

WEIMAR JONES
Editorial Page Editor

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1960

CHANGE POSTPONED Good Judgment

Congratulations to Franklin's Board of Aldermen on its decision to postpone the shift from one-way to two-way streets until after Labor Day. There are several good reasons why that decision seems wise.

The immediate one, cited by the board, is to give the State Highway Department more time to make the necessary changes in street markings. That, alone, is reason enough; carefully planned and properly situated signs may prevent serious, even fatal, accidents.

Another thing that seems to make the postponement sensible is the fact that the middle of the tourist season isn't a good time for a major change in traffic regulations. Why, unless it's absolutely necessary, annoy our visitors by creating the inevitable confusion that goes with such a change?

A third possible good reason for postponement has to do with facts and figures. We understand the Highway Department, in cooperation with the Town of Franklin, plans a thorough study of the traffic problem here. If such a study is to be made, surely it would be wise to delay making any major change in regulations until we know what such a study may show.

Most readers will agree, we are sure, that the aldermen showed excellent judgment in their decision to postpone the shift.

Not Unique

For the encouragement of those pessimists who constantly wring their hands about the hopelessness of today's younger generation, we suggest something to be found on this page as recommended reading. We refer to the final item in the 65 Years Ago section of this week's "Do You Remember?"

Vandalism may take different, possibly more serious, forms today. But it is not unique to this day and age.

It would be our guess, in fact, that today there isn't a youngster in all Macon County who would stoop to the stupid type of thing reported by The Press back in 1895.

No Monopoly

The civil rights crusade takes some strange turns.

First of all, the Democrats, at their recent convention, went on record as pledging civil rights legislation that the Democrats in the last session of Congress had had abundant opportunity to enact, but did not. The Democrats, remember, have had an overwhelming majority in Congress. They could easily have put on the statue books the legislation they now cry is necessary. They did not.

The Democrats, however, have no monopoly on hypocrisy. Last week saw Indiana's Senator Dirksen, leader of the Republican minority in the Senate, introduce two bits of civil rights legislation he himself had voted against only last April.

And who took the lead in tabling the Indiana senator's proposals? The most vocal of the civil rights advocates! There isn't time, they explained, at this special session, to enact civil rights legislation. Senator Dirksen's motive, they charged, was to so entangle Congress in civil rights debate that other important legislation would fail of enactment.

Well, why isn't there time? Is there any law that says the special session must end in time for members of Congress to participate in the campaign? And why should civil rights legislation entangle Congress? After all, hasn't the overwhelming majority in both parties come out in favor of civil rights legislation? Read the two parties' platforms!

It's true, of course, that a small minority of Southern senators would oppose the civil rights proposals. But hasn't that minority been proved impotent, repeatedly? It's also true that there's always danger of a filibuster. But the Senate can always end a filibuster if it really wants to. All it takes is a two-thirds vote.

In view of the emphasis, in both party platforms,

on the crucial need for civil rights legislation, one wonders how its advocates in Congress, from both parties, can imply that anything could be more vital. And in view of the protestations of overwhelming majorities, in both parties, on this subject, one wonders how they can cry "there is not time".

Yet they do it with perfectly straight faces!

Would Earn His Salary

Franklin needs a town manager, a man to devote his full time to the job.

The affairs of the Town of Franklin are big business, and it's a big business that belongs to all of us who live in Franklin.

A competent man, trained for the job, could save us many a municipal headache, many a blunder. He could eliminate decision-by-guess; a practice that's not chiefly the fault of members of the Board of Aldermen, but of the system under which we expect part-time employees to do a full-time job.

A competent man, trained for the job, would more than earn his salary.

He might, in fact, find ways to save enough money to more than pay his salary. Other towns have found that true.

Different

That letter to the Franklin Chamber of Commerce, published on this page, is interesting and refreshingly different.

It will please Macon County readers to learn that the writer and her husband, on vacation here last summer, found this community so inviting they want to make their permanent home here, and to read the compliment in the last paragraph.

What makes it different is the attitude of the writer. She and her husband hope to establish a business here that "will benefit the community", as well as them. Furthermore, once here, they plan to "join and be active" members of this community.

Such citizens are always welcome anywhere. It is just such people that Macon County needs and seeks.

Horn Blowing

(Northwest Colorado Press)

Many a father left his son a horn of plenty and he blew it.

Old Enough

(International Shoe Company Bulletin)

Nobody knows the exact age of the human race, but everyone knows that it is old enough to know better.

Possible Results

(Miles City, Mont., Star)

The National Labor Relations Board has taken the great leap forward toward giving businesses immortality. It happened in the case of the Bonnie Lass Knitting Mills, Inc., which has 50 employees and decided to fold up when they were organized by the Ladies Garment Workers Union. The Board has ruled that Bonnie Lass must pay back wages to each dismissed employee from December 15, 1958, when the mill shut down, until the employee found another and comparable job. If this rule had been in effect a couple of generations ago, the land might still be dotted with buggy whip factories, celluloid collar makers and outfits making bustles for millady.

Civil Rights For White Folk?

(Franklin, La., Banner-Tribune)

David Lawrence is editor of America's finest newsmagazine, U. S. News and World Report, and a nationally syndicated newspaper columnist of great ability and integrity. Just this week he made two important points in one of his columns. They were:

1. When a handful of white South African policemen fired in self-defense when surrounded by several thousand Bantus the hue and cry from the "liberal do-gooders" from America to the parliaments of Europe created a din heard around the world;
 2. However, when hundreds of white women were raped and many white people killed during the mutiny of black troops of the Congolese Army the same element remained strangely silent.
- Mr. Lawrence wrote: "There was a time in American his-

18 - UNIT MINIMUM

N. C. Board Favors Raising High School Requirements

Raleigh NEWS AND OBSERVER

The time appears to be ripe for public high schools in North Carolina to follow up the State Board of Education's suggestion and increase the minimum requirement for graduation from 16 to 18 units of study.

With the nomination of Terry Sanford as Governor, some North Carolina educators are hopeful of a sort of educational renaissance within the public schools through increased State interest and State spending.

The State board's recommendation affords local school leaders

an opportunity to take the initiative in an area that is just as vital to any real shoring up of the education process in the public schools.

Some schools, primarily in the larger counties, already have stiffened their requirements and the board appropriately commended them for it. The goal, however, is still equal educational opportunity for all children all over North Carolina.

There is little if any reason to think that the intellectual capacity of the overwhelming major-

ity, when, if American citizens were maltreated sharp measures of reprisal would have been undertaken promptly by the government of the United States. But these are strange times. The demands for recognition of "nationalists" causes and the insistence that independence be granted to uncivilized peoples seem to take precedence over all else."

He warned that the real issue in South Africa is whether the whites will survive. And then he tells of a letter received from a former editor-in-chief of a daily paper in Johannesburg, South Africa, in which he warns:

"In point of fact, the white man is the potential underdog in this world of artificial black martyrdom and misdirected sympathy—and this goes for the white man in Europe, America, Australia and New Zealand, no less than for the whites in either South Africa or other parts of Africa. Make no mistake, white survival is indivisible, and by this I mean the permanent assets and values of Western civilization and democracy, poised as they now are against the overpowering might of communism and Asian and African nationalism."

It would be interesting to know if the artificial crusaders who draft political party platforms and interpret the Bible and the law of the land to suit their prejudices have any plans for civil rights for the white folk.

LETTERS

Impressed

Dear Mr. Jones:

The inclosed letter is such a compliment for our town that I thought perhaps you would like to put it in the next issue of The Press, so everyone can read it.

Lasca E. Horsley, Secretary,
Franklin Chamber of Commerce.

Chamber of Commerce
Franklin, North Carolina

Dear Sir:

On our vacation last summer, my husband and I passed through your town and found it very inviting. We are interested in making your town our permanent residence.

We are planning to open a small business and would like to get an idea of what kind would benefit the community and us.

Of course, if there is nothing available, we would be interested in employment. At present I am working as a draftsman and my husband is a bookkeeper and cost accountant.

We would also like information on homes to buy, land, trailer courts, and rentals.

Any information you can give us about Franklin would be most appreciated.

We were very impressed with the cleanliness, and the beauty of your community. Our hope is to join and be active in such a lovely town.

Lutz, Fla.

MRS. LESLIE VAN WATERB, JR.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

The blind tiger is sniffing the breezes.

The devil does most of his business on the credit system.

Mr. W. B. McGuire moved into his new home last Wednesday.

A tramp printer was in town Saturday evening.

J. H. Pratt, of the N. C. Geological Survey, whose home is New Haven, Conn., spent a few days of the last week at the Jarrett House.

We learn that some malicious persons visited a number of watermelon patches around town in the night time last week and cut up all the melons and many vines.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

LAKE EMORY, where hundreds will build their homes. 100 half-acre building lots in Section 1. Prices ranging from \$700 to \$1,000. Buy now at pre-development prices.—Adv.

The concrete highway from Franklin to the Georgia line was opened to through traffic August 11.

W. S. Davis, of Highlands, has been elected to membership in the Born Tailors' Guild, a national association of master tailors.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

Franklin and Macon County residents went wild when the announcement came August 14 of world peace. Within three minutes, the fire siren was sounded, and was heard almost continuously for two hours. The church bells rang out the good tidings. Automobiles paraded over the town, blowing their horns. Even old cow bells that had been shelved for years were brought forth, as the joyous noise-makers gave vent to their pent up emotions of nearly four years.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

The first link of Wayah Road, in the Nantahala Community, is to be built at an early date.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Many people deplore all the rain we've been having lately.

From a practical viewpoint, I know that one rainy day after another plays havoc with work plans, especially on the farm. And for those who are depressed by cloudy skies and "fallin' weather", I can understand what must be their longing for the end of what surely must be "Dog Days".

But you'll hear no objections from me. I love a rainy day. I like what such a day does to the landscape. I like the way, what with the rain and the fog and the clouds, the mountains play hide and seek; now you see 'em, now you don't. I like what such a day does to the color of every hill, every near mountain, all the distant peaks; it changes them from a light, sometimes an almost dazzling, blue, to a soft dark blue, or even gray. It gives them an air of mystery; and they change all the time.

And I like being under shelter while the rain pours down. It brings a feeling of coziness nothing else can. A rainy day is a wonderful time for reading a book — on the rare occasions when there's time for that; it's a fine time just to sit on the porch and watch the rain fall and the mists move and the clouds drift — when there's time for that. And it's a time for sleep. What tranquilizer could be more potent than the sound of the rain, as you begin to lose consciousness, on the roof above, and dripping, rhythmically, from trees and bushes outside your window.

This is family reunion time. And I think it's a good time. Family reunions are held, I suppose, everywhere. But I'm sure we must have more of 'em to the square inch here in the mountains than anywhere else in the world.

In Macon County, and throughout Western North Carolina, family reunions mean out-of-this-world picnic dinners: "Do try some of my pound cake; it turned out real well"; "have you tasted Cousin Mary's light cornbread?" "Don't fail to get some of that baked ham; it's the best I ever ate".

They mean the singing of old hymns and prayer; a spirit of reverence and faith.

They mean renewal of acquaintance with "kissin' cousins" you maybe haven't seen in years — with that boy you played with, when you were one, with the girl you courted, when your courtin' days first began. (Funny how you could have thought her so beautiful then; she isn't now. But, golly! she is a nice person!)

All that, I think, is good. I go along, it's true, with those critics who tell you it's easy to over-emphasize family, the records of your ancestors; that it isn't what your grandfather was that counts, but what you are.

I go along with all that. But I think the critics, who'd ignore family background entirely, are missing something; something tremendously important.

All of us need to "belong"; and nothing can so give us a sense of belonging as a bit of stress on family connections, on kinship. For young people, knowing something about the families to which they belong, with the honorable records of ancestors (honorable records, despite the inevitable "black sheep"), is something of a challenge.

Finally, stress on family brings out one of the greatest of all human virtues — loyalty. I know, of course, that the sins that grow out of loyalty are many. But those sins are exaggerations of the virtue. And, for my money, I'll take loyalty with all its unhappy exaggerations.

Show me the man who has no loyalty, and I'll show you one who has nothing to hold on to.

J. DONALD ADAMS

The Biggest Mistake Of All

Reprinted from
Highlands HIGHLANDER

The galleries are full of critics. They play no ball. They fight no fights. They make no mistakes because they attempt nothing. Down in the arena are the doers. They make mistakes because they attempt things.

Ford forgot to put a reverse gear in his first automobile. Edison once spent \$2,000,000 on an invention which proved of little value.

The man who makes no mistakes lacks boldness and the spirit of adventure. He is the one who never tries anything. He is the brake on the wheel of progress.

And yet it cannot be truly said that he makes no mistakes, because the biggest mistake he makes is the very fact that he tries nothing, and does nothing except to criticize those who do things.

A man makes many mistakes, but he isn't a failure until he starts blaming someone else.

Every man must do his own growing, no matter who his grandfather was.

Always keep in mind the part that mood can play in affecting one's judgment of a piece of work; be cautious of enthusiasm when the sun shines bright, and slow to dismissal when the clouds hang low.

NO CHILDHOOD LEFT

Victims Of Own Vast Foolishness

Cincinnati MOUNT WASHINGTON PRESS

If you have read Tom Wolfe's novel, "You Can't Go Home Again," you know by now that he had a point, particularly if you've been away from your home town for any length of time.

It was during the early days of World War II that we left home for an extended tour with the armed forces. That was 18 years ago. Since then we have only returned for short visits during our vacations. But it's no longer home as it used to be.

The old familiar faces are gone from the scene. Our old haunts have either been torn down to make way for progress or they have been changed so that we no longer recognize them. The things that seemed important in our youth are no longer discussed by what few old friends you do meet.

Like the chaff, all the old friends have been scattered to the four winds. Now and then you hear about one of them who lives, in a distant state and works at a job that did not exist before the war came along. And you recall that this fellow had his heart set on studying the law, or perhaps he wanted to be an engineer, or maybe even a doctor. But he's not doing any of these things and you wonder how he likes his work.

There are a few of them who finally did get into what they wanted, but even they are no longer around. Time and circumstance have forced them to look for greener pastures.

And as you ponder these things and add up the years, you wonder whether it's just that you're getting old that makes you think this way. But you go back again just for one last look around before giving up the ghost. And it

turns out the same as before: there's no one left that you knew in those days before the world went mad.

So then and there, you decide not to try again. It's no use. No use at all. You really can't go home again. There's nothing left of the old days to go back to. The new things only remind you of how it used to be and you'd rather not think of the old things now.

CANADA HAS TROUBLE, TOO

Some years ago a British economist C. Northcote Parkinson, rocked government bureaucracies everywhere to their foundations by enunciating what he called Parkinson's Law. That law may be summed up in the single sentence, "Work expands so as to fill the time available for its completion."

If one accepts the validity of Parkinson's Law, it follows that the more people there are on a job the sooner it doesn't get done, and therefore the more people are hired to help not finish it.

Now Mr. Parkinson has come up with a new book — this time about government and taxes. In it is found Parkinson's New Law, which says that, so far as government and taxes are concerned, "Expenditure rises to meet income!"

Maybe that's the way it is in Britain. But here in Canada, in view of the budgetary deficits of recent years, Parkinson's New Law would have to be changed to read: "Expenditure rises without regard to income." — The Printed Word.