

The Franklin Press

and
The Highlands Maconian

WEIMAR JONES
Editorial Page Editor

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LET'S FACE 'EM

Town Has Problems

To the men elected as mayor and aldermen of Franklin in last week's election we offer congratulations and good wishes.

As they wrestle with the problems of a growing town, during the next two years, we bespeak for them the good will, the patient tolerance, and the positive support—in the form of constructive suggestions—of the people of the community.

In that spirit, we commend to their particular attention these major problems:

WATER

1. The problems relating to water.

The people of Franklin pay for and are entitled to water of high quality. They have been patient, over a long period of years, with the "red water" evil. It is quite true that the town's officials have made honest efforts to eliminate that trouble. But it is equally true that it has not been eliminated. It is time for some results, even at the price of strong measures. If a particular well is the offender, the trouble at that well ought to be remedied; and if it can't be remedied, that well ought to be abandoned. If the problem lies in rusty water mains, then plans ought to be made to replace them.

Beyond the immediate problem of "red water" is the long-range problem of an abundant supply of water of the best possible quality. It probably is not possible to put such long-range plans into effect in this two-year aldermanic term. But no well-run business—and the Town of Franklin is big business—plans for only two years at a time. It makes long-range plans, to cover a period of 10 or 20 or 30 years, and then carries out those plans as it is able to do so. That avoids the waste and duplication that results from planning today for a short period, and then, tomorrow, having to change the plans.

DIRT IS COSTLY

2. The problem of a clean town.

Whether we are going to be a tourist town or an industrial town, or even try to be both, a clean, attractive town draws people; an ugly, dirty town hurries them away. It has been only a matter of months, for instance, since a North Carolina town lost a big industry, and the explanation was that "we didn't want to live in a dirty town". Quite aside from the effect on newcomers, making and keeping Franklin clean and beautiful will pay handsome dividends in the self-respect it will give those of us who live here now.

We know town authorities have problems of money. But we are convinced that, somehow, money should and must be provided for cleanliness. None of us would be satisfied to remain dirty, personally. Why should we be any less concerned about the place we live? The time has come when regular, consistent street washing—as a starter toward cleanliness—is essential.

MUST WIDEN STREETS

3. The problem of streets.

Everybody knows our streets are too narrow (the new ones being cut are being made too narrow, too). As Franklin grows, Main Street, at least, is going to have to be widened. If it isn't, business will go off and leave Main Street, and there'll be hundreds of thousands of dollars in property depreciation.

It would be out of the question to widen uptown Main Street overnight. But it can be done, over a period of years—if a start is made now. If the board of aldermen would set a building line on Main Street, providing that no new building should come closer than 5 or 10 or 15 feet from the present sidewalk, the time would come when most business buildings would be set back far enough so that the street could be widened 10 or 20 or 30 feet, at little cost.

Franklin's growth is going to force that; the sooner it is done, the sooner we'll get relief—and the cheaper it'll be. Incidentally, Franklin's growth makes now the ideal time to do it. The rapid growth of the town means that present buildings



will be replaced in the coming years faster than anyone dreams.

NEEDED: TOWN MANAGER

4. The problem of management.

The amount of money collected and spent by the Town of Franklin each year puts the town government in the realm of big business. And there isn't a private business of similar size anywhere that is operated by part-time management.

We respectfully suggest the new board give serious consideration to hiring a town manager. No new law would be necessary; present state law permits the board to submit such a proposition to the town's voters for approval or disapproval.

They're Patient

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

Everytime a term of Superior Court convenes in Macon county, it is almost an assured fact that the grand jury will recommend a new courthouse.

Last week, court convened. The grand jury's report ran true to form—"We recommend a new courthouse."

According to The Franklin Press, which headlined the front page article, "An Old Story,"—this procedure has been going on for a quarter of a century.

Several weeks ago, a woman walking across the floor of the "ancient" Macon Temple of Justice, fell through the floor.

We thought that was the climax of proof of the need of a new structure.

While the citizens do not have a modern courthouse, it must be said in their behalf, they must possess an abundance of patience.

Cause And Effect

(Greensboro Daily News)

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover reports a disturbing trend in U. S. crime observed during the past year: A definite upswing in the volume of crime in small and moderate-sized cities.

Cities in the 25,000 to 50,000 population range recorded the sharpest upswing in forcible rape (31 per cent) and burglaries (14 per cent).

Previously big crime had confined itself largely to big cities. Now the trend is touching the smaller urban areas as well.

What is the reason for this?

The Hoover report offers no opinions. But we venture one: The mass communications media now publicize, even sensationalize, all types of crime and violence. Reports of gory crimes and dramatized versions of various kinds of violence assail the eyes and ears of Americans.

The big-city trends are spreading to the small cities. Of course this is "appalling", in Hoover's words. But what else can an America which panders to such things

INTELLECTUAL RUBBISH

Has The Supreme Court The Authority To Amend The Constitution?

Sam J. Ervin, Jr.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This article is by North Carolina's senior U. S. Senator, who is a former associate justice of the N. C. Supreme Court. It appeared as a guest editorial in the May 11 issue of U. S. News & World Report, and is reprinted here by special permission.)

To be sure, all Americans should obey court decrees in cases to which they are parties, even though they may honestly and reasonably deem such decrees unwarranted. But it is sheer intellectual rubbish to contend that Americans are required to believe in the infallibility of judges, or to make mental obeisance to judicial aberrations. They have an inalienable right to think and speak their honest thoughts concerning all things under the sun, including the decisions of Supreme Court majorities.

The truth is that on many occasions during recent years the Supreme Court has usurped and exercised the power of the Congress and the States to amend the Constitution while professing to interpret it.

A study of the decisions invalidating State action and State legislation compels the conclusion that some Supreme Court Justices now deem themselves to be the final and infallible supervisors of the desirability or wisdom of all State action and all State legisla-

tion.

Congress is told by the Supreme Court that it really did not mean what it said in enacting statutes to regulate the naturalization of aliens and to punish criminal conspiracies to overthrow the Government by force.

Congress is told by the Court that its committees must conduct their investigations according to rules imposed by the Court which make it virtually certain that no information will ever be obtained from an unwilling witness.

California is told by the Court that it cannot punish its residents for criminal offenses committed within its borders if such residents are ignorant of the statutes creating such criminal offenses.

California and New Mexico are told by the Court that they cannot determine the fitness or qualifications of those who apply to them for licenses to practice law in their courts.

New Hampshire and Pennsylvania are told by the Court that they cannot investigate or punish seditious activities within their borders.

New York is told by the Court that it cannot prescribe standards of propriety and fitness for its teachers.

North Carolina is told by the Court that it cannot determine the status of its own citizens with

in its regular reading and entertainment expect?

Crime is not only becoming popular; it is downright fashionable.

In Another Franklin

(Franklin, La., Banner-Tribune)

A pretty town always pays off.

It pays off in community pride and a desire to not only maintain the beauty but to improve upon it.

Beauty begets beauty and the citizen who knows he lives in a pretty town will be careful about throwing rubbish on the side of the road.

A lovely flower in a neighbor's yard is an incentive to plant one of your own. A beautiful oak spreading her majestic arms is a symbol of permanence and loveliness.

The children are well aware of what a pretty town means. So are their parents. And their grandparents. It's contagious, this business of knowing that you live in a pretty town and wanting to keep it that way.

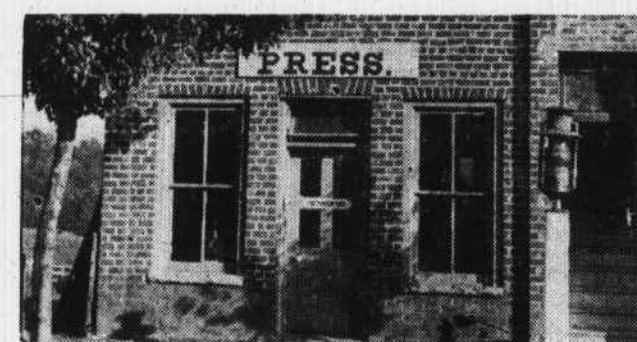
And of course the civic organizations take pride in a pretty town.

Take the Franklin Garden Club, for example. The ladies in that fine organization have an extra special appreciation for beauty. They've always known that their town is a pretty town. Last year they spear-headed the movement to enter Franklin in state competition as the "Cleanest City" and lo! and behold! people in the rest of the state learned what the people in Franklin had long realized: There's was the prettiest town in Louisiana!

Franklin enjoys a "pretty town" reputation. It has enjoyed that prestige for many, many years because long ago citizens here took special pride in sprucing up the community. They planted trees and when they grew to full size they trimmed them and treated them and in some cases even white-washed them. That's the way it's been in Franklin for over 100 years.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1894)

Messrs. R. H. Jarrett & Son are preparing to replace their old hotel, which was burned, with a brick structure.

The telephone line from Franklin to Corundum Hill has been restored and we can now talk to Walhalla as well as to Dillsboro.

Messrs. K. Elias, J. F. Ray, G. A. Jones, A. P. Munday, H. G. Trotter, and N. L. Barnard are attending Clay court this week.

The editor has gone to Clay court, and we, the typos, usually called the devils, have to get out The Press this week, which accounts for its superiority.

35 YEARS AGO (1924)

At class day exercises, May 23, of the Franklin High School senior class, George Johnston will give the salutatory; Eunice Cunningham, the class history; Carolyn Rogers, poem, Paul Carpenter, prophecy; and Daisy Siler, the will.

Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Siler have received a telegram from the New York School of Applied Design, stating their daughter, Anniewill, had won the highest prize offered by the institution—a scholarship and \$100 in cash.

15 YEARS AGO (1944)

Sixty-six seniors will be graduated from Franklin High School in exercises on May 19.

Pvt. Grover Jamison, Jr., has arrived in England, according to a message received by his wife.

5 YEARS AGO (1954)

The Cartoogechaye and Franklin P.-T. A.'s this year qualified for certificates from state headquarters as standard associations. Mrs. Weimar Jones, district P.-T. A. director, has announced. This is the second year a Macon County association has won that honor. East Franklin having qualified in the 1952-53 year.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES



The second week in May, back in 1894 (see "Do You Remember?"), The Press was boasting that "we can now talk to Walhalla, as well as Dillsboro" by telephone. (That would have been on the one telephone in Franklin at that time.)

The second week in this May, 65 years later, brings the announcement that Franklin is changing to dial telephoning.

In that long period, a lot of water's gone over the dam... and a lot of telephone stories have been told.

Two come to mind:

There is the classic one (which I always guessed somebody "just made up") told on Franklin's Miss Elizabeth "T" Kelly. In an emergency, she was pressed into temporary service as the operator, without benefit of either instruction or experience.

"When you get a call, if you don't know how to make the connection, just tell 'em the number is busy", it was suggested to her.

So "Miss T", taking advantage of that convenient alibi, told each caller, without waiting to hear what number was wanted: "That number is busy".

Then there's the one about the man operator who heard all, knew all, that went on in Franklin. One night, when someone said "please give me Mr. So-and-So's residence", this obliging operator volunteered the information: "They ain't home; they're all at the party at Sloans'." Then: "Why aren't you there? wasn't you invited?"

People in every line of work develop their own occupational peculiarities. (Newspaper folk probably head the list.) The explanation, I'd guess, is that rules are made; and employees are given no leeway in applying common sense.

I've often been amused at some of the things that happen among telephone folks. It always makes me smile, for example, to lift the telephone receiver, hear a pleasant voice say "number please", to ask for long distance, to have to wait, and then hear the same pleasant voice say "long distance".

Or to ask the long distance operator to get someone in Cullowhee, which is a part of the Western Carolina Telephone Company's chain, and have her go through the motions of calling Cullowhee, asking for Cullowhee

information, asking the latter for the number of so-and-so's residence, and then calling Cullowhee back to place the call—when the number was in the phone book, undoubtedly within her easy reach, all the time.

I wonder, too, when we go over to dial, why all the digits and all the letters... in a little town with a few hundred telephones at most, I wonder, but I've carefully avoided asking; because I know I'd get a technical explanation that would be miles over my non-technical head.

The Franklin Press telephone number has been 24 for something like half a century. Now I've got to memorize a brand new, and much longer, number. I wonder why about that, too. (But I'm carefully not asking!)

All this, no doubt, is progress; technological progress, anyhow.

But I'm sure I'm not alone in finding myself, as dialing approaches, with a nostalgic regret that the human element is to be removed from telephoning; that after Sunday, telephoning in Franklin will be a wholly impersonal thing. (Some 19 operators are in service now; after Sunday, none will be on duty here.)

I am reminded of an incident of only a few years ago. Late one summer afternoon, well after work hours, I had occasion to call a Press employee at his home. When I gave the number, a pleasant voice came back over the wire: "Mr. Jones, did you want Charles? He's across the street playing checkers. Would you like me to stick my head out the window and call him?" And Mrs. Charles Whittington did just that; and a few minutes later her husband had called me.

Bits of personal kindness, little obliging favors, go a long way toward making life worth living. It's too bad all that's to be lost from telephoning here.

And as the operators at the Franklin exchange bow off stage, to make way for a bit of mechanism, I take my hat off to them. Over a period of more than a dozen years, they've given me, with hardly an exception, service that not only was efficient and courteous, but that went over into the human realm of accommodation.

For me, they've made telephoning a pleasure that was personal.

OLD CHURCH CUSTOM

Does It Go Back To St. Paul?

SMITHFIELD HERALD

Remember that strange church custom of separating men and women at worship services?

Editor Weimar Jones of The Franklin Press recalls that the custom prevailed in the Methodist Church he attended when he was a boy. He writes: "As I recall the church's arrangement, there was a single aisle, down the center, with benches on each side. When they entered the church, the men took the seats on one side, the women those on the other. My memory is vague about which side was which, but I think the men went to the left."

That custom prevailed too in Baptist churches. It was partially followed in the Smithfield Baptist Church as late as the Nineteen Twenties, or even Thirties. In those years most of the men went to the right side of the cen-

ter aisle as they entered the church. They sat to the left of the preacher. Most of the women sat on the opposite side.

Why such a custom? Editor Jones isn't sure he knows why, but he makes a guess. The custom, he recalls, applied to courting couples as well as to husbands and wives and the unmarried. A boy often took his girl to church "but the courting stopped at the church door." Maybe the reason for the separation, Editor Jones says, was "to make sure the young people paid attention to the preacher, instead of to each other."

Young boys at the Baptist Church in Smithfield used to wonder why there was a "men's side" and a "women's side." Was there any significance in women sitting on the east side, the bright sunny side on Sunday morning, and men sitting on the darker west side? Young minds weren't quite sure. At least the girls looked radiant under the rays of the sun softened by the stained church windows.

The real reason for the separate seating custom may have been Biblical. As the churches interpreted some of Paul's writings, men and women did not have equal status in the church. The men were in command. Women, for example, weren't supposed to serve as deacons. Was the segregation of the sexes at worship symbolic of their inequality in conduct of church affairs? Maybe some church historian—or social historian—can supply the answer.

HE'S STILL A BEST SELLER

Noah Webster was born 200 years ago. This son of a New Hampshire farmer wrote not one but two of the all-time best sellers: his elementary spelling book, which sold 40 million copies from its publication in 1783 to Webster's death in 1843, and another 30 million after that; and his dictionary, which is still going strong.

Webster and his friend Benjamin Franklin were full of ideas about reforming the language. He got Americans to write "color" instead of "colour," "center" instead of "centre," "traveled" instead of "travelled." He helped make written and spoken American far more uniform than English in England or German in Germany. —Des Moines Register.

INFLATION

BOTH WAYS

A dollar won't do as much for people as it once did because people won't do as much for a dollar as they once did.—Iowa State Traveler.