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THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1958

## 'A' For Effort

Last week, the Smoky Mountain Stages tried to take off Franklin's morning bus to Asheville — again.

The "again" refers to "tried"; for this is only the latest in a long series of efforts of the bus company to leave Franklin high and dry. And again, the proposed change was unheralded in advance.

Thanks to a bit of vigilance, people here still can go to Asheville by bus and return the same day. Some of the regular passengers were prompt to notify The Press. Mr. D. D. Davis, district representative of the State Utilities Commission, also was alert, and was quick to order the service continued in effect.

This and another proposed bus change were characterized by a couple of rather amazing "oversights". The first was the failure of the bus company — again — to get word of the impending change to the local bus station. The second was in the arrangement of a schedule between Sylva and Cherokee; the latter change would have dispatched a bus from Sylva, after it had sat there for an hour, just late enough to miss connections at Cherokee.

If you try hard enough, we suppose, you can make any business fail to pay. And the bus company deserves an "A" for its effort to make its short runs so unprofitable it will have a good case for discontinuing them.

## Our Best Manners

Our best mountain manners to the newest newspaper hereabouts, The Highlander, which made its bow last week. Of, for, and about Highlands, it is to be published weekly by James S. Goode Associates.

Since it is our understanding that one of the chief "associates" is to be Mrs. James S. Goode, we'd say the new venture is launched by a good(e) team, with good(e) prospects.

There are many desirable things we could wish for The Highlander — that it never contain a factual or typographical error; that all the businessmen advertise, regularly; that everybody applaud when it fearlessly publishes the bad news along with the good; that nobody ever wait till press time to telephone an account of a meeting that took place two weeks earlier . . .

We could wish all those and similar good things, but that would be idle wishing; because, in this imperfect world of imperfect humans, none of those is likely to happen.

So we'll content ourselves with expressing a more modest hope — that the publishers and editors of The Highlander have as much fun as we on The Press have had the last dozen years.

We welcome The Highlander to the Macon County scene — for many reasons; most of all, because it is a new signal of the progress and growth of Highlands, the unique mountain community the rest of Macon County is proud to claim as its own.

## Up To You

Do you believe in the democratic form of government? Do you believe in the rule of the majority? And do you believe that every right carries with it a corresponding responsibility?

Your answer to all those questions, surely, is "yes".

Well, how can we have democratic government, when we have rule by a minority? And what else do we have, when only 7, say, out of every 10 voters actually votes, and 4 of those 7 vote one way and the other 3 another? When that happens, isn't a minority of 4 ruling the majority of 6? How can

## "Anybody Give A Hoot About Inner Space?"



I always have a good time in Chapel Hill, and the recent week end there, attending the conference of North Carolina editorial writers, was no exception. The conference itself always is exceedingly worthwhile. But, whatever the program, I'd want to attend, just because it's held in Chapel Hill. For Chapel Hill does something to people.

The place is unique — and that's a vast understatement. The town itself, growing fast now, still retains the friendly village atmosphere. The campus, especially beautiful in the spring, is always impressive. And campus and town are vibrant, more than any place I know, with youth.

All its weaknesses are on display. But all its strengths, too. And today's youth, it seems to me, has a poise, an honesty, an idealism shot through with both realism and courage, such as no previous generation. It is these things, that nobody can fail to feel, that make the pulse beat a little faster, in Chapel Hill.

This trip, though, I was conscious of a nostalgic sadness. The life of a college generation is only four years. And so, with a few welcome exceptions, all the boys and girls I knew, the year I spent there, are gone. I missed the cheerful "hello" from halfway across the campus, the smile of greeting, the friendly wave of the hand from boy or girl. It wasn't quite the same. It won't ever be again.

The annual conference now brings editors from big and little papers from all over the state. The heart of the meeting is the critique sessions, where you learn what your editorial page looks like to another editor. He tells

you what's good about it, he tells you what's bad, and usually he tells you how to improve it.

There's a frankness in these criticisms that is often blunt; they are occasionally so savage, in fact, that these critique sessions have come to be known facetiously among the editors as "the blood-letting". Yet nearly always they're taken in good humor, and presumably prove beneficial.

Of more general interest than these rather technical discussions are the sessions at which outstanding figures discuss public issues; with their talks followed by question-and-answer periods. Here, too, no holds are barred, the questioners, many of them quite keen, tearing into the speaker, questioning his facts, denying the validity of his logic.

From these latter sessions, I brought away a single impression: Four years after the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision — four years during which it would seem everything possible to be said on the subject had been said — it is the topic uppermost in many minds. And the problem appears no nearer solution now than it was back in 1954.

There were three illustrations of this:

First of all, an editor from Norfolk and one from Richmond, guests of the group, though in complete and violent disagreement about the segregation-integration issue, were agreed on one thing — Virginia will close every school in the state, if necessary, to avoid any desegregation whatever.

The second illustration came in a talk on the advisability of a new

constitution for North Carolina, a matter now under study by a state commission. While the speaker did not say so in so many words, he left the distinct impression that the race problem will, and should, decide the issue — in the negative. Why? Because the present constitution has a provision requiring segregation of the races. If we should adopt a new one, we should face the problem of whether to leave that provision out and thus open the doors to integration or leave it in and thus defy the Supreme Court. So, he seemed to conclude, better leave well enough alone, no matter how outmoded our present constitution.

Finally, there was the debate between liberal editor Harry Golden, of the Carolina Israelite at Charlotte, and conservative James Jackson Kilpatrick, editor of the Richmond, Va., News Leader.

Their topic was "Dixie's Destiny", surely a broad subject; the South's future will be determined by many important factors. Yet 99 per cent of what they said, and 100 per cent of the general discussion that followed, was confined to a single factor — segregation vs integration.

Thus the problem posed by the Supreme Court's decision grips us; like a cloud, it hangs over us, day and night, year in and year out. After four years, we are so paralyzed by it as to be able to see nothing else.

I left Chapel Hill with the feeling that however good a case may be made for the Supreme Court's action, the result has been disastrous.

## BOOK REVIEW

### 'Gift From The Hills' Is Story Of Penland School And Of Macon's 'Miss Lucy'

GIFT FROM THE HILLS — Miss Lucy Morgan with LeGette Blythe. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc., Indianapolis and New York; 314 pp.; \$5)

This is the story of the Penland School of Handicrafts. It also — and perhaps even more — is the story of "Miss Lucy".

For the benefit of those who do not know Penland, the school's "Miss Lucy" is Miss Lucy Morgan, born on Cartogechayee Creek and reared there and at Murphy.

An autographed copy of the book has been presented to the Franklin Public Library by Mrs. Carl S. Slagle in memory of her husband.

Penland is a dream come true for "Miss Lucy". And the school is a child of faith; because, by all the rules, it just couldn't have happened. Emerson's observation that every institution is the lengthened shadow of one man is peculiarly true here; yet Miss Morgan is quick to give credit to others — scores of whom she names. Time after time, in fact, she says, when her faith faltered, it was the faith and sympathetic generosity of others — the mountain people of the nearby coves as well as friends in far places — that gave her encouragement to start again.

By modestly putting himself in the background, LeGette Blythe, who did the writing, has done a remarkable job. The story is written in the first person, in "Miss Lucy's" words, and those who know her have the feeling, as they read, that she is in the room, speaking. All her energy and confidence, all her ability to turn obstacles into assets, all her love of people and her charming humor are as vivid as if she were present in the flesh.

Thirty-eight years ago Miss Morgan went to the Episcopal school, established at Penland by her brother, the Rev. A. Rufus Morgan, to teach. Possessed by a passionate desire to see the mountain art of weaving preserved, and the moon rose over the cider in the fresh coolness of her spring house; in a woman in the fold of the hills, washing clothes in a brook and in an iron kettle over an outdoor fire. . . .

attention, where every handicraft imaginable is taught today.

While the book is devoted chiefly to telling the story of the birth and development of the Penland School, Miss Morgan's personality dominates it, and there are delightful glimpses of her early life and members of her family. All through it, too, are light touches, provided by the distinctive humor of the mountains.

Perhaps the best picture of the atmosphere that is said to make Penland what it is is contained in a letter from an Ohio woman, after a visit to the school:

"Figuratively, as well as literally, it has been a mountain-top experience. Not knowing the Penland tradition, I had expected to find only a school where one might learn a skill; I did not dream that it was the expression of a way of life. The distinctive spirit of the place . . . was a subtle thing, found in the fragrance of unvarnished wood in the morning dampness; at Bailey's Peak swathed in mists or printed blue; gray above the pink mimosa blossoms; in the comfortable clogging of looms. It was in Auntie Pears' cheery good humor and in Mr. Peters' twinkle and unruffled patience; in the plaintive music of the shepherd's pipes; in the voices singing 'Auld Lang Syne' softly in front of the glowing embers of the great stone fireplace . . . in Mr. Worst's serenity of voice and his fine tact, kindness, and respect for the dignity of men and women; in as they read, that she is in the room, speaking. All her energy and confidence, all her ability to turn obstacles into assets, all her love of people and her charming humor are as vivid as if she were present in the flesh.

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the will of the majority even be determined, much less put into effect, unless everybody votes?

And how can you and I claim the right to vote unless we are willing to shoulder the responsibility not only of casting a ballot, but of voting intelligently and seriously for what we believe is best for all?

Those questions are prompted by the approach of the primary election Saturday, May 31. How they are answered is up to you.

## Ain't Science Wonderful!

Dr. Lydia Sicher, Los Angeles psychotherapist, came up last week with an announcement that made the front pages. All men, says Dr. Sicher, are afraid of women, "including their wives".

What an amazing discovery! Who'd ever have thought it!

All of us can thank our lucky stars for Dr. Sicher and psychotherapy. All of us, that is, except all the women and most of the men who are married. They knew it already.

Furthermore, most of 'em would point out that, for a scientist, Dr. Sicher was rather careless with her wording; in the interest of accuracy, she should have said not "including their wives", but "especially their wives".

And if you doubt that this is an old, old truth that Dr. Sicher and psychotherapy have only now stumbled on, all you need to do is make one test: Try to find a husband—any husband—who'll tell his wife the truth when she asks him about those letters he was supposed to mail last week, and that now are burning a hole in his inside coat pocket.

## Snooping Government

(Chapel Hill News Leader)

Cyrus Eaton, Cleveland business man, may be exaggerating when he declares the United States has a spy organization rivaling that of Hitler in his prime. But more than one citizen has noted with foreboding the growing tendency of branches of the United States Government to regard all citizens as possible enemies.

This habit was one of the curses of life in old Europe and

was the cause of flight across the ocean to an America which promised to be free.

But one of the consequences of two world wars has been a growing tightening of government holds on the private citizen. His habits, his opinions, and even his reading matter may be called into question and noted in dossiers. He is no longer free to go and come as he pleases, and his political views may cause him to be denied a passport for the most harmless foreign travel, while the United States' system of fingerprinting for all sorts of reasons has aroused the wonder of even a hardened Europe.

The refusal of a passport to a University of North Carolina professor because of Frank P. Graham's endorsement of the applicant could only have resulted from a niggling and offensive snooping by ignorant government employees.

Even Mr. Eaton himself, though well known as an industrial leader, has repeatedly been finger-printed for what is ironically called security reasons, compelling him to call it "quite a humiliation for a loyal and devoted American," while as for the science which the U.S.A. is now hurrying to develop, Mr. Eaton has no doubt that has been hampered by the shadowing and tracking of our scientists.

All this is one result of a terror of communism that looks farcical in the case of a country so powerful as the United States. Europe has no such terror, though much closer to Russia. This convulsion of fear will be much worsened if we go to war with Russia and spying on both sides will be multiplied. But few citizens have spoken out against this police state threat like Mr. Eaton. More voices of protest might in time reach Washington.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press  
65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK  
(1893)

The population of Macon County by the census of 1890 was 10,102. (In 1950, it had grown to 16,174.—Editor.)

An opening for a new business enterprise in Franklin—for T. F. Munday to get a rain-crow and a tree-frog and open a weather bureau.

In courtesy to the Presbyterian service conducted by the Rev. Jesse W. Siler, there will be no service at the Methodist Church next Sunday except Sunday School.

25 YEARS AGO  
(1893)

Mrs. O. C. Hall, of Kyle, may not be the only woman school bus driver in North Carolina, but it is doubted if any driver, man or woman, has a harder route. It is 12 miles long, covering Kyle, Aquone, and other communities in the Nantahala section. The 20 advanced pupils go to high school at Almond. Mrs. Hall's job is to take them to the Swain county line, where they are transferred to another bus, which carries them the remaining 12 miles.

Miss Hester Thomas and Mr. Paschal Cabe were quietly married Friday afternoon, May 26.

10 YEARS AGO

Miss Ann Lyle and Miss Marie Jennings are valedictorian and salutatorian, respectively, of this year's graduating class at Franklin High School. Honor students at Highlands High are Miss Dolly W. McCall and Miss Juanita Alley. Those at Nantahala are Wayne Dewese and Miss Roberta Roper.

## TRIBUTE TO A TEACHER

### STUDENTS OF MISS EFFIE BOOE TURN CLOCK BACK 40 YEARS

Holt McPherson In High Point Enterprise

That commotion in the dining room of the Sheraton yesterday was a group of students moving the clock back forty years or so for a teacher whose love for each of them bridged that time amazingly.

The Effie Booe who came to High Point in 1917, right out of Yadkin County, was yesterday the same buoyant self as she met — and readily recognized — students whom she hadn't seen in all those days since she was an unforgettable character in the faculty of old Elm Street School, and, following a year in war work at Washington, two more years at the Main Street School.

None of us knew just what to expect, for time has a way of changing people in many ways. But as soon as she scolded her husband through the revolving door and explained his mixup as due to the fact they had no such contraptions down where she lives in South Carolina, it was evident she was the same testy gal who

had drilled discipline into students of another generation; then she went up to the dozen or so former students, looked each one over as closely as if on official inspection, called him by name, hugged, kissed and, in general, showed that astonishing enthusiasm which made her a great teacher.

Jake Samet gave her a beautiful orchid. It brought tears to her eyes. Then she had to see the pictures of his four grandchildren which he produced from a fat wallet, and she was all eyes for those youngsters; somebody brought her a bottle of perfume. She made a lot over the fact that any former student would offer her, of all things, "Indiscret." for she was always the soul of discretion! She chided Frank Wood and me for ungainly avoid-dups, while commending Mary Elizabeth Long on her gainliness. She was about the youngest one in the lot, and certainly one of the nicest guests, as well as teachers, any of us recalled. Her concern, as we expected, was less with material success — and some had

done quite well — than with human values and accomplishments.

Her husband had little to say. She talked, as she said herself, in job in the world then, and it needs be so today. She had that happy faculty of making each child under her tutelage feel like somebody, yes, somebody with obligations and responsibilities, and she instructed her pupils not only by teaching them but also by setting an example for them.

Is it any wonder that her students 40 years later rise up to call her blessed and in doing so find that she, more than they, has defied those years and remained youthfully eager to continue encouraging them?

We like to think of her; because she can understand better than most in terms of the poet who said:

"In the breast of the bulb is the promise of spring,  
In the little blue egg is a bird that will sing,  
In the soul of the seed is the hope of the sod,  
In the heart of the child is the Kingdom of God."

nave pointed them in the right direction. To her, teaching was the most challenging and rewarding job in the world then, and it needs be so today. She had that happy faculty of making each child under her tutelage feel like somebody, yes, somebody with obligations and responsibilities, and she instructed her pupils not only by teaching them but also by setting an example for them.

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