

Needs Second Look

A community can make no better investment of money, time, and energy than in keeping its youth busy; youth that is busy doesn't get into trouble.

For years, something for young people to do has been a crying need in Franklin. On that, there has been general agreement. And always a major part of the problem has been a place for youth activities.

When the Teen Center was organized and space was made available for it in the Town Hall basement, that seemed a happy solution. And so it has proved.

Now, though, the Franklin Board of Aldermen has asked the youngsters to move out by February 1. Another organization has asked for the space.

It is true that the Teen Center hasn't been consistently active in recent weeks. That being true, it would seem, on first thought, logical for the aldermen to give the space to the other organization. But we wonder whether, on second thought, it is wise.

The fact the youngsters haven't been meeting regularly in recent weeks isn't necessarily to their discredit. During football season, that activity has occupied one or two evenings a week. That they didn't use still another night for recreation may mean they have been devoting other evenings to school home work. Surely they shouldn't be penalized for that.

In any case, one thing is true: At the end of the basketball season—and even more, when summer comes—the community will have the same old problem right back in its lap.

Meanwhile, the work of adults and youth alike in cleaning up the basement, setting up the Center, and acquiring equipment will have been wasted.

And what's to happen to the rather considerable amount of equipment that has been donated or bought?

Without for a moment detracting from the value of any other organization, we raise the question: Could the town possibly find a use for that basement space, that would better serve the whole community, than for youth activities?

We respectfully suggest to the aldermen that they might do well to reconsider their decision; that they take a good, hard second look before they jump.

What Would Happen?

What would happen if, each of us, whether we lived in the country or in the town, stopped every time we saw a bit of litter on the sidewalk, picked it up, and put it in a garbage container?

Two things.

First, littered streets would quickly become un-littered.

Second, that little action would impress on us and everybody who observed it that our streets and sidewalks can and should be kept clean—the same as our homes.

No More Surprises

After this, nothing will ever surprise us again.

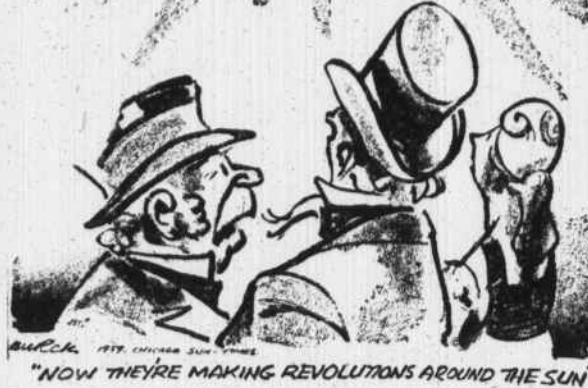
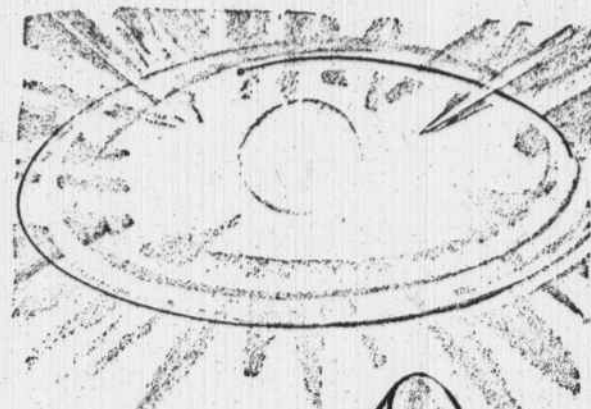
For now it seems that Stonewall Jackson dropped out of the picture at Chancellorsville in 1863 not because he was mistakenly shot by his own men, as we'd been led to believe, but because he there and then deserted to the Union army.

The story appeared the other day in Hugh Park's column in The Atlanta Journal. He got it from a reader, who got it from a column in the Army-Navy-Air Force Register, which got it from a man in Iowa, who got it from a Civil War veteran when the veteran was 96.

We are not, mind you, one of those who think Lee and Jackson could do no wrong. We suspect they were quite human, and we think it would be better if they'd been more often pictured as human. So our reaction was not that of the professional Southerner: "This is sacrilege!"

We do confess, though, to a feeling of mild surprise that all the reputable historians who have studied and written about every event in Jackson's life and every facet of his character should have overlooked this somewhat revealing circumstance.

We are quite prepared to read, any day now, in The Atlanta Journal or some other newspaper, that it was Grant who surrendered to Lee at Appomattox (the victory of the North having been invented by Yankee historians); that it was conservative, aristocratic Southerners in Congress who authored the horrors of Reconstruction; and that



"NOW THEY'RE MAKING REVOLUTIONS AROUND THE SUN"

Abraham Lincoln was a fictitious character.

P. S. Here's the final, fantastic touch to a fantastic story: Mr. Park's column was illustrated with a picture not of the Confederate general, Thomas Jonathan (Stonewall) Jackson, but with one of the seventh Presidents of the United States, Andrew Jackson. No doubt that mistake is accounted for by the two Jacksons having been identical twins!

Needed: Salt

That's an arresting picture The Progressive Farmer paints, in an article reprinted at the bottom of this page, of farming as it may be twenty years from now.

Arresting; but not necessarily accurate.

The trouble with these long-range prophecies, no matter how scientific, is they have to be based on what is now known and on present conditions.

If present trends in science and agriculture continue unchanged, then the picture may prove true. But who can say some new discovery or some change in conditions won't modify if not actually reverse the trends?

There might be a radical alteration in the weather; radiation might wipe out a lot of the insect pests; eating habits might change. Or, 20 years from now, the average industrial worker, frustrated by his treadmill work existence, and hard pressed financially by high taxes, may be doing just what many Macon people are doing now—working at the job six or eight hours a day, and, in his leisure time, raising most of what he eats. That would largely eliminate the need for the industrial farming we now seem headed for.

This prediction, and others like it, are interesting, they deserve consideration; but they call for several pinches of salt.

Give Russia The Moon

(Randall Henderson in Desert Magazine)

I cannot generate any enthusiasm over this race between the United States and Russia to see which can first plant its flag on the moon.

According to all scientific reports, the moon is more arid than the Sahara Desert. I am in favor of giving the moon to Russia, while we here in the United States devote our energies to perfecting a process for de-salting sea water at a cost of less than 50 cents a thousand gallons.

At the rate population is increasing and our water supply is diminishing, an added supply of good water is going to be more important in the years ahead than any claim we could establish to a lifeless satellite 238,857 miles away.

Dogs In The News

(Greensboro Daily News)

Macon County's canine Floyd Collins, a coon hound by the name of "Old Touse," is going on to greater glory. Word comes out of Franklin that Touse is now celebrated in song.

A mountain ballad about his 18 days trapped in a rock cliff last month has been penned by a Franklin folk singer and writer.

There are many sagas on the nobility and loyalty of man's best friend. Senator Vest's lofty summation to a trial jury

FARMING IN 1979

'Food Factory' Of Future To Be Scientifically Controlled Business

Progressive Farmer

What will farming be like twenty years from now?

Well, by that time, "farm" won't be a big enough word to describe the food producing plant. "Food factory" will probably be more accurate. It will have a business office to schedule work, operations, etc. It will have air-borne equipment, remote-controlled machines, near-perfect weatherized environment, and crops and animals adapted to its individual needs.

The biggest changes will come in farm buildings. More animals than now can be imagined will never go outside a building or touch the ground. Hormones which stimulate or hold back plant growth will be widely used. Already, for example,

the storage area where insecticides and a moisture condenser will be shot inside it. An air-water, and insect-proof top will be put on. When marketed, the box will be handled "as is."

No longer will farmers be going round and round. Remote control machines or "automatic pilot" devices that raise or lower and guide will replace them. An experimental "robot" cultivator has already been developed.

Year-round air conditioning will be commonplace in low-cost farm buildings. More animals than now can be imagined will never go outside a building or touch the ground.

Hormones which stimulate or hold back plant growth will be widely used. Already, for example,

forever enshrined dogdom's devotion to man. The chronicles of canine lore are filled with examples.

"Old Touse's" case is a switch; his master exhibited constancy. Luke Chastain of Macon County refused to abandon hope of rescuing Touse from his rocky grave. He persisted; he got help; he dynamited; he succeeded.

While in this mood we will also take note of a dog with diplomatic immunity. Far from Macon's mountains, in Israel, to be exact, a citizen bitten by a dog asked that protective and preventive measures be taken by the government.

The dog belonged to a diplomat who claimed immunity for his animal. A compromise was reached whereby a quarantine station was established in the compound of the embassy in question. The dog remained in it throughout the quarantine period.

Diplomat or Macon County mountaineer, a master returns his dog's devotion.

Time For A New Phase

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

Just recently the 9th WNC Rural Community Development Program was held in Asheville, where reports showed 112 communities from 15 counties took part in the annual Community Development Program last year.

It was interesting to see and hear the achievements of the communities that won the five top places this year.

Not to discredit any of the five one bit for their fine work, we must in all fairness, point out that their 1958 programs had a familiar ring to the programs staged here in Haywood six and eight years ago.

The program here in Haywood was off to a good start about three years before the plan was adopted for the district in Western North Carolina.

The fact remains that where Haywood once had 26 active communities in the program, there were but four last year.

What is the matter?

That is a question many people are asking. It is a fair question.

As for our answer, we feel the program has served its purpose and laid a solid foundation for another program.

The natural question, "What other program?"

And again, a good question.

We have a feeling that the next program must be one geared more to the individual citizen as an integral part of the community.

The program of the community development stressed overall improvements, playgrounds, churches, roadside beautification, mail box names, community meeting places, and community-wide cooperation.

The program also stressed visitations with other groups, and a phase of recreation for all members of the family.

All this was important, worth-while, and played an essential role in the development of a higher standard of living within the county. It also generated a lasting spirit of civic pride and obligation.

Using that as a foundation, it appears to us that the average family now longs to keep up the same high standard of living—even improve—and the ways and means of achieving that goal are of utmost concern to them.

Right there, in our opinion, is the basis for the next phase of this improvement cycle. We started on a community-wide basis; now we must go back to the individual and provide a program that will pay dividends in proportion to the initiative they put into different phases of work.

We have learned the value of cooperation, the importance of community improvement, and now comes the time for that next phase of the program, for more family income.

Just imagine what a far-reaching effect that would make—an area where there is community spirit, civic pride and increased farm family income.

This, we believe, can be more than a theorized program—it can be a reality.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
(1894)

Corn 40 cents at Porter's.—Adv.
U. S. Commissioner E. K. Cunningham's office is receiving a new coat of paint.

Mr. N. L. Barnard left last Thursday with a drove of horses and mules for the Southern markets.

Mr. Will Downs moved out into the country yesterday, a mile and a half out, near the Georgia road.

35 YEARS AGO
(1924)

About 5 o'clock last Sunday morning, fire was discovered in the home of Mr. W. L. Higdon on West Main Street, and in spite of all efforts to save it, the house was soon reduced to ashes.

One evening during the holidays Mr. L. A. Berry gave the young people of Holly Springs community a barbecue.

The Woman's Club will meet at the school house in Miss Weaver's room Friday. Features of the program will be piano selections by Miss Angel's pupils and a talk by Mrs. F. L. Siler.

15 YEARS AGO
(1944)

Ben L. McGlamery is county chairman for this year's Infantile Paralysis drive.

Mrs. M. E. Church has accepted a position as a member of the office personnel of the Nantahala Power and Light Company.

5 YEARS AGO
(1954)

Mr. and Mrs. David Sutton, who recently bought a home in East Franklin, were honored with a house-warming party Saturday night.

Hickory Knoll last Thursday became the 18th community to organize for participation in the Rural Community Development program.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES



So you think you're different? So different, in fact, that you're unique?

Most of us think that . . . because that's what we want to think.

If you're the healthy extrovert type, bubbling over with optimism, you're likely to think you're the luckiest fellow in the world. Well, it's good to be lucky, and even better to so appreciate good fortune as to realize how lucky you are.

But there's a good chance you aren't half as lucky as some other people. There have been cases, for instance, where a pardon for a condemned man arrived just as he was about to drop from the gallows. Can you recall any piece of luck, in your entire life, that even compares with that?

If you are like most of us, though, you are much more likely to think you're different in being the UNluckiest fellow in the world, or having the most and worst troubles, or being the least appreciated of all people, or having the most problems that just don't seem to have solutions.

Then, too, there's always your operation. You're certain it was the most serious one, or required the most stitches, or had the most complications of any operation ever performed.

But the chances are you're wrong again. For no matter how many stitches the doctor had to take to get you sewed up, and no matter how many complications you had, and no matter how serious your operation was, other people have had worse ones. Some of 'em, remember, died.

And if you think your problems are hard, think of the fellow who saw his automobile, parked at the top of a cliff, rolling over it. It was a brand new automobile, but it contained his obnoxiously bossy mother-in-law. Now that fellow really did have a problem; he had to decide whether to be sorry or glad.

Or, in more serious vein, take troubles. If you think you have troubles, consider poor old Job in the Bible, a "perfect and upright" man. One catastrophe after

another robbed him of his livestock and his servants, so that he quickly became a poor man instead of a rich one. Then a storm killed all of his ten children. Finally, he had boils. Not just one boil — how most of us moan and groan with one little boil! — but dozens and scores and maybe hundreds of boils, covering him from his head to his feet.

And to cap the climax, his friends came to see him. What comforters they were! For seven days and seven nights, they said no word. And when at last they did open their mouths, it was to upbraid Job for his wickedness, to demand to know what terrible sin he had committed to bring all this punishment on himself.

Now, in the light of that, let's take another look, you and I, at our troubles . . . and blush with shame at our childish whining.

Even in such matters as courage and optimism and determination to hold on, we can't hold a candle to old Job. For at last even his wife lost hope. Outdone both with trouble and the Lord, she advised him to "curse God and die." But Job refused. And while he didn't say it exactly in these words, the substance of his reply was: "Woman, hush your mouth. Better days are coming."

No, sir, you and I aren't unique. We probably aren't even very different. We just think we are . . . because we'd like to be.

Well, it's my conviction we can be. For I'm a great believer in the idea that no aspiration or urge was put inside us that we aren't capable of attaining, even this one.

And my guess about the way we can be different is NOT to think we're the luckiest fellow in the world, or have the worst troubles, or the most difficult problems, or suffered the longest, biggest, deepest incision in the history of surgery. For what could be more unusual than to find a man who didn't think those things!

We can be different, that is, even unique perhaps, just by not thinking we are.

WINDOW-BOX WEEDER

Franklin Could Use One, Too!

SOUTHERN PINES PILOT

The field is wide open in Southern Pines, it seems, for a new, specialized profession: window-box weeder.

This sounds like a very attractive job. One man could take care of dozens of window boxes and still find himself with plenty of leisure time.

Moreover, he wouldn't even have to stoop. The pleasure of gardening would be better appreciated, we've been contending for years, if the work could be done at waist level — like cooking. For a window-box weeder, there would be no sore back the next day.

Our suggestion is that the council make the position of window-box weeder a municipal function. Citizens who understand the necessity of civic beautification in a resort town surely would not object to using tax funds for the

weeder's salary.

After all, a new town ordinance, recently adopted by the council, establishes the post of taxicab inspector in Southern Pines. If we can have a taxicab inspector, we certainly ought to be able to have a window-box weeder.

In time, perhaps the town would see fit to put the weeder in a uniform — we suggest dark green coveralls with graceful white script lettering, "Town of Southern Pines — Window Box Weeder", across the back.

If the business section expands and merchants keep on putting up window-boxes, an apprentice or assistant window-box weeder might be called for.

All this would probably by that time merit a feature article in the Saturday Evening Post or a photo spread in Life. Southern Pines would become nationally famous.

NIGHTMARE OF SAMENESS

See America First — If You Can

GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS

The federal government is spending untold millions to build 41,000 miles of highway from one coast to the other. In the words of the Daily News' C. A. Paul "a motorist driving over a Tar Heel stretch of it will see exactly the same kind of road and the same kind of signs he would see if he were in, say, New Mexico."

In many ways this new interstate highway system will be a worthy achievement — for people who want to go places in a hurry.

But what of the American who wants to see America first? Will it serve his purpose to travel mile on mile of four-lane highway precisely the same in North Carolina as in New Mexico?

The contemplation of 41,000 miles of highway — every inch of it exactly the same — represents the final nightmare of American conformity. The movies, radio, TV, the automobile, and the airplane have been pushing us in that direction. Now the blueprint is complete.

COVER UP THAT DIMPLED KNEE, BOY

The august authorities, even in some of the smaller schools, prohibit the wearing of short pants by little boys in the sixth and seventh grades. This is not only to compound a ludicrous fetish in conformity, but in early fall and late spring, it is a confounding nuisance. With all children eating the same lunches, wearing, basically, the same clothing, and studying the same books, you can wish fervently that they will not be forced to think alike.

During parlous times, countless Tar Heels wore, perforce, what was neat and available. Neither the color nor the length of britches was interwoven with the curriculum. Many of the boys who wore overalls to school were as proficient as they were less than 10 years later when issued blue fatigues at Fort Bragg. Conformity, like an ax, is all right if not driven into the ground. Occasionally a little variation in action has resulted in the fruition of innumerable blessings, as may occur even to television showmen some shining day.—Raleigh News and Observer.