

COMPANY'S COMIN'

A Welcome Guest

Company's comin'! Special company! And to Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., we make our best mountain manners.

It's not every day in the week Macon County has a member of the United States Senate as a visitor; and for this one, "mountain" manners seem fittin', because he's a mountain boy himself. It's just a little piece down the big road to the place in Burke County where he was raised.



SENATOR ERVIN

So, because he's one of us, we're more than proud to have him come to speak at tonight's joint Rotary-Lions gathering.

We hope he and Mrs. Ervin have a good time here. We hope they have such a good time they'll look forward to coming back. And this time, or any other, they'll find the latch-string hangin' outside the door. But if, by accident, it should get on the inside, the teeniest, softest knock will bring us runnin' to throw the door open for 'em — open plumb wide.

Soft Spot

It is ideas and idealism, not material wealth, that have made America great. In the past, this nation has been admired and beloved not because we were rich, but because we were free. Freedom is the one weapon in our arsenal the Communists can never devise a defense against.

Yet the United States has allowed herself to be maneuvered into a struggle with Communism in which the score is written in terms of material things and physical might. Those things cannot be ignored; but they are secondary. When we fail to recognize that, it is as though we had entered the contest with one hand tied behind us.

As the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States put it, in a statement the other day, Americans should put more emphasis on the "principle of freedom" and less on "material prosperity".

How capitalism and Communism stack up in their economic aspects, the bishops declared, "is not the basic issue. The choice that men and nations must make today is between freedom and coercion."

"We have aimed our efforts at satisfying the body, and, paradoxically, have allowed the Communists to capture 'the minds of men.'"

In those words, the Catholic bishops put their finger squarely on the soft spot in America's armor.

Bouquet

Congratulations to the Franklin Music Study Club for the fine concert it sponsored here recently.

It would be a credit to any community to have so accomplished an artist as Mrs. Donald Dietrichs present a program. Though Mrs. Dietrichs is from Atlanta, where she sings with the Atlanta Opera Arts Company, we claim her for Franklin, too, since she often visits her mother, Mrs. J. C. Altrick, at the Altrick summer home on Wayah Road.

Franklin can take pride, too, that one of the things that made such a musical event possible was the presence among us of a piano accompanist like Mrs. Margaret Cooper.

Picture From The Past

That is a pleasant picture out of the past drawn by Miss Maggie Holbrook, in her letter on this page.

In it, she re-lives the thrills, the wonder, the fears of a five-year old. She draws on the colorful phrases of the past; how better say a horse wouldn't pull than to call it "cold-collared"! — that is, it didn't lean on the collar even enough to get that bit of harness warm. Most important of all,

"Is This Trip Really Necessary!?"



it presents a vivid description of people and conditions here 70 years ago.

It is these things — how people live and how they think and speak — that are the very stuff of history. And Macon County's history, its incidents and its old stories, are well worth preserving. Yet they can be preserved only if older citizens here draw on their memories and put their recollections on paper.

The Press would welcome letters from other older persons, giving us, and posterity, the benefit of their memories. In fact, we invite and urge these older citizens to write us such letters.

Makes Rich Richer, Poor Poorer

(Rocky Mountain News)

The so-called "farm program" hasn't worked. The bulk of the subsidies go to the biggest wheat, corn and cotton farmers—not to the farmers who are hardest up. To show how lopsided the program is, the wheat subsidy costs the taxpayers 30 per cent of the whole farm program. Yet wheat accounts for only 6 per cent of total farm income. And the wheat problem is the worst of all.

Fair Dealing With The Voters

(Raleigh Times)

It is wonderful news to hear that Congressman David M. Hall of North Carolina's 12th District has a type cancer which can be completely cured and that he expects to be on hand for the opening of Congress in January.

The important part about this case, from a matter of fair dealing with the public, has been the absolutely frank way in which Hall has kept the public informed of each development. When the cancer was discovered, he announced that fact. He didn't wait until he found out that it could be cured, but told the people as soon as he knew about it.

The health of a public official is very much the business of the public. A public official who is in good health can keep busy doing the people's work. If he isn't in good health, he can't do that work.

Congressman Hall is to be commended for his complete fairness and frankness in his dealings with the voters in this matter.

What Constitutes An Emergency?

(Greensboro Daily News)

Action taken by the Council of State, at a meeting presided over by Lt. Gov. Luther Barnhardt in the absence of Governor Hodges in Europe, etches more clearly than ever the still unanswered question: "What constitutes an emergency?"

The council approved several appropriations from the emergency and contingency fund. By far the largest single item was \$300,000—and more may be required as the bills come from all the counties—to cover the expense of last month's bond election. So far as we know, never has an election cost as much per vote. Apparently the expense will run around \$2.50 per ballot cast. The machinery was there, but voters simply failed to utilize it for exercise of the highest responsibility of citizenship.

Actually tapping of the C. and E. fund constituted an emergency or a contingency in only the broadest, most liberal interpretation of the word. The 1959 General Assembly called the bond vote, knew that it would be held but provided no fund for its conduct. It passed the buck to C. and E. in an amount large enough to make up the reduction in welfare payments to needy old and totally disabled North Carolinians.

Other allocations approved from the contingency and emergency fund, without any publicized request for a ruling from the attorney general's office, were: \$1,500 as the state share of the annual expense of the Atlantic States Marine Fisheries Commission; \$500 for the N. C. Confederate Centennial Commission; and \$500 for the Carolina Chapter of the Tercentenary Commission which will note the 300th anniversary of the creation of the Carolina charter.

To be sure these items are small. But they nevertheless keep public attention focused upon the real meaning of an emergency and contingency and the ruling of the attorney general that maintenance of already low welfare grants to two of North Carolina's most helpless groups, physically and politically, meets neither legal definition nor legislative intent.

It's too bad that last month's bond election ballots were not made of edible material so that hungry oldsters and wholly disabled might have munched on the sizable stacks left over from the state's disgracefully low election total.

Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

Travel by rail or bus is still possible, but the railroad and bus companies seem to do everything they can to make it impossible.

Try, for instance, going by train from Asheville to Raleigh, Durham, or some other point down that way. There's just one way you can do it: Take the one-train-a-day going east from Asheville, get off and spend the night in Greensboro, and then get up in time to catch another train at the unearthly hour of 6 o'clock the next morning.

And the busses are no better, as I learned on a recent trip to Greensboro. I couldn't get a satisfactory bus schedule going down, so took the train out of Asheville, arriving in Greensboro at 9 o'clock at night — for an engagement at 1 o'clock the next afternoon, a Saturday.

I'd finished my business by 4 o'clock and was ready to come home. Surely, I thought, I can get a bus, either this afternoon or tomorrow morning, that'll get me to Asheville in time to catch the 11 a.m. bus for Franklin (the only one that operates on Sundays).

Know what I found? The only schedule in that 19-hour period left Greensboro at 2:30 in the morning, and would have put me in Asheville, after a sleepless night, at 7 in the morning — with four hours to wait for the Franklin bus.

Even the rail schedule was better. Coming back by train, I could go to bed on the Pullman at 1 a.m., and not get off in Asheville till 9, thus cutting the Asheville wait in half.

Mulling over this, I found myself asking: "Do you have to be dumb to operate big business?" I found myself answering: "Well,

it seems to help." Yes, I know the planes and the private automobiles have cut into the business of the railroads and bus companies, but I fail to see how giving poorer and poorer service is the way successfully to meet competition.

Furthermore, it seems to me the bus companies, and especially the railroads, are blind to opportunities their competition itself has presented them with. It is the private automobile that has hit them hardest. But today, with more and more cars on the roads, more and more people hate worse and worse to drive for long distances. Many of them would welcome the chance to avoid the strain of driving on crowded, dangerous highways, if reasonably good service were offered by the public transportation companies.

The railroads have another unexploited opportunity. There's a fascination about trains, a certain aura of adventure, not matched by any other means of transportation. And today thousands of adults and hundreds of thousands of children never have been on a train!

All of us Americans are constantly looking for new experiences. Well, a train ride would be just that for hundreds of thousands! There are millions of dollars of business there, waiting for these folks ever came back for a second ride — and many of them would — there'd be a brand new crop waiting for this experience by the time the present generation had had its trip by rail.

As I rode along on the un-

crowded train, I wondered, too, if the old-fashioned excursion might not be one way for the railroads to popularize what they have to offer.

That set me thinking of the Tallulah Falls. Why not T. F. excursions, to the falls the line is named for, to Franklin for ruby digging, and to other points of interest along the line?

For years now, the T. F. has sought salvation through hopeless admission of defeat. And salvation has receded farther and farther. The T. F. line represents a considerable investment. For a generation, the present method of management has got nowhere. Why wouldn't it be worth-while to experiment with a different approach? Why not a young, imaginative executive at the T. F. helm? He could hardly do worse!

And before somebody says it's none of my business how that railroad is managed, I hasten to suggest that it is. It is, because I and other plain citizens along the line are having to pay taxes the T. F. should but doesn't.

It hasn't paid Macon County a penny in taxes in 32 years. Its total bill to date is in the neighborhood of \$10,000.

Nor would I want anybody to conclude I'm just looking for something about the railroads to criticize. I want to see them prosper. I do for two reasons. First, I personally love rail travel, and I'd hate for the time to come when I couldn't enjoy that experience. Second, I am convinced the railroads are necessary to the continued progress of this nation.

LETTERS

Red-Letter Day

Editor, The Press:

I read in The Press week before last about the Old Soldiers' Reunion, October 4, 1889. I remember that day; it was a red-letter day for me. That was my first trip to Franklin.

We were all fixing to go, the day before. It was misting rain. We all kept thinking: If it rains, we can't go.

The older girls washed the wagon, a beautiful new wagon Turner Enloe had built. It had little pictures all along the sides of the bed.

We had a team of mares, Kate and Lili. Kate was cold-collared, and we were afraid she might not pull; so Bill rode her a ways, her hitched with the other. (Later on, Bill rode with the Penlands. Ham Penland, their colored man, drove.)

At last, we all got in the wagon, seven girls and Mother and Dad, and were on our way to Franklin.

Oh, how beautiful everything looked! I thought the flat-topped Allman house was the most beautiful house I ever saw. We carried our dinner. Dad placed it under the counter in the Racket Store; I just knew the dogs would get it. And I wondered why they called the store "racket"; I couldn't tell any difference in the noise.

You can imagine how things looked to a five-year old. I thought the soldiers marching and the music wonderful. Uncle Alex Holbrook wouldn't march. I was disappointed. He was dressed in gray.

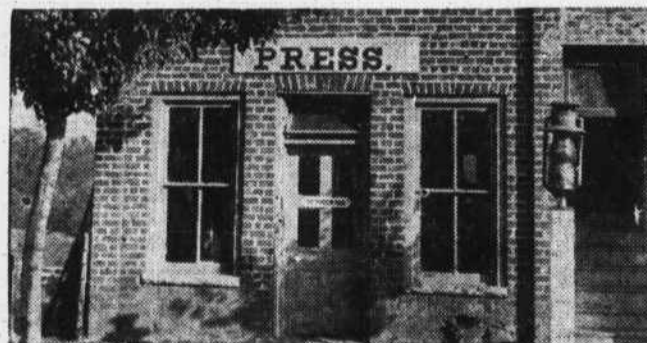
When dinner time came, we all gathered down at the Jones place. The wagon and horses were there and I believe the old oak tree is still standing where we spread our lunch. So many of Dad's freinds followed, I knew I wouldn't get anything to eat!

(MISS) MAGGIE HOLBROOK

Franklin, Route 2.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1894)

I have asked for money till I am tired of it, and I do hope those indebted to me will come in and settle at once.—R. L. Porter.

Miss Florence Curtis commenced a school on Cowee last Monday.

I have a five year old, mouse colored mule, strayed from the range sometime in August. Any persons giving information as to her whereabouts will be rewarded.—J. A. Munday.

New goods are coming in that are putting on Christmas airs.

35 YEARS AGO (1924)

The Sunday School here is progressing fine, with Mr. Lawrence Roper as superintendent.—Oak Dale item.

General Manager D. G. Stewart, of the Western Carolina Telephone Company, is busy this week putting up the telephone cables.

The many friends of Mrs. Pink Bryson and Mrs. L. H. Harrington will be sorry to learn that both of these estimable women have been sick for some time.

15 YEARS AGO (1944)

Marine Pfc. William Rogers Rickman, who has been in service in the South Pacific for the past 32 months, has been returned to the States and is now visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William P. Rickman, at their home in the West's Mill section.

5 YEARS AGO (1954)

Grading on the new \$330,000 Wayah highway got under way on the Nantahala end of the project Tuesday morning. Z. Weaver Shope was reelected chairman of the Macon chapter of the American-Red Cross Tuesday night.

Changing Westerns

LONDON TIMES

Not so long ago, if one went to see a Western film, one could feel fairly confident of what one would see. The cowboys were always right and the Indians always wrong; the hero (and the audience) was always on the side of the law — the lawbreaker was just bad, and needed no understanding, only shooting (legally, in a fair fight, of course); sex never raised its head — the hero might show a certain amount of rough-and-ready good-pal affection for the heroine, but never embraced anyone but his horse; and naturally the code of the West ruled the behavior of every one concerned.

How different are things today. In the past 10 years or so we

have encountered in rapid succession the super-Western, the psychological Western, the pacifist Western, the pro-Indian Western, the horror-Western (X certificate and all), and the Western sex-drama, so that nowadays even the most innocuous and unadventurous second-feature Western is likely to contain elements of one or all these sub-species. . .

Perhaps it is merely carping to add that sometimes one does wish that just occasionally we could have, as well, a good, straight-forward, old-fashioned Western in which the good were good, the bad were bad, the cowboys beat the Indians in the last reel, and the heroine took second place in the hero's affection to his horse.

WATER ACROSS THE SEA

Coals To Newcastle — New Style

Manchester, England, GUARDIAN

Some 2,000 acres of the California coast have been transformed, at the wave of a 35 million dollar wand, into an "aqua playground" — for millionaires, of course.

Great Britain's contribution, as in all these dollar deals, amounts to no more than a drop in the ocean. Several drops, to be fair. We can't think why, but the Mayor of San Diego, in an act of friendship, requested a "few ounces of water from Brighton's aquatic facilities" to sprinkle over the Pacific at the dedication ceremony.

Brighton's mayor, Alderman A. J. Sadler, promptly obliged. He is not short of aquatic facilities. Accompanied by the borough engineer and flunky carrying a bucket, he went to the Palace pier, scooped up two ounces of water and carefully ladled it into a plastic phial. Safely crated, it was dispatched to California.

In a covering letter, Mayor Sad-

ler points out that the sea was Brighton's trump and that at one time invalids were recommended to drink it. So perhaps the mayor of San Diego plans to give his weary tycoons a cup of Pacific for breakfast, laced with a splash of old Brighton.

DID YOU KNOW THIS ABOUT YOUR STATE?

There are only five counties in North Carolina that have more than one incorporated town of 5,000 or more population within their boundaries:

Catawba: Hickory and Newton

Cleveland: Shelby and Kings

Mountains.

Davidson: Lexington and Thom

asville.

Guilford: Greensboro and High

Point.

Iredell: Mooresville and States

ville.

AUTOMATION AND TOGETHERNESS

A French psychiatrist says automation is ruining togetherness. Workers unable to argue with their new machines take it out on their wives.—Quote.

NEW TAR HEEL BOOK

Forgotten N. C. Poetry Collected

By RICHARD WALSER

Some forgotten North Carolina poets and verse-makers of the nineteenth century have contributed their lively and improbable poems to *Nematodes in My Garden of Verse*, selected by Richard Walser.

Just published by John F. Blair, Publisher, of Winston-Salem, this book of Tar Heel poems is the result of Mr. Walser's rediscovery of the delights of such poets as Mattie J. Peterson, Reuben J. Holmes, and Gertrude Bailey Purrington, and Gertrude Perry West. It includes some obscure modern poems as well.

Many of the poems were first published in North Carolina newspapers. The subject matter ranges

from advertising verse to apocryphal North Carolina history. Mr. Walser, born in Lexington attended Davidson College and the University of North Carolina. For twelve years he taught high school English, and since 1946 has been professor of English at North Carolina State College. He is president of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association. In 1958, he was the recipient of a Guggenheim fellowship.

Mr. Walser's previously published books include "North Carolina Poetry", "Short Stories from the Old North State", "North Carolina Drama", "The Enigma of Thomas Wolfe" and short biographies of novelists Bernice Kell Harris and Ingils Fletcher.