

The Franklin Press

and
The Highlands Maconian

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Editorial Page Editor

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1960

Unquoted

At their national conventions, both Democrats and Republicans have invoked their patron saints.

They have sought to stir enthusiasm by calling up from the past the names of their great. And they have quoted the words of those great as the basis for platform planks.

How often the latter has been rationalizing is indicated by how carefully the words were chosen.

The most observant television viewer, for example, listened in vain for a Democratic delegate to quote these words of Grover Cleveland:

The lessons of paternalism ought to be unlearned and the better lesson taught that while the people should patriotically and cheerfully support their Government, its functions do not include the support of the people.

Let's Keep It So

Bidwell is one of the last of the tree-shaded streets in Franklin.

It is bordered by some fine maples that, at some points, meet above the street, creating a cool and beautiful shaded passage.

But Bidwell Street, unfortunately, is narrow—much too narrow; one of these days it will have to be widened.

What will happen to the trees then? If we follow the usual program of the past, they'll be chopped down and hauled away, and we'll have in their place a wider bit of hot, ugly asphalt. Many other towns have gone to great trouble and expense to save their trees; usually, in the past, Franklin hasn't been that wise.

When the time comes, Bidwell can be widened, and still have its trees. Between the street and the row of trees on the east side, there's a sidewalk. It would be a simple matter to use the space now occupied by the sidewalk to widen the street; then build a new sidewalk on the other side of the trees.

The new sidewalk, of course, in places would be much higher than the street. But why not? That, too, would be pleasant, because it would be a variation from the usual monotony of street and sidewalk on identical levels.

Let's keep this one tree-shaded street as pleasant and beautiful as it is now. All that is needed is a little desire, a little effort.

Takes Our Breath Away

Citing the disadvantages of the small cars that have come to be known as "compacts", Michigan's highway commissioner comes up with one that takes our breath away: The little cars use less gasoline.

That is a calamity, he suggests, because it means a smaller state and federal intake from gasoline taxes. If enough people should use gas-saving cars, he predicts, it might be necessary to raise the gas tax rate.

That, of course, would play hob with the fellow who insists on driving a big car.

Against such a consideration, the conservation of gasoline, we presume, is of no consequence whatever.

How'd She Take It?

It's hard for an individual to fight the big corporations, such as the electric, telephone, and insurance companies. Usually, they've got you, coming and going. The easy way is just to accept their rules and go on about your business.

Because that's what most of us do, it's always refreshing to hear of a man who stands up on his hind feet and tells 'em off. Such a case is reported by the Rockingham Post-Dispatch:

When Zeke Tuttle's barn burned, the agent for the insurance company explained that, under terms of the policy, the insurance would pay nothing in

cash, but that the company would build another barn.

"If that's the way your company does business", Zeke exploded, "you can just cancel the insurance on my wife."

That's tellin' 'em, Zeke.

But just how, we wonder, did Mrs. Zeke take that?

Only Disc Jockey Worth While

(Maroa, Ill., Prairie Post)

The only disc jockey we would give a nickel for is the kind who can jockey a twelve-foot disc through a twelve-foot gate.

Words And Thoughts

(Editor's Copy)

Big words do not always convey big thoughts.

A 14-Carat Pip

(Suffolk County, N. Y., News)

If local parent-teacher groups are looking for a lively subject for discussion we've got one that educators might term as a 14-carat pip.

Recently a study was made in Madison High School in Rexburg, Idaho, of the relation between car ownership by high school students and their grades. The findings:

Not a single straight A student owned or had access to a car.

Only 15 per cent of the B students owned or had access to cars.

Forty one per cent of the C students were regular drivers. Of the D students, 71 per cent were regular drivers.

Of failing students 83 per cent either owned or had access to a car.

This study makes it appear that the teen age car owner or operator might be joy-riding himself right out of an education. But would a similar study show the same relationship in Sayville as it does in Rexburg?

OK, P-T.A., take it away!

No Wonder!

(Hartford, Conn., Courant)

Does it seem that your child is not able to read as early or as well through modern education methods as in yesterday? Perhaps the answer is that reading has become a much more intricate process than it used to be.

In Noah Webster's primitive day reading was described by him as follows: "to take in the sense of language by interpreting the characters in which it is expressed."

But when the International Reading Assn., a group of 4000 experts, met in New York recently they heard a new definition of reading given by a California psychologist:

"A processing skill of symbolic reasoning sustained by the interfacilitation of an intricate hierarchy of substrata factors that have been mobilized as a psychological working system

and pressed into service in accordance with the purpose of the reader."

You must admit that it's much easier to take in the sense of a language than it is to sustain symbolic reason by a process of interfacilitation of an intricate hierarchy. No wonder Johnny has trouble!

Good Question

(Banking)

We all wish for things we don't have, but what else is there to wish for?

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

Remember, we will take wheat on subscriptions.

The bicycle fever has struck Franklin.

Mr. L. H. Enloe is building a new and handsome dwelling on his farm on Cartoogechaye.

Misses Annie and Irene Weaver, of Weaverville, are visiting relatives and friends in this county.

Messrs. J. J. Norton and Will Neville, of Walhalla, came up last week to see somebody else's sisters.

Mrs. J. L. Robinson is still selling the books used in the public schools and will have a new supply in this week.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

At their annual meeting last Monday, the Lake Emory company stockholders reelected Alex Moore, E. S. Hunnicutt, W. B. McGuire, G. A. Jones, and John Trotter as directors, and named the following new members of the board: Capt. L. W. Robert, of Atlanta, Elmer Johnson, Theodore Munday, and Wint Horn.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

The county tax rate for 1945-46 has been set by the County Commissioners at \$1.10, the lowest rate in many years.

During the first seven months of this year, only eight marriage licenses have been issued to couples marrying in Macon County, according to Lake V. Shope, register of deeds. Many Macon couples, however, were married in adjoining counties, Mr. Shope said.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

Contractors have been given the go-ahead to complete Franklin High's gymnasium.

CAN'T BELIEVE ANYTHING!

Those Meddlesome Historians!

SMITHFIELD HERALD

Meddlesome historians, like the poor, are destined to be always with us.

Long ago the meddlesome ones told us that the cherry tree story was a concoction of somebody's imagination and that George Washington might have actually told tales that were more than little white lies.

For some years all North Carolinians except Charlotteans have been convinced that the "Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" is at least slightly mythical.

Now comes one of these history fellows debunking that intriguing North Carolina story about Peter Stewart Ney.

Tar Heels have known for a long time that a school teacher named Peter Stewart Ney, who lies buried in Rowan County, was really Marshal Michael Ney, one of Napoleon's generals. Marshal Ney was supposed to have been executed in France for disloyalty to Louis XVII, but Tar Heel story tellers know that Ney escaped the executioner and came to North Carolina to live.

Professors simply won't believe

well enough alone. One of those Chapel Hill scholars brings to light the findings of a New York lawyer who doubled as an amateur historian. There is "massive" evidence, we are told, that Marshal Ney was undoubtedly executed in France in 1815 and never came to North Carolina. This professor tells us that the New York researcher found the baptismal record of Peter Stewart Ney, which indicated that the school teacher buried in Rowan was a native of Scotland.

This is all quite interesting, but not nearly so interesting as the story of Marshal Ney's escape from the executioner. Yet historians will meddle and there seems to be no defense against them and their heresies.

Some people actually believe them, and sooner or later some historian will have us Smithfieldians believing the heresy that Smithfield did not miss becoming the capital of North Carolina by one vote.

The old order doth evengeth. It's gotten so you can't believe what you want to any more.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES



The results of a political poll taken last week among a small group gathered in southern Illinois proved interesting to me.

I suspect the results may be significant, too; because it would be hard to find any group so small that was so representative of thinking in the United States.

The occasion was the International Conference of Weekly Newspaper Editors; attendance is by invitation, and, in the past, the number has been limited to 25. This year's conference drew one English editor, one from Canada, and 21 from the United States.

A variety of factors tended to make the Americans representative of this country: As a rule, the weekly editor is closer to his readers than the editor of a big daily; the 21 present came from 14 states, from California to Connecticut and from Mississippi north to the Great Lakes; the division between Democrats and Republicans seemed about even, and there were at least two Catholic editors, as well as members of most Protestant denominations; finally, the editors came from communities ranging from one of less than a thousand people to sprawling suburbs of big cities.

Twenty of the 21 U.S. editors attending took part in the poll.

Asked for their personal choices for President, nine said Kennedy, nine said Nixon, and two wrote in on the "ballot" the name of Adlai Stevenson.

Sixteen of the editors, however, believed Kennedy will carry their states; only four thought their states would vote for Nixon.

And 12 of the 20 thought Kennedy will be elected, while eight thought Nixon will be the next President.

There was almost unanimous agreement as to what will be the outstanding issue in the campaign. Seventeen believed it will be foreign policy.

Thirteen of the 20 thought the Democratic majority in Congress

will be increased as a result of the November election, six thought it will be decreased, and one expected no change.

Even more interesting, however, than the poll itself was the attitude of the editors, as it was revealed in conversations.

While there were, of course, as many variations of attitude as there were editors, the atmosphere was something approaching fatalistic indifference. In 1952 and again in 1956, most voters were whole-hearted in their support either of Eisenhower or of Stevenson; I found no such feeling at this conference.

While some of those in attendance had determined whom they would support, and why, there was a marked absence of enthusiasm. (Remember the empty seats Kennedy addressed when he made his acceptance speech?) And more than one expressed the view that there is little choice between the two candidates — that, in any case, we'll get a third-rate man for President.

One man summed up his feeling this way: "I would not go so far as to say neither candidate has a conviction, but I would say that the one over-powering conviction of each is that he wants to be President — and is willing to pay whatever the price may be."

Another, commenting on the platforms, remarked: "One thing we know about the Republican platform: the Republican delegates will try, but they can't possibly out-promise the Democrats."

My conclusion, after talking with most of the editors attending, was that, if the election were held tomorrow, the vote might be the highest in decades, so deep is the cynicism about the two parties and their candidates, and so general is the feeling that, grave as is the danger in which this nation now finds itself, it really doesn't greatly matter which way the election goes.

It is not an encouraging conclusion.

Nomad's Land

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Nomads are on the move again. Not on the silky wastes of the desert. Not to the tinkling sounds that Orient-minded composers write into caravan music. Not to the romantic calls of camel drivers.

Doubtless there is or was such a coming and going along the golden road to Samarkand. But the nomads now making a stir do so to sounds like, "Hey, Ma, the truck's here," as the big van backs onto its haunches against the curb.

Between now and September apartment house leases run out. Home sweet home may be anywhere from the next floor up to the next block or even several cities away.

One of the most moving things

about American family life is the furniture. If all the furniture that has been moved from place to place in the United States were laid end to end its owners would still not have completed their search for the biggest picture window.

Anywhere they can rig up a television antenna is home sweet home to some of them. But others like to know there is a laundromat around the corner, and a car wash maybe — all this and a delicatessen, too. The pavement is always smoother on the other fellow's street.

If a rural stay-at-home raises a quaint eyebrow at the proceedings, he will be asked what's so un-American about it. The man from Illinois came from Kentucky, too, didn't he?

MODERN INVENTIONS

Which Would You Miss Least?

GEORGE BEASLEY in Monroe Journal

It's a pity that more residents cannot keep their comparative youth and yet span the gap of living conditions 50 years ago and now.

Built-in comfort, automatically operated, is taken for granted today when just a few years ago even inside plumbing was reserved for the affluent.

The question occurs: What innovation of modern times would you retain in preference to all others? It is not easy to answer, since most of them have vital roles.

Personally, but by no means professionally, since it is the newspaperer's right arm, I would forego the telephone; largely because I can't remember dial numbers and can't forget the earlier days when the ring of the phone usually meant an emergency.

Next, I would give up television for its general lack of imagination, its repetition, its constant gnawing at stale jokes and frayed themes.

Automatic auto gears I could also do without because they give me a feeling of inferiority based on the conclusion that I am too lazy or too stupid to change them myself.

But the creature comforts are something else again, and I wouldn't know where to begin to eliminate.

Louis Graves, who writes too infrequently now, had this interesting comment on the subject in a recent issue of the Chapel Hill Weekly:

"Among all discoveries and inventions, faking in devices and arrangements around the home, all the little objects we call gadgets,

as well as the most incomprehensible achievements of science, what would it make you most unhappy to be compelled to give up? Using for convenience one word, invention, to embrace all these things how much if at all do you think invention has increased human happiness?

"Such questions were the topic of conversation at a recent gathering. Many differences of opinion were expressed, but on one point there was absolute unanimity: the world would be a lot better off if atomic power had never been discovered.

"Another unanimous vote was that of all inventions that affect people's everyday life, the one that it would be most hateful to have to do without, was modern plumbing. Electric lights, telephones, furnace heat, window screens, artificial cooling — all these are well liked, but two or three voices declared that the world would be a happier place if there were no airplanes. Just think — in that case a large part of the danger from atomic bombs would be eliminated. Somebody broke in with this joy-killing remark: 'But atom warfare doesn't depend on planes; bombs can now be flown as missiles.'

"I have gone on a good many trips by air and have enjoyed them, and like that better than any other way of traveling but I believe the world would be happier if the airplane had never been invented. Think of all the lives that would have been saved, and I have in mind not only those lost in accidents but the intentional slaughter and destruction in war. It is certainly very doubtful if all this is counterbalanced by