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A Community Disgrace

Some illnesses cannot be avoided. But today, thanks to modern vaccines, many others can. Among these is diphtheria.

This terrifying disease, which once swept across the country unchecked, leaving in its wake small new mounds of earth in cemeteries in town and countryside, today is preventable. A bit of vaccine is all that is needed.

Why, then, did we have four cases of diphtheria reported in Macon County last week?

These are illnesses that need never have happened. And if some of those suffering from the disease should die—and people still do die of diphtheria—they will be deaths that need never have happened.

It is high time we in this community came to look upon diphtheria for what it is, a disgrace to the community, and to take community action to see that it doesn't happen here.

Beyond Body And Mind

What seemed a remarkable coincidence occurred at Monday night's meeting of the Franklin Parent-Teacher association.

The evenings' three speakers, each with a background different from the others, each discussing a different subject, and each speaking without having consulted with the others, arrived at almost identical conclusions. The Rev. Hoyt Evans, conducting the devotional, Mrs. F. H. Potts, county welfare superintendent, talking on child welfare, and Mrs. Weimar Jones, discussing the purposes and functions of the P. T. A., all stressed the thought that the religious training, the spiritual development, of the child is basic.

It seemed a remarkable coincidence. But perhaps it was neither remarkable nor a coincidence. Because the evidence multiplies that people all over the country are arriving at the same conclusion.

We are discovering at last that a trained mind and a strong body alone are not enough; that, deep within a man, lies a something, of neither the body nor the mind; a something that cannot be touched or measured; and a something that, in the end, determines what a man is. Whether it be on the football field, in his work in his chosen vocation, or in his activities as a neighbor and a citizen, it is a man's spirit that counts.

And, as persons in the ministry, in welfare work, in P. T. A. work, and in any one of scores of other types of work, realize that this thing we call the spirit is basic, a question inevitably arises:

Why, just because the American public schools are non-sectarian, should they completely neglect the development of this third side of the child's nature?

Our American Civilization

The newspapers, the movies, and the radio assuming that the average American has the mind of a 13-year-old; the newspapers, the movies and the radio discovering, after a few years, that they have developed a lot of 13-year-old minds.

Never expect justice from a vain man.—Ariston.

JAMES R. DANIELS SAYS:

Macon Schools Have Something Free That New Yorkers Pay For

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Daniels, of Franklin and New York, wrote the article below for his Sunday column, "Manhattan Kaleidoscope", in the Raleigh News and Observer.)

Why do many New York parents spend hefty sums to put their offspring in private institutions of learning? Are they snobbish, extravagant? No. It is because the public schools of this, the largest and richest city on earth, are not nearly as good as the Little Red Schoolhouse.

If you want your kid to get a start on the road to juvenile delinquency, send him to Manhattan's public schools. In the overcrowded classrooms he'll learn plenty about vice and crime—and precious little else. Which is exactly why parents who can possibly afford it pay for private education.

The papers are full of ads for these private prep schools. Almost all of them emphasize "small classes; individualized instruction." That's the big drawing card. Many are under the auspices of various churches, generally Episcopalian, Quaker or Catholic. Other denominations seem to sponsor few grade schools or junior colleges.

They Aren't Cheap

In addition to scores of more or less expensive private schools in New York there are a slew of boarding schools close by. Often they are in the former mansions of millionaires. "Beautiful estate with private lake," they proclaim. "Gardening, riding, land and water sports."

One ad which should tickle every man raised on a farm is this:

"A school, farm, home and way of life. Old-fashioned work chores put meaning back into study, play and privileges; teach boys and girls how to live responsibly."

I'd like to read that advertisement to some of my fellow hillbillies in Macon County, N. C. Down there we don't have to fork out hard cash for tuition in a "Way of Life." No sree, bob! Youngsters fill the woodbox, set the table, do a little weeding and the like of that. It's taken as a matter of course. But them pore city folks have to pay money just so their young-uns can go off to school and help out with the chores. I can hear the laughter of the folks on Cat Creek, Mossyback Road, Chunky Gal Mountain, Skeenah, and other sections of God's Country.

Cross My Heart!

"Why shorely, Cousin," they would say, "you must be funnin'?" But I'm not. I'm a-quoting, word for word, from this rich, big-city school near New York.

Because New York is so vast, it has a number of special schools seldom found in smaller towns: For the blind, deaf, cerebral palsied children. Several are for "the retarded" or "slower boy or girl." One delicately phrases its ad:

"Is your child slow or quick, and interested in mechanical, agricultural and such manual activities rather than in book learning? We develop their talents!"

Besides all these knowledge factories for the young, New York is chuckful of schools for adults.

Others' Opinions

BETTER YET

J. B. Lipscomb tells about the self-styled reformer who was watching a trench dug with modern machinery methods. He said to the superintendent, "This machine has taken jobs from scores of men. Why don't you junk it and put 100 men in that ditch with shovels?"

The superintendent snorted: "Better still, why not put 1,000 men in there with teaspoons."—Sanford Herald.

SEALED WITH FEAR

What is happening to freedom of thought and speech on the American college campus has been forcefully shown in a study of 72 major educational institutions by the New York Times.

This study revealed that residents of college communities have become wary and inhibited in varying degree about speaking out on controversial matters, discussing unpopular beliefs, and participating in campus politics. Why? Because these individuals feared five things:

1. Social disapproval.
2. A "pink" or Communist tag.
3. Criticism by regents, legislatures and friends.
4. Rejection for further study at graduate schools.
5. The spotlight of investigation by government and private industry for post-graduate employment and service with the armed forces.

It is not surprising to learn this about freedom of thought and speech on our college and university campuses. The surprise would have been to be told that caution and wariness had not resulted from the atmosphere created by McCarthyism and other forms of smear and irresponsibility. And the effect has been to stifle freedom of thought and expression off, as well as on, the college campus. In the prevailing atmosphere of doubt and suspicion, silence is deemed the better part of wisdom and caution. A brownout of reason makes it increasingly hard to know whether the fears that tighten our lips and curb our thoughts are genuine or imagined. In either case, the consequence is alarming to contemplate.

These words from the pen of William Somerset Maugham are as timely as today's headlines:

"If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."—Greensboro Record.



News reporting requires constant, painstaking, thorough checking of facts. A reporter never can afford to take anything for granted, whether it be the result of a court trial or the middle initial of the man who spent last week-end with relatives in nearby Sylva or Bryson City. (Errors will creep in, often enough, no matter how careful he is.)

Above J. P. Brady, Franklin Press reporter-photographer, is shown checking with Scoutmaster James L. Hauser (right) on some facts about last Thursday night's Boy Scout Court of Honor (see picture and story on Page 1). Even though he was present for the ceremony, Mr. Brady—whose main job is general news reporting, with sports and photography sidelines—wanted to make sure of certain facts.

How did J. P. Brady, photographer, get a photograph of J. P. Brady, reporter? Well, this is a job that requires resourcefulness. In this case, he got an assist from Mrs. Brady, who snapped the picture after he had set up the camera.

Newspaper Shop Talk

Mostly About Us

News reporting is serious business, spiced with time-consuming dead-end leads and dead-line pressure—but it's a whale of a lot of fun, too! It's serious business because a reporter is the connecting link between the newspaper and the public and is, in a way, the speaking voice of the newspaper. In a newspaper, the public expects to learn what is taking place, or has taken place. Factual, concise, and unbiased stories are the tools which a reporter uses to reach this end.

Actually, such a thing as an "easy" story is rare. A reporter may spend a whole day running down a story which will be little more than a couple of lines when printed. But it's news—and news is his job. Then again he may spend a whole day working on a possible "lead" on a story with the end result that he returns to the office empty-handed. Or he may spend only half an hour collecting enough information to fill half a page of the paper. News is the most erratic thing about a newspaper.

Even a certain amount of work is involved when a story is phoned into the office. Every fact must be thoroughly checked. Nine out of ten times the facts are correct—but they are still checked. The same thing applies to stories brought to the office by club officers or other persons. Checking takes time, but it pays off in the long run.

Material mailed to the newspaper is checked as closely as possible. Unsigned releases sent to the paper, since they can't be checked, go to "File 13" (wastebasket)...

There is an old newspaper saying that "a reporter is only as good as his contacts"—people who tip him off to things that are about to happen, giving him a "scoop" on other papers in the area. In other words, cooperation binds a reporter to the public. If the public cooperates with a reporter, he in turn cooperates by giving his all when he pounds out his story.

Believing in giving credit where credit is due, The Press reporters—and everybody on a small paper is a reporter—will step forward any time and say that cooperation in Macon County is above the average. In many instances, the public goes out of its way to give a hand.

Here's an example of how cooperation pays off between the reporter and the public:

The editor hails the reporter, "Some fellow named Smith was just killed. Go get the story!"

Not very much for a reporter to go on... a man named Smith is dead... how?... where?... why?... He starts checking.

"Hi, Sheriff, got anything on a man named Smith being killed? You have, good! John S. Smith, 68, prominent farmer, Chestnut section. Don't know how he was killed? Well, thanks, that's a good lead. See you later." (The reporter is lucky; found out who the man was and where he lived).

"Mr. Brown, I'm from The Press. I understand your neighbor, Mr. Smith, was found dead this morning. I see; he was accidentally killed by a stray bullet supposedly fired by some deer hunter back in the hills, you say. Oh, you were standing on his porch

talking to him when it happened. About what time was that Mr. Brown? ... he was a bachelor? ... since you were his closest friend, maybe you could give me more information on him..." (the reporter starts building his story through the eye-witness).

And later, "the coroner's jury finds that the death of John S. Smith was accidental, that he died after being struck by a stray bullet..." (the reporter has his story pretty well wrapped up by now and he returns to the office with his facts, some five hours, and maybe 75 miles, later, but he has the story).

What would the reporter have done, or what kind of a story would he have written, if he had not received the cooperation of the sheriff, the eye-witness, and the coroner?

Of course violent deaths in Macon County fortunately are unusual. Most stories are less exciting, though often even more significant. But in the little story or the big story, there always is the problem of running down leads, of trying to get all the information and get it on paper in an orderly fashion, and of doing it in time.

News deadlines breathe heavily on the neck of every reporter, sooner or later causing a king-size set of nerves or a rapidly balding head.

For the sake of illustrating, take the same story on John S. Smith, and assume that the accident took place on press day—deadline 2 p. m. for final news bulletins.

The reporter rushes in from the coroner's inquest, rolls paper in his typewriter, and attacks the keys, one eye on the clock. The editor rushes in: "Get a move on, we're waiting on the story." The hands on the clock seem to be jet-propelled... the reporter sweats freely as the editor paces the floor. Suddenly he swoops over and pulls the partially written story out of the reporter's typewriter, "I'll take this much, keep working on the rest." Time flies... the typewriter keys jam... faster... at last, it's finished... Phew! Time, 2 p. m.

On a weekly paper, there are slack days, usually Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, after the paper is printed. These days present a problem to a reporter since he must furnish enough copy to keep the typesetting machine busy. So he starts digging, maybe working on a feature story, or interviewing a visiting personality, or running down leads on five or six stories. Some weeks he is covered up with news (first Monday of each month, for instance, when the town boards, board of county commissioners, school board, etc., all meet), and on others he'd give his last dollar for one good story.

During superior court weeks he may spend most of the daylight hours covering criminal and civil cases—always hoping for something out of the ordinary to take place, afraid to leave for fear that he will miss a good story—and then burn the midnight oil to catch up with his work.

It's a vicious cycle, this reporting game, but he must like his work. There are hundreds of easier and better paying jobs, but newspapering gets in the blood!

Business Making News

By BOB SLOAN

Who is Temptation Jones? Don't ask me 'cause I don't know. The man said that if the women in this town gossip the stunt should work. Well I think that it should be a mild sensation here—what do you think.

Well, now that I have taken care of the main thing that the town is talking about we will get down to business.

Several firms have taken advantage of the fact that the paving people are here and have improved either their grounds or their driveways. Duncan Motor Company has paved their parking lot and paved a driveway from Palmer street to Main street. This firm has also placed an attractive sign on Palmer street advertising All Night Service. The Normandie now has an all weather paved parking lot.

We would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Belk's department store on their Harvest sale again this fall. For several years they have done more than their part toward building interest in county products by offering prizes for the best in various local products. We believe in the years to come that they can say they did their part toward planting the germ of an idea which grew to be the county fair—we are going to have one in a year or two. The combining of Home Demonstration Achievement and 4-H club show this year is a great step toward achieving this.

Seems like there were a lot of people in town Saturday. Hope some of them were from the section opened up by the new road. Also we hope you enjoyed doing business here and that you will come back.

Willard Pendergrass, the old acid wood man, is operating the filling station vacated by Lee Polndexter.

The new drive-in theatre, to be known as the Franklin Drive-In will open here this week. More entertainment helps to prevent idleness. Since idleness helps to breed juvenile delinquency we are glad to see the additional theatre and we hope that it does as good a job of providing clean entertainment as the Macon theatre has for many years.

If only somebody sold foot long hot dogs here, Franklin would have most of the latest innovations.

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Evangelist W. E. Holcomb, of Montreat, will begin a series of special services at the Franklin Methodist church Sunday.

A party of young folks of Victoria made a trip to Turtle Pond Friday afternoon and in spite of the rain enjoyed a trip to Cullasaja falls Saturday.

Mr. Lee Crawford is having a new shingle roof put on his house in town.

Mr. Zell, a New York gentleman who has an interest in the Mason Branch gem mines, registered at Hotel Jarrett Sunday.

25 YEARS AGO

Congressman Zebulon Weaver, Democratic candidate for reelection, will make his first speech in Macon County during the present campaign at Franklin Wednesday. His itinerary will also take him to Otto and Cowee for addresses.

Don't forget the Lyceum at the courthouse Friday night at 8 o'clock.

J. M. (Fiddlin Jim) Corbin, of Ellijay, was in Franklin Saturday displaying two Wolf River apples weighing one and a quarter pounds each—the biggest of the many big apples displayed in Franklin this fall.

10 YEARS AGO

Glenville Power Plant Dedicated By Governor (headline).

The Sinclair service station on Main street, which has been operated by W. D. Hedden, has been purchased by H. S. Talley and Carter Talley. (Highlands Highlights).

J. Frank Ray is visiting friends here this week.