadership; it may take some organization. Most of all, it'll take the will to do it and a bit of work. For while the people in a town that is dirty get so used to it, they don't even see the dirt, fortunately the reverse is true: Cleanliness is contagious.

If the man next door cleans up his backyard or paints his garage or sods a bare bank, it makes my lettered backyard or unpainted garage or bare bank stand out like a sore thumb. And if a street and sidewalk are spic and span, it's human nature for the man who does business or lives on that street to want to clean up, too.

Such a project would pay handsome dividends. First of all, it would pay off in dollars and cents. Because if ours were such clean, well kept towns that visitors noticed it and stopped to comment on it, many of them would come back—as tourists, for retirement, or to establish businesses. It would be the most effective—and the cheapest—advertising Franklin and Highlands could do.

It would pay off, too, in the pleasure a person experiences in feeling pride in his home town.

The two projects, rural and urban, would fit in together. Because as Franklin and Highlands became clean town-conscious, they would become interested in country developments. And as the rural people became interested in their communities, they'd take greater pride in helping to keep their county's towns clean, too.

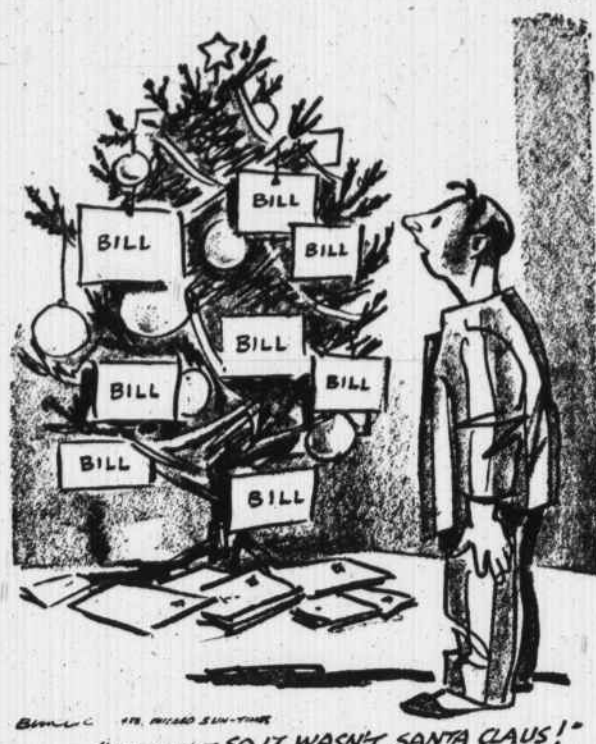
Danger Ahead!

Perhaps the worst feature of the 1957 federal civil rights law is its heavy reliance, for its enforcement, on contempt of court procedures. That law, though, is but an extreme example of the growing trend toward wider and wider use of such procedures. And the most recent example of the dangers of the trend is a case that has nothing to do with racial problems, and was tried not in the South, but in New York.

In a federal court there, Mrs. Marie Torre, New York Herald-Tribune reporter, was ordered to reveal her source of information for a news story. Taking the position the identity of the source was confidential, she refused. Judge Sylvester J. Ryan cited her for contempt of court, convicted her, and sentenced her to 10 days in jail.

The point is not whether Mrs. Torre should have obeyed the court order. The point is, a single man, the judge, determined there was a cause of action, determined the guilt of the accused, and then determined the punishment.

But that is not all! For Judge Ryan warned her when she finishes her jail term, she can be re-sentenced to jail, again and again, until she obeys



his order.

Thus, for a relatively minor offense, and without benefit of jury trial, it would be possible for her to be kept in jail the rest of her life—depending solely on the judgment, or the whim even, of one man.

That, surely, is not justice under law. It is legalized judicial tyranny.

'Bulldog Spirit'

As a boy, Charles Crawford Poindexter got to school by walking, in good weather and bad, the three or four miles from his home at the head of Iotla valley to what was then the Iotla High School.

That early manifestation of what his college annual was to describe as his "bulldog spirit of determination" was to go with him through his 60 years, enabling him to wrest success and achievement from situations that, to a less courageous soul, would have seemed hopeless. It was that "bulldog spirit" that made it possible for him, while in college, to earn his way, do creditable class work, and win an enviable reputation on the athletic field. In adult life, as a coach, a teacher, and a public-spirited citizen, he drew on it to do, repeatedly, what seemed the impossible.

A true son of the mountains, his was the same spirit that has characterized the hundreds of mountain boys and girls who have given the lie to the current philosophy that people are the helpless creatures of their social and economic backgrounds.

Best of all, C. C. Poindexter put sportsmanship ahead of mere victory. How much that fine sense of proportion affected the hundreds of boys and girls who came under his influence nobody will ever know. What is known is that his fine qualities as a man won for him the admiration and affection of the people of his adopted county of Haywood.

Community Builder

(Asheville Citizen)

Charles Crawford Poindexter, Sr., a native of Franklin, who died Wednesday at age 60 at his home in Canton, set the pattern for a career of service when he was a student at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.

A member of the Class of 1923, he was described in the college annual as a man with a "bulldog spirit of determination."

Combined with great physical strength, that made him outstanding in the line of the University's football team and won for him a place as a guard on the all-time Tar Heel team.

After completing his studies, Mr. Poindexter settled in Hay-

NEMATODE MAY TAKE OVER

This Is Age When 'Absolute Force Attracts Absolute Nonsense'

Norman Cousins in Saturday Review

Nonsense is on stage and the stage is the world. A giant panda, one of the largest and most valuable of its kind, has been barred from the United States because it comes from Communist China. Zoos in this country have offered up to \$25,000 for the clown of the raccoon family, but various restrictions having to do with Communist China prevent the panda from entering the United States. Meanwhile, the animal is appearing in zoos throughout Europe without any noticeable threat to the internal security of the nations involved.

In the Soviet Union, one of the world's great writers committed an apparently subversive act by being awarded the world's most important literary prize. The Soviet Union of Writers was willing to put up with Boris Pasternak despite the independent nature of his work; but the moment he received the Nobel Prize, he was expelled from the union and denounced as a traitor. The implication is clear that writers in the Soviet can write about anything they wish so long as the do so with genuine mediocrity.

Meanwhile, the glossary of nonsense in the twentieth century is being constantly enriched. Now, in addition to words like "clean"

wood County, becoming prominent in the fields of education, recreation, church and civic service.

At the time of his passing he was principal of the Bethel School District.

His success as coach of football and basketball teams was due to the quality of his leadership which was demonstrated time and time again in his educational and civic work.

He made a notable contribution to the civic spirit of Canton through his work as general chairman of that industrial town's big annual observation of Labor Day. He was also widely known for his work as physical education director of the Champion YMCA.

He was in a very real sense a community builder and he will be remembered for his constructive contributions.

Friend Of Youth

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

Few people, if any, were better known in Western North Carolina educational and school sports circles than Charles C. Poindexter.

Mr. Poindexter had been associated with Western Carolina College as a student and coach, as coach at Weaver College, as well as in the dual capacity of coach-teacher in school systems of Waynesville, Canton, and Bethel. For more than 25 years he was identified with the schools of Haywood, along with YMCA work in Canton.

His work in all places kept him in close association with young people, and he loved his work with them. He thrilled at their successes, helped them appraise their mistakes, and counseled with those who needed the words of a wiser and more experienced person.

Just a few days prior to his sudden death, he was in this office discussing some of the different phases of a program which he had in mind for the Bethel schools, where he was principal.

He had been greatly concerned, and worried, about the lack of an adequate plant at the Bethel school.

"Every student deserves a good education, and we are severely handicapped in trying to help them acquire an education when we are in such cramped quarters," he said only a few days prior to his untimely death.

He was a hard worker, and gave generously of his time and talents to many a civic project. He served as head of the annual Canton Labor Day events, headed the VFW Folk Festivals, was an official of the Blue Ridge Conference, and active in educational fields.

He had a way of getting things done, and delegating responsibility to others. Under his guidance and direction, the Bethel gym has been equipped with over \$10,000 in folding seats, and consequently, can accommodate larger crowds at special indoor events.

Mr. Poindexter started out practicing law, but the love for sports and young people soon lured him back to the classroom and the athletic fields. In his capacity as coach, and teacher, he had a big influence over thousands of young people. He preached, practiced, and demanded fair play.

He lived a bountiful life of three score years. He played the game fairly, and won the admiration of thousands.

Letters

Hope To Live Here

Editor, The Press:

We enjoy The Press so much. We liked the Christmas greeting very much. We showed it to several friends with pride. Some day we hope to live in Macon County.

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE M. BREWER.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1894)

The Franklin Furniture Co., has on hand a fine line of coffins at reduced prices.

The sidewalk crossings are admirably arranged for wagons to pile up mud on the sidewalks. Would it be amiss for the town authorities to have the mud shovelled off occasionally?

All people who want tanning done on the shores can have good terms by patronizing Elam Slagle and Son.

35 YEARS AGO (1924)

Announcement: I have just purchased the interest of Mr. W. T. Moore in the firm of W. T. Moore and Co.—C. W. Hames, The Shop of Quality.—Adv.

Mr. B. M. Angel, of Ellijay, spent a few days with friends here this week.

15 YEARS AGO (1944)

In spite of the intense cold on New Year's day, a large crowd gathered on the town square for the dedication of Macon County's Roll of Honor Board, bearing the names of more than 1,300 men and women of the county in active military service.

The firemen's ball, on New Year's Eve at Panorama Court, was the gala occasion of the holidays.

5 YEARS AGO (1954)

The Franklin Board of Aldermen this week named a committee to consider the feasibility of building a town hall.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES



The fellow who coined that old saying about good intentions paving roads was indulging in understatement. Good intentions also can get you in trouble.

We've found that true on The Press. Often we've felt it our duty to publish a news story or an editorial that we expected to raise the roof — and got no reaction whatever. On the other hand, the very next week, we'll carry something that appears quite innocent, and is published with the best intentions — and IT raises the roof!

That's true, too, in personal relations, as I had unpleasantly brought home to me only the other night.

Mrs. Jones and I were visiting friends.

In the course of the evening, our hostess displayed two objects (I haven't the faintest idea their name, but I'd guess they were a sort of cross between a tray and a plate), and commented that here were Christmas presents they really were proud of.

Well, I must be a sympathetic sort of soul, because, when someone is enthusiastic about something, I try to be enthusiastic, too. And in this case, I wasn't to be outdone.

I arose and went closer, so I could get a better look. The hostess was beaming, and so I beamed. She said they were beautiful; and I agreed. I went farther. I said they were about the nicest things of the kind I'd ever seen. I think I even went so far as to use a word I rarely use, because I don't like it; I think I said they were "lovely."

I should have caught the warning signals beamed toward me by Mrs. Jones. I should have sensed the waves of embarrassment she was radiating. But I didn't. I went right on "mirating" till I finally got around to saying they were "lovely."

Well, that was all my wife could take.

"You've said enough," she remarked, drily. "Those were the Christmas presents we gave them."

you know."

Do you suffer from insomnia? Can't sleep worth a darn?

Well, here's a tip for you; it comes from the Rockingham Post-Dispatch:

"Did you hear about the guy who ran around his bed at night because he wanted to catch a little sleep?"

Last May, in reprinting something in this column, I remarked of it: "At least one man I know needs to read it every day. I am that man."

Well, it seems, a lot of other people felt it applies to them, too, because it continues to provoke widespread comment. It was seven months ago that it appeared here, and only the other day a Press reader in Florida wrote that "it has been sent all over the country. I gave it to a friend (member of a national commission), and he had copies made and sent to top political leaders" throughout the United States.

There have been so many requests for copies that it is being republished below. A prayer, I got it from Mrs. Florence S. Sherill, who, in turn, obtained it from Mrs. Carl S. Slagle. The author is unknown.

SLOW ME DOWN, LORD

Slow me down, Lord! Ease the pounding of my heart by the quieting of my mind. Steady my hurried pace with the vision of the eternal reach of time. Give me midst the confusion of my day the calmness of the everlasting hills. Break the tension of my nerves and muscles with the soothing music of the singing streams that live in my memory. Teach me the art of taking minute vacations — of slowing down to look at a flower, to chat with a friend, to pat a dog, or read a few lines from a good book. Let me look upward into the branches of the towering oak and know that it grew great and strong because it grew slowly and well. Slow me down, Lord, and inspire me to send my roots deep into the soft life's enduring values.

IF WINTER COMES . . .

Nights Already Getting Shorter

CLEVELAND (SHELBY) TIMES

The last of the four seasons is upon us, Winter began at 3:40 a.m. December 21, and the day is officially known as the Winter Solstice. This is the time of year when the North Pole is tilted 23 degrees and 27 minutes away from the sun, and the nights in the Northern Hemisphere are much longer than the days.

Likewise, in the South Temperate zone, the Summer Solstice occurred on December 21, and summer began!

Winter will end after two-thirds of March has expired. The experts are saying chances are very good that this winter will not be as severe as the 1957-58 winter, which was the coldest experience

in the United States in some years. One of the opportunities winter affords all of us is to catch up on our reading, that is, good things to read; to acquaint ourselves again with members of the family who live in the same house; to enjoy nights together in front of the fire, or in the family room; to follow our indoor hobbies, or studies; or to hunt or enjoy other vigorous cold-weather outdoor pursuits.

The nights, the longest of which was December 21, are already growing shorter, and night and day will be equalized in March, at the Vernal Equinox, which ushers in Spring.

OUR 'MOIDERED' ENGLISH

For 'Ignoramuses And Specialists'

Our schools devote more time to the study of English than to any other subject in the curriculum, but he would be a rash soul who maintained that it was always well taught or more than superficially absorbed. Complaints

are myriad that even bright students—even, we have heard it rumored, many who advance to the graduate school—are apt to be ill at ease when it comes to written expression, perhaps even illiterate. "Remedial" English in college has become a commonplace, taught to students who are supposed to have been studying English in school since they were six years old, but who upon reaching college cannot even qualify for admission to that unique American institution—the regular freshman English course.

In the world beyond the school we have learned to accept with equanimity, or at least resignation, various bizarre treatments of English: The jargon of the Madison Avenue hucksters; the learned Chocquet in which sociologists, psychologists, social workers, and such, hold converse; the viscid prose of the professional educators; the slack jointed, formless style of the novelists of the beat generation; the muddy and sometimes incomprehensible language which the President of the United States uses at his press conferences. We have no longer the common bond of a language which is governed by tradition, logic and standards intelligible to all who have gone through school; we have instead a loose confederation of hybrid tongues for the convenience of ignoramuses or specialists.—Bulletin of Council for Basic Education.

By way of lending grim point to the consequences of invested nonsense, we read a report from the U.S. Department of Agriculture which says that the nematode, a species of plant-worm or parasite, carries within itself a mysterious ability to resist harm from radiation. Man, puny creature, gets into trouble when he is exposed to doses of 300 roentgens or more. But the nematode can take up to 600,000 units of radiation. Man need not therefore fear that his nonsense will empty life from this earth. If man doesn't want the world, the nematode is perfectly willing to take it.

HOW TO LIVE LONG — AND PAY FOR IT

Medical science has progressed to the point where you can live much longer if you will give up everything that makes you want to.—Arapahoe, Colo., News.