

... AND HIGH TIME

End The Uncertainty!

It has now been five months since announcement was made of the proposed sale by Nantahala Power and Light Company of its distribution facilities to Duke Power Company.

Since the proposed sale must remain only a proposal until it is passed upon by the State Utilities Commission, and since nobody knows how the Utilities Commission will rule, these five months have been a period of uncertainty and of all the unsettling ills that accompany uncertainty.

Yet the people of the six-county area affected are no nearer an end to the uncertainty now than they were last September; because, as this is written, Nantahala and Duke still have not filed application for approval of the deal.

Why the long delay? We do not pretend to know. But whatever the reason, and however good a reason it may have been, surely five months is time enough.

Elementary fairness to the people of this region demands they not be kept in suspense indefinitely.

We respectfully suggest it is time, and high time, that Nantahala and Duke do one of two things. They either should file their application, so a start can be made toward getting the issue decided, or they should announce that the deal has been abandoned.

David M. Hall

Twice within a period of less than two years, this district's congressmen have been stricken by serious illness. And now David M. Hall is dead, scarcely a year after taking his seat in the national House of Representatives.

In his death, this region has lost more than a congressman; it has lost a young man of great valor and rare honesty.

His courage has become a rather familiar story. So handicapped, many would have given up long ago. Not David Hall! From a wheel chair, and often ill, he achieved more in his 41 years than most of us, blessed with robust health, do in twice as many years.

His honesty was dramatized by his complete candor about his health. Each time he became ill, his constituents were told, promptly and fully. Even when he developed cancer—it would have been so easy, in that case, to wait to see if it could be cured, or at least halted. But there was no waiting for David Hall. He told the people as soon as he was told.

How effective Mr. Hall was as a congressman we do not pretend to know. We do know he has left a record of surmounting obstacles and of fair-dealing with those he represented that will become a tradition in this mountain country.

Maybe They Have

"Young men can change the world", said the guest speaker at last week's annual banquet of the Franklin Jaycees.

"Yes", an older generation once would have responded, "and what a mess they'll make of it!"

Today we are less fearful of what young men may do to the world. We note that the world is in considerable of a mess already—almost any change might be an improvement. We conclude that the world's salvation must come from men of vision, and we recall that it is young men who see visions. Finally, we observe that young men are not so young as they once were.

They are—or, at least, the best of them are—more mature. And nowhere does that maturity show up so conspicuously as in their sense of values.

It was heartening to hear Mr. Al Harrison, state Jaycee president, say that, whatever change had done to other opportunities, the greatest opportunity of all remains—that of service. It was refreshing to hear him place first emphasis not on the spectacular or even the tangible, but on the spirit that motivates men. And it was surprising and

moving to have him—a young man, speaking to young men—suggest that the greatest service is not outstanding work in some organization or the launching of some new movement, but in little, unadvertised services to individuals. "It's small things that change the world." What counts is a man's understanding of and love for and service to other men.

That idea was exemplified in the choice of the young man to receive this year's Jaycee Distinguished Service Award. In the citation, not two or three—or even one—big achievements were listed as dictating the choice of Mr. Tom Raby for the honor. Instead, many small, everyday bits of service were cited. And prominent in that long list were the commonplace jobs he has done for his church.

Thus, in Franklin last week, a chamber of commerce organization, made up of young men, bestowed its highest honor upon a man who has worked unspectacularly, and much of whose work has been in a church!

Maybe young men have changed the world.

Wetter Than We Knew

On this page last week, TVA figures were quoted, indicating that 1959 was an unusually wet year.

TVA gave the average rainfall over that portion of the Tennessee Valley west of Chattanooga—the portion that contains Macon County. The total for 1959 was 53.8 inches, nearly 3 inches more than the long-time average of 51. From these figures, we concluded that 1959 was a wet year in Macon County.

Well, we didn't know the half of it. It was wetter than we knew.

For Nantahala Power and Light Company has thoughtfully provided us with figures on rainfall at its Nantahala Dam. There, the total last year was 69.32 inches, better than 15 inches above the TVA figure. That compares with a 10-year average at Nantahala of 62.28 inches. That is, the rainfall at Nantahala last year was above normal, not by the 3 inches of the TVA figure, but by more than 7.

At another point in this county—Coweta Hydrologic Laboratory—it was even wetter. There the 1959 total was 81.75 inches. The increase over normal, however, was less than 2 inches at Coweta.

All of which shows two things about Macon County: It had a very wet 1959; and, by comparison, it is a wet spot any year.

A Good Doctor

(Waterloo, Iowa, Courier)

The doctor who knows a lot about medicine and even more about human nature is a good one.

Homogenization — Ugh!

(Greensboro Daily News)

This is the homogenized era! The other night the discussion turned to margarine and butter. "Did you know," commented one young matron, "that they're now trying to make butter taste like margarine?"

We didn't know. It seems some of the younger generation, reared on margarine, object to the strong healthy taste of butter. Imagine that.

Then consider bread. One manufacturer advertises grandly the business about "no holes," but most bread tastes like paper anyway, even the kind with no holes. Eat several slices. They settle on the stomach like a big wad of dough. The wheat content is not there. Flour has been so over-refined that it no longer has any kinship with grain. It's ghostly white.

A friend sent us some honest-to-goodness home-cooked bread for Christmas. We set down and spread on it a slab of country butter and a scarlet gob of home-made strawberry preserves. It made a meal.

Now we come to those tasteless vegetables poured from the home freezer package into boiling water. They have no flavor, only a waxy consistency. (Could that wax be cancerous, and were they sprayed with something poisonous?) Most of them need a good piece of fat back or side meat to give them body.

This is the homogenized era. Everything comes in ready-to-cook packages. The craftsmanship of the kitchen is a dying art, just as craftsmanship in business generally has fallen victim to mass-production fever.

NOBODY SURPRISED

Larkins' Announcement Sets Off Chain Political Reaction

John Larkins formally announced his candidacy for Governor, to the surprise of no one.

He came out in favor of raising the income level of the people, to the surprise of no one.

He called for further industrial development in North Carolina, improvement of highways, better education, an adequate welfare program, correction of deficiencies in the prison system, slum clearance, and aid to farmers in their search for higher incomes.

Nobody was surprised by anything he advocated in his initial campaign statement. He came out for what everybody is for. The real issue will develop on the question of how to achieve all the developments and improvements which each candidate for Governor will advocate. Mr. Larkins may be expected to elaborate on this question as the campaign gathers momentum.

But if John Larkins did not exactly produce startling headlines by announcing what everybody already knew, he did set in motion a clarification of the political picture in North Carolina.

On the heels of the Larkins announcement came Addison Hewlett's withdrawal from the ranks of prospective gubernatorial candidates. And the Hewlett withdrawal in turn prompted fresh political speculation, involving the senatorial as well as the gubernatorial contest.

Hewlett had been considered almost a certain aspirant for the Governorship. He was reportedly encouraged by the "Hodges forces," but pulled out when the showdown came because (as he stated) of his inability to raise enough money to run on.

With Hewlett out of the gubernatorial picture, some political observers began thinking for the first time in terms of a two-way race—Larkins versus Terry Sanford.

Ride From Dark To Dark

(Raleigh News and Observer)

North Carolina has established a reputation in the nation for the most successful dealing in the South with the situation created by the Supreme Court school integration decision. It has escaped explosions and difficulties of Arkansas and Virginia yet has avoided the attitude of defiance which did more harm than good in other states. However, at the moment the case to which most sharp attention is being drawn in the North is that of Yancey County which maintains no schools for Negroes but sends all Negro children, little and big, 40 miles each way every day to school in Asheville.

A recent page advertisement in The New York Times showed a small and weary Negro girl above the caption, "80 miles and 11 hours—that's a long school day for a six-year-old." And it is. Obviously, it is not going to be easy to defend a school assignment situation which requires 27 school children (21 elementary school children) to go from Burnsville to Asheville every day to attend any school at all. And a similar situation involving Indian children, who have to ride every day from Harnett County to school in Sampson, recently got explosive publicity.

These bus route situations involve race and the emotional and legal factors which attend it. But these Negro and Indian children are not the only ones who in winter have to ride from dark to dark to attend school in North Carolina. Some of them ride long distances not in the name of integration but in the more pleasant sounding name of consolidation. The fact is, however, that there are today approximately 358 school bus routes that are 30 miles or more in length each way.

Of course, on most routes, not every child rides the whole 30 miles. Some homes are nearer the school than the end of the route. Also State officials carefully point out that the State has no responsibility in the assignment of children or the routing of the buses. Those are local matters. But neither critical people far off from North Carolina nor tired children in it may be expected to pay much attention to such distinctions in authority.

It is likely to be pretty difficult to convince any courts that "good faith" is maintained in school assignments which require all the children of one race to ride to another county to school. And it is not easy to convince anybody that a consolidation is wonderful which requires many children, white as well as Negro, to ride from dark to dark to get an education in North Carolina.

Attention is being brought to this matter by racial questions. More attention should be brought to the whole business of children who hardly see their homes by daylight because they are required to ride such distances to school.

They who are of opinion that money will do everything may very well be suspected to do everything for money.—Lord Halifax.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

The News & Observer has added Frank Ray to the small list of handsome members of the General Assembly. Gee whizz! When the people awoke on Monday morning, they found the earth overspread with the "Beautiful".

Dr. W. H. Higgins is having a new well dug—the third one on his lot.

Our roads are now in the usual winter condition, mud to the bottom, but all this will be forgotten when spring comes, and Providence puts them in better condition. Our people rely a great deal upon Providence in road matters.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

The highway between Franklin and the Georgia line has been let to contract, for concrete paving 16 feet wide and six inches deep, according to an announcement by J. G. Stake-leather, of Asheville, highway commissioner.

Messrs Wiley Zachary and Harry Higgins, of Franklin, N. C., passed through here today with a truck load of 26 fox hounds on their way to Eustis County, Florida, to spend two months fox hunting.—Clayton, Ga., Tribune.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

The N. C. General Assembly has re-appointed the following as members of the Macon County Board of Education: C. Gordon Moore, Franklin; J. E. Cabe, Otto; Ed B. Byrd, Stiles; Frank Browning, Etna; and Roy Phillips, Highlands.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

The Burlington Mills' training program for loopers got under way Tuesday.



STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

When did mankind first become conscious of a sense of gratitude? Who was the first man to express thanks to a Higher Being for his food? How old is our custom of saying a blessing—a spoken expression of an inner emotion—before we eat?

These and similar questions came to my mind the other night, when, on a little trip, I stopped in a restaurant for a meal; for on the table I found a card, on which were printed the "Thanksgiving Before Meals" of four religious groups.

I had seen these blessings before, but this time, for some reason, I was more impressed; and so I accepted the invitation, at the bottom of the card, to take it along.

Some readers undoubtedly have seen these four blessings, too, but others may not; and even among those who have, there may be some who will wish to clip them for a scrapbook or other use. So the four blessings are reprinted below:

PROTESTANT:
"Bless, O Lord, this food to our use, and us to Thy service, and make us ever mindful of the needs of others, in Jesus' name. Amen."

ROMAN CATHOLIC:
"Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts, which we are about to receive from Thy bounty. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

GREEK ORTHODOX:
"Christ our Lord, bless this food for which we, Thy servants, are humbly grateful, for Thou art Loving and Holy now and forevermore. Amen."

JEWISH:
"Lift up your hands toward the sanctuary and bless the Lord. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the universe, who bringest forth bread from the earth. Amen."

After finishing my meal, I read and re-read these expressions of thanksgiving for something you and I take for granted, our food. Here, I thought, surely is one of the noblest sentiments of which man is capable, gratitude; for gratitude grows out of a sense of humility, which is the beginning of all wisdom.

I was impressed that four groups, of such widely differing beliefs, should have come up with blessings so similar.

It struck me that the most beautiful of the four is the oldest, the Jewish. There is something of the moving poetry of the Old Testament in those few, simple words.

That set me thinking of how much the world owes to a people, who, in numbers, have always been a tiny minority. For it is from the Jew that we received our concept of one God, whose attributes are justice and mercy. Once grasped, that concept was held on to, through captivity and separation and persecution. Never once did he let go of it. And so he transmitted it not just to his descendants, which was what he had in mind, but to the world.

Here was a tiny group, militarily powerless, politically inept; yet its impact on the world has been greater than that of any empire.

And that, it occurred to me, has been true all through history. It has been not size and might that have made a people great and influential, but ideas and character. It is to Greece, a small nation that we owe our ideas of beauty and truth; it is to Rome—the Rome of the period long before it became military ruler of the world—that we owe our ideas of justice under law. It is to the people of the little British Isles that we owe our concept of self-government.

That brought to mind a recent article—one of a series during the last half century—deploring the inevitable disappearance of the qualities that have made the Southern mountaineer notable—his individualism, his fierce independence, his honesty and innate gentleness.

Is it inevitable, just because the mountaineer is a tiny minority, that these characteristics of his shall be lost to the world?

The history of other small groups says no. They will be lost only if the mountaineer himself loses faith in them, and if he fails to instill them in the minds and hearts of his children, so that they, like the Jews of old, will hold on to these things, whatever the pressures.

They can be saved.

BETA GETS BACK HOME

Dogs On College Campuses

JOE JONES in Chapel Hill Weekly

No creature in Chapel Hill was gladder to see the University students return (after the Christmas holidays) than the long-haired, black, mongrel dog that makes his headquarters at the Graham Memorial student union. He had been abysmally unhappy during the long Christmas holiday when the building was closed and the students were way. Unable to fathom the terrible thing that had befallen his world, he ranged far and wide in the town in search of food and friends, with little success.

If, on his rambles, he saw a young man approaching he cocked his head to one side and assumed a look of inquiry and hope. Even when it turned out to be nobody he knew, he would follow along for maybe half a block. Then, given no encouragement, he would stop and stand watching the stranger out of sight, the picture of dejection.

Early in the holiday the dog learned that one building on the campus still showed some human activity. This was the Planetarium. Almost every afternoon he went there to greet visitors on the front steps. There was always a lot of petting at one end and tail wagging at the other, but nothing at all for the middle. As the lean days passed, the hollow of his stomach arched alarmingly toward his backbone.

Then suddenly last Monday morning the black dog's shattered universe fell into place again. The Graham Memorial was reopened, his old friends passed through its doors, and handouts were once more available at Lenoir Dining Hall.

This dog is the latest in an immortal series of campus dogs down through the generations of University students. Twenty years ago everybody knew Tarzan, the

RUSSIAN BOY'S IDEAS OF U. S.

There's a very popular anecdote (among Russians) about little Ivan being asked by the teacher to describe America.

"America," said little Ivan, "is the country where the workers are being exploited by the capitalist and are starving to death."

"Excellent," said the teacher. "Now tell us the chief aims of the new seven year plan."

"To catch up with America," replied Ivan.—George Bailey in The Reporter.

GOOD ENOUGH EXCUSE, BUT —

Vice President, Nixon, turns down some neckties his wife bought him, saying that they are "too shiny for television." A wonderful excuse, but the average man would have a hard time getting away with it.

—Denver Post