

The Franklin Press

and
The Highlands Maconian

WEIMAR JONES

Editorial Page Editor

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SAVE A YEAR Suggestion

The biggest problem that will face Franklin's next board of aldermen, to be elected in May, will be water.

Whoever its members may be, the new board undoubtedly will consider, among other sources, one or more watersheds. Before it can decide that such a source is or is not practicable, it must have exact information. It must know not only what watersheds are available, but it must know how much water is there.

And in considering the quantity of water available, the important point is not the maximum flow, or even the average flow, but the minimum flow. As a rule, streams in this area are at their lowest in the fall — usually, in October.

That being true, normally the new board would have to wait until late fall of 1961 to get enough data to act intelligently — have to wait until late fall before it could even begin to debate the practicality of a watershed.

The present board, however, can save that delay by getting the data now, to be available when the new aldermen take office. We respectfully suggest the present board could do the town no greater service than to arrange to have the flow of every stream that might be considered for watershed purposes measured this fall. That would be no difficult task, if the services of the staff of Coweeta Hydrologic Laboratory could be enlisted.

Aid To Education

Reads a headline:

Here's Tips On Studying
For High School, College

Tips on studying. But not tips, we trust, on the fine points of grammar.

Off Schedule

The following is from a news story that appeared in the July 8 issue of The Press:

Crawford McCoy sent a message to the board (Franklin Board of Aldermen) requesting that the board allow him and his contractor, Wiley Clark, until Sept. 1 before tearing down the second story porch which overhangs Main Street on Mr. McCoy's building.

Mr. McCoy explained that during the busy tourist season the razing of the porch would create a hazard and a traffic jam. The board agreed to this proposal upon the condition that Mr. McCoy get a signed statement from contractor Wiley Clark that demolition of the porch will be started by Sept. 1 and finished by Sept. 15.

Let's see, now: This is September 22. That is, the deadline for completion of that demolition job was a week ago today. The deadline for starting it was three weeks ago.

But, as this is written, the old porch stands there just as it did when the subject first came up, two or three years ago.

'Hello, Preacher'

How should you address a clergyman?

Well, there's one title that's always wrong, says Louis Cassels, writing for United Press International. Never call a minister "Rev. Jones" or just "Reverend." The reason is, the word "reverend" is an adjective—like honest or gentle or plainspoken—not a noun.

After you've eliminated that invariably incorrect expression, you still haven't answered the question, continues Mr. Cassels; for a number of factors, including the minister's faith and his personal preference, make the answer complicated.

For us here in the mountains, it isn't. We neatly avoid complications by the simple device of calling all clergymen "preacher."

That term may not be approved in higher theological circles, but it has two distinct advantages. It is not bad grammar, as is "reverend"; and there can be no possible misunderstanding of what is meant.

ONCE UPON A TIME

The Day The Threshers Came

JOHN HOPKINS BULLETIN

All over the country monstrous machines are snorting while sorting the grain from the chaff. And it's a sad state of affairs! Nostalgia for the good old days down on the farm has set in for us who remember how it used to be during threshing time. Our unhappiness stems from a recent visit to farm lands.

Thousands of us remember the fun, sweat and work accompanying the excitement of threshing. Sun ripened stalks of grain rippled in the hot wind as farmers "gee-hawed" their horses through the fields with a cuttler machine. From the back of the cutter, bundles of cut and tied grain fell to the ground.

Our bare backs, as golden brown as the grain, bent to pick up the bundles and set them artistically into shocks standing like sentinels in abundant fields. From then on excitement grew. Soon the threshing would begin. Wagon loads of glowing grain of wheat, rye and barley would be hauled into town.

Farmers in large areas banded together to help each other thresh. Finally came the big day.

Menfolk arrived with the community threshing machine. Pitchforks in hand, some of them rode on wagon racks to the fields where they expertly and rhythmically speared the bundles from the shocks and tossed them high

onto the hayrack. Up there others spread the bundles evenly.

The loaded hayrack lumbered back to the farmyard where the process was reversed: The bundles of grain were lightly tossed in a graceful arc from the hayrack into the threshing machine.

Giant claws, fascinating and frightening to youngsters, grabbed the grain and started it on its journey through the wonderful machine. A funnel, sweeping back and forth across the wagon, spewed forth a stream of rich grain. From another opening in the machine large bales of wire-bundled stalks thudded to the ground.

Depending on our ages, we youngsters pitched bundles out in the field, or trudged around with buckets of sparkling water we had hand pumped from the well. Sweating men needed constant rounds of water from the tin dipper. (We sneaked in an ice cold gulp ourselves from time to time.)

From sunup until noon the men pitched, loaded, hauled and stacked; laughed, cussed, sang and joshed. At noon the bell near the kitchen door clanged. The magic hour had arrived.

With our elders we made our way to the farmhouse. At least a dozen tin wash basins were lined up near the pump. We knew our place and waited until the men had washed hands and faces and

splashed brawny chests with cooling water. Then we washed.

Since early morning neighboring women had gathered to help the farmer's wife prepare the fabulous midday meal.

There were first, second and sometimes third sittings at tables weighted with pork, veal, ham, beef and franks; peas, beans, tomatoes, limas, sweet corn, and beets; hot bread, muffins and rolls running with rivulets of yellow homemade butter; pies (five kinds), cakes (three kinds), creamy homemade ice cream, cookies and sweet buns. This was washed down with coffee (hot and cold) tea (hot and cold)—and gallons of milk kept cool in the spring house since before dawn milking.

What a display of abundance for men who didn't count calories they had so energetically consumed all morning.

It isn't that way today. No fun, no excitement accompanies threshing season. One impersonal, gigantic combine rolls into the field, cuts the waving grain, bundles, separates and drops out the sacked grain and bundled stalks. It is big business—no heart.

That's our reaction as we sadly watch and yearn for the good old days of threshing—a time when boys became men and were allowed to walk with a swagger to the "second sitting."

LETTERS

County-Wide Cooperation

Editor, The Press:

Would you permit me, through the medium of The Press, to extend a personal "Thank You" to the merchants of Franklin for their whole-hearted cooperation in the Highlands Hospital campaign fund drive, now drawing to a close?

During the latter phase of the campaign, my wife and I were asked to help. Merchants in Highlands and Franklin were asked to contribute articles to be auctioned. Late Friday afternoon, before the auction scheduled for Sunday afternoon in Highlands, we were assigned Franklin merchants for solicitation. This gave us only one day to complete the task, so we didn't have time to call on every merchant, but those whom we did solicit responded one hundred per cent. Not one refusal did we experience!

I think this is a tribute to the Franklin merchants because, let us remember, this was for a hospital in Highlands — a sister town, which brings me to this thought:

If a county-wide project should arise and all the business men and merchants throughout the county responded as thoroughly and cheerfully as did those whom we called on in this instance, the whole country would surely learn that there is a progressive Macon County in Western North Carolina.

FRED H. STEWART

Highlands, N. C.

One-Party System?

Editor, The Press:

I cannot believe that a man who proposes to be governor of this great State of North Carolina can honestly believe we'd be better off if we had only one party in North Carolina.

I believe the Republican opposition, giving the Democrats a good clean fight every election, has given us good government in North Carolina, by keeping officials honest and on good behavior.

I also believe if the opposition were still stronger, the pressure that would be brought to bear would force the Legislature to set up a civil service for state employees, thus letting them feel their jobs would be there tomorrow, regardless of who is running the state. Also to fix it so our county officials, when we elect them to office, cannot be removed by some pettish whim of some legislator.

I have run for public office in Macon County three different times, and have been beaten three times by some good men who are my friends today; I have voted for these men several times since.

My only reason for running was to have a full ticket for the opposition party, as I believe in the two-party system. We have had examples in nearby states of what happens when one party is in supreme command.

Mr. Terry Sanford yet has time to reconsider some of his slips, such as this latest one. He could make us a good governor, but he can't do it without the good will of all the people.

WILEY J. CLARK

Franklin.

A Promise Is Still A Promise

(Morganton News-Herald)

The Secretary of the Interior has authorized the construction in sections of a 30-mile Fontana Lake Road, which should put to rest an issue which has become strangely and widely controversial in recent months.

Debate has raged for some time over whether the National Park Service should proceed with a road along the north side of Fontana Lake in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Sports- and conservation-minded people objected on the grounds that such a road would despoil a natural wilderness, and it was argued that the presence of a State highway on the southern side eliminated the need for a Federal road on the north side.

Even if the objectors have merit in their argument, they overlooked an important point. The U. S. Department of the Interior promised to build such a road in 1943 in a contract with North Carolina, the Tennessee Valley Authority and Swain County.

Governor Hodges pointed to this agreement as "a binding obligation" when he wrote Secretary of the Interior Fred A. Seaton the other day.

The Governor ticked off one by one all the recently advanced arguments against construction of the Federal road, discarded them, and called on the Interior Department to carry out its contract.

So effectively did Governor Hodges present the case for the road that the Asheville Citizen was moved to say: "It is a fortunate circumstance for Swain County and for Western North Carolina that Luther Hodges was Governor of North Carolina at a time when the issue was raised in such pointed, even frenzied fashion. He has met the issue with

Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

Ever clean out your desk? Aren't you amazed, when you do, at what you find there?

Well, if that's true of most folks—and everybody knows how true it is—imagine what it's like when a newspaper editor cleans his!

Don't misunderstand me. I haven't cleaned out my desk; I'm not that ambitious. Mine is just as crowded and cluttered as the desks of most newspaper editors.

But down the state the other day, an editor did clean his desk. He's my friend, Isaac S. (Ike) London, of the Rockingham Post-Dispatch. (Though I've never met him, we've become friends through our newspapers, and via correspondence.) In that desk, 'way down in Rockingham, he found something of interest to Macon County, and particularly to The Press.

"In cleaning out desk," read the note he sent me, "found this 1932 audit of your paper, which, after 28 years, may interest you."

How he happened to put it in his desk, in the first place, probably he himself doesn't know. How he happened never to have thrown it away, these 28 years, I'm sure he doesn't know. But I was glad he hadn't; because it was interesting to me. Maybe it will interest Press readers, too.

Here's what it showed:

In 1932, The Press had a total paid circulation of 849. That contrasts with the latest figure of

3,217. At that time, no papers were sold on the news stands here. Today, The Press is on sale at 18 news stands, and at one alone 200 copies are sold each week. Then the only sales of the paper, other than to subscribers who got The Press by mail, were over the newspaper's own counter, and they averaged 20 a week!

Mountain humor:

It had been a busy day in the restaurant; members of the staff were dead tired.

Said one waitress, with a note of resignation in her voice: "Oh, well, I'll work while I can; one of these days, I'll be too old."

Replied another, with a deep sigh: "Sometimes I hope how soon."

No matter how innocent and well-intentioned you are, you can get in trouble. In my case, in fact, it seems to me I get in the worst trouble when I am most innocent and my intentions are the best.

At a recent party, in another town, for example, I found myself seated next to a young woman I'd never seen before. She had been introduced to me, as is today's custom, simply as "Mary White"—except that her name was neither Mary nor White. Her surname, in fact, is so rare that I immediately spotted it as having a South Carolina background. Here, I thought, is an opening conversation piece.

But I've learned to be cautious, to feel my way; so I took nothing for granted. Before saying anything about that unusual name, I wanted to make sure of my ground. So I asked:

"Did I understand you are Mrs. or Miss?"

"Mrs.," she replied.

O. K. Now I knew just where I was. The rare name, that would give me a conversation jumping-off place, belonged to her husband. Sure I was on safe ground. I said:

"I know about your husband's family. The truth is, Mrs. Jones is related to the family."

Now how, I ask you, could anybody get in trouble with such an innocent and well-intentioned remark? You can't, I told myself, as I smiled pleasantly.

Well, I did. For the lady promptly put the stopper on that conversation by commenting coldly:

"I am divorced."

A moment later, I literally crawled to the other side of the room.

There's nothing new under the sun, it seems.

Last May, The State magazine referred to a bit of verse and commented that it was new to the editor. In its August 20 issue, The State carries a letter from Mrs. Roy Teague, of Siler City, who recalled that her husband recited the piece at graduation half a century ago. Mrs. Teague then gives the recitation in full.

THAT JUNK MAIL

Who Hasn't Felt This Way?

MARION L. HOAG
In Sayville, N. Y., Suffolk County News

Joe is always advocating various organizations and I don't see why I should not start a club of my own. This will be called the L.M.A. or Les Mail Association and will be for the promotion of restraint in sending out circulars and other bits, most of which no one reads.

It is bad enough to get one of these things but when they come two and three in each mail, with the same content and same address, it falls under the head of useless business. All I can think is that someone is making sure of his job by keeping busy that way.

I have been the butt of jokes in my office for years because I insist on opening all mail addressed to me. I don't always read it, I must admit, but I hope that some time I will find something valuable.

MOTORIST'S

LAMENT

I think that I shall never see A billboard lovely as a tree. Indeed, unless the billboards fall, I'll never see a tree at all — Oaden Nash.

New or old, it is typical of the memory of most of us for historical dates. Here it is:

JOHNNY'S HISTORY LESSON

By Nixon Waterman

I think of all sweet things at school, A boy has got to learn; That studying history as a rule, Is worst of all, don't you?

Of dates there are an awful sight, And though I study day and night, There is only one I have just right, That's fourteen ninety-two.

Columbus crossed the Delaware, In fourteen ninety-two, And whipped the British fair and square,

In fourteen ninety-two, At Concord and at Lexington, He kept the Redcoats on the run, While the band played "Johnny get your gun."

In fourteen ninety-two, In fourteen ninety-two, In fourteen ninety-two,

Patrick Henry with his dying breath, Said, "Give me liberty or give me death,"

In fourteen ninety-two, And Barbara Fritchie, so 'tis said, Cried, "Shoot if you must this old gray head,

But I would rather 'twould be your's instead," In fourteen ninety-two.

The Pilgrims came to Plymouth rock, In fourteen ninety-two, And the Indians standing on the Rock,

Asked, "What are you going to do?" "We seek your pleasant harbor here, That our children's children dear,

May boast that our forefathers landed here, In fourteen ninety-two."

Miss Pocahontas saved the life— In fourteen ninety-two, Of John Smith and became his wife,

In fourteen ninety-two, And the Smith tribe started then and there, And now there are John Smiths everywhere,

But they didn't have any Smiths' to spare, In fourteen ninety-two.

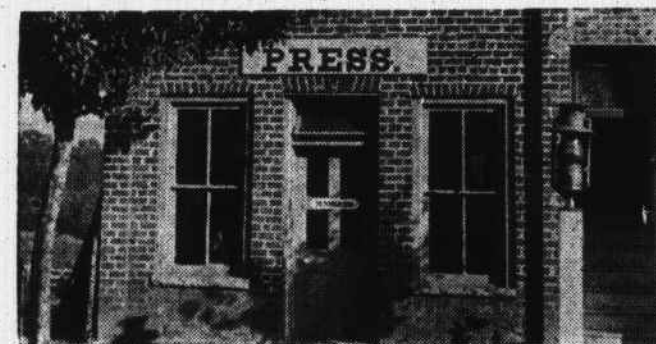
Kentucky was settled by Daniel Boone In fourteen ninety-two, And I think the cow jumped over the moon,

In fourteen ninety-two, Benjamin Franklin flew his kite so high, In fourteen ninety-two,

He drew the lightning from the sky, And Washington could not tell a lie, In fourteen ninety-two.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1895)

Nonah is an Indian word and means "Spruce Pine."

C. C. Henry and J. M. Dalton have been drawn to serve from Macon County as jurors at the November term of the U. S. Circuit Court in Asheville.

A man sent several miles to us for a copy of last week's Press, and took it away without saying anything about paying for it, or even "thank you."

Dr. F. L. Siler, of Dillsboro, was in town a short while Saturday evening.

Misses Bertha Gaston and Birdel Robertson left Sunday evening for Asheville Female College.

35 YEARS AGO

(1925)

Gingham dresses, 98s to \$1.50; guaranteed silk dresses, \$4.95; all-wool dresses, \$5 and up; ladies' newest style winter coats, \$5 and up; full line of ladies' pattern hats, \$1.50 to \$3. Bill Cunningham.—Adv.

Mr. Jos. Ashear, one of Franklin's most progressive and wide-awake citizens, has purchased what is known as the Trotter corner, on the Square, and early next spring plans to erect a huge brick building.

15 YEARS AGO

(1945)

Roy Carpenter, Franklin resident, has purchased the Indian Mound from Miss Lula M. Enloe, of Atlanta.

5 YEARS AGO

(1955)

Temperatures here during the past week ranged from a low of 43 up to a high of 88.

ELECTION BY MINORITY?

Press Editor Listens To Other Newsmen

TALK ABOUT POLITICS

Is Richard Nixon likely to carry North Carolina?

If so, is the religious issue the explanation?

Has Robert Gavin, of Sanford, the Republican nominee for governor, a chance?

And if his chance is better than that of the usual Republican gubernatorial nominee in this state, why?

Those were among the questions discussed at the N. C. News and Feature Writers Conference

in Chapel Hill ten days ago. Present were reporters from all over the state, and from the small town weeklies as well as the big dailies.

Since it is the job of reporters to talk to as many people as possible, to listen to what is said, and to try to analyze what they hear, the views expressed at Chapel Hill seem worth passing along. Reporters, of course, like anybody else, often are wrong. They have the advantage, though, of being trained to look at a situation ob-

jectively—and the best reporters come as near being objective as is possible for fallible humans.

I not only listened to speakers on the program, but talked to as many newsmen as I could, between sessions. J. P. Brady did the same; and between us, I suspect we got a fair cross-section of newspaper observations and thinking in this state. What was said, and what is reported here, of course, applies to the situation as it is now. It may change a lot. Continued on Page 3

HOW TO HAVE GOOD SCHOOLS

I am convinced American secondary education can be made satisfactory without any radical changes in the basic pattern. This can only be done, however, if the citizens in many localities display sufficient interest in their schools and are willing to support them. The improvements must come school by school and be made with due regard for the nature of the community. . . . Avoid generalizations, recognize the necessity of diversity, get the facts about your local school situation, elect a good school board and support the efforts of the board to improve the school.—Dr. James B. Conant.