

NO ACCIDENT Must Be A Reason

Should Franklin, in its search for more water, go ahead and pump water out of Cartoogechaye Creek, near the Franklin Hosiery Plant, as is proposed? Or should it first carefully investigate the possibility of getting its supply from one or more controlled watersheds?

Those questions raise another one: Are there any good reasons why the watershed plan is preferable?

Well, many communities consider it so; they prefer watersheds, even when the cost is higher.

These Western North Carolina towns, for example, go to watersheds, in whole, or in part, for their supplies: Asheville, Waynesville, Sylva, Bryson City, Andrews, Robbinsville, Murphy, and Highlands.

There are eight of them; count 'em! That's hardly mere accident.

A few years ago, when the city of Greenville, S. C., needed more water, it undoubtedly could have obtained an abundant supply from a nearby creek or river. Instead, it came all the way to the North Carolina mountains and bought a watershed. That was hardly an accident.

And New York City, though it has the whole Hudson River right next door, goes hundreds of miles to upstate New York so it can have the advantages of watersheds. That, surely, is no accident.

Host, Guest, And Insult

It's a strange world when men high in the councils of nations exchange visits and, while extending and accepting hospitality, swap insults.

That's just what happened during Mr. Nixon's visit to Soviet Russia. And the Vice President was loudly applauded in this country because he "gave as good as was sent".

To some, that suggests Mr. Nixon is Presidential material. Well, maybe. But it could mean merely that he is enough like Mr. Khrushchev that he can be equally insulting.

Then And Now

We can't have a fair here . . . Macon is too small . . . And we have no organization . . . Besides, we'd never find a way to finance it . . . Even if we did, nobody would exhibit . . . After all, what have we here worth exhibiting? . . . No, we'd better not try; it might be a failure.

It seems a long time ago, but, actually, it was only a few short years ago that that attitude of caution and fear prevailed here.

Well, all the fears have been put to rest. They were, the very first year of the fair. And each succeeding fair has proved anew how wrong they were.

And last week's event? Well, any Maconian, swelling with pride as he viewed the high quality work of so many hands, joined together, must have

GROWING PAINS



Does Mama Love Papa?

This should never happen, particularly not in front of the children. Of course there are bound to be disagreements between parents. But they should never be allowed to develop into the sort of thing we see here.

These children are puzzled and frightened. The shrieks of their father and mother terrify them. Homes that rock with family fights can't produce happy, well-adjusted children.

smiled as he thought of that old feeling of we're-licked-before-we-start.

In the light of the fair's success, it surely must have occurred to him, too, that Macon County people, once they set their minds to it, can do just about anything they want to do.

For The Future

Suppose that culvert job on Franklin's East Main Street had been on a main traffic artery in Charlotte or Greensboro?

Would it have taken three months to finish? Would so poor a detour around it have been tolerated all those weeks? Would no walkways have been provided for the convenience and safety of pedestrians?

Now that job is finished. But there'll be other jobs in the future, and we think on those future jobs Macon County people are entitled to as much consideration as would be given to the people of Charlotte or Greensboro.

To that we'd add the suggestion to the State Highway Commission that it makes poor economic sense to start such a project, in a mountain town, right at the beginning of the tourist season.

Lasts A Long Time

"Is it really mine?"

Mrs. Sarah Ann Ledford was incredulous. "Is it really mine?" she asked, again and again.

Despite their 102 years, her fingers proved they had not lost their cunning with the instrument; and her face lit up, as the old ears, straining, caught the notes that came at her touch.

But it remained a puzzled face. It was incomprehensible to her that she had an accordion again . . . that it was really hers. She'd longed for one, all through the years since a fire destroyed her last one. She'd dreamed, only the other night, that she was playing one again. Now, by some miracle, this shiny, brand new one lay in her lap. She touched it gently, lovingly, wonderingly.

Then her brows knit again. How was it that a woman she'd never seen, living almost a continent away, had sent her this beautiful thing . . . had brought her music again?

Like all good stories, this one was simple. In far-off Phoenix, Ariz., Mrs. Jeanette E. Daley had read, in a recent Press, how Mrs. Ledford, on her 102nd birthday, had wished for an accordion, had said she believed she "could play one a little right now, if I had one". Mrs. Daley concluded that "anybody who's lived that long ought to have whatever they want". And so this Arizona woman's check had gone in the mail for an accordion.

That, though, isn't quite all the story. For Mrs. Daley, before she moved to the Far West and got married, was Jeanette Moses. As that name suggests, she was reared in Macon County. And it seems that Macon neighborliness goes a long way . . . yes, and lasts a long time.

Man-sized Job

Generally speaking, it is the ladies, bless 'em! who are responsible for our flowers. While there are notable exceptions, usually it is they who are the authorities in this field.

And so it is not for a mere man, no matter how much he may be impressed, to say of a particular flower show, "this was the best". Even a man, though, surely is safe in pointing out that the Franklin shows seem to have consistently grown better, year by year; and probably he is safe in adding that last week's 27th annual show was good. To the most ignorant laymen, it was obvious that the number, as well as variety and quality, of the exhibits was excellent, and the floor arrangement was intelligent and artistic.

Notable, too, was a new feature, a conservation exhibit, designed to bring graphically to the public's attention the list of wild flowers and shrubs that are rare, and that, unless conserved and cared for, may become extinct. In a botanist's paradise, such as Western North Carolina, such a project is doubly worth-while.

This community is indebted, once again, to the Franklin Garden Club. For whoever adds to a town's beauty, and whoever adds to a town's appreciation of beauty, does a job that, whatever their sex, is man-sized. And nobody who hasn't undertaken such a task has any conception of the man-sized amount of labor involved.

Investing in a town water system is like any other investment. It isn't always the cheapest investment that is the best one. The main question is: What do you get for your money?

They Hope So Down East, Too

(Thomas J. Lassiter in Smithfield Herald)

Everyone who has traveled that narrow, scenic, hair-pinnish road over the rugged mountains between Franklin and Highlands remembers Bridal Veil Falls. The water from a stream spills from the mountainside across the paved highway. Tourists long have been fascinated by the drive under the falls.

I have seen Bridal Veil Falls in the day-time, but the first time I passed that way was a dark night in the Middle Forties. I was traveling with Jim Cammack, the former pastor of Smithfield's First Baptist Church. With our wives, we were returning from Dallas, Texas (his old home) to Smithfield. He was driving. I was seated next to him in the front seat.

As we approached Bridal Veil from the Franklin side, we could hear the sound of falling water, but could see no water. When the sound became loudest, we knew we were right at a waterfall. Jim stopped the car and I got out to explore. The exploration didn't take but a second or two, for I stepped into the spray of water. Had I not retreated swiftly into the car, I would have had my clothes soaked by Bridal Veil Falls.

That first encounter with Bridal Veil came back to mind when I read in The Franklin Press the other day that the Highway Commission had constructed a roadway by-passing Bridal Veil Falls. My first impulse was rebellion against this bit of modernization in an area of superb natural attraction. But I read on and was soothed by Editor Weimar Jones' comment. He said the Highway Commission "did a beautiful job" on the bypass, adding, "After the work was finished, the drive lost little of its beauty."

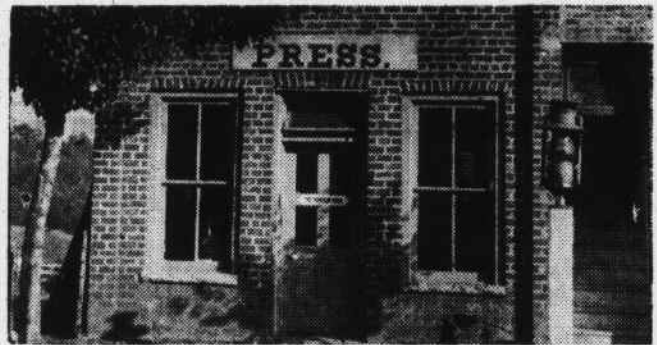
I will accept Weimar's assurance, for he has appreciation of things beautiful, ancient, and natural.

He had this further comment about Bridal Veil Falls: "It was the motorists' experience of driving under a waterfall, though, that made the spot perhaps the best known one in Western North Carolina, and we hope that the highway people always will carefully maintain that bit of road that goes under the falls."

That is a hope that will be widely shared by all lovers of the mountain country, including the ones who live in the Coastal Plain.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1894)

Sandy Munday is a candidate for sheriff on the Republican ticket.

Millshoal is a new post office in Millshoal township, and Mollie E. Ammons is postmaster.

LIVERY STABLES — Regular schedule daily hack line between Franklin & Dillsboro, with hotels and stables at both ends of the line. Baggage and express matter transferred with safety and dispatch. Call at the Franklin House, Franklin, or Mount Beulah Hotel, Dillsboro. R. H. Jarrett and Sons, Proprietors.—Adv.

35 YEARS AGO (1924)

The Board of Aldermen of the Town of Franklin Thursday passed an ordinance for the issuance of \$300,000 of combined water, electric light, and power systems bonds. This is the first step toward municipal ownership of hydro-electric power. It is proposed to harness the Little Tennessee River about a mile below town.

Expenditure of \$40,000 or more on the road between Aquone and Nantahala Station is forecast by a meeting held here recently between representatives of the National Forest Service, the county commissioners of Macon County, and road trustees and citizens of Nantahala Township.

15 YEARS AGO (1944)

H. W. Cabe has been installed as the new president of the Franklin Rotary Club.

The Siler family held its annual meeting last Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Porter, with Mrs. Eliza Siler as co-hostess. Children did not attend because of the infantile paralysis epidemic.

5 YEARS AGO (1954)

Fifty-one years ago, Alex Moore and Graham Grindstaff were present at the organization of the Macon Baptist Association.

NOT SOCIALISM

It's Freedom Vs. Slavery That Divides World

KNOXVILLE SENTINEL

Frol R. Kozlov has returned to Russia and has left behind him an effort to perpetuate a fundamental myth in American-Soviet relations.

Mr. Kozlov, parroting his boss, Nikita Khrushchev, predicts that our grandchildren, in America, will live in a Socialist society.

Maybe so. We've gone quite a distance in that direction. But the implication that in so doing we are following the Russian example is wholly false.

Our differences with Russia do not involve Socialism in the slightest degree. We live in peace and friendship with Socialist allies. We've spent billions to subsidize Socialist institutions in a variety of countries since the last war, and, for good or evil, are continuing the process.

The fundamental difference between the U.S. and Soviet Russia is a system of freedom against a system of political slavery. More accurately, it is the predatory effort of the slave system to expand itself at the expense of its neighbors. If only Russians were abusing Russians we certainly would

regret it; but we hardly would be spending \$40,000,000,000 a year on military preparations to prevent it.

Socialism is, in its essence, merely a means of "democratizing" the means of production. Democracy is of its essence—the control of these means by the will of the people and for what they consider to be their benefit.

In this fundamental respect the Russian Soviet system is a denial of Socialism. It is black reaction to totalitarianism which we remember as the divine right of kings to do as they pleased with the liberties of their people and the products of their labor.

Actually, Britain today might be said to have more of the attributes of true Socialism than Russia. The British economy is mixed, but the socialized institutions such as railroads and mines were taken over by the government through will of the people. And control of them, in the final analysis, is in the hands of the people who can elect a new government whenever they don't like policies of the old.



STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

As a new set of race relations and customs emerge in this country, vast readjustment is demanded. And the readjustment must be even more confusing and difficult for the black man than the white.

As he struggles to help create and fit into a new pattern, the Negro sometimes is reminded of the adolescent, one minute trying desperately to be fully grown-up, the next wholly juvenile.

I saw an illustration of that the other day. The train was moving through western Tennessee, flat, uninteresting country. There was nothing worth seeing out the window, so I turned my attention to the passengers.

An elderly, rather distinguished looking Negro couple entered the coach and took the seat immediately in front of mine. A Negro porter bustled about, carrying in their numerous pieces of baggage and storing it, carefully, in the rack above their seat.

When I had boarded the train, a few minutes earlier, nobody offered to take my bag; no porter was in evidence. I thought nothing of it at the time, because I am not accustomed to porters on day coaches.

Now the porter was very much in evidence.

He hovered over the new arrivals solicitously. Could he do this for them? Should he do that? Were they sure they were comfortable in this seat? etc.

His manner said more plainly than any words could have that, for him, the only passengers on this well-filled coach were these two Negroes; it suggested—he wanted to make sure the white passengers saw who rated on that coach.

After a few moments, the male passenger, whom I judged to be a minister or teacher, demanded: "Where is our big, black bag?"

"At the end of the car, sir; there's hardly room here . . ."

"But you said you'd bring it here, with the other bags."

"I said nothing of the kind!"

Instantly the relation of obsequious servant to honored patron was gone, replaced by belligerent equality.

"That's what you said. So bring it!"

"I did not," the porter's voice

rose. "And will not!"

And so the argument went, ended only when the porter stalked out of the car, muttering as he left.

"Nigger!"

The little boy was polite, unobtrusive; but there was no suggestion of apology in his manner.

He entered my office, waited for me to look up, and then announced that he had blackberries for sale.

"And they're good ones; I picked 'em myself."

"How many have you?"

"Let's see. I had three gallons, and I've sold a quart . . . two gallons and three quarts left."

I hesitated, and he eyed me, appraisingly. Then: "I've got to get rid of 'em, so I'll sell 'em for 60 cents a gallon." There was no hint of self-pity; I sensed he would have resented an I'll-take-some-just-to-help-you-out attitude. He was strictly business.

"I'm afraid I couldn't use a gallon. How much are they by the quart?"

It seemed he was unfamiliar with the American system of a higher price for a smaller quantity. Since a quart was one-fourth of a gallon, then the price by the quart would be one-fourth of the gallon price. And he announced it was 15 cents.

I ordered two quarts, but he had nothing to put them in. At last, I found a carton big enough to hold five or ten gallons.

"Have you something to measure them in?"

"No, sir; but we can guess at it."

"O, but that way one of us might get cheated."

"I'll see it isn't you."

And it wasn't. Later, at home, when I poured the berries from the big carton into a pan, it was obvious I had nearer three quarts than two.

And it occurred to me I'd got much more than berries for my money.

I'd seen a slice, in miniature, of the best in the mountains, the spirit that has built America: Faith in hard work; self reliance; emphasis on quality; good business judgment and salesmanship; and unswerving adherence to the rule, old as the Bible, that the seller must give good measure, running over.

BILLY CARMICHAEL, III

Lord Took A Liking To Jim Tatum

In CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY

In the family he was known as "The Bull".

He never came to the house announced. You could hear the screech and squeal of his tires a quarter of a mile away.

Jim drove as he lived.

He'd arrive late any night "to get on the couch."

That meant he wanted someone to talk to.

By this time of night he'd worn out everybody else in the community, but he still wanted to cram a few more hours of living into that day.

It was as if there was no tomorrow. As if he knew the deadline that lay ahead of him.

Jim would go up to my father's room and sit for several hours in a small chair that was hardly adequate for his massive frame. Occasionally, he would rise from his chair to give special emphasis to his point. Then he'd drop back into his chair again. Mother had to have the springs fixed twice.

Jim often claimed that Daddy went to sleep on him.

My father told him he was just closing his eyes to concentrate on what "The Bull" was saying.

Even the Carmichaels mostly listened when Jim was around.

If Jim didn't drop by, he'd call any time of the day or night.

Jim had an unlisted telephone.

But he gave the number to all his friends. That meant more people had it than had copies of the Chapel Hill telephone book.

In an evening he'd talk to Miami, Minneapolis, and McCall. On Sunday after a game he'd talk to six different sportswriters, give them all a different angle or quote, and still have fresh material for his television show.

Jim loved to laugh. He loved to eat. He loved Chapel Hill and Carolina. He loved to talk. He loved to play golf. He loved the contest.

"Winning isn't everything," he said, "it's the only thing." Some people misunderstood this. But Jim knew what he meant. Whether you were doctor, lawyer, or Indian chief, you should never settle for being anything less than the best doctor, the best lawyer, or the best Indian chief.

Jim loved people. He loved to live. Then suddenly he died.

And now there's emptiness everywhere. In every place and every heart this big, wonderful, fascinating guy ever touched.

My father has a tribute he likes to salute folks with—"May the good Lord take a liking to you, but not too soon."

Well, the good Lord's taken a liking to Jim, but I can't blame Him. Everybody else who ever knew him did the same.

But I'm warning Them up in Heaven: They'll be getting up a little earlier in the morning and working a little later every night. It won't be long before he's got the place organized.

And I can hear him now, saying: "Heaven isn't everything, it's the only thing."

A BYGONE DAY NOT FAR GONE

There are plenty of people around today who can remember when they could buy a comfortable car for less than \$1,000, today's \$35,000 house for \$15,000 or so, and live as well or better on \$5,000 a year as they can today on \$10,000. It is not difficult to recall these things because they were only 20 years ago. — Wall Street Journal.