

FILLS A NEED Working Together

Because Western North Carolina is singularly blessed—in climate, in an abundance of good water, in its scenery, and, most of all, in the kind of people we have here in the mountains—this region is in much better position to predetermine how it shall develop than are regions that lack these things.

Whether we are competing with other regions for industry, for home-seekers, or for the transient tourist, we are in position to be relatively independent. Because of our advantages, and because those advantages are becoming known, industry and home-seekers and tourists are sure to come to this region. So, when we actively seek newcomers, we can be selective.

These advantages, too, make it wholly unnecessary for one Western North Carolina community to compete with another; there are plenty of industries and home-seekers and tourists to go around.

Such inter-community competition can be expensive, in more ways than one; and we are fortunate that it isn't necessary. Instead, we can work together as an area, seeking the best and most intelligent development for the area as a whole.

That is the background, as we understand it, for the new Western North Carolina Travel Council. It can do much for the region, and working for Western North Carolina as a whole, it can eliminate much needless duplication of effort. Franklin's Mr. H. Bueck, who conceived the idea of the organization, and Waynesville's Mr. Ned Tucker, who headed a committee that worked out the details and who now has been named as the council's first president, are to be congratulated. This regional travel organization is a long-recognized need. Here's wishing it luck as it seeks to fill that need.

Best Way Of All

A little story, told at a recent Franklin Rotary Club meeting, is both timely and significant.

The speaker was Mrs. John Crawford, Macon County superintendent of public welfare, who described the department's function and told of some of its problems and difficulties.

It's activities, she explained, are carefully regulated by law—often regulated in detail. There are many things the department must do. There are many others it may not do.

So, when a person who had suffered an injury, came to the department for aid, he had to be referred to a physician for examination; and when the physician reported the injury was not serious enough to justify welfare aid, the department was barred from giving this person financial assistance.

In many places, we suspect, that would have been the end of the case—application received, applicant referred to a physician, and application rejected on a basis of the physician's re-

port. But this case did not end there.

The welfare department helped the injured person to contract work he could perform. With energy and determination, he pushed the enterprise, and it has grown so that now he is earning about \$300 a month, right here in Macon County.

"If we had given the financial aid requested, I am convinced that person would have existed on it—and exist is all he could have done—the rest of his life," Mrs. Crawford said.

This little story suggests something so old it's trite—but, happily, is still true! The very best way to help people is to help them help themselves.

Good Day's Work

In Europe, it is not uncommon for the lowliest peasant to know the arias of dozens, or even scores, of operas, and to hum or whistle them as he goes about his work.

That seems strange to Americans, for in this country it is not uncommon for reasonably well educated persons to know little or nothing about opera.

How account for the contrast? A part of the explanation probably lies in the fact that Europeans grow up with opera, just as Americans grew up with Mother Goose. Perhaps equally important is the matter of language. Since most Europeans speak several languages, and since most opera was written by Europeans, usually the European hearer can understand the words in this story-type form of music; to most Americans, the words, important in opera, are meaningless.

In the light of that situation, the singing of opera in English is the logical way to make it intelligible to Americans. That is just what the National Grass Roots Opera Company, which will play here December 2, does. And for Franklin performances, it has selected a light opera "Cenerentola," by the Italian composer, Rossini. It tells the simple story of Cinderella.

Franklin, like most small towns (and some cities), has far too few opportunities to hear good music. The sponsoring Franklin Music Study Club and its committee, headed by Mr. Roy M. Biddle, Jr., have done a good day's work in arranging for the appearance of the Grass Roots Company here next week. It is particularly gratifying that there will be a free afternoon concert for school children, as well as the performance for adults in the evening.

The-Real Fiscal Need

(Oskaloosa, Iowa, Tribune)

Our economists say money should be made more elastic—I'd like to see it made more adhesive.

Hurdling Prejudices

(Harry S. Truman)

As we are getting over the hurdles of some of our prejudices, I hope that one day in the not too distant future we will not hesitate to nominate and elect a worthy man for the Presidency from the South.

Old Songs Are Popular

(W. E. H. in Sanford Herald)

In these days of rock 'n roll, it's interesting to note that in almost any social gathering, it's the old songs that get the biggest play.

Not long ago I was in Druham for a barbecue supper. Cynure of all eyes was a fellow at the piano who was one by one, ticking off the favorites of yesteryear. Interested to note that the young Carolina and Duke students present sang them as lustily as those of my generation.

Let Me Call You Sweetheart; Four Leaf Clover; When You Were a Tulip; Down by the Old Mill Stream; Show me the Way to Go Home; Sweet Adeline; Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here; Roll out the Barrel; Let the Rest of the World Go By; The Girl of My Dreams; I've Been Work-

Macon Man Discovered Famed Yosemite Falls

EDITOR'S NOTE: It has long been general knowledge that a Macon County man, Jimmy Angel, discovered the falls in Venezuela that bear his name. Few people here, though, knew that another Maconian, James M. Roane, more than a hundred years ago discovered famed Yosemite Falls. That bit of forgotten history was brought to light in a recent article in The Asheville Citizen-Times, reprinted below.

Mr. Roane has many relatives here. Mrs. Kitty Parrish, 94, of the Burningtown community, is his daughter. Grandchildren who live here, in addition to the children of Mrs. Parrish, include the Hauser brothers, James L. (Jimmy) and Quincy J., and Erwin Patton and his sister, Mrs. F. B. Rogers. County Commissioner John Roane is a cousin.

In later life, the Yosemite discoverer returned to his native Cartoogechaye, and is buried in the Mount Zion graveyard.)

By GEORGE W. MCCOY

John Preston Arthur, in his "Western North Carolina: A History," asks and answers a question:

Who discovered that wonderful, the matchless valley of the far-famed Yosemite?

James M. Roane, of Macon County, North Carolina, in March of Fifty-one.

Arthur, however, gives no details of the spectacular discovery.

I am indebted to Roane's granddaughter, Mrs. Jack Bryson of Asheville, for making available the details of her own recent researches on his role in finding the Yosemite.

Actually, the Western North Carolina mountain man was a discoverer, not the sole finder, of the valley many persons consider to be the most beautiful in the world. That, however, does not detract from the credit due Roane for his part in the geographical exploration of the great West.

The discovery is related to the historically-important discovery of gold by a workman, James W. Marshall, on Jan. 24, 1848, at John A. Sutter's mill on the south fork of the American River near Coloma.

The gold-strike news spread rapidly, causing excitement in the nation. Western North Carolina mountain men in numbers unknown caught the gold fever and set out for California to join other Argonauts better known as "Forty-Niners."

One of these hardy mountain men was James M. Roane, then a 23-year-old unmarried farmer. Leaving his home in Macon County, he joined "the first immigrant company that crossed the plains to California."

The quotation is from an article on Roane written by C. D. Smith of Franklin, Macon County, and published in the Raleigh (N.C.) Register for June 4, 1884. Smith related "facts and incidents" of the discovery of the great valley and falls of Yosemite as narrated by Roane himself. Here is a condensation of what Roane said:

In the summer and autumn of 1850 Indians began raiding in the Mariposa mining district (to the southwest of Yosemite). The Governor was asked to send troops to repel the red men, but, instead, he authorized James D. Savage to raise a battalion of mounted volunteers to proceed against the marauders. These companies of some 100 men each were raised.

James M. Roane was one of the volunteers and a member of Company A under command of Captain John Boling.

Major Savage's battalion, in a vigorous campaign, subdued and captured, as he supposed, all the Indians and placed them in a reservation in San Joaquin Valley.

Yet deceptions continued, creating a mystery as to the identity of the raiders. There was unrest and uncertainty among the miners.

Finally, an old and friendly Indian solved the mystery. For a reward of beads and blankets, he told Major Savage he'd tell him the identity

of the Railroad... these were some of the titles I caught as a guy named Benny Cash went through a repertoire of songs popular many years ago.

Noteworthy: the guys and dolls of 1960 liked those songs, and even knew the words. Better than the more popular tunes of today.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

Miss Annie Woodfin is engaged teaching a school at Webster.

Dr. T. W. McLeod returned Saturday from the Atlanta Exposition.

Mr. R. L. Porter has about finished his new barn, and it is an excellent one.

John W. Mann, of Flats Township, went to Rutherford College last week.

A young man down East hung himself because some people found fault with him. Should this practice become general, the trees would be full of preachers, school teachers, doctors, and editors.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

The gates of the municipal dam (across the Little Tennessee River) were closed November 12, resulting in filling the lake in 24 hours. The waters now eddy at Rabbit Creek, the Town Branch, and the Cullasaja River. Power from the new plant is expected to be available within a few days.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

The Rev. W. Jackson Honeycutt, pastor of the Franklin Methodist Church, was chosen chairman of the Macon County chapter of the American Red Cross at a meeting Friday evening.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

Mrs. John J. Swan, of Franklin, has been hired as the assistant agent for the Farm and Home Development program here.

of the mischief makers and pilot him to their hiding place. Accepting the proposal, Major Savage selected 60 men from Company A (Roane was one) to set out under Captain Boling in search of the hiding place.

After a search of three or four days and the crossing of the south fork of Merced River, the mounted volunteers reached the snow-capped mountains and were led by the Indian guide to a certain pass. The snow was two or three feet deep at this edge of a land unknown to white men. They heard the thunder of a waterfall and saw before them a valley of great grandeur.

Looking up the valley, the volunteers saw what appeared to be smoke. Captain Boling then detailed three men, including Roane, to go with the Indian guide to ascertain the situation. Thus Roane was among the first three white men to go into the valley.

The small party reached a point from which they could see Indians scattered under shelving rocks with fires in front.

A little later others of the expedition descended into the great valley. Crossing its river, they made a dash toward the Indians who could not retreat due to the wall of rocks at their backs. They resisted feebly and the fight was soon over.

A very old chief (Tenaya) agreed his people would go to the San Joaquin reservation if the white men would wait until the squaws returned from hunting acorns in the mountains.

The chief told Major Savage he and his party were the first white men ever to set foot in the valley.

He said his tribe's name is "Chumitee," meaning grizzly bear. The falls, too, he called "Ohumitee," but a San Francisco newspaper printed it "Yosemite" and that spelling entered into permanent usage.

Roane said entrance to the valley took place in February, 1851, and the party remained five or six weeks, due in part to Major Savage's promise to wait for return of the squaws.

The Indians left reluctantly, for the valley was a tribal Eden, a place of great charm. At the pass, both whites and Indians gazed back upon the wonderfully beautiful valley. The old chief snote his bosom and wept. Soon after they reached the reservation, the chief died.

That, according to Roane, was how Yosemite was discovered.

It became a national park in 1890. Situated in east-central California, the area is on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains and is some 150 miles due east of San Francisco. The mountain scenery is magnificent, with the valley itself called "the crown of glory." The valley is eight miles long and from one-half to one-mile wide, with the walls rising sheer from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above the valley floor.

Who would not be proud to have had a part in the discovery of one of nature's great masterpieces? Roane and his comrades considered this discovery to be one of the great moments of their lives.

Roane's other activities in the Far West included his election to the office of assessor when Mariposa was organized into a county. Later he was one of the county's supervisors and he also served as a deputy sheriff under Captain Boling.

A few years after Mariposa County was formed, it was divided and Roane's residence was in the new county of Fresno. He was elected its first supervisor and in 1859 he was the choice of the voters to represent Fresno in the Legislature.

WHY BEAUTY IS IMPORTANT

Women give more time to beauty than education because no matter how stupid a man may be, he isn't blind.—North Carolina Education.

THEY'RE DIFFERENT

The Insides Of Houses

OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC

Houses are made of the people who live in them and the life that flows about them. City houses smell of the street on which they live mostly of oil burners and exhausts; they smell of woodrot in dark hallways, musty rugs and runners seldom unfettered from the floors. And in these places there is such a cautious, careful sullen passing back and forth of its occupants that nothing ever quite wears out, never quite decays, is never quite replaced.

Folks who have grown old in city houses can scarcely be told from their ancestors—from the lightless portraits of granddama and grandpa hung now closer than ever they were in life. One has the feeling that

the ancient people who still crawl about the parlor do, in truth, belong already in their own grim frames. So shall it be but first a timeless interval to huddle in their favorite deep chairs, which at last, will not unclasp them. They will graduate to the wall.

Not all city houses are of such gloomy stuff; neither are all farm houses as cheerful as those where there is so much going on, that what is not worn bare is scrubbed bare by poor Ma, for she can never seem to learn Pa and the kids "to knock their feet off" when they come in. But there is no smell of decay in a farmhouse, just bread and ironing and honest barnyard smells.

When girls start calling you "Sir" about all you've got left to look forward to is your social security.—Wall Street Journal.

Kennedy Owes Narrow Victory To Combination Of Minority Blocs

EDITOR'S NOTE: Below is an editorial by David Lawrence, reprinted from U. S. News & World Report.

A numerical plurality of a few thousand votes—about one half of one per cent of more than 67,000,000—does not by any means constitute an expression of the will of the majority of the American people on basic issues of domestic or world policy.

Senator John F. Kennedy won this election to the Presidency by a combination of minority blocs and groups influenced by reasons of religion, economic conditions and political expediency.

Ironically enough, the Negro voters in the North gave heavy majorities to the Democrats, as the "civil rights" crusade of the Republicans failed to pay off politically for them. Nor

did the Republican following in various other minority groups turn out to be as numerous as that of the Democrats.

But the political expediency which caused the Democratic politicians in the South to go counter to the courageous stand on principle taken by so many hitherto Democratic newspapers—which openly supported the Republican ticket—cannot erase the fact that the people of the South are basically conservative. Their votes, if polled in a referendum solely on the merits or demerits of the Democratic national platform, would have been cast overwhelmingly for the conservative nominee—Vice President Nixon.

Similarly, whether it was pride of religion or resentment against the outbursts of some Protestant clergymen which caused so many Catholics to desert the Republican Party this time, there were millions

of conservative Catholics who voted for Mr. Kennedy though actually preferring the non-radical policies and platform of his opponent.

In this sense, Mr. Kennedy's speeches did not represent the views of the majority. His election was due to a momentary coalition of minority groups. He owes his victory in large part to the work done by the labor unions in almost every precinct in the far Northern States. Contributing to his election were the resentments of many voters in areas where unemployment not only had brought distress to workers, but had had an adverse impact on the business of the communities.

Apart from the discontent, however, occasioned by the "readjustment" or "recession" now going on in the national economy, can there be said to have been in general a verdict of disapproval of the policies of the Eisenhower Administration? The closeness of the vote

shows that the nation is fundamentally conservative in the sense that no reaction for radical experiments in either the domestic or foreign field can really be integrated as having been given.

Naturally, Nikita Khrushchev is rejoicing, and the controlled Soviet press is already claiming that the election proves that the American people "expect Washington to pursue a reasonable course in international affairs"—which pretension reflects a belief that the new Administration will make concessions to the Soviets. This is an erroneous interpretation, but the Moscow radio has for several days now been beaming all over the world comments to the effect that America has "repudiated" the Eisenhower policies.

Mr. Kennedy is not going to be "soft on Communism" unless he becomes the victim of advisers who are appeasers at heart. His Catholic environment would seem to belie any

tendency to bow to the Communists. The Catholic Church has been a bulwark of opposition to Communism throughout the world. Mr. Kennedy shares the convictions of Catholics and non-Catholics that the triumph of Communism would end religious freedom and other freedoms as well.

There may, therefore, be a distinct plus in Mr. Kennedy's religious background. Indeed it is to be hoped that the religious issue in our politics will be less important hereafter than it has been in the past. A Roman Catholic has been elected to the White House for the first time. This should tell the world that there is really no religious test for office in America.

It is unfortunate, however, that, as this precedent is established, the election should have turned out to be so close. A landslide for a candidate whose basic policies won overwhelming approval by the vast majority of the people, and who

happened at the same time to be a Catholic, would have better demonstrated that the people of the United States voted for or against a particular person, not on the basis of religious prejudice, but solely on the merits of the issues and the candidates. As it is, many observers, noting the big shift of votes in areas with a large Catholic population—with no parallel anywhere else in the country—contend that a Catholic bloc decided the election.

This is the time when we are all exhorted to let bygones be bygones and to give our new leader the wholehearted support of all the people. But it is a time for more than mere exhortation to the populace. It is a time to remind the successful party and the victorious candidates for all offices that elections do not settle fundamental issues but merely serve as vivid reminders of the diversity of interests and pressures that make up the modern political struggle.