

HAVE BEEN PATIENT,

No Santa Claus, But - -

In this space the other day, we suggested the Western Carolina Telephone company devote a share of the savings in labor costs made possible by installation of the dial system to lower phone rates.

Well, we'll be honest. When we made that suggestion, we didn't really expect it to be adopted; not, certainly, the very next day. After all, nobody expects Santa Claus in mid-summer. And this is June!

We are wholly serious, though, in offering another suggestion: We think the time has come for telephone service to be made available to rural Macon County.

The state gives a public utility a monopoly. The purpose is to assure service. Competing, and therefore unregulated, business could hardly be expected to give service where it is unprofitable. But a public utility, like a phone or a power company, is granted a monopoly so it can give service wherever there is a need, with the highly profitable lines taking care of any losses on less profitable lines.

Rural folk here have been patient for many years. The time has come when telephone service ought to be made available to them. It ought to be made available, we'd say, to 90 per cent of them.

As of now, our guess would be, the figure is the other way around.

An Autoless Main?

Speaking of street-widening . . .

It may be too late, already, to do anything about Franklin's uptown Main Street. New structures, built in recent years, that come out to or nearly to the sidewalk may make the widening of Main Street in the foreseeable future prohibitively costly.

That, though, is no reason to give up. There are more ways than one, as the old saying had it, to skin a cat.

The solution for uptown Main may be the one that has been adopted by some other towns with a similar problem; shift the traffic to other east-west streets—Palmer and a new one to be cut north of Main—and get all vehicles off of Main. Make it, that is, a purely pedestrian shopping area, with wide sidewalks and an attractive parkway of trees, grass, and flowers down the center.

It's high time to do something. It's no mere coincidence that the only three store buildings in Franklin that are vacant, so far as we can recall, all are on uptown Main Street.

Sound Sense

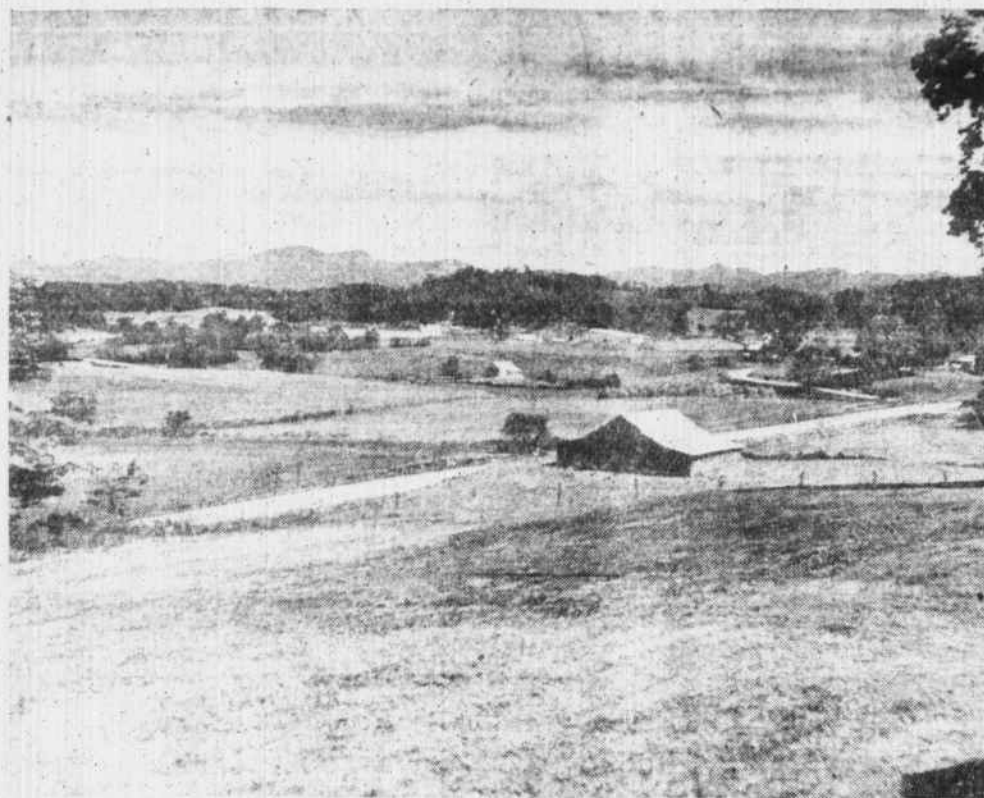
Some of the best suggestions this community receives come from Macon natives who now live elsewhere. Almost always, they have remained stoutly loyal to their home county; usually, too, they have kept in touch, through The Press or letters or by visits home. Thus they still are deeply interested in what goes on here, but can see the community with the perspective distance gives. And living in a different environment, they see, better than we right at home can, what we have here that offers the greatest promise.

A good example of that is the letter, published on this page, from Mr. James Bryson Porter. The point he makes about our old courthouse is one we, who see it every day, might miss. Yet what he says is sound sense.

Progress

Thirty-five years ago this week (see Do You Remember?), Jack Conley's barber shop announced installation of equipment for bobbing, shampooing, and "electrically drying" women's hair. Even in the staid little Franklin of 1924, the bob for women had arrived!

Some women and many men felt this innovation was nothing short of sacrilege. Aside from the men's resentment at this invasion of the last sanctuary of the male—and what resentment was bitter; aside from that, a woman with short



THIS IS THE MACON COUNTY scene chosen for the cover of this year's brochure issued for the Western North Carolina Rural Community Development contests. It pictures beautiful Patton Valley. The photograph was made from just below the new Patton Methodist Church.

hair! Bah! What was the world coming to?

Well, we believed then, and now we are sure, that was progress, progress with a capital P. Not, we hasten to add, that shearing "woman's glory", when it was plain and straight, always enhanced the ladies' appearance. Far from it! But it was progress toward comfort for the ladies.

More important, the barber shop bob paved the way for that great landmark of modern progress, the beauty parlor. We're entirely serious in calling it that. Because it's up to all of us, surely, to look our best; and the ladies, bless 'em! are supposed to look beautiful. (Is there a man in the house who doesn't want them to?). And the way a beauty parlor can transform an otherwise plain woman is something to behold.

Up to all of us to look our best? That suggests the time has come for another forward step by the barber shops. Because, when we take a good look at a lot of the men we see, and especially when we glance in a mirror, it occurs to us some of the males of the species could stand some prettying-up.

Mental Pellagra

(Raleigh News and Observer)

"As certainly as the South's old diet of fat-back, corn-bread and molasses produced pellagra, narrow education produces deficiency and anemia in personality and civilization."

That statement by Dr. S. L. Stealey, president of the Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary at Wake Forest, ought to be nailed above every school and college door.

Of course, as Dr. Stealey says, mere technical education designed to harness the physical universe will not suffice. Much broader education is needed to "produce better men as well as better machines." Indeed, the broadest education is needed not only to produce the poets, preachers and philosophers which an advancing civilization will require. We will produce no men with the imagination and aspiration to harness the universe by limited technical education.

LETTERS

Appreciates Help

Dear Sir:

Saturday, June 6, I was flying to Franklin to attend the funeral of my uncle, Charles Ramsey. Due to low cloud formation, it was necessary to circle the Sylva area for about two hours, after which I was forced to land in Sylva on the farm of Dennis Higdon.

Unknown to me, the people at the Franklin airport were in radio contact and fully aware of my dangerous predicament. I would like to apologize for any anxiety that I caused, and wish to express my appreciation to all of the good people of Franklin for the kindness and consideration shown me.

I particularly want to thank Frank Plyler, the pilot who brought my plane to Franklin; and Sid Carter, the chief of police, who took so much of his time helping me. Mac Whitaker, and Mrs. Frank Jones, and Danny Angel, of Franklin, and Dennis Higdon, of Sylva, were most kind. There were many others but I was unable to obtain their names, but I am grateful to all of them.

Franklin is a fine town, and the people are "tops" in my estimation.

R. L. BRYSON

Central City, Ky.

The Old Courthouse

Gentlemen:

I was very much interested in seeing the story in The Press regarding a meeting of citizens of the area to discuss what should be done with the Macon County Courthouse. As a person who lived in Franklin for one half of my life (I will be 50 next month) and lived in Franklin for 25 years, I feel keenly interested in what is done about it. I most heartily agree that something should be done because it is in miserable shape. It is not adequate for the needs of the county. It could not be said to be efficient in any sense of the word. The stairs have always been a most dangerous hazard! I was not surprised to hear that someone fell through the floor recently. And I'm sure that those of you who live in Macon County probably feel much more strongly than I do about its shortcomings.

On the other hand, it is a most distinctive building architecturally. The walls are most sturdy and could stand for several more centuries without danger of falling. To remove the walls would be a big expense. To build a completely new building of even the size of the present building would mean enormous expense for the taxpayers. Why not follow the plan which the University of North Carolina uses: when a building becomes worn and inefficient, it is gone over and repaired by a competent architect, then thoroughly rebuilt if the building warrants it. I am not an architect and am not equipped to say that the courthouse in Franklin should be rebuilt, but as a person who appreciates the fineness in

Strictly Personal

By WELMAR JONES

It's human nature, it is said, to travel to see the sights afar and neglect those at home. If that be true, then I have my full share of human nature.

I had that brought home the other day when I stood, for the first time, on the highest mountain this side of the Smokies, on one side, and of Mount Mitchell and other peaks in the Black Range, on the other — 5,500 foot Standing Indian.

It's been there all the time; and nearly all the time, I've been here just a few miles away. But, though I've been north to trim New England and east to the mighty Atlantic and south to Florida and New Orleans and Puerto Rico and west to the rugged Rockies, I'd never been to Standing Indian until a week ago. And, believe me, no sight afar is more magnificent.

And you know what? I wouldn't have been there yet, had it not been "discovered" for me, a native mountaineer, by a Pennsylvania Yankee! W. L. (Bill) Nothstein, Nantahala Forest ranger, in fact, long had vainly nudged me; the other day, he picked me up and took me.

Maybe there are other people, right here at home, who also procrastinate, and who, like me, long have planned a trip to Standing Indian, but who, also like me,

never have got around to it. If so, they'd be smart to stop what ever they're doing and go TODAY.

Maconians who know their mountains say the view is the finest in the Appalachians, and I am prepared to believe them. From the abandoned fire tower on the peak, you see in a complete circle, and how far you see is limited only by how good your eyes are.

To the west is Lake Chatuge and farther south Georgia's Lake Burton, looking as though they were units in a mammoth system of locks. Chatuge, appearing to be a thousand feet higher than Burton — and maybe it is! You see Wayah Bald, of course, and the Smokies. On a clear day, Franklin is easily visible. To the east are the Balsams, and so on.

And the close view, by contrast, is as rugged and spectacular as the distant one is soft and wide. Just beyond the tower — it looks like only inches away — the mountain drops sheer into the deep, green gorge of the Tallulah River. (Water from one side of Standing Indian, a part of the Blue Ridge, drains into the Atlantic.)

The view is there, of course, the year 'round. But, as I have already suggested, the time to visit Standing Indian is not next week

and not tomorrow, but today — before the flowers on the finest stand of purple rhododendron I've ever seen are gone.

The purple rhododendron at famed Craggy Gardens, near Asheville, as I recall it, is denser than that on Standing Indian. But there must be scores of acres more of it on our own peak (Standing Indian is on the Macon-Clay border). And in most places, the shrub has grown into virtual trees.

Nobody, of course, can describe a sight like that; certainly I can't. But I can say that, for sheer beauty, that's the most rewarding trip I've ever made.

How do you get there? Well, you don't, unless you're willing to hike the last two and a half miles. That hike, though, is over the excellent Appalachian Trail.

Bill Nothstein, it's true, drove his Jeep on past Deep Gap and to within some 50 yards of the top. But I wouldn't advise any but the most skilled driver to try going beyond the gap, even in a Jeep. You can reach the gap in a car.

To get to Deep Gap, you go 64 west to the first road (a Federal Service road) to the left, be Service Gap; then follow that road to the right.

The total distance is less than thirty miles.

BIGNESS AND MUSIC

In Little Churches, They SING

BOB YARBOROUGH in Elkin Tribune

Does "bigness" sometimes take away a sense of belonging?

There are a lot of people who think it does. One of the least talked about angles to that question is the matter of church singing. When we say church singing we mean the singing done by the congregation.

It is just possible that in the bigger churches the great emphasis placed on choir singing can take a lot away from the worship in song which most members of the congregation love.

Elaborate selections are fine for the choir, which is trained along that line, but when the time comes for the congregation to sing, a simple, soul-satisfying

roof-raiser is needed. Nothing can bring a congregation closer than standing together and singing an old and well-loved hymn.

If you doubt that, go visit some of the smaller country churches in this area and watch their reaction to the invitation to sing. Then come back to one of our larger churches and compare the two.

We don't mean to be critical but sometimes folks just slip into a pattern and stay there even when they'd rather do otherwise.

Or maybe it's just that we like to sing in church . . . and can keep up with some of the more complicated numbers on the program.

old buildings, as well as fineness in new ones, I should feel deeply sorry to see the old courthouse destroyed. The walls are all made of hand-made brick, which is very highly prized in such places as Williamsburg and Tryon Palace in New Bern. N. C. True, the brick needs to be pointed up and in some places cleaned. I shall not go farther in saying what should be done with the fine old building, but I shall say that I hope that a good architect will be called in for advice, not just a builder who wants the job of putting up a new building.

The present courthouse, I am sure, even after being rebuilt, will not be large enough to take care of the needs of Macon County. A second building could be built which would house some of the offices and other functions of the county.

Another thing which pleased me greatly, in a recent issue of The Press, was the news of a parking lot being built in Franklin. This has been a sore need for some years. Let's hope that more will be built to relieve the crowded parking conditions in the center of town. Cars and people in town are wonderful, but improper parking facilities spoil the attractiveness of the town also. Why not some city-owned parking lots? This would make it possible to remove some of the parking from around the courthouse which contributes to the problem there.

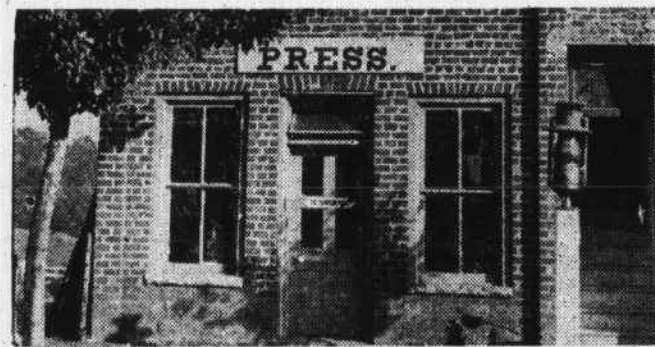
Again let me say that I do most sincerely hope that such a meeting as the one which was suggested is called and that a wise plan is decided upon and then carried out. I'm in favor of keeping the old courthouse!

JAMES BRYSON PORTER

Dayton, Ohio.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1894)

Two brick yards are in full blast, manufacturing brick to re-build the burnt district.

Iotla and Watauga crossed bats last Saturday, and the score stood: Iotla, 34; Watauga, 14.

Dr. B. W. Moore has opened his office next door to The Press office.

Mrs. H. T. Sloan returned last week from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Kinnebrew, in Athens, Ga.

35 YEARS AGO

(1924)

Of Interest to Women With Bobs—We have just installed a modern electric hair drier and are now in position to do the ladies' work as well as the best equipped city shops. Hair bobbed, shampooed, and electrically dried in 40 minutes. City Barber Shop, L. S. (Jack) Conley, Manager.—Adv.

Mr. Treacy Barnard came home last Thursday from Charlotte, where he has been attending school.

15 YEARS AGO

(1944)

Mrs. Dave Jacobs, Mrs. Myra Allman, and Mrs. Eliza Siler were hostesses at a gay social affair, an old-fashioned-quilting bee, held at Panorama Court.

5 YEARS AGO

(1954)

Joseph F. (Joe) Setser and George T. Stalcup last Thursday night received 30-year service pins, presented at the N. C. State Highway Employees Association meeting.

John Wasilik, Jr., will retire from the Forest Service July 1, with nearly 33 years' service to his credit.

LAW VS. JUSTICE

Court Decision Leaves Public Unprotected

Knoxville News-Sentinel

In a San Diego case just decided, the Supreme Court has widened the gap in the law which leaves the public unprotected against organized abuse.

Several unions pressured an employer to sign a union-shop contract. The employer declined on the ground that his employees were not interested and there had been no election to delegate one of the unions as bargaining agent. The unions then threw a picket line around the employer's place and put the heat on his customers and suppliers to boycott him. The California courts ordered the

picketing stopped, until the employees had selected a bargaining agent, and awarded \$1,000 in damages.

This action the Supreme Court has reversed. The court held the state had no power to act because the abuses of which the unions were accused are forbidden by the Taft-Hartley Law. Only the federal government can enforce that law. But the government, through the National Labor Relations Board, has refused to take jurisdiction. This, said the court, didn't make any difference.

Now, we'll just leave it to the

Supreme Court to say what the law is. But, as a moral proposition, doesn't this leave a lot of people in a bad fix? Regardless of the fine words in oodles of laws, Taft-Hartley included, a man can be harassed, pushed around, badgered and menaced out of his business. And nobody comes to the rescue. The victim will be the "small" businessman because the NLRB measures its jurisdiction by the size of the business and the degree it is involved in interstate commerce. . . .

Sometimes we think there is too much law and too little justice.

WIT AND WISDOM

At Editorial Conference

(EDITOR'S NOTE: As part of their job, newspaper editors are inclined to view things with a critical eye. At the annual N. C. editorial writers' conference, the shoe is on the other foot — the editors hear themselves criticized. Below are some of the comments at the latest such conference.)

Among highlights of the editorial writers' conference at Chapel Hill recently were the following pearls of wit and wisdom:

Malcolm Seawell (on himself), "I hear some people are calling me 'the mouthiest attorney general in the history of North Carolina'."

Dr. Lorin Mackinney, professor of medieval history at U.N.C., was one of the reading public invited to pass judgment on the editorial pages. Said he, of his method of judging: "To tell you the truth, I took the editorial pages up to bed with me. Some of them put me to sleep and some woke me up!"

Prof. MacKinney came down hard on "those editorials telling everybody to get out and vote. The way you editors bellow at your readers: 'Get out the vote! Hurry up and vote!' You'd think the country could be saved if just enough people would go to the polls. It isn't how many vote, but

HOW they vote." The Prof snorted like a warhorse: "I'd like to keep some of 'em home at vote twice myself!"

Prof. Newsman Walter Spearman introduced the judges. At in mastery Spearman style. When he came to Fanny Gray (Go Morning, Miss Dove) Patton spread his wings and soared. After describing her plu-perfect fit for the task of judging the work of editors, he said:

"For my concluding observation I shall turn to one of Mrs. Patton's own stories: the scene where the old gardener is describing lady-employer to a friend—I say 'say one thing about her,' the gardener says — and Wal grinned impishly out at the assembled editors — 'she's a prize judge of garden fertilizer.'"

NEVER ENDING HONEYMOONING

A whole new scheme to encourage marriage among work people of the country may have been hatched by the New York Court of Appeals with its ruling that women who quit their jobs to get married are entitled to employment compensation.

If equal treatment under law is to be given both sexes, would follow that a man who quits his job to get married should also be entitled to unemployment compensation.

In a sense the ruling will have the effect of providing government-paid honeymoon couples who quit their jobs to get married.

The bride and bridegroom, of whom are gainfully employed could quit their jobs, get married, individually draw their unemployment benefits and enjoy an extended honeymoon (26 weeks most states) at the expense of other taxpayers.

When the bride and bridegroom quit their jobs to get married, it would provide openings for other young people to be gainfully employed, and working long enough to be eligible for unemployment compensation. They, too, could quit, enjoy government-paid honeymoon, thus set up a never-ending revolving fund to provide honeymoons at government expense.

The only hitch is that honeymoon tab the government picks up will have to be paid on to the taxpayers who are paying. And working folks would quickly tire of paying week honeymoon bills for young couple who wants to be married.

How generous can a high get with other folk's money? Greenville (N.C.) Daily Refl