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AUGUST 14, 1952

A Lift For Today

★ Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God. . . . II Sam. 10:11.

THE TASK and triumph of Christianity is to make men and nations true and just and upright in all their dealings, and to bring law, as well as conduct, into subjection and conformity to the law of God.—Van Dyke.

Help us to strive to make not only our city for Thee, but to bring our nation back to Thee in sincerity and humility, we pray, O God.

Military Justice

Robert W. Grow, court-martialed and found guilty on two counts of improperly using secret military information in private records (his diary, which was stolen by Russian agents), and on two counts of failing to properly safeguard secret military information, has been sentenced to a formal reprimand and suspension from command for six months.

Warren G. McConnell, court-martialed and convicted of sleeping on sentry duty at the Korean war front, after (he said) he had been without sleep for 72 hours, has been sentenced to dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of pay and allowances, and 10 years' confinement at hard labor.

Grow, a regular army man, is a major general.

McConnell, aged 20, is a private.

Our Best Bow

Our best bow to the group that had the imagination to form Franklin's new, and only, theatrical organization, the Community Players—and had the git-up-and-git to set out to stage at least one production this summer.

Dramatics, a form of art nearly everybody understands, unfortunately has been neglected by most schools in this immediate region. The Community Players can help make up for that neglect. The Franklin community badly needs recreation and amusement, especially in summer. An amateur theatre will help fill this need. Finally, people everywhere are starved for participation—all the trend, as illustrated by movies, television and radio, record players and concerts, and big league ball games, is toward making us mere passive observers. The new organization will provide an opportunity, at least for a few, to take part in something.

Its members can, and no doubt will, do the community a real service—and have a whale of a lot of fun while doing it.

25 Years Of Progress

Today the Highlands Biological Station, Inc., will celebrate its 25th birthday. The program, however, will mark something more than just a birthday—it will celebrate a quarter-century of remarkable progress.

But what and why, the average reader may ask, a biological station? And why was Highlands chosen for such a station?

Students of the biological sciences ("Biology—the science of life"—Webster) need an opportunity to supplement textbook study with field work, and a biological laboratory provides the facilities for this down-to-earth study. And back in 1927, when a group of earnest persons, interested in the development of this particular branch of knowledge, sought a site for such a laboratory, they chose Highlands, because "the biological resources of the Highlands Plateau cannot be duplicated" in the southeast.

Today the station owns six acres of land in Highlands, the six-acre Lake Ravenel, the Weyman

Memorial Laboratory building on that lake, the Museum of Natural History building on Main street, the Margaret Cannon Howell wildlife refuge in Jackson county, and a three-fifths interest in the John P. Illeges property on Lindenwood road.

Far more important, however, than what it owns is what it does.

In the community educational field, it has constantly expanded its work. Summer nature study classes for children were started in 1935; it has sponsored the annual flower show since 1935; and it has conducted a series of evening lectures since 1946.

In the purely scientific field, it now provides research grants to 98 students, and has issued a number of publications on the work of students and others.

Humility

Virtually unknown six months ago, Governor Stevenson was brought to the attention of the country as a Presidential possibility by three things that happened last January, reports Time magazine:

In a single week in January, President Truman called the Illinois governor to Washington and offered to support him for the Presidency; Stevenson made a good speech in New York; and Mr. Stevenson's picture appeared on the cover of Time.

Whether Time is correct in its appraisal of the effects of these great events we do not know. What we do know is that Time is entitled to a citation for setting the outstanding 1952 example of self-effacing modesty.

Some self-styled liberals in the Democratic party now propose to outlaw the filibuster, so that that group can force civil rights legislation through the senate. Maybe the filibuster, which probably is no better and no worse than other parliamentary tricks used by Southerners and Northerners, Democrats and Republicans, should be outlawed. But if we're going to do it, let's do it because the filibuster is bad, not merely because it stands in the way of civil rights legislation. It still is poor sportsmanship to change the rules in the middle of the game.

Our American Civilization

Frowning severely on the buying of the votes of individuals; both parties openly trying to buy the blocks of votes of the Negro and other minorities.

Other's Opinions

BILLY'S BLESSING

(Billy Arthur, News and Views)

Habit is a wonderful or terrible thing, depending on how you look at it.

For instance, Thursday morning had answered the telephone very, very frequently—more often than usual. Then, I went home to lunch, set down and proceeded to ask the blessing.

The Missus and I bowed our heads reverently and I spoke: "Hello."

STILL GOOD BUSINESS

(Dunn Dispatch)

The ice business is not on the wane despite the inroads by deep freezers and refrigerators. The Dunn Ice and Fuel Company, for instance, can still sell as much ice daily as it can make and if it could make more it would sell more. This is interesting news. Only decrease is from individual home owners under twenty years ago. Most of the ice now goes to drug stores, soft drink stands and the like but there are still plenty of these.

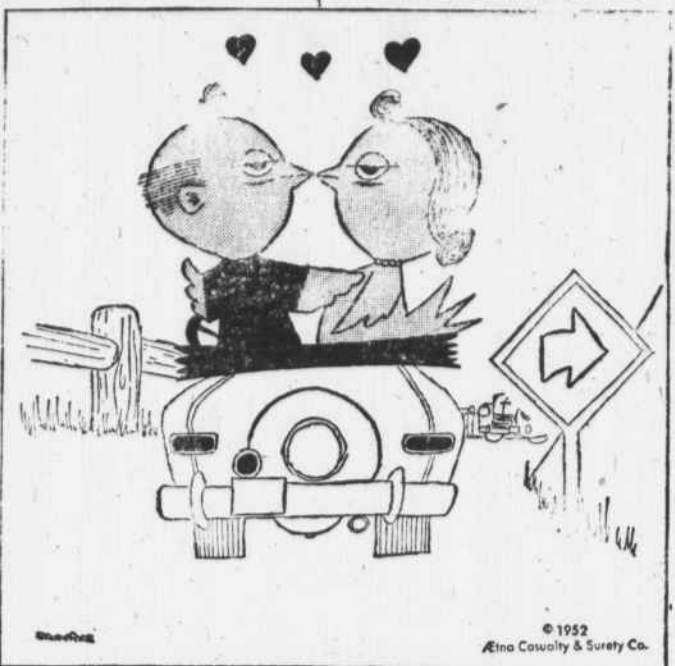
APPALACHIANIST

(Washington Post)

Capt. Myron H. Avery, who died in Canada the other day, was a distinguished Washington admiralty lawyer and naval reserve officer, but he will be remembered most gratefully for his work in a totally different field. Captain Avery was the guiding spirit of the Appalachian Trail Conference, and his initiative and perseverance were largely responsible for the completion of the Appalachian Trail along the mountain ridges all the way from Maine to Georgia. Myriads of hikers and mountain climbers who have tramped over segments of the 2,050-mile-long trail have paid him unconscious tribute.

An ardent mountain enthusiast and an authority on the lore of Mountain Katahdin in his native State of Maine, Captain Avery first became interested in the movement for an Appalachian Trail in 1926, the same year he organized the Potomac Appalachian Trail Club. In 1931 he became chairman of the Appalachian Trail Conference, a federation of local mountain clubs. Under his leadership some 50,000 volunteer workers surveyed routes from Mount Katahdin to Mount Oglethorpe, blazed and cleared and built trails, provided markers and constructed a series of lean-tos and campsites. Mainte-

WHO'S ZOO—ON THE HIGHWAY



DON'T BE A LOVE BIRD. Do your billing and cooing elsewhere. Keep your hands on the wheel and your eyes on the road.

nance of the trail, especially the part crossing private lands, has been a continuing work. The Appalachian Trail Conference has expanded into a sizable venture in publishing guidebooks and answering queries about vacation treks.

Captain Avery's motivation lay in his conviction that people need some place where they can get out and walk—in the splendor of the Blue Ridge as well as in the solitude of more wild and inaccessible spots. For thousands of persons who love the outdoors his handiwork has contributed to a better appreciation of America.

LOVELIEST THINGS LIST GROWING

(Greensboro Daily News)

Miss Beatrice Cobb started it in the Morganton News-Herald the other day by citing a list of "loveliest things" as she has noted them and asking for others to come through with lists. Then Henry Belk took it up over in the Goldsboro News-Argus, and so the list keeps a-growing.

While we don't know that "loveliest" is the adjective we'd choose nor are we disposed to go in the superlatives, we'd nevertheless like to throw a few questions into the cumulative compilation:

Have you ever stood down at the headwaters of Albemarle Sound, just off the point where the Roanoke and Chowan Rivers converge, and gazed upon the masses of wild crab apple blooms when they were at their height?

Have you ever looked across the Elk River Valley from Banner Elk across the rugged top of Grandfather Mountain just as the rising sun pushed its rim across the ridge's peak?

Have you ever been out on the serenity of Orton Pond, well up toward the upper edge, on a late afternoon when the bream started popping lily pads and the fading sun cast its pattern through the moss-decorated trees and fantastic shapes danced upon the waters?

Have you ever strolled on the strand at Nags Head in a full moon and watched the moonbeams play through the mists of the waves that beat everlastingly in upon a pummeled shore?

Have you ever trudged along bare-foot mist, on the deck of a cabin cruiser tied up in the quietness of Second Creek and breathed in deeply the aroma of brewing coffee and sizzling bacon as it drifted up from the galley below?

Have you ever trudged along bare-foot through a damp and newly plowed field in Cleveland County's clay country, with the soft cool clods disintegrating under your liberated toes and the smell of the good earth filling your nostrils?

Have you ever lay prone and lapped up water from a spring that gurgled out from a fern-swept, mossy nook or thrown yourself down, dog-tired, on a lush, grassy plot beneath a thick shade and closed your eyes in a relaxation that is complete?

If you haven't, then, whatever your "loveliest" list may be, you still have something to live for.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

If every adult in Macon County could take a trip somewhere once a year, it would multiply the speed of our Macon County progress by at least 10.

I become convinced of that every time I go away, and see what even a little travel does to me.

New scenes, new faces, new ideas, put our minds to work; and, after all, what most of us need is not mental rest, but mental stimulation.

For most Macon-ites, a trip is likely to create dissatisfaction with the rate at which our community is progressing—but NOT dissatisfaction with the community. On the contrary, we usually come back surer than ever that we have one of the best of communities—though a little impatient that we aren't making the most of our God-given opportunities.

I got back from a recent trip

down state realizing, as never before, how blessed we in Macon County are, in scenery and climate, among other things.

After the terrific heat of Middle and Eastern North Carolina, for example, the hottest day we have had this hot summer seemed almost pleasant by comparison. Down east, air conditioning is coming to be considered a necessity; at the least, almost every room is equipped with an electric fan. And even a fan doesn't help much—it just stirs the hot air! Excuse me from a country where, lying in bed at 5 o'clock in the morning, you are as wet with Franklin in the middle of the day!

And to a mountaineer, the monotony of the dull, flat lands soon would become unendurable.

The folks down east have their problems, too. We think road-building, for instance, is

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News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

This week I would like to jot down some ideas that occur to me concerning the schools of Macon County and to some extent the nation.

EQUALITY IN THE SCHOOLS—Many people do not seem to realize that more nearly than ever before equal opportunity and similar advantages are offered in all the schools of the county. Not only are the physical plants of similar construction but more nearly than ever before the teachers comply throughout the county with certain educational requirements. Because your child attends a school in one of the rural areas, it does not mean that your child will be taught by a teacher who has had less educational advantage than the teachers of the Franklin or Highlands schools. In our county today every teacher either has an "A" certificate or is doing college work toward obtaining that certificate. Many of the highest trained teachers in the county will teach this fall in the rural schools.

WHAT DO PARENTS WANT FROM THE SCHOOLS? To me, one of the biggest problems concerning public education is the answer to that question. Are parents today more interested in seeing their children come home with a report card filled with "A's" and "B's" and glowing reports as to how they like their teacher, than to have their child really learn something and feel that the teacher is "too hard" on them? What do "A's" and "B's" mean if everybody is getting them? This is not just a local problem, but is nationwide. At a time when a person is in greater need of academic knowledge than ever before to cope with the problems of existence, it is very dangerous if there is a weakening of educational standards. This demand for "passing grades" and "popular teachers" is not coming from the wishes or request of the educational leaders but from the people—who have the final say in any public school system in a democracy.

ARE WE STRONG ENOUGH TO GIVE OUR CHILDREN WHAT THEY NEED INSTEAD OF WHAT THEY WANT? To me, the answer to that question, judging by the record, so far is, No. In Franklin, or most any other small similar community, you can raise \$10 to buy athletic equipment for every \$1 you can raise to buy scientific equipment, yet I do not see how any impartial person can help but admit that training in the latter is much more im- mense today. Is it because we are so prosperous today that perhaps we have become so content and self-satisfied that for the moment we really think it is more important that our

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Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Dr. Lewis Elias arrived home Saturday evening from New York, and will remain 'till October.

The weather is very dry and warm now. Crops are suffering for want of rain.

The election board for Macon county is composed of W. H. Waldrop, J. G. Siler, and E. H. Franks.

25 YEARS AGO

R. W. Shields, supervisor of the Nantahala National Forest, is being transferred to Virginia to become supervisor of the Shenandoah Forest.

Facon county might as well make up its mind to have a new court house and a new jail. The sooner the better.

36 weeks in New York — 16 weeks in Boston — but only TWO NIGHTS in Franklin. Don't miss BEAU GESTE!

10 YEARS AGO

The first test blackout in this section was carried out in the Western North Carolina counties on Monday night when Macon county united with other counties.

Mrs. J. S. Gray, president of the council of home demonstration clubs of Macon County will attend the meeting of the officers of the North Carolina Federation of Home Demonstration clubs at State college in Raleigh next week.