

and  
The Highlands Maconian

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THURSDAY, SEPT. 25, 1958

Faith, Plus

There's nothing like faith. Last week we asked for one mail box. And lo! we got house mail delivery for Franklin! Got it before that editorial asking for a mail box (so motorists can mail letters without leaving their cars) could reach the readers!

There's nothing, we should add, like faith plus works. For a lot of work went into this Franklin Lions Club project. First, every street in town had to be named; next the club had to raise and spend some \$600 for street signs; then every lot in town had to be measured and given a street number; finally, the Lions obtained house numbers, sold them to property owners, and got the owners to put them up.

There's nothing like faith plus works plus stick-to-it-iveness. For the Lions didn't get mail delivery for Franklin in a week or a month or a year. They've been working consistently on this project for some eight years.

All of which goes to show what can be done if we have faith, and are willing to work, and keep on keeping on.

It goes to show, too, how closely the progress of a community is tied in with the public-spirited efforts of an organization such as Franklin's Lions Club.

Buy What We Want

However much some persons may disagree with Governor Hodges' view that local communities should shoulder a larger share of the cost of public schools in this state, there is no valid answer to one statement Mr. Hodges made at his press conference in Asheville last Friday.

"People spend for what they want", the Governor emphasized. He cited the fact Americans spend more for tobacco than for education, and "far more" for alcoholic beverages than for education. As long as that is true, he said, people cannot honestly argue they can't pay for better schools.

Governor Hodges did not say so, but it would seem true, also, that so long as that is true, there is no real ground for saying federal aid to education is necessary.

The one bit of fire that marked the conference came when Bob Sloan, of The Press, questioned whether a system of local supplements wouldn't be unfair to Macon County, as compared with a rich county like Mecklenburg. The governor raised his voice and pounded the desk with his fist. He later explained that he has repeatedly been misunderstood on this matter.

What he favors, he emphasized, is payment by the state of "a good minimum", with the counties and local communities picking up and going on from there, to "enrich" the schools beyond the minimum. And while it would, of course, be harder for Macon to supplement teachers' salaries than it would for Mecklenburg, "people pay for what they want". And he pointed out that some counties now are supplementing the state support.

Asked about the possibility of eliminating "waste" in the operation of the schools, Governor Hodges said "the professional educators don't admit there is any waste". He added, though, that the State Board of Higher Education has come up with some excellent ideas on that subject, and that, "at last", a serious study is being made of developing a merit system of paying teachers.

In the federal-state conflict over integration, Washington authorities are sitting back waiting, confident local pressures will force the reopening of schools in Arkansas and Virginia. However that may be, it is an interesting commentary on our sense of values and our educational system that the federalists are counting chiefly not on the desire for education, but on the annoyance of mothers at having children underfoot at home and on possible interruption of football schedules.



Our Best Bow

All accounts indicate that the fliers who came here last week end, in search of rubies, were charmed with this region. That seems to have been generally true even before they went to dig for rubies.

Many of these folk will come back. And an even larger number will be lured to Macon County by the word-of-mouth accounts spread by these aerial visitors. As a promotion project, the "Pilots Ruby Rendezvous" was as unique as Macon County itself.

The fly-in, of course, didn't just happen. Such things never just happen. Before it could happen, there had to be a lot of planning, and then a lot of work. As is generally true with such undertakings, most of the burden fell on a few organizations and a few individuals. To them, The Press makes its best bow; the community is deeply in their debt.

Crime And Macon County

Citing the alarming increase in crime in the United States, J. Edgar Hoover quite sensibly urges better local law enforcement.

In a signed statement in the FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin, Mr. Hoover says that in 1957, for the second successive year, major crimes passed the 2 1/2 million mark. That's one every 11 seconds. And in the past eight years, he adds, crime has increased four times as fast as the population.

Quite aside from the desirability of keeping local government on a local basis, it would take a tremendous FBI indeed to cope with all that crime; so Mr. Hoover urges stronger local agencies for law enforcement—bigger sheriff's and police departments, paying better salaries to attract better men, and the best and latest in equipment.

What has all this to do with us here in Macon County? At the moment, the problem seems far off. But there is no quarantine against the spread of crime; besides, recent months have provided significant evidence of incipient hoodlumism here in Franklin.

There is just one effective way to deal with such a situation. The boy who steals a hub-cap or destroys equipment in a park, and gets away with it, soon is likely to try armed robbery. The way to prevent his developing into an armed robber is to make sure the punishment for these lesser offenses is prompt and sure.

That's the one effective way to deal with hoodlumism, after it develops. The place to prevent it, of course, is not in the law enforcement agencies, but in those agencies that affect the boy before he gets into trouble with the law—such agencies as the home, the church, and the school. And, just from a cold dollars-and-cents viewpoint, that also is the cheapest way to deal with it.

It is common heresy . . . that you can kill an idea by killing a man, defeat a principle by defeating a person, bury truth by burying its vehicle. Man may burn his brother at the stake, but he cannot reduce truth to ashes; he may murder his fellow man with a shot in the back, but he does not murder justice. He may even slay armies of men, but it is written, "truth beareth off the victory".—Adlai Stevenson.

The soundest and best argument ever advanced for keeping your words sweet is that you never know when you might have to eat them.—Howe V. Morgan in Sparta, Ill., News-Plaindealer.

Open Or Just Vacant?

(Arapa, Colo., News)

Many a man thinks he has an open mind when it's merely vacant.

Different Language

(Telestory)

Conscience is a small inner voice that doesn't speak your language.

The Old Guard Returneth

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

Vice President Nixon stated last week end, in defense of tax cuts to big business, that "the welfare of the American citizen is inseparable from the welfare of business."

Sounds like the beginning of the end for Ike and his "modern Republicanism."

East And West

(Menlo Park, Calif., Recorder)

In the eastern sections of our country, a proud pastime for residents is pointing out to visitors how much of the past still remains. A drive down the tree-shaded streets of a New England town usually is accompanied by a commentary like this: "Now there is the house Josiah Jones built in 1872, with the original shutters still in place."

In the West, the game is reversed. An "old settler" out here—that is, anyone who has lived in the same town more than five years—is wont to brag: "When I moved here, that entire subdivision was a prune orchard."

Letters

Another Reconstruction?

Editor, The Press:

After almost one hundred years, it looks like the South is again facing Reconstruction. The South is the center of the storm; but a much stronger South.

If so few people can enforce an unwanted law on hundreds and thousands, we are, of all people, most miserable. If our states have no rights, then we, as common citizens, have no rights. If our governors have no power over the states in which they govern, then why do we need governors? I admire men that have the courage to stand pat on what they think is right and Governor Faubus and Governor Almond are just that.

This is no time to tear down our schools. This is no time to split and divide our country. This is no time to be unprepared. This is no time to play right into the Communists' hands. Yet, we are doing just that. Is the Supreme Court helping the racial problem or creating hatred among members of the two races?

I want neither race deprived of education, but I don't want them mixed.

HERMAN WILSON.

Highlands.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1893)

Mr. W. A. Rogers will leave today for Chapel Hill to enter the State University.

An old Indian, seeing a man pass by on a bicycle, exclaimed: "Much lazy white man; walk sittin' down. Ugh!"

Mr. L. C. Holbrook, of Smith's Bridge, has built a handsome new dwelling. It lacks only the paint now to make it a thing of beauty.

Drs. J. Robert Bell and Fred L. Siler will leave today for Nashville, Tenn., to enter the medical department of Vanderbilt University.

25 YEARS AGO

(1933)

Franklin's town council is considering the advisability of obtaining a loan from the \$50,000,000 public works fund allotted to North Carolina by the federal government to make long needed improvements of the town's water and sewerage disposal systems.

Railway figures supplied The Press show the "T. F." made a net profit of \$2,251 for August.

10 YEARS AGO

Trout fishing in the areas within the Nantahala National Forest attracted 3,157 fishermen during the 1948 season.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is reprinted from The Press of October 1, 1953.)

"That is easy", some persons might say. You know better: you realize, as perhaps no one else does, how many boys and girls are graduated from high school without ever having learned to read, in the full sense of that word.

First of all, of course, we want him to learn to read accurately; to see and to take note of the "dots" and the "buts" and the "ifs" that make all the difference in the meaning of what is on the printed page. We hope, too, that he can learn to read aloud, with ease and grace.

But reading, it seems to us, is more than just seeing all the words, and being able to pronounce them. The good reader reads with his mind, the eyes serving simply as a tool; the words on the printed page come alive as they send ideas to his brain. And the really good reader screens those ideas; examines them, tests them, and accepts some as true, rejects others as false, and puts still others in the doubtful category. In short, when he reads, he thinks.

Words can convey pictures, too; pictures far more vivid than any photograph or drawing, because they are mental images, pictures painted on his mind by his own experiences. As Billy learns really to read, not simply parrot words, such simple words as "moonlight" and "water" and "wind" will bring back to him a night of inexpressible beauty, the julling sound of a stream running over rocks, the sense of safety and comfort he has felt as he slipped off to sleep in his warm bed, while the winter wind howled outside.

From these simple emotions, he can go on, as he learns to read even better, to laughter and tears, love and hate, admiration and contempt, sympathy and courage—and the awakening of aspiration.

And so reading can become not only a source of comfort in time of loneliness—it can feed mind and heart and character; it is a way to acquire those inner resources and strengths that are the only real armor against life's buffets.

We hope you can teach him to write.

We hope, of course, he will learn to write more legibly than most.

Walls Of Jericho?

On one of his routine calls, a school inspector asked a boy: "Who knocked down the walls of Jericho?"

"I didn't anyway, sir," the youth promptly protested, adding: "It must have been one of the other boys."

As the inspector was leaving the classroom, the teacher is reported to have remarked to him: "He's a good, truthful lad. If he had anything to do with the walls, he would have admitted it."

It is further related that on returning to Dublin, the inspector went into conference with some of his colleagues. After considering the matter from every angle, they decided to pass on the problem to the board of works.

The decision from this exalted source is stated to have been: "If there has been damage done to the walls, it must be repaired without delay."—Munster, Ireland, Express.

of us of an older generation; but writing, it seems to us, is more than just putting on paper alphabetical symbols that are recognizable.

Its purpose is to express ideas and emotions; and it is useless unless they are so expressed that what is written will mean something to others. And so we hope Billy will learn not merely to write legibly and grammatically, but learn to have something to say, and to know how to use words to say it.

If reading has stirred his mind and his imagination and his feelings, he will have something he wants to say, but he can say it only as he learns about words—that they have exact meanings, each a little different from all the others; and that, in addition, words have backgrounds and personalities and atmospheres like places and people.

So, if he is to write, he must learn the habit of studying words, his tool for saying what he has to say. He must learn, too, that all good writing is clear and simple, like all good people.

Finally, if he is to write so that what he writes will be accepted and welcomed by others, he must learn to say it with the warmth of human sympathy and with the tolerance that comes from a recognition that his experiences and those of the one he is writing to have been different.

Last, but far from least, we hope you can teach him to figure.

He needs to learn to add and subtract and multiply, of course; and to do those things accurately. But figuring, it seems to us, is more than just addition and subtraction and multiplication.

Life is hard, at best; it will be very hard for the youngsters who are growing up in today's confused and confusing world. And they can take the beatings it will give them—and the even-harder-to-take ease and good fortune—with an unbroken spirit only if they have learned this hard but simple lesson:

Two and two make four.

They never make three or five, but always four.

In short, figuring can make him wise enough to know that some things cannot be changed, and honest enough with himself to see things as they are, not as he might wish them to be.

If you can teach him these three—what it means to read and to write and to figure—we think he will be educated; because if he learns how really to do these things, he will be a man.

Respectfully,  
—BILLY'S DAD.

UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

Funny how quick a man can lose his hearin', when conscience starts a-talkin'.

Heap 'o times it's the optimist that's pessimistic and the pessimist that's optimistic. Frinstance, when things git bad, the optimist is so pessimistic he says they couldn't be worse—so they're bound to git better. But the pessimist is optimistic enough to think things ain't as bad as they might be—so they're shore to git worse.

Science For You

By BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: Pump water out of a tube by blowing into it. NEEDED: Small and large tubes as shown, a short hose, containers for the water.

DO THIS: Blow into the hose, and water will come from the larger tube in spurts and blobs, probably hitting your face.

HERE'S WHY: Air entering the larger tube mixes with the water, and the combination of bubbles and water is lighter than the purer water outside the large tube. Pressure of the atmosphere on the top of the water in the container is great enough to force the mixture up and out.

The inside tube must not come quite to the bottom of the larger tube.

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