

ANOTHER REASON

The Prodigal Uncle

A piece at the bottom of this page cites some of the reasons why federal aid, in the field of education, doesn't seem to make sense.

There is another reason, it seems to us, why federal aid, in any field, doesn't make sense. It's the fact that probably no governmental unit in America—town, county, or state—is in such foul financial shape as Uncle Sam.

His debt is so great that it doesn't seem to matter whether it's 150 or 200 billions—nobody can comprehend that much money any how. And, with rare exceptions, he consistently operates in the red—again in the billions. If any state were run on such a fiscal basis, it would be a national scandal.

Yet the federal government continues to offer more and bigger programs of grants-in-aid.

It's a little like a father, hopelessly in debt and unable to meet his current obligations, insisting on giving money to his mature and generally successful sons—all 50 of 'em.

'Without Bias'

We regret that Harwood Beebe Company apparently misunderstood and so took exception to an editorial in the February 4 Press. Referring to that editorial, the Spartanburg engineering firm has written the Franklin Board of Aldermen that it "has no bias in the matter" of a Franklin water supply source.

We hasten to say there was no intention of suggesting that Harwood Beebe was deliberately or even consciously biased. The phrase it refers to, "without bias", was used in the sense of "with open minds", as we believe a careful re-reading of the passage will clearly show.

The editorial, which dealt with the report of Mr. H. H. Plemmons and Mr. W. Russell Cabe on the Wayah watershed, said:

It is tremendously important to the people of Franklin to know, beyond any reasonable doubt, whether they (Mr. Plemmons and Mr. Cabe) are right or wrong. The only way to determine that is for the town to have their facts, figures, and conclusions checked by a competent outside engineer, who has had no previous connection with Franklin's water problem and so can see it without bias.

It is obvious, we believe, that the man who has been close to a problem can never see it with the fresh, open mind of the man who looks at it for the first time. And human nature being what it is, it is equally obvious, it seems to us, that the man who has publicly committed himself to a specific solution could not look at an alternate proposal with an entirely open mind. In that sense, we doubt if Mr. Plemmons and Mr. Cabe, who have publicly committed themselves to the Wayah watershed, could be reasonably expected to look at the Cartoogechaye proposal "without bias". And Harwood Beebe has committed itself not once, but twice, to the Cartoogechaye project as THE solution.

Who is right and who is wrong is inconsequential. But this problem is too big, too important, and involves too much money, to be decided except on a basis of facts, all the facts.

The only sensible approach, it seems to us, is for the town to get "a competent outside engineer, who has had no previous connection with Franklin's water problem and so can see it without bias," to make a careful study of every possibility—creeks, watersheds, and even wells.

Those Local Elections

We are hearing much about the choice, in this year's elections, of a President of the United States, a governor of North Carolina, a U. S. senator from this state, and a congressman from this district.

That, of course, is as it should be, for we need for those offices the very best man available.

What is not as it should be is that we are hearing almost nothing about the choice of men for local office.

In a sense, local elections are even more important than state and national ones; because we rarely

"How About Breaking The Political Sound Barrier, Flash?"



ly have good state and national government unless we first have good local government. Furthermore, the only way to halt the continuing shift of power from towns and counties to the state and national capitals is for local government to prove it can do the job. It's worth noting, too, that while the voters at the local level have only a small part in selecting national and state officials, they have the whole responsibility for selecting local officials.

This year, it is true, we will choose only a few local officials; most county offices are filled, for four-year terms, in the "off-year" elections. But the offices we will fill are important.

This year a three-man county board of education is to be chosen; a county surveyor is to be named; this county's representative in the General Assembly is to be elected; and a state senator from this five-county district is to be picked.

It's time we were hearing and thinking about these important local elections.

Why Work For Money?

(Marshalltown, Iowa, Times)

Why work for money? If you're a spendthrift you never have any anyway, and if you're a tightwad you don't get any fun out of spending it.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

Mr. E. K. Cunningham and Mr. W. B. McGuire moved Monday evening, exchanging places.
We learn that over 200 rabbits were captured during the snow on Col. John Ingram's farm.
Mr. McIntyre, living about two miles from town, had two cows frozen to death in the late cold snap.
John O. Harrison and Will Downs had new accessions to their families last Wednesday, and will sing "Rock-a-bye Baby" for the next few months.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

Richard Jones secured his first case last week. Quick work for a man just out of college.
Mrs. W. W. Sloan gave one of her inimitable dinner parties last week in honor of Mrs. J. W. Shields, of Chambersburg, Penn. A dozen ladies were the recipients of Mrs. Sloan's ever enjoyable hospitality.
Cane sugar at 7 cents per pound. Coffee at 35 cents per pound. Bill Cunningham, The Cash Store, Franklin.—Adv.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

Organization plans are now being perfected to raise \$6,700 in Macon County for the American Red Cross during the first week of March, according to the Rev. W. Jackson Hunneycutt, county chairman.

Mrs. Ed Whitaker and Mrs. Horace Nolen spent Sunday in Bryson city, visiting relatives.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

The Franklin Rotary Club last night celebrated the Golden Anniversary of the founding of Rotary.

Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

It must have been half a dozen years ago that I launched a one-man war against that linguistic barbarism, "different than". And in all those years, I've got exactly nowhere—well, I had got nowhere, until the other day.

For more and more people seem to say one thing is "different than" another; you read it in newspapers and magazines, and even find it in books.

Yet it still is an expression there's no possible excuse for. It lacks dictionary definition. It violates every rule of logic, as applied to grammar. "Than" is a conjunction, and a conjunction is used to connect rather than to separate. "Different", an adjective, is followed not by a conjunction, but by a preposition; in this case, the preposition "from".

It doesn't take a knowledge of either dictionaries or grammar, though, to recognize that "different than" is a contradiction, and so just doesn't say anything. One man can be older than another, or taller than another. But how in the name of common sense can one man be different than another? You might as well say one man is different like another.

What prompted the start of this war, I guess, was that I observed how common this expression is among people who pride themselves on being in a class by themselves because they speak such good English; those language snobs who are the first to laugh at the mistakes of the unlettered, those who look longest and hardest down their noses at such good English expressions as "you all".

And so, tongue in cheek, I couldn't resist the impulse to stick this "different than" pin into the balloons of their self-importance.

For half a dozen years, I've

fought this war without ever winning a battle.

But what do you suppose has happened? After all this time, a recruit has joined my hitherto one-man army! A man by the name of Wilson Follett. And he's serious.

An authority on English usage, he is writing a book on that subject; and he puts "different than" high on a list of expressions that are indefensible.

And just to clinch the thing, guess where I read his piece: In The Atlantic monthly—none other!

Do I think Mr. Follett and The Atlantic and I are going to win this war? I doubt it.

But half the fun of fighting a war is the comradeship that comes from being in an army. And at last I have an army! (Though Mr. Follett and The Atlantic, since neither of them ever heard of me, may not know they're in it).

That new traffic light at Maple and West Palmer Streets is an improvement, and town author-

ities are to be commended for installing it.

But because habit is such a strong thing, the new light keeps it in a dither.

I've been driving through that intersection—out of West Main down Maple and to Palmer—daily for years; and so I still am likely to be so intent on watching the traffic, I forget there is a light.

So when I get to that intersection, I come to a full stop (as the sign that's still there says I must) and look both ways to see if anything is coming along Palmer. If there is, I wait—until somebody's honking behind me reminds me there's a light there that it's green, and why don't you go on while I can.

Or I come to the intersection, stop, look both ways, see no traffic, and pull out—and suddenly wonder, as I straighten up on Palmer on my way to town: Did I run a red light that time?

In either case, I feel foolish. But I'll bet I'm not the only one who's had that experience since the new light was put in.

IN MAKE BELIEVE

Hard To Find Villains

Raleigh News and Observer

Alan Wheatley, a British actor who plays the infamous Sheriff of Nottingham of the "Robin Hood" series, is having a dreadful time. Children hide behind hedges and walls and climb trees to fire arrows at him.

Obviously our little British cousins also hate the villain who would hurt their hero. In this section it was always exceedingly difficult to play Civil War because no child wanted to be a Yankee. Some tiny Quislings were bribed to be Yankees with marbles, tops, or candies. In cowboys the smallest tot was browbeaten into being a rustler. Occasionally, one "to himself boy" would be the stage

robber but it wasn't until years later this lad learned he was psychologically striking back at an oppressive society.

There have always been enough athletic heroes to get up good sides, but even in the 20's and 30's no one would be a gangster unless he was promised the job of being Lindbergh or Admiral Byrd for three straight days. In "wild animals," however, there were many volunteers for parts as demons of the jungle. If a child was berated for snitching fruit, pecans, or berries he always said he was a lion. How could anyone expect a lion to know better than to grab a few green apples?

LETTERS

About Water

Dear Sir:

Having been reared in Macon County, I have been interested in reading in The Franklin Press of the efforts of the city in locating a water supply.

Now I have not lived there in a good many years, but I believe I am familiar enough with the situation to say that getting water out of Cartoogechaye Creek would be next to the last place they should think about.

The ideas of Mr. Plemmons and Mr. Cabe as outlined in the article in The Press sound reasonable and they certainly make sense. I think these men deserve a fine bouquet for the work they have done. Furthermore, if the city administration of Franklin is as smart as I think they are, they will utilize the wonderful watershed possibilities if at all possible.

Lubbock, Texas

EDWIN G. YOUNG

Up To Cattlemen

(Asheville Citizen)

Beef cattle producers must make sure that no chemical harmful to humans remains in the meat that reaches the consumer's table, a leading Tar Heel cattlemen says.

Mack S. Patton of Hendersonville, vice president of the North Carolina Cattlemen's Association, warned cattlemen that it is up to them to see to it that additives used in feeds and chemicals used in insecticides and pesticides contain nothing which might be harmful to humans.

Let the warning be taken lightly, harken to the recent plight of the cranberry grower and the poultry producer.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Patton is a native of Macon County.)

Three Ways Women React

(Farm Journal)

Women long ago learned at least three ways to deal with a domestic crisis—have a good cry, sue for divorce, and rearrange the living room furniture.

As winter strips the leaves from around us, so that we may see the distant regions they formerly concealed, so old age takes away our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of the coming eternity.—Richter.

3 REASONS WHY...

Federal Aid To Schools Doesn't Make Sense

MADISON (N. C.) MESSENGER

We are opposed to a federal aid program for the schools on the grounds that such a program would:

1) be wasteful of tax money; 2) place the control of the schools in the hands of a Washington bureaucracy; and 3) offer another political football for the unscrupulous politician to kick about.

There is a widespread illusion in the land that monies received through federal grant are in some mystical manner akin to the mythical "manna from Heaven" of Biblical times. Federal monies are for free, appears to be the thinking of the average person. This illusion, or, if you will, delusion, is so patently a fraud, that it scarcely deserves to be dignified with recognition. Still, for the record, let us point out that all monies, received through state, or federal grants, come directly from our own pockets.

When people argue that individual states or communities are unable to keep up their schools because of the rapidly ballooning enrollments, rising costs, etc., they immediately lift their voices in chorus and wail for federal aid, as if it were the one and only answer to their need. They overlook the fact that this money is diminished, in its actual useful-

ness, in direct proportion to the number of hands it goes through getting back to them.

Let us be realistic for a moment. Let us cry for federal aid and see what happens if our cry is heard and answered in a favorable manner. In the first place, we will set up in Washington a brand new Bureau of School Financing. To operate this cumbersome octopus, we will employ additional thousands of civil servants to whip up the inevitable red tape involved in any such federal undertaking and, before we realize it, we have spent a good portion of our money, before the program ever starts to roll.

So much for that. A greater evil than this needless waste of tax monies is, in our opinion, the unhealthy effect a federal school aid program, per se, would have on the schools themselves. Experience has demonstrated what occurs whenever the federal government extends its tentacles into new fields of grant-in-aid. Before the local administrator can gather his wits about him, the government is in the driver's seat directing the spending of the grant-in-aid monies and generally controlling the local situation. "Creeping socialism" is one term that has been applied to this type of develop-

ment. If you admire creeping socialism, all right. That's your affair.

But there is another matter to consider. Once the federal government is in the saddle in local schools, you will receive usages, rules, and regulations, daily, from Washington. They will be drawn up rigidly, to cover school problems on a nation-wide basis. Some of these usages will suit your local situation; some of them will be absolutely meaningless, or useless, so far as the local situation is concerned. This central control is unrealistic and highly impractical. Otherwise, why should our forefathers ever have bothered about State's Rights?

Over and beyond all these objections to federal aid to schools hovers the spectre of the political football game. For example, how might a solidly Democratic state or community fare in the federal aid program, under a Republican administration, or vice versa?

There are too many ifs, ands, and buts to this proposition to make it savory to our palate.

Let us keep control of our own schools. Let us raise our own money to support them; and let us spend it ourselves in ways where it will do the most good.

IN PRAISE OF GATES

Henry Bank in Goldboro News-Argus

A sound, a sight can arouse nostalgic recollections. Topsy and I were walking past the Kemp woods when a tranquil, rhythmic sound caught my attention.

It was the gate for vehicles swinging ever so slightly on hinges that made the pleasant noise.

Gates I enjoyed as a boy came back. The iron gate to the wire

fence in our front yard in Monroe. The pasture gates on farms of my uncle in Sweet Union.

One could ride a half circle on the big pasture gates, swinging in an arc under the summer sky, thinking the long, long thoughts of boyhood. Or on that Washington Street gate one could lean and long and ponder. Gates were an aid to imagination and contemplation.

Saga Of The Mule

WILLIAM FAULKNER

(EDITOR'S NOTE: This is from Mr. Faulkner's "Sartoris" written more than thirty years ago.)

Some Homer of the cotton fields should sing the saga of the mule and his place in the South. He it was, more than any other creature or thing, who steadfast to the land when all else faltered before the juggernaut of circumstance, impervious to conditions that broke men's hearts because of his

'GIRLS' DECIDE TO BE HONEST

Absolute honesty and no deception is the only correct policy, the girls at the beauty parlor decided in a discussion of the TV quiz shows while getting their hair dyed.—Denver Post.

venomous and patient preoccupation with the immediate present won the prone South from beneath the iron heel of Reconstruction and taught it pride again through humility, and courage through adversity overcome; who accomplished the well-nigh impossible despite hopeless odds, by sheer and vincible patience.

Father and mother he does not resemble; sons and daughters he will never have; vindictive and patient (it is a known fact that he will labor ten years willing; and patiently for you, for the privilege of kicking you once) solitary but without pride, self-sufficient but without vanity; his voice is his own derision.

"Outcast and pariah, he is neither friend, wife, mistress or sweetheart; celibate, he is unscarred, possesses neither pillar nor desert cave. He is not assuaged by temptations nor flagellated by dreams nor assuaged by vision; faith, hope and charity are no his.

Misanthropic, he labors days without reward for creature whom he hates, bound with chains to another he despises, and spends the seventh day kicking and being kicked by his fellows.

Misunderstood, even by creature that drives him, he performs alien actions in alien surroundings; he finds bread not on a race, but for an entire form of behavior.

Meek, his inheritance is cooed away from him, along with his soul in a glue factory. Ugly, unuring and perverse, he can move neither by reason, flattery nor promise of reward; he performs his humble, monotonous duties without complaint, and his meed is blows.

Alive, he is hailed through the world, an object of general censure; unwept, unhonored and unsung, he bleaches his awkward accusing bones among rusting cars and broken crockery and worn automobile tires on lonely highways, while his flesh soars up aware against the blue in the claws of buzzards.

FOR WHOM THE PHONE RINGS

When thou art in the bath, ask not for whom the phone rings; for thou knowest it is thee.—Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Press Line.