

NOW WHAT?

## When Doctors Disagree

What do we do now about Franklin's water problem?

Mr. H. H. Plemmons and Mr. W. Russell Cabe, local engineers whose character and interest in the community are beyond question, present one set of figures and conclusions. Messrs. Harwood Beebe, reputable Spartanburg engineering firm, present wholly different figures and conclusions.

To add to the confusion, the Harwood Beebe figures are somewhat different from those it came up with earlier.

We can do any one of three things.

We can blindly accept the Plemmons-Cabe findings and ignore those from Harwood Beebe.

We can blindly accept the Harwood Beebe findings and ignore the Plemmons-Cabe report.

Or we can get an independent outside engineer, one who has had no connection with the problem, and so can approach it free of either preconceived ideas or the quite human desire to be proved right.

## Worth Remembering

Farm income in the U. S. is down, way down.

It's down, despite the subsidies and the huge surpluses those subsidies have created.

So! Do we just repeal the subsidy law and make everything lovely?

Maybe. But we'd do well to remember, before we jump to hasty conclusions, that it was just such a drop in farm income, more than thirty years ago, that set off the Great Depression.

## Peculiar Commodity

Nearly two hundred years ago, we Americans noticed kings and outlawed titles. Yet today nothing intrigues us so much as monarchies and titles.

It was news all over the United States, for example, when a son was born last month to Japan's Crown Prince and Princess. When England's Queen Elizabeth gave birth to a third child, a boy, Americans were as excited and pleased as if it had been a new baby right in their own family. And when a 29-year old English girl announced her engagement, we were all agog — because the girl was the Princess Margaret.

Which all goes to show that the nature we call human is a peculiar commodity — especially the American brand.

## About Time

How far should the United States government go in seeking the good opinion of the peoples of the world?

We don't pretend to know the full answer to that hard question. But surely there is a limit; and the evidence suggests we have long since passed that limit. How silly this fear of offending somebody can be is illustrated by the latest Chessman reprieve. Convicted of murder and half a dozen other crimes some 11 years ago, Chessman once more has escaped the death penalty: this time because of world clamor — world clamor about something that is no affair of the world. He was given a new reprieve because Washington feared demonstrations in South America might embarrass President Eisenhower on his tour of that continent.

Isn't it about time, in purely domestic matters, for this nation to do what any individual with an ounce of courage and sense would do — decide what seems right and wise and act accordingly, without reference to what somebody may think?

Ultimately, that's probably the only way we can win the respect of the world. Certainly, it's the only way we can retain our self-respect.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.—Thoreau.

## Less Than Self-Evident

All of us are inclined to be carried away by our own enthusiasms.

We think perhaps a case in point may be this claim of the North Carolina Malt Beverage Control Institute, in an advertisement:

"Legal control laws (governing the sale of alcoholic beverages) . . . are working better than any other system ever devised."

Well, now, we wonder. At a time when consumption of alcoholic beverages is more widespread than ever before in this nation's history, and when alcoholism is at an all-time high, we wonder if that claim isn't a trifle less than self-evident.

## Where Are We?

Jerry R. Gordrey, of Chicago, told the N. C. Farm Bureau Federation in Asheville the other day that the cycle of human development follows this pattern:

Bondage; spiritual courage; freedom; abundance; selfishness; apathy; dependence; and, finally, a return to bondage.

In which of those phases is the United States today?

## Could Use More Of It

"The President is wrong when he says he knows more about modern weaponry than anyone else. . . . Modern weaponry has moved beyond his comprehension, and he proves it every week."

So declares Mr. John G. Lanphier, Jr.

Maybe so, maybe not. The average American doesn't know; will reserve judgment.

What most impresses the average American is that Mr. Lanphier resigned a \$50,000 a year job, as a vice president of a company that makes weapons for the government, for the privilege of speaking his mind.

That's the kind of personal independence and courage we could use a lot more of.

## Not A Whisper

Back a few years ago, during the trouble about segregated buses in Montgomery, Ala., there were anguished cries from self-labeled liberals about how wicked it would be for the Montgomery whites to put economic pressure on the Negroes there.

Today Negroes are staging sit-downs in lunch counters throughout the South, and the Congress of Racial Equality has jumped into the fray. It has organized boycotts of the northern branches of chain stores that decline to serve Negroes in their Southern stores. The Congress boasts of how effective its boycotts have been in cutting down the stores' sales volumes.

And what do the liberals who, a few years ago were so horrified by the very thought of economic pressure, have to say now? Listen carefully. Can you hear even a whisper?

## More Decent, Too

(Northwest Colorado Press)

Truth is stranger than fiction and usually more decent.

## Endangers Liberty, Too

(Rough Notes)

The young man who drives with one hand not only endangers life and limb, he puts his liberty in jeopardy, too.

## End Of Story?

(Fort Myers, Fla., News-Press)

A Jacksonville woman rammed her auto into a telephone pole when a skunk jumped into the back seat. . . . That does not sound like the end of the story.

## This Wonderful Age Of Security

(Smithfield Herald)

Otto Graham, who is distinguished as one of the all-time great players of college and professional football, says he has turned down several offers to coach in the "big time" because he is quite happy as commander in the U. S. Coast Guard and coach of the Coast Guard Academy's "small college" football team.

Not only is he free from the pressures of big-time football. He says he has another big advantage: "When I wake up in the morning, I don't have to wonder over whether I'll wear a blue, gray or brown suit. I just hop into the uniform."

Lucky fellow! A worry-free existence! If the Coast Guard were advertising for recruits on TV, the commercial would probably run something like this: "Join the Coast Guard, you cuss, and leave the decisions to us!"

Remember 'way back when the armed services appealed to the adventurous?

## Beatrice Cobb Highway

(West Jefferson Skyland Post)

If ever a person in North Carolina earned the right to have a highway named in her honor, that person is the late Miss Beatrice Cobb, Morganton newspaper publisher and secretary of the North Carolina Press Association for 37 years.

The highway which should bear this name is the Jonas Ridge road, number 181, leading from the parkway into Morganton. This highway is one of the most scenic in North Carolina and provides a direct route to the beautiful Blue Ridge Parkway.

Miss Cobb was always a booster for better roads in North Carolina and supported her beliefs not only through editorials in her newspaper, but by attending highway meetings, helping to make surveys, circulating petitions and using other means to determine the needs.

The Jonas Ridge road was a pet project of hers. She felt that it was needed and never slowed down in her efforts, until this dream became a reality.

E. B. Jeffries, once chairman of the North Carolina Highway Commission, recalls that when Miss Cobb first began her efforts for this road he was doubtful that it could be built, but that he and others to follow, looked, listened and acted. And now this road is not only a big help to those who live in the area, but to all others seeking this entrance to the Blue Ridge Parkway.

Why not let this highway bear the name of Beatrice Cobb? The name would not only honor a beloved publisher but would be a reminder and an inspiration to others; for it would stand as a monument to the efforts of a person who enjoyed the beauties of North Carolina and wanted others to share in this beauty.

## What Goad?

(Baltimore Sun)

Dr. Charles Long, a Johns Hopkins economist, read an interesting paper in Washington the other day. It was a study of the inter-relationship of unemployment, productivity and inflation. Dr. Long's investigations show that inflation slows down or halts when unemployment increases, and also that this country has had its biggest spurts in productivity and economic growth in times of considerable unemployment. He attributes this to three "effects."

One is the "lubrication effect" of a labor supply that is available and eager to work, which encourages expansion of new firms and industries. Another is the "insecurity effect" which encourages the employed to turn in a better day's work. The third is the "pencil sharpening effect" of declining sales and stiff competition, which compels managers to tighten up on their costs and produce more efficiently.

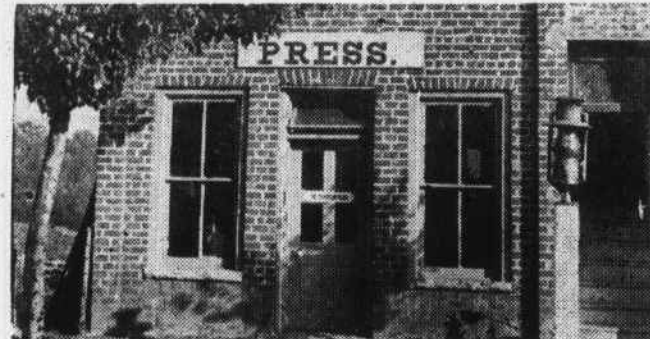
Like so much good scientific work, Dr. Long's paper simply confirms a number of things that everybody knows—things embodied in such common expressions as the "spur of necessity" and "necessity is the mother of invention."

Necessity is the key word. In the harsh history of the human race, necessity has been the great goad. The question today is what goad may be substituted when necessity loses its sharpness, as indeed it has most of the time throughout the western world?

Communism has found one answer. Communism substitutes compulsion for necessity. What's the answer where freedom reigns. We'd like to know.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1895)

Messrs. J. P. Angel & Sons have moved their saddlery and harness shop from Myers store room to the W. A. McConnell house south of Public Square.

How dear to our heart is the face of a dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view.

Chief Clerk Sam L. Rogers, of Collector Carter's office, came over from Asheville Friday on a business trip, and returned Monday.

Kope Ellas and his son, Lewis, returned Saturday from Atlanta, where they spent most of last week having Lewis' eyes treated.

35 YEARS AGO

(1925)

Mr. W. L. Higdon has resigned his office as an alderman. Hon. Sam L. Rogers has been elected by the town board to fill out Mr. Higdon's term.

Bryson Bros., of West's Mill, have sold their store in that thriving locality to Mr. Tom Rickman.

15 YEARS AGO

(1945)

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Cunningham celebrated their golden wedding anniversary Sunday afternoon at their home in West Franklin with open house.

Misses Kate and Lois Jacobs, of Iotla, and Mrs. Frank Byrd, of Bryson City, were hostesses at a miscellaneous shower at the home of the former, as a courtesy to Pvt. and Mrs. Carroll Jacobs, who were recently married.

5 YEARS AGO

(1955)

Macon County's new health center on Riverview street will be open for public inspection Sunday afternoon.

## BUDGET DIRECTOR'S FIGURES

### How Much Does U.S. Really Owe—And Why?

Albemarle Stanly News And Press

Maurice H. Stars, U.S. Budget director, in an address at the annual Tax Foundation dinner in New York last December 1, made some highly appropriate comments on our government and its development.

He demonstrated that the present governmental mortgage on the future of this nation is not \$292 billion, which is the present national debt, but about \$750 billion.

The \$750 billion is already committed in the form of military re-



STRICTLY

## PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Eddie Barker, writing in The Clayton (Ga.) Tribune about a cold he's had, one of those holding-on colds you just can't seem to get rid of, says he goes out in rain and wind, heedless of warnings that "you'll catch pneumonia."

So what? he says. The doctors can't do much about the "common cold," but they can knock pneumonia in a day.

Which recalls the story of the self-termed doctor of another era who was called in on a case.

When he gave the patient some medicine, the wife wanted to know did he think the medicine would cure the pneumonia.

"No, ma'am, it won't. But it will give him fits, and I'm h— on curing fits."

Below is an editorial from The Smithfield Herald.

There are two reasons why I chose this column as the place to reprint it. First, it has a strictly personal slant. Second, and more important, there's something strictly personal I want to make doubly sure gets on the record. The Herald writes:

The East-West feud in North Carolina goes back long before Luther Hodges took occasion to "spank" the East for lagging behind in industrialization. Any good student of North Carolina history knows it goes back to the American Revolution, the Regulators, and the conflict between large landholders in the East and small farmers in the West.

The differences come right down to the question of reapportionment today.

But at last an understanding voice from the West has spoken out with just a touch of envy instead of the customary condescension. Weimar Jones, writing in The Franklin Press, suggests that maybe it isn't just apathy that makes the East "drag its feet" but perhaps a "shrewd insight" that industrialization is not wholly good, that it often brings unhealthy growth and that it seems to destroy the ability to use the very leisure it is intended to provide.

"To the man in Eastern North Carolina," says Mr. Jones, "leisure is almost as important as food. He not only takes it for granted, he takes it — even at the expense, sometimes, of not milking the cow seven days a week. He hunts, he fishes, he engages in pleasant but maybe profitless conversation, he makes an art of just plain loafing. He puts first emphasis on living rather than earning a living."

Weimar Jones not only deserves thanks and perhaps a medal for understanding "the mind of the East." He also deserves an invitation from some grateful Easterner to come spend a two-week vacation down East in the summertime — to fish, to loaf, to indulge in pleasant but profitless conversation (he can talk about politics!) and to see how long it takes him to acquire the genuine outlook of a true Easterner. And he should not be asked to milk a cow or build a factory — or even write a newspaper column!

Maybe you're thinking: "It's not quite modest for him to re-

print that." Agreed.

But when a scruple about modesty assailed me, as I clipped that piece, I found myself saying: "Modesty be darned!" The reason for that reaction lies in the last paragraph, especially the last two sentences.

A medal? That would be nice. But what I want to be sure is on the record is that tentative invitation to spend a vacation, fishing, talking, and just loafing, in Eastern North Carolina.

Invitation accepted!

P. S. About that comment concerning "understanding": Surely nobody has more of that than Mr. Thomas J. Lassiter, The Herald editor. Witness those last six words.

Yes, sir, I'm ready to head East . . . any day.

My hat is off to the men of the repair crews of the Nantahala Power and Light Company and the Western Carolina Telephone Company.

Working in snow and ice, in near-zero temperatures, they have done a remarkable job of restoring interrupted service with a minimum of loss of time.

That kind of service impresses up most when we are personally affected; and we have to do without these conveniences really to appreciate them.

I never knew how much we depended on a telephone, for example, until we had to go without it from Tuesday to Sunday.

That annoyance, though, was forgotten in appreciation when a group showed up at our house on Saturday and not Monday, but early Sunday morning, to replace the line broken by falling limbs.

There must be hundreds of others in this area who are similarly grateful for the untiring efforts of these men.

There's a lot of talk about how terrible today's youngsters are: Undisciplined, no manners, no sense of responsibility.

Well, take it from me, that's more talk than fact.

The test lies in little things, and here's an illustration of what the kids really are like.

At our house, there's a very good sled, with steel runners, left over from the days when our children were small. It's much in demand.

Every child in the neighborhood knows we have the sled, and they all know exactly where it is kept. There's nothing to prevent them from just coming and getting it, when it snows; nothing, that is, except their training.

But in all the years we've been in Franklin, no child has taken it without first coming and asking, politely, if he might borrow it.

Not once has there been any delay about its return to its proper place. And no child has yet borrowed it without, when he brought it back, coming to the door to tell us it had been returned, and to thank us.

Is there any neighborhood where that would be true of all the adults?

SHOULD COME TO W. N. C.

## 'We'd Rather Have Snow'

Huntington, N. Y., LONG-ISLANDER

An open winter is a joy to be desired, a consummation devoutly to be wished. So they say. And so we keep telling ourselves. But open winters can be boring.

We know all about snow. We know all about how frustrating, tiresome and boring snow can be, even to us, and usually by the second day after the storm, too. Still and all, there's a perverse streak in our nature that's been wanting it to snow.

Each time we have a bit of flurry, something deep inside us keeps hoping this is "really it." Secretly, we rejoice to see the air filled with flakes, and in spite of ourselves, we analyze the downfall to see if it mightn't be the beginning of a "big one." We try

to determine whether it looks lazy and futile, or whether it looks business-like and purposeful. Shockingly, we find ourselves rooting for it, cheering it on. We watch the ground to see whether it is "making", and the sheltered corners to find out if there might not be a chance of its drifting a bit.

We try to remind ourselves that if it really does keep on snowing, we mightn't be able to get the car out tomorrow, or if we do, we might get stuck. We try to remember how awful snow can look after it's lain for the third day. But all we can see in our mind's eye is the white wonderful look of the world when the sun comes out the morning after the storm, or the enchanted silence of walking out while it snows during the night. The slush, the ice, all the nasty aftermath, refuses to come into focus. We want desperately for it to snow!

By which time in our snow-flurry musings, an ominous light creeps into the sky. Those lovely, heavy, dark clouds seem to have disappeared over the horizon, the flakes become less and less frequent and finally stop. The air is filled with the bleak, pale light of a watery, wintry sun. The hard, brown ground, which just a few moments ago had been decked with a light, fleecy blanket, is bare and uninteresting again. The trees, ready to receive their snowy garlands, are empty and cold, as before. Nothing has changed. It was only another ineffectual little flurry.

Ah, well, an open winter is to be much desired, so they say. Let them say it. We'd rather have snow!