

The Franklin Press

and

The Highlands Maconian

Entered at Post Office, Franklin, N. C., as second class matter
Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press
Franklin, N. C. Telephone 24

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

OUTSIDE MACON COUNTY	INSIDE MACON COUNTY
One Year \$3.00	One Year \$2.50
Six Months 1.75	Six Months 1.75
Three Months 1.00	Three Months 1.00
Two Years 5.25	Two Years 4.25
Three Years 7.50	Three Years 6.00

OCTOBER 18, 1956

Political Note

This calls attention to the long-standing policy of The Press to publish no political advertising in the last issue before an election.

Since this year's general election falls on November 6, that rule means that next week's issue of the paper is the last for which political advertising will be accepted. The deadline for advertising is Tuesday noon.

Three Cheers

Three cheers for Mrs. Mary Schoenheit, of Cedar-town, Missouri.

We hope she stands her ground and wins her fight. For if somebody doesn't win some fights like this one, then may the Lord help us! Because if some of us don't win some fights like this one, then the Lord alone can help us.

Mrs. Schoenheit, a former Illinois teacher, is educating her seven-year old daughter at home. Missouri school authorities last week ordered her to send the child to the public school, immediately; the alternative, she was warned, would be legal action to force compliance with the order.

Mrs. Schoenheit says the child is doing "very well under my program, and she is not going to the public school."

"Our public schools", she declared, "are antiquated institutions consuming our children's lives and our money, and giving us in return trained seals who balance balls on their noses and bark at the right signal". She added, significantly, that the public schools' "inhuman passion" is "for conformity".

While we had supposed conditions surely were not that bad either in Macon County or North Carolina, or possibly even in the nation, there can be no doubt that that is the trend in public education. And if it takes a bit of exaggeration on Mrs. Schoenheit's part to call attention to the trend, then more power to her to exaggerate!

Come to think of it, maybe it isn't such an exaggeration, after all. For hear the pontifical words of Raymond McDaniels, county superintendent of schools at Cedartown:

Mrs. Schoenheit, he says, may once have taught in Illinois, but she does not hold a Missouri teaching certificate. Besides, she "does not qualify as an instructor capable of giving the child equal education at home".

Now just when and how was Mr. McDaniels given the wisdom from on high to determine when a mother is and is not capable of teaching her own child? What he really was saying, of course, has nothing to do with capability; what he really was saying is that the child belongs not to the parent, but to the state.

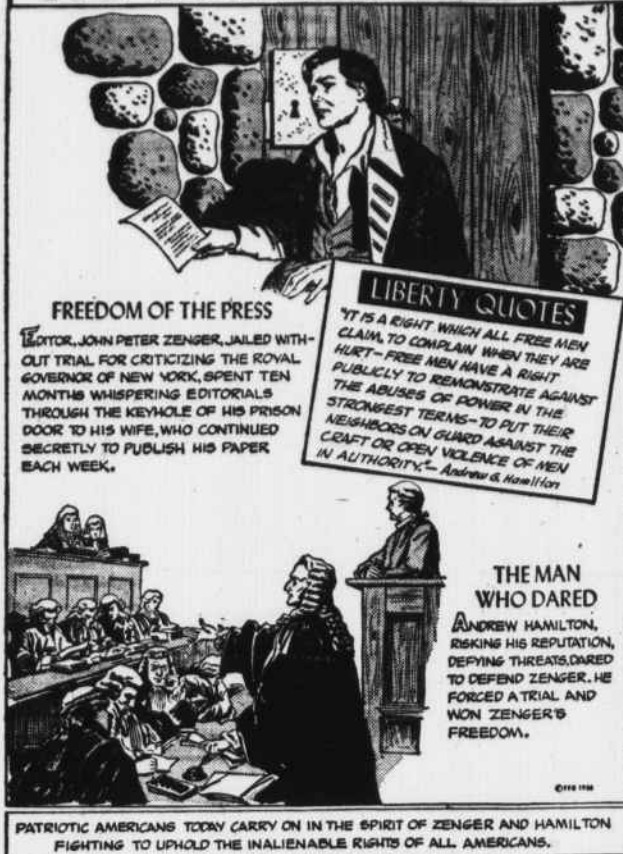
Good, orthodox doctrine — in Russia!

About Time?

It has now been sixty years since the Post Office Department started free delivery of mail in the rural areas. For more than fifty years, that service has been available to rural families in Macon County. But there still is no mail delivery in either Franklin or Highlands.

For years now, we've been trying to do something for the under-developed nations and areas. Well, when are we going to get around to remedying the terrible conditions in the regions that suffer from over-development?

It's Your AMERICA



The Whole Job

From now to November 6, we'll hear, over and over, the admonition: "Do your duty as a citizen—vote."

That is as it should be; for it is, as the admonishers insist, the duty of every citizen to vote.

But if the mere casting of a ballot were a virtue, we'd enfranchise everybody, including children and lunatics.

Every citizen should vote, true; but, first, every citizen should prepare himself to vote, honestly and intelligently.

If you and I are really to do our duty as citizens, in the coming general election, isn't it high time we started getting ready?

First of all, we'll inform ourselves. Then we'll ask ourselves some questions—questions such as these:

Am I going to vote a straight party ticket? and if so, which party do I think will give the better administration, national, state, and county, for all the people?

Am I going to forget party and vote for the man? and if so, which of the men running for each office, national, state, and county, is better qualified, by character, intelligence, and experience, to do a better job—again, for all the people?

And every time we answer one of those questions, we'll ask ourselves another: WHY do I think that?

Finally, we'll ask ourselves: Am I fit to cast a ballot if I don't do my own thinking, and reach my own conclusions, and vote my own convictions? For even children and lunatics could follow the instructions of would-be party bosses and election booth "markers".

We must avoid (international) violence by every means in our power. The only unity that would come from violence would be a unity of ashes and death.—Sir Winston Churchill.

LOLETA KENAN POWELL

MOTHERS AREN'T REARING CHILDREN ANY MORE

In Smithfield Herald

I have been wrong before, I er county who has allowed herself shall be wrong again, and I self three to four weeks away may be wrong this time. But from her teacher's desk to give birth to each of her four children — that's all. Three young I do not believe I am. I very mothers have themselves told strongly believe that the young me they'd go crazy with boredom if they had to mother their children and not return to desk, machine, and office. Off they went to the glamor there. They will in the end have smoother hands, fewer aching backs, and more intercourse with the fascinating people in this world.

According to the Biblical conception, marriage is the only legal method of propagating the race of man. Not until there are children is any marriage or any home complete. The blushing bride undertakes the mother role at the altar.

No one has yet found a mother-substitute. It is the mother's duty—and a pleasant and rewarding, though tedious, task — to rear those children. Yet, statistical records last week showed more women working than ever before in our history. That many of these are mothers of young children is inescapable.

I know one woman in another

hopper? We have just conquered a new word at our three-year-old's house — "praying mantis"—so proudly told about with eyes that stretch with wonder. Who is to give your child those spontaneous hugs he craves to be reassured you love him — who but you, working mother? Who, also, is to treasure up these delightful new expressions and experiences to share with Daddy, who must be away?

Admittedly, women can't work and pay someone to keep their children fabulous prices. Most of those — not all, but most — available are Negroes. Yet I have heard many mothers outspoken championing the Pearl Amendment which they felt, would keep from happening in their school the very same thing they are bringing each day in their home. Really, the home situation is more serious because it involves children in their more formative pre-school years. But the race of the keeper matters not.

Others' Opinions

(Opinions expressed in this space are not necessarily those of The Press. Editorials selected for reprinting here, in fact, are chosen with a view to presenting a variety of viewpoints. They are, that is, just what the caption says — OTHERS' Opinions.)

Common Now

(Hoolyoke, Colo., Enterprise)

There was a time when a fool and his money were soon parted. Now it happens to everyone!

Silent (?) Sufferers

Santa Barbara, Calif., Daily News)

Many people suffer in silence, having first made certain that everybody knows about it and is watching.

One Thing Worse

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

There is one thing that's worse than a tyrannical minority, and that's a tyrannical majority. It's almost impossible to get rid of the latter, once it gains power.

Democrats Started It

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

Democrats can't complain very gracefully about the injection of the worn-out Communist issue into the present campaign. The Democratic-controlled Eastland sub-committee had already set the pattern.

Its investigation of the so-called Communist ties of Jacob Javits, Republican candidate for governor of New York, was nothing but smear politics.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

It's the little things that count. I realize more each year how true that is. And I was reminded of it, vividly, again only the other day.

I did not see her as I walked along an Asheville street; but she saw and recognized me. A little diffidently, she touched my arm; then, as I turned, she smiled and spoke.

I would not have remembered her name; she thoughtfully told me, without waiting for my embarrassment at having to ask. But I remembered who she was, instantly.

A tiny person when I knew her, the years seemed to have shriveled her, and the muscles around the eyes had sort of sagged, so that the lids revealed only a narrow slit. But through that slit the old fire still shone.

When I had known her, long ago, she was an unpaid worker in some purely local social work organization, and she remembered something I long since had forgotten; it seems I once wrote a newspaper article about her work.

Apologetically, she explained why she had stopped me: she wanted to thank me for it . . . after all these years!

I was touched, of course, as who isn't by such gratitude, for so little a thing, so long ago.

We chatted a moment, and I asked her about the work. Her whole body became vibrant.

It had not always been easy, I gathered. Her organization is not a part of the United Fund (but there was no trace of bitterness in her tone as she told me; it was evidently simply a fact to be accepted.) There must have been difficulties and disap-

pointments and frustrations, though she used none of those words.

But both her posture and her tone suggested that those things were of no real consequence; it was the cause that counted. Then her words confirmed it; for, just before she turned the conversation to another subject, she brushed everything else aside with the matter-of-fact comment:

"Mr. Jones, the dream grows bigger."

The dream grows bigger . . . For how many of us, I thought, does the dream not fade entirely. We lack the courage and the faith (and blame lack of time) to hold on to any part of the dream. And for how few indeed does the dream grow bigger!

By now, the little old lady may have forgotten our chance meeting. I doubt if she remembers a single word she said. And I am sure it never occurred to her she had said anything unusual.

But I remember . . . the dream grows bigger . . .

And, as I walked on up the street, a bit more slowly, I wondered if in those four words she hadn't compressed the secret of happiness and fulfillment that has escaped many a philosopher writing a learned tome.

I wondered, too, should her secret become generally known, if it wouldn't create mass unemployment . . . among the psychiatrists.

The dream grows bigger . . . And it was she who thanked me!

VIEWES

By

BOB SLOAN



Despite the fact that since 1948, more than a million and a quarter dollars have been spent for school buildings in Macon County we will soon be short classroom space.

To meet this problem the obvious answer is to build more classrooms.

However, if we haven't been able to keep pace with the building problem at our recent rate of building, maybe we will have to find another solution.

As a means of getting more use from our present system, I wish people would consider the following suggestions:

1. The school buildings should be used twelve months out of the year the same as other business buildings. The school buildings of North Carolina are worth many millions of dollars. We, as stockholders in the business of the public school system of North Carolina, cannot afford to have these buildings idle one-fourth of the time. Perhaps staggered terms could be worked out or special classes for the retarded and advanced students at this time.

2. I believe that by planning and study a more concentrated course of study could be outlined which would give as good or better basic education in a shorter time than is now being presented. Undoubtedly, I am old fashioned in this idea, but I feel that the smatterings of the great variety of material now being offered the students oftentimes tend to confuse rather than educate the child. Extra curricula work, and optional courses should be offered sparingly and with great care. If time devoted to these, were spent on basic courses perhaps we could offer two grades a year. This would do a great deal towards meeting the building shortage. The cost of time and space for each extra activity at a school should be considered; it seldom is. When it takes badly needed dollars away from basic education, can we afford it?

Above all else I am convinced that we in some way must get more utilization from our present school plant rather than just expand it to meet the needs, I do not believe either North Carolina or Macon County can afford the cost indefinitely at the present rate.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

The new bell for the courthouse was hung in the belfry last Friday and it now sounds the hours of the day and night in a clear, ringing tone. It weighs 575 pounds and cost \$170.

Drawings and plans for the new bank building have been received and steps will be taken to get the building under way as soon as possible.

A telephone message from Smith's Bridge informs The Press that the residence of Mr. Thos. Liner, near Otto, was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon.

25 YEARS AGO

The Nantahala Creamery Co. won first place in the creamery butter contest at the State Fair. They took second prize last year and first the year before.

Mr. Louis Edwards gave an open square dance Saturday night on the floor of the new building he is erecting on Main Street for his woodworking shop.—Highlands item.

10 YEARS AGO

Due to the difficulty of obtaining materials, the Van Raalte Company has decided to use such materials as now are available to complete at once a section of its East Franklin plant and thus get operations under way. The section to be finished will employ about 70 persons, chiefly women.

Approximately 200 people attended the Harvest Festival and all-day singing at the Highlands Baptist Church Sunday.—Highlands item.

Sgt. Richard C. (Dick) Angel has returned to the National Airport at Washington, D. C., after spending a 15-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zeb Angel. He hopes to be released from service soon.