

GOOD NEWS, BUT . . .

## A Question Of Morality

So the federal government at last is going to fulfill its contractual obligation to build the Bryson City-Fontana road through the Great Smoky Mountains National Park!

Well, under the circumstances, that is not surprising. For Swain County, in its struggle with the National Park Service, held some trump cards. The first was a four-way signed contract. The second was the fact that the other three signers had fulfilled their parts of the agreement. The third was the influence of the Governor of the State.

But suppose we had had a governor who was not interested. Suppose we had had senators and representatives in Congress who were not interested. Does anybody believe the first two cards would have taken any tricks? Does anybody believe, that is, that the legal and moral obligations of the federal government would have counted for anything? Does anybody believe that, without the influence of someone in high place, Swain County ever would have gotten the promised road?

The evidence suggests it would not; because, for 17 years, its pleas have fallen on deaf ears in Washington.

It is good news that the road, at long last, is to be built. But in this case, the construction of a road is not the chief issue.

The chief issue is the simple one of morality in government — and surely the very basis of all morality is the sacredness of the pledged word.

What sort of government have we in this country when our public servants in Washington have to be forced to keep promises?—and remember, this is only one in a long series of promises the National Park Service has sought to break!

Somebody in authority in Washington is totally lacking in any moral sense. Somebody in Washington ought to be driven from office.

We respectfully suggest it is the function of the Congress of the United States to find out who that somebody is—or, perhaps, who those somebodies are.

## May Not Be Too Late

When the preliminary 1960 census figures for Franklin and Macon County were announced some time ago, this newspaper expressed surprise, a surprise that seemed to be general.

In view of all the building that had taken place here in the last 10 years, of all the traffic, and of the increase in business, it seemed incredible that Franklin had added only 168 to its population since 1950. It was even harder to believe that the county (including the town) actually had lost 1,327 persons.

With the possibility of error in mind, we suggested public officials here might be able to get the census bureau to re-check the figures. Nobody, apparently, thought such a re-check could be obtained, or that it would change the result.

Well, the census bureau does make errors, and it does correct them. The Goldsboro News-Argus reports that city, first reported as having a 1960 population of 28,788, now is credited by the census bureau with 31,111—a difference of 2,323.

It easily might be that a re-check here would show a proportionate difference. And it's possible it's not too late to get such a re-check made.

## 1912 And 1960

Back in 1912, when Woodrow Wilson was running for his first term as President, an opponent, Theodore Roosevelt, was shot by a would-be assassin. Though it later developed that the wound was slight, Mr. Wilson promptly announced he was canceling all speeches and political appearances until his opponent could be back on the hustings.

When Vice President Nixon recently was hospitalized by a knee injury, his opponent, Senator Kennedy, sent telegraphic good wishes for a speedy

recovery—but went right ahead with his campaign.

We hasten to say that, had the situation been reversed, and had it been Kennedy who was hospitalized, we hardly think Mr. Nixon would have been restrained by any high-minded sense of good sportsmanship. No doubt he, too, would have made political hay while his opponent's campaign was stalled by illness. We are not, that is, suggesting that Kennedy did something Nixon would not have done.

What we are suggesting is the striking contrast between 1912 and 1960.

Is the difference merely one of the times?

Or is it a difference in the calibre of the men running for President then and those running now?

## Better Quality, Too

With school under way again, it's a good time to try to appraise our educational progress in Macon County.

We've come a long way, in the past 15 years, in physical facilities; we've invested well over a million dollars of Macon County tax funds—in addition to what was available from the state—in new plant.

There still is no band at the Franklin school, something we'd like to see; and one of this community's most pressing needs — an adequate auditorium—is still unmet.

In education, though, the physical facilities, the buildings where the children go to school, are secondary, almost incidental. What counts is what goes on inside the buildings.

That is something that defies exact measurement. Most parents will agree, though, we believe, that there's been marked progress there. Despite a continued over-emphasis on such things as athletics—all good in their proper place—there is evidence of a better attitude, on the part of the public, the parents, and the children; scholarship, it appears to us, is given greater emphasis, and the standards of scholarship are going up.

That stems from the insistence of Supt. H. Bueck and his principals and teachers that first things must come first: that the pleasant but non-essential activities of the school must give precedence to the unchanging fundamentals. There seems a clearer recognition that the thorough mastery of such things as "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic" still is primary in public school education.

## We Salute . . .

When a group of white and colored friends gathered Sunday evening at Ray's Chapel to honor "Aunt Nan" Ray, who observed her 100th birthday September 7, it came as a complete surprise to her. (She had thought she was being escorted to the church to see the newly painted walls of the interior.)

Yet, at the conclusion of the "testimonies" to her, this woman, who was born in the days of slavery, arose, stood erect, and made a little speech of appreciation that was a model of simple sincerity, humility, and dignity.

It is not merely the length of her life that makes "Aunt Nan" revered and loved in this community, but its quality. Whether in her work (as a laundress, in her younger days, she felt every tiniest pleat of a baby's dress must be ironed to perfection), in her personal conduct, or in her kindly relations with others, she has held quietly, but stubbornly, to the highest standards she knew. As Jeter Love, Sunday evening's master of ceremonies, expressed it, "It may take another hundred years to produce one like her".

It is a privilege this week to salute this woman who is both a remarkable member of the Negro race and a person whose life has had a beneficent influence on white and black.

## Is There A 'Mrs. Devil'?

(Goldsboro News-Argus)

A downpour while the sun was shining reminds Weimar Jones of that old saying:

"When it rains while the sun is shining the devil is beating his wife." We had the same saying in Sweet Union, quite a way from Weimar's beautiful mountainous Franklin.

What is the meaning of this saying? Actually, is the Devil married? How did such a folk observation get started?

What does your folklore dictionary say on this? What did your grandfather say?

## Forgotten Wisdom?

(Stanly News and Press)

We pride ourselves on being a forward-looking people. We foresee a time in which life will be happier, healthier, richer, and more productive. We all hope that the world in which our children will live out their lives will be a better one than ours.

At the same time, it is the part of wisdom to look back—only to recall some of the words that were said long ago by men who helped make this nation. For instance, there is

this: "I place economy among the first and most important virtues, and the public debt as the greatest of dangers to be feared. To preserve our independence, we must not let our rulers load us with perpetual debt."

"We must make our choice between economy and liberty, or profusion and servitude. If we run into such debts, we must be taxed in our meat and drink, in our necessities and in our comforts, in our labors and in our amusements."

"If we can prevent the government from wasting the labors of the people under the pretense of caring for them, they will be happy."

That was said by Thomas Jefferson, whose contribution to the American system of government was, perhaps, greater than that of any other single man. The language is archaic, but the principle is crystal clear. We have gone a grimly long distance in violating his doctrine. The question is whether we shall have the resolution, the strength, and the wisdom to change our national way before it is too late.

## Investigate Him!

(North Vernon, Ind., Sun)

The guy who ought to be investigated is the disc jockey who played rock 'n' roll records not for payola but because he liked them.

## The Strength Of Our Nation

(Governor Luther H. Hodges)

The strength of our nation is dependent upon the combined strength of its various regions. We will not have maximum strength and stability without maximum understanding and cooperation between all regions and states. This strength is absolutely essential if we are to survive as a free nation and if we are to maintain our leadership in the family of nations.

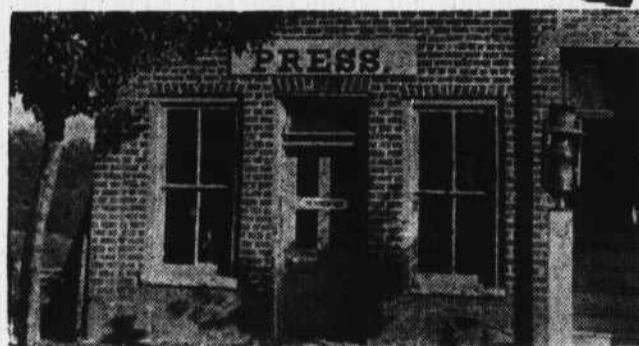
The Southern point of view, in my mind, means the continued presence of a desirable and responsible independence and freedom—the kind of independence and freedom that make for growth in either an individual, a community, a state or a nation. The Southern point of view means the preservation of the initiative and personality of the individual, of the local governmental unit and of the state. It carries with it a reverence for our forefathers and for the principles which inspired them. It includes, of course, a deep and abiding sense of patriotism for the United States of America.

In the South we have too often given the nation and the world an image which does not reflect truthfully this point of view. We may have been too careless or too proud to seek the understanding of others, and to tell the facts about our history, our traditions and our problems.

We must always keep before us the great promise of America, which is the promise of freedom under responsible and democratic government—and I mean freedom for all citizens irrespective of race, religion or creed. While our day-to-day progress toward more perfect realization of these ideals may seem to falter, and while all of us at one time or the other despair of doing great works, the spirit of America must always remain alive in our hearts.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



### 65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

Soap, six cakes for 10 cents, at Wright's.—Adv.  
Our colored population gave Will Cunningham and bride a lively serenade Thursday night.

If you owe anything for The Press, come in and pay it. We take gold, silver, or greenbacks at their face value.

Mr. W. R. Briggs, of Chattanooga, Tenn., is now engaged in mica mining on Burningtown.

A party from Highlands came down Sunday and Monday went on to Hayesville on a pleasure tour. The party is composed of Mr. S. P. Ravenel and sister and Chas. Wright, of Highlands, and two Misses Jones of New Orleans, and Miss Porcher of Charleston, S. C., and Frank F. Kane of Philadelphia.

### 35 YEARS AGO (1925)

The progressive citizens of Iotla valley are building an electric light line from the mica mine at Iotla, bridge up the valley as far as the home of Mr. W. T. Fouts.

Good progress is being made on the Bryson City road. Within a few days, the macadam in Macon County will connect with that in Swain. On the Dillsboro road, the Wilson Construction Company is now concreting the road from the foot of Cowee Mountain toward Franklin.

### 15 YEARS AGO (1945)

Miss Jessie Amanda Ramsey, daughter of Mrs. Robert Ramsey and the late Mr. Ramsey, of Tellico, became the bride of Warrant Officer Carlton Curtis Chesnut, of Troup, Texas, recently in New Orleans.

### 5 YEARS AGO (1955)

A \$500 scholarship to N. C. State College has been awarded to Jerry Sutton, outstanding young Future Farmer of America.

## TOO MANY BOYS

### Can't Keep 'Em All On The Farm

FARM JOURNAL Magazine

Suppose none of the boys ever left the farms! Have you ever visited one of Europe's countries where the land has been divided, generation after generation? In extreme cases you would see a "farm" with little strips, an acre here, a half acre there, maybe, widely separated. Under governments which discouraged new opportunities, where a peasant's sons were expected to become peasants, to slice up the property was the only solution.

From the time I was knee high to a chipmunk, I have heard complaints about young people leaving the land, and still hear the same words. One regrets to see an outstanding youth leave. Yet, what if he couldn't? Shouldn't we be glad to live in a nation where a youngster is free to choose his future, and to make the most of his abilities? Not every bright boy will make a good farmer. He may do far better for himself, and for the country, as a good professional or business man.

True, some who do have the talent and desire to be farmers decide to do something else because they lack capital. However, we seldom hear of good farms that fall to find good farmers. The land produces more new



STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

"How does it feel to be an author?"

Many people, with a kindly note of congratulation in their voices, have asked me that question in the nearly six weeks since that small book of mine, "My Affair With A Weekly", came out.

Well, of course I'm not an "author". Just as one swallow does not make a summer, one book does not make an author. When I've had half a dozen more books accepted for publication, maybe I can qualify.

"But how does it feel to have a book published — a first book?"

To my own surprise, I discovered it makes no difference at all, in many ways. The morning of the day "My Affair With A Weekly" went on sale, here and elsewhere, I got up just as usual; my breakfast bacon and eggs tasted about the way they had other mornings; and when I looked in the mirror, to comb my hair, I saw the same fellow staring back at me I'd been seeing there every day all these years — no aura there, certainly! Most disillusioning of all, as I went about my everyday duties, I found that writing — any kind of writing — still was the same hard work it usually is for most of us.

Don't misunderstand me; there have been satisfactions.

Having a first book published is a once-in-a-lifetime experience. I guess I was like a boy with his first long pants — back, that is, in the days before little boys wore long pants; back when putting on long pants was one of life's milestones.

The publication date was postponed two or three times, and in each case I literally counted the days . . . just as I had when I'd been promised that first pair of long pants.

Then there was a sense of relief; what welcome relief it would prove I did not realize until it came. When at last the book finally was published, there was relief on several counts.

First of all, during the period of nearly a year from the time the publisher accepted the manuscript until the day the book went on sale, I never really expected it to come out. It was just too incredible that anybody would gamble his money — I certainly wouldn't have gambled any of mine! — on the cost of publishing a book I had written. Something, I was sure, would go wrong. Imagine, then, my relief, my feeling of delighted unbelief — like a child on Christmas morning — when the finished book actually appeared!

There was relief, too, that the questioning and uncertainty were over. Should this chapter be taken out and another put in its place? Should this paragraph be re-written — for the twentieth time? Should this sentence be re-revised? Had I overlooked checking the spelling of any doubtful word, the grammar of any phrase? Had Mrs. Jones (how she survived all the questions I put to her during that interminable year I don't know!) had she and I better re-read the proof one more time?

All that was over. Now nothing else could be done about those details — details I'd worked on until I felt I never, never wanted.

## SHEET'S TOO NARROW

### 'Civil War' Wins Word War

SMITHFIELD HERALD

Was it the "Civil War" or the "War Between The States"?

That question has popped up again on the eve of the 100th anniversary of the outbreak of the . . . er, that war that was fought between the military forces of the Union under General Grant and the military forces of the Confederacy under General Lee.

The South — the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in particular — has preferred to call

the conflict of 1861-65 the "War Between The States," though Southern kids who went to school a generation or so ago studied, in Southern schools, the "Civil War." (Yankees, of course, wrote the textbooks.)

The official designation used by the Union Government was the "War of Rebellion," but that didn't exactly catch on even in the North. "Civil War" has persisted, winning the battle of usage. When we went to the Columbia Encyclopedia to see what it had to say on the subject, we turned to the "C's" and found what we were searching for under the heading "Civil War."

But let it be said that the UDC and its allies had a point. Even the Columbia Encyclopedia, published by the Columbia University Press in Yonkers, N.Y., acknowledges it. Read what it says: "Actually this name (Civil War) is somewhat misleading, for the war was not a class struggle, but a sectional combat having its roots in such complex political, economic, social, and psychological elements that historians still do not agree as to its basic causes."

O. K., the name Civil War is not exact, but it sticks. And 10 Southerners now are ready to concede. These are the 10 men who serve as chairmen of Civil War Centennial Commissions in as many Southern states. The UDC may be right, but these men are not about to call themselves chairmen of War Between The States Centennial Commissions. Their letter stationery isn't wide enough.