

WRONG WAY TO GOOD END?

That Salary Bill

This newspaper always has advocated good salaries for public officials. That, it seems to us, is one way to attract competent men to public office.

We favor adequate salaries, and, so far as we know, the higher scale of salaries for Macon County officials, proposed by Rep. James M. Raby in a bill introduced in the General Assembly, is not excessive.

There are some rather pertinent questions, though, about this whole matter, that ought to be answered, it seems to us, before this bill becomes law.

First of all, both federal and state constitutions prohibit reducing an official's salary during a term of office for which he has been elected. If the salary of the office is to be cut, the cut must become effective at the beginning of the next term.

Then, there is the question of whether a new law on this subject is necessary. The present law, enacted two years ago, fixed salary floors and ceilings for the offices, and left it to the discretion of the county commission whether the salaries should be the bottom figures, or the top ones, or somewhere in between.

That brings up the question of who should fix, who should raise, the salaries of county officials. Should it be the General Assembly in Raleigh or the local board of county commissioners?

And from a purely practical viewpoint, aren't the folks who have to raise the money the ones who ought to decide how to spend it? It is the commissioners, not the legislators, who must levy the taxes to pay public officials, along with other expenses of county government.

When the people elect commissioners, they elect them to levy taxes and determine how the money shall be spent. This bill would appear to raise salaries, regardless of what the people who pay the taxes want or think is right.

The question, in short, is not whether our public officials should be better paid. The question is: Is this the right way to bring about that end?

We don't believe it is. We doubt if most Macon County people believe it is.

Amateur Age

This is the age of the expert, the professional. Yet, the fact is that it makes it the age, too, of the amateur. Our very specialization drives us to seek release in a hobby, in something done just for fun, in being an amateur—that is, one who does something for reasons other than money.

How much pleasure the amateur can give others, as well as himself, is illustrated by the amateur production, "My Father's World", that the Rev. and Mrs. Robert E. Early have been showing to groups here.

Mrs. Early is not a professional photographer. Mr. Early is not a professional reader, and, as far as we know, the singer whose voice is heard is not a professional. Yet the amateur work of these three—nature pictures in color, poetry, and song—are so skillfully woven together that the viewer-listener catches his breath at the beauty of the whole.

The Earlys must have had fun, over a long period of time, creating and putting together "My

THAT'S A FACT
NO SPEED LIMIT!
THE GREAT AND SMALL TRAINS OF EMIGRANTS WHO CROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT COULD COVER NO MORE THAN 25 MILES ON "GOOD DAYS" AND FROM 5 TO 10 MILES ON DIFFICULT TERRAIN.
GENIUS
CELEBRATED AS A GREAT STATESMAN, THOMAS JEFFERSON WAS A MANY-SIDED GENIUS. HE SPOKE 6 LANGUAGES, HAD AN EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF MATHEMATICS, SURVEYING, MECHANICS, MUSIC, ARCHITECTURE, LAW AND GOVERNMENT; HE DESIGNED HIS OWN BEAUTIFUL MOUNTAIN RESIDENCE AS WELL AS THE HALLS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA!

Father's World", and now it is giving pleasure to others.

This still, thank goodness! is the age of the amateur.

Cheap At Any Price

People who go to the County Health Center on Riverview Street—and most of them are children—have no place to get out of a car except to step into the middle of the street. And it's a narrow street, with two-way traffic. Why someone hasn't already been killed there is something of a mystery.

Providing space for parking at the rear of the building would not prove expensive. But this simple way of eliminating a major traffic hazard would be cheap at any price, to save the life of a child.

Walter Gibson

It was perhaps chiefly because of his honesty and his devotion to whatever he believed was in the public interest that Walter Gibson repeatedly was elected to public office by the people of Macon County.

He was a man, though, of many other admirable traits. Quiet but friendly, doggedly determined but usually open-minded, loyal almost to a fault, he had the respect of all who knew him.

It's Not Just The Farmer

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

Several big operators of farms have made the headlines because they cleaned up around half-a-million apiece from programs planned to relieve the small farmer. In theory subsidies may sound all right—actually, the taxpayer is always the loser.

But the farmer isn't the only one with a hand in the pork barrel. In the interest of "developing new fields", the oil industry does a lot of its operation tax-free.

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KIDS NEED RULES

It's Time For Parents To Have The 'Guts' To Be Parents Again

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This, though written by a humorist, for United Press International, is in serious vein. Mr. Levenson is a parent and a former teacher.)

By SAM LEVENSON

I don't deny kids pleasure. God bless them. I want them all to have fun. But I also hate to see them getting killed or seduced in cars and getting into all kinds of trouble.

What to do about it? The parents have got to have the guts to be parents. It takes a little courage to face up to a kid when you know he is wrong.

You either went to school and did a good job or you went to work. If you went to college you wanted to get married at least till you were out. If you wanted a car or a raccoon coat or what-

Blending Farming And Industry

(Greensboro Daily News)

A breakdown of North Carolina's industrial growth last year shows that 63 of the new industrial projects started in 1958 process food or kindred products.

These new plants, widely scattered, over the state, represent an investment of \$21,000,000. They are expected to pay 2,346 employes \$6,814,000 annually.

Thus their multiple impact is obvious. They put more money in state and local tax coffers. They provide jobs for persons who are victimized by Tarheella's changing farm pattern, and they stimulate growth of food and feed crops which will take up at least part of the slack left by shrinking cotton and tobacco acreage.

North Carolina is blessed with rich natural resources, including soil, normally adequate rainfall with increased recourse to irrigation serving as insurance against drought, a long growing season, and varied climate, which make possible production of any number of crops.

Too long has North Carolina been dependent on one or two major cash crops. Too long have we grown truck, vegetables, fruit, et cetera, only to have them shipped elsewhere to provide processing jobs and increased payrolls for residents of distant states.

North Carolina's revolution is well under way, and its modus operandi is happily a blending of industry and agriculture in a manner meaningful to the state, its citizenry and the future.

Statesman Defined

(Ellaville, Ga., Sun)

A statesman is a politician with a high fidelity record.

What About Bottom 40?

(Changing Times)

Every time we hear a disc jockey playing the top 40 tunes, we shudder to think what the bottom 40 must be like!

The rich man and his daughter are soon parted. —Kin Hubbard.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1894)

An Epworth League was organized at the Methodist Church Sunday night with about 20 members.

Messrs. R. L. Porter, M. C. Allen, and H. C. Marshall went over to Aquone yesterday to frighten the fishes in Nantahala River.

Rev. Frank Siler preached to the colored people last night in their church on Harrison Avenue.

Our young friend Leon Addington has commenced the study of medicine under Dr. S. H. Lyle.

35 YEARS AGO (1924)

Miss Martha Deal gave the Sunday School an egg hunt at her home Sunday afternoon. There were eighty present.—Holly Springs item.

The Iota High School is fortunate in having as its commencement speaker this year Miss Elizabeth Kelly.

Mr. Henry Cunningham, of Durham, spent a few days here last week, having been called to Franklin by the death of his grandmother, Mrs. D. C. (Aunt Henrietta) Cunningham.

15 YEARS AGO (1944)

Second Lt. Davis L. Dean, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dean, has received an Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal.

5 YEARS AGO (1954)

Work is about to start on the proposed Carson community building, it was announced at a meeting of the Carson Rural Community Development Organization.

C. Jack Ragan is the new commander of the V. F. W. post here, and Mrs. Elizabeth McCollum is the new president of the Auxiliary.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES



What is a man supposed to do when somebody tells him, flatly: "You are wrong!" What is he supposed to do, especially, when he KNOWS he is right?

Well, there are several ways to try to meet that situation.

One way is to assume a superior air and answer the fellow, as you would a child, "Do you think so?" — and then change the subject.

That squelches him, all right. But somehow, I've found, it isn't very satisfactory to the squelcher. First of all, you haven't convinced him, you've only clobbered him. And you haven't proved, even to yourself, that you are right.

Or you can argue with the fellow. That's what most of us are inclined to do; it's what I usually do, anyhow. My blood pressure rises along with my voice, and I try to tell him all the reasons why I know I am right.

As something to get a man stirred up, sometimes as a mental stimulant even, a hard-fought argument has its points. But my guess is, it really settles just about as many questions as war does.

Or you can try discussing the question of who's right and who's wrong. (You can, maybe; usually, I can't.)

What and what do you find, when you get there? As a rule, you find either that you misunderstand each other; or, more often, that each of you is partly right, partly wrong.

STEVENSON'S CHANCES

Is He A 'Born Loser'?

CHARLOTTE NEWS

Does Adlai E. Stevenson deserve another crack at the Democratic presidential nomination? We have been assured that he does not by a local political thinker who has already pledged his allegiance to one Stuart Symington.

"Oh, Adlai's okay," he allowed, "but he has a black record."

SEEING IS BELIEVING

An Antrim farmer who complained that his wife did not shoulder her full share of the burden agreed to run the household for one day. He kept a minute record of his activities. It read:

- Opened the door for children: 106 times.
Shouted, "Stop, Johnnie": 94.
Tied their shoes: 16.
Stopped quarrels: 19.
Answered phone: 11.
Provided glasses of water and milk: 26.
Answered questions: 202.
Ran after children: About 4 1/2 miles.
Lost temper: 45 times.

"I mean he has a kind of aura of defeat about him," said our friend. "He's a born loser. The public just won't go for a loser and, believe me, Adlai's a loser."

This is what it said: "Failed in business, '31. "Defeated for Legislature, '32. "Failed in business again, '33. "Elected to Legislature, '34. "Sweetheart died, '35. "Suffered nervous breakdown, '36. "Defeated for speaker, '38. "Defeated for elector, '40. "Defeated for Congress, '43. "Elected to Congress, '46. "Defeated for Congress, '48. "Defeated for Senate, '55. "Defeated for vice president, '56. "Defeated for Senate, '58. "A born loser, all right," mused our friend.

Yes. But he was elected President of the United States in '60. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

BUT IT WASN'T FUNNY TO HER

The Hamlet woman who could not unlock her parked car broke a window to get in. Then she discovered it wasn't her car.—Rockingham Post Dispatch.

TEEN-AGE TALK

Record Of A Phone Conversation

CHARLOTTE OBSERVER

Having found it impossible to report what a teen-aged gal-child talks about on the telephone, we set up a tape recorder in a likely bedroom the other night and present herewith a transcript.

(This is illegal—also unsportsmanlike—but you've seen what friends we are. Besides, who's to know?)

Switch to the taped record:

Hello?
You don't mean it?
You can't really mean it.
Well, I mean, if you really mean it, it's—real mean.

What I mean is, I can't believe you mean it, and if you do mean it—golly, that's mean.

No.
(Pause).
No.
(Pause).
No.
(Pause).
Yes?
(Pause).
Yes?

(Pause).
No.
I mean, really.
I'm not being mean. I just mean no. You don't understand what I mean.

(Pause).
Yes.
(Pause).
Yes?
(Pause).
No.

The trouble with you—I don't mean the "trouble" with you, but the—aw, you know what I mean—I just don't mean what you think I do.

Something went wrong with the current at that point and it's probably just as well.

Serves us right for eavesdropping, really.
Besides, cross our hearts, she lost us somewhere. If you know what we mean.