

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1959

'GEORGE' TO DO IT

## This Is Good News

"Let George do it . . ."

Because that is a common attitude toward a public job that needs doing, and because, as a rule, nobody will admit his name is "George", the job doesn't get done. This is about one of the rare exceptions.

When the first white men came to this county, they found the Nikwasi Mound, standing a little way to the west of the Little Tennessee River. Those pioneers didn't know when or why the Mound was built; and even today, nobody knows. It isn't even certain, as is generally assumed, that it was built by the Cherokee Indians; there is a legend it was already here when the first Cherokee arrived.

For more than a century, the Mound was privately owned. It was often cultivated, to corn and other crops; that may account for its lack of symmetry.

Back in 1946, the growth of the town suggested the possibility that some private owner might decide to level the Mound, to make the spot usable as business property; and so it was bought, by public subscription, and the Town of Franklin made trustee for the public. Mr. W. Roy Carpenter, the then owner, agreed to sell a plot of about a third of an acre for \$1,500, and a money-raising campaign, headed by Mr. Gilmer A. Jones, was quickly successful. Contributions came not only from people living here, but from many former residents, some of them as far away as the Pacific Coast. The fund was sufficiently over-subscribed, in fact, that enough money was left over to provide the granite markers at the lot's corners.

That was 13 years ago, and for 13 years now, the Mound has been largely neglected. Occasionally, a public-spirited citizen or group has cut the grass, or even cleaned up a bit; generally, though, the ancient Mound has been unkempt—something of an eyesore, instead of a prized and cared-for relic.

It is good news, therefore, that the Franklin Garden Club has decided to clean up and beautify the Mound, and then to maintain it. The club women plan to transform it into a town park.

Their first task is to clean it up. Then some gaping holes must be filled. After that, quick-growing trees are to be planted at the back, to hide junk and other unsightly views. Plantings are to be put at the front. And as they proceed, other plans undoubtedly will suggest themselves and be carried out. Even this preliminary work, though, it is estimated, will cost several hundred dollars.

This is a fine, a worth-while project. Many a community would "give its eyeteeth" for such an attraction, and would long since have moved to preserve and beautify it.

The Garden Club deserves the whole-hearted support of everybody in this undertaking. They'll welcome moral support, we are sure; it's our hunch, in fact, they might find a use for some financial support, too.

## In California And Here

A couple of weeks ago, we read with interest—and considerable approval—an editorial in the Manteca, Calif., Bulletin. Manteca, although it's three times the size of Franklin, somehow has managed to struggle along, until now, without requiring property-owners to obtain permits every time they burn a bit of trash in their own backyards.

When we clipped that piece for reprinting, it dealt with a situation in a far-off town in California. Now, with a similar situation—strict regulation of the burning of trash—here in Franklin, the comments of the Manteca newspaper are applicable right here at home.

We chuckled, as we think our readers will chuckle, at the way Editor George Murphy used exaggeration to make his point. His point is that we try to meet every problem by "making a new law", that we pile law on top of law, and that we seek to regulate everybody in order to control the negligent few.

That piece, "Why Not Outlaw Bathrooms?", appears on this page. We commend it to readers in general and to town and fire department officials in particular.

To that, we would add the comment that the



GETTING TANKED UP

new town rule requiring a permit to burn trash probably is neither necessary nor desirable. Not necessary, because there already is plenty of state law on the books to punish those who are careless with fire. And not desirable because, we suspect, it is unenforceable.

## A Good Law

If people are to be penalized when they are late paying their taxes, then they should be rewarded for being early. If that is true, then surely the reverse is also: If people are to be rewarded for early payment, then they should be penalized for late payment. Yet Macon County, for years, has given a discount for pre-payment, but imposed no penalty whatever for tardiness.

Rep. James M. Raby has changed that, bringing this county under provisions of the state law; hereafter, we'll have both rewards and penalties. Everybody won't like that, but Mr. Raby apparently thought it was a fair law, and so got it enacted. We think it's fair, too, and we commend the Macon representative for having the courage to do what he thinks is right.

## Creed For A New Party

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

Several weeks ago an editor in North Carolina, Weimar Jones, wrote an interesting piece on the formation of a third party. It wasn't just a Dixieland special, favoring segregation; he figured integration was coming anyhow, but it was time some party came to the rescue of civil rights.

Considering the fine, idealistic men in both major political parties who are ostracized because they think for themselves, there should be plenty of experienced politicians available for a new third party.

I don't know what poetic phrases should be used in the charter of this party, but I do know what would be the simple, practical working creed for all its politicians.

It would be simply this:

"I represent the people. I protect their liberties from infringement by the military, by Washington bureaucracy, or organized pressure groups of voters themselves.

"I realize that each time I curtail military secrecy along with military spending, I please the taxpayers at the expense of making an enemy of the Pentagon.

"I realize that by keeping a balanced budget I also cheer the people, but irritate government bureaucrats.

"And every time I vote against a special interest bill, I antagonize this pressure group but please all the rest.

"And although every voter is represented by at least one pressure group, he'll be displeased only once and bolstered by all the rest of my actions.

"Therefore, I expect to come out of each session with powerful enemies in the military and in Washington civil service, but I'll have one all-powerful group of friendly backers—the people."

At the present time, neither political party seems to have any faith that representing the people AS A WHOLE pays off any longer. It's time we had a party that did.

## Why Not Outlaw Bathrooms?

(Manteca, Calif., Bulletin)

There has been quite a hue and cry around the village about the city's new fire ordinance. This ordinance sharply restricts burning of trash and rubbish and sets up some rather complicated rules governing incinerators.

We don't know whether this ordinance is too strict or not. It does seem, however, that it is going to make it very difficult, if not impossible, for many people with small yards to do any burning at all.

Of course, we belong to the school of thought which contends the less we are governed, the better off we are. Government, of course, is bound and determined to protect us from ourselves whether we need the protection or not.

Last year, for example, there were several fence fires caused by improper burning. The city feels that it is necessary to restrict all of Manteca's 8000 residents in order to eliminate a few small fires. Whether this restriction is needed is debatable, since it is obviously impossible to take all of the risks out of living. If we did, it would be a pretty sterile society.

Government, of course, should be the servant of the people and not the master. Unfortunately, government tends to pass a great many laws which are primarily for the benefit of the governors and not the governed.

In this light we might suggest that the city council pass an ordinance outlawing all bathrooms in the home. This would greatly simplify things for the city.

First, it would no longer have to raise the money for costly sewage disposal plants. Then it could end its 3-year search for a sewage disposal site and the necessity for raising enough money to build a pipeline to that site.

The city would probably find some support for this measure. Safety Councils should welcome abolition of bathrooms. Since the bathroom is one of the most dangerous places in the home, many lives would be saved and countless injuries avoided by the simple expedient of eliminating them by government decree.

But what do the people do in a case like this? Very simple.

The city simply establishes a Department of Toilets. Bathrooms and Sinks, and operates a fleet of sanitation trucks with daily service to each home.

Which is what they're going to have to do for trash and rubbish if the citizens have no other way of disposing of it.

## Something New To Tolerate

(The Charlotte Observer)

In fine fustian fettle, the Cincinnati Enquirer tweaked the noses of North Carolina newsmen the other day, causing considerable anguish in the corn pone belt.

It had to do with the Dixie Classic, the collegiate basketball extravaganza held each December at State College in Raleigh. The University of Cincinnati came into the tournament, you may remember, ranked No. 1 in the nation and left in a somewhat disheveled condition after suffering two jolting defeats.

"It is doubtful Cincinnati ever will go back to the Dixie Classic as long as the racial problem exists," harrumphed the Enquirer's Dick Forbes. "Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say as long as the North Carolina press keeps it a hot potato." The Enquirer's man accused Tar Heel newsmen of taking "digs" at Cincinnati's great Negro all-American, Oscar Robertson, and other Negro players in the tournament.

This raised eyebrows down here. Not being sociologists, Tar Heel sportswriters profess boredom when confronted with the intricacies of ancestry. The only thing that really seems to move them is performance and they were hurt when it was suggested that their failure to appreciate Cincinnati's performance was mistaken as a "dig" at young Robertson's race.

We wonder if a lot of Americans aren't getting a bit overly sensitive and unreasonably protective when it comes to race—not only on the sports pages, but also in the editorial towers, the walnut cubicles of Hollywood, the television studios and even the steamy prose of much contemporary literature. Just the other day, critic John Crosby raised a similar point in a piece on "tolerance dramas."

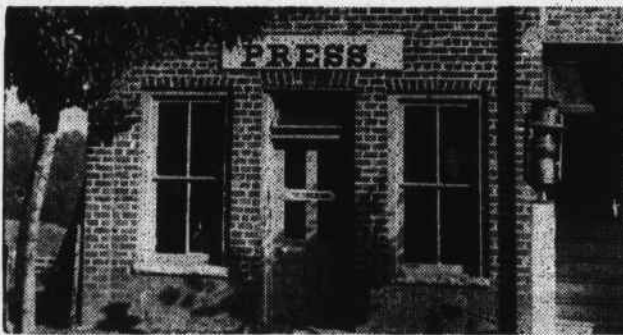
"For a score of years now," he wrote, "the only permissible villains have been white Protestants of Anglo-Saxon stock. During the war, of course, we could also sneer at Germans and Japanese and since the war it's been open season on the Russians. Mostly, though, the bad guys are simply ourselves. Everyone else has a pressure group."

"Brown, yellow or black-skinned folk are automatically virtuous—or, if there is a fall from virtue, there are strongly extenuating circumstances, usually intolerable social pressures. The result is that writers are forced to be fundamentally dishonest in their perceptions of people of any other color or creed than white and Protestant."

Mr. Crosby's point is well taken: Why can't people simply be represented as people, not as plaster saints? It's a good question. Meanwhile, we've been moping around all day trying to think of something new to tolerate. We think it's going to be the Cincinnati Enquirer.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



### 65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1894)

Persons who were out a little after dark last Friday evening and looked north saw a beautiful aurora borealis.

Rev. J. A. Deal is making a considerable addition to his dwelling two miles west of town.

An effort is being made to get a daily mail line from Franklin to Ellijay in this county.

### 35 YEARS AGO (1924)

Mrs. F. E. Mashburn, of Scroll, was in town on business Wednesday.

Mr. Jos. Ashear this week bought the interest of his brother, George, in the firm of Jos. Ashear & Bro.

### 15 YEARS AGO (1944)

Stamp No. 18 in War Ration Book 1 is good for one pair of shoes through April 30.

Macon County has exceeded its \$6,500 Red Cross War Fund quota by more than \$2,600, Chairman John M. Archer, Jr., has reported.

### 5 YEARS AGO (1954)

Jack Cruse was elected chairman of the Van Raalte Mutual Aid Association at the organization's annual meeting Saturday night at Kelly's Tea Room.

The Carson Rural Community Development Organization will give a supper and party at the Cartoogechaye School Saturday night to raise money for the community building.

## LETTERS

### Still Likes To Cook

Dear Mr. Jones:

After becoming attached to cooking and doing pastry work back there in Franklin cafes and restaurants for a period of about 23 years, I am still very fond of new receipts I find out here in the State of Washington.

I am sending The Press a very good pie recipe, which I find to be a delicious pie, and one I'm sure the housewives back there would like.

I must add that we appreciate The Press, our home paper, and look forward to getting it each week. We also are looking forward to the month of June, when we will be going back to North Carolina.

MRS. EDITH KELL

Longview, Wash.

### Chess Pie

- ½ cup butter softened
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 whole egg
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- pinch salt
- ¾ cup raisins
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Cream butter and sugar together until light and fluffy. Add whole egg and egg yolks. Beat thoroughly until thick and smooth. Add vanilla, raisins and nuts. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 350 degrees for 50 to 55 minutes. Top with meringue or whipped cream if desired.

A rich man is nothing but a poor man with money.—W. C. Fields.

STRICTLY

## PERSONAL

By WELMAR JONES



Pre-Easter observances here last week reminded me of something I've often noted with interest—the change in customs among the evangelical churches.

I comment on it not as something necessarily either good or bad, but simply as an interesting development.

Much in the way of form, it seems to me, has been borrowed, in recent decades, from the Episcopal Church, just as the Episcopalians, presumably, earlier borrowed from the Roman Catholic Church.

As a boy in Franklin, I recall hearing some of the men who sat in the "amen corner" of the Methodist Church deplore "the way the Methodists are becoming just like the Episcopalians", in emphasis on form and ritual. If they could see the evangelical churches of today, I suspect they'd turn over in their graves. (Maybe they do!)

As a youngster here, I can't recall ever hearing the word "lent", and I'm sure I was grown before I ever heard the term "holy week". (And surely I'd have remembered it, if there had been such a thing as an "Easter Monday" holiday from school!) While I suspect there sometimes may have been a Good Friday service in our church, the first time, as a grown man, I heard the term "Maundy Thursday"—often referred to in evangelical churches today—I thought somebody had got mixed up on his days of the week.

And what would those old "amen corner" men have thought of roped choirs, much less a minister in robes! What would they have thought of a cross on an evangelical church, now often seen on Methodist, Presbyterian, and occasionally Baptist churches! And what of a divided chancel! They would have been even more shocked, I suspect, at the increasing emphasis on ritual; to them,

it would have seemed form, form that easily might be empty of meaning and spirit.

That revulsion against any hint of formalism was probably more pronounced here in the mountains than in most areas, because your typical mountaineer so heartily detested anything even approaching hypocrisy that he went to the opposite extreme; was inclined to go so far to the opposite extreme that often he refused to have any of the things that lend beauty to a church.

There has been another change related to churches that is even more noticeable. It hasn't been many decades since it was the universal custom here for business houses to close their doors for the morning or afternoon (or sometimes both) services, when a revival was under way. (It was called, in those days, a "protracted meeting", and to a small boy some of the services seemed protracted indeed!)

What church, conducting a revival series today, would try to hold services on weekday mornings or afternoons? If a church did, it would be lucky to have a handful of women present, and elderly women at that.

Why that difference? Is it due to a declining interest in religion—a shift of emphasis from souls to dollars? Or is it because it's harder to make a living today than it once was? Admittedly, "a living" includes a lot more physical comforts and pleasures now. It must be admitted, too, that it's earned in fewer hours. In the old days, for instance, the stores opened at about 7 in the morning and didn't close until bedtime; on Saturdays, in fact, the best business of the day was done after supper. Yet, in spite of all that, I am sure, in terms of strain and tension, life was easier then.

What is the explanation? I'm not sure. Maybe it's just another change in customs.

## GONE ARE COWCATCHERS

### Story Of The Gray-Haired Hog

SOUTHERN PINES PILOT

Writing in the Monroe Journal, John Beasley recalls an incident out of Moore County history—"what happened to a big old pine rooster hog down in Moore County when trains began running through there before the days of the stock law." The item continues:

"There was a certain big old

### TURN ABOUT: 'THAT'LL BE \$25'

At a civic dinner, a doctor was pestered by a woman who wanted free medical advice.

"Do you think I should send her a bill?" he asked a lawyer who sat next to him.

"Why not?" the lawyer replied. "You rendered professional services by giving her advice."

When the doctor went to his office the next day to bill the woman, he found this letter from the lawyer:

"For legal services: \$25." —Quote.

fellow in the neighborhood was well known both on account of his size and coal black color. One day while he was crossing the track, an engine came along and picked him up on the cowcatcher.

"The old fellow was either dazed or had sense enough to lie still until the train stopped at the next station, which was ten miles away. Here he was seen to get off, by a man who recognized him and put him up and notified the owner.

"The singular part of it was that the hog lost his rich dark color and turned as gray as a rat. Like a man who has seen a ghost, he was just turned gray by fright."

Just a thought: are there any younger readers who don't know what the term "cowcatcher" means? Modern diesel monsters of the tracks have something or other up there in front as a kind of bumper, but we doubt if it's still known by that grand descriptive name.

## IF YOU'RE EXTREME . . .

### Other Fellow's Sure To Be

SIDNEY J. HARRIS  
In Raleigh Times

A friend of mine, whom I have always considered a calm and stable personality, told me recently that he is regarded in some quarters as a wild-eyed radical, and in other circles as a stony conservative—when actually he is neither.

"It's an irresistible urge I have when I get together with extremists," he said. "I promptly swing over to the other extreme, just because I am so irritated with their one-sided view."

I was delighted to learn that somebody else reacts this way, too. For years I have deplored my own tendency to do this. In most cases, it gives a false impression of my views—but when I am confronting an extremist, I become a passionate defender of the opposite view.

With ice-cold reactionaries, I sound like a rabid bolshevik; with professional liberals, I take on the tone of a fascist; with the ardent culture-vultures, I pretend to read nothing but comic books and love-lorn columns; with pugnacious lowbrows, I refer haughtily to the French symbolist poets and the ontological existentialism of Kierkegaard.

This, of course, is a senseless way to behave; it is over-reacting to a situation. But, in all fairness, there is something about extremism that breeds its own opposite.

The complacency of the bourgeoisie makes me yearn for the Bohemian life; the sloppiness of the Bohemians brings out my pruniness; loud-mouthed patriots prompt me to take a stand for the French way of life; and moist-eyed lovers of all things European give

me the urge to hop on a chair and begin waving Old Glory.

The danger of extremism is that it forces its opponents to adopt an equally extreme view—thus hurting its own cause more than it realizes. The Reign of Terror during the French Revolution was a natural historical result of the repressive monarchy; the satanism of Stalin sprang up out of the soil of Czarist cruelty.

No single way of living is exclusively right. Combination is all. Life is the art of mixing ingredients in tolerable proportions so that all the varied needs of man are somehow satisfied, and no important hunger is neglected. This is what all extremists forget, with their too-simple slogans for the good life.

### SOMEBODY, IT SEEMS, LIED

Private J. P. Jay marched up to his colonel and saluted: "I would like a leave of absence, sir!"

"What for?" queried the officer. "My wife wants me to help her move, sir."

"I don't like to refuse you," said the colonel, "but I've just received a letter from your wife saying that she doesn't want you to come home because you're more bother than help."

The soldier saluted and turned to go. At the door he stopped and remarked: "Colonel, there are two persons in this regiment who handle the truth loosely, and I'm one of them. I'm not married." —The Jester