

# The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
OUTSIDE MACON COUNTY	INSIDE MACON COUNTY
One Year . . . . . \$3.00	One Year . . . . . \$2.50
Six Months . . . . . 1.75	Six Months . . . . . 1.75
Three Months . . . . . 1.00	Three Months . . . . . 1.00

JUNE 17, 1954

## Request For A Subsidy

H. L. Brewer, receiver and general manager of the Tallulah Falls Railway Company, is "alarmed" by the railroad's dwindling freight receipts.

Quoting income and outgo figures for 1953, he points to an operating loss for last year. Then he hints operation of the line may be discontinued unless the public gives it more support.

The hinted threat leaves us cold. In the first place, people along the T. F. have been hearing that "wolf, wolf" cry for something like a quarter of a century. In the second, the time when a town had to have a railroad if it was to survive long since has passed. We do not have the figures at hand, but we suspect more freight is hauled today, the country over, by truck than by rail. In any case, it can be hauled by truck.

The Tallulah Falls Railway can survive, Mr. Brewer suggests, only if shippers along the line give it preference. That plea may get the T. F. some additional freight—but that plea, too, leaves us cold. Most other businesses do not rely on "please help me out" subsidies. Most other businesses get customer preference by giving better rates and improved service. We know of no reason why the same rule should not apply to the T. F.

"But maybe we do need rail freight service", someone protests.

Then we ought to be able to get it by means other than a subsidy, paid out by shippers. Because to what end are public service institutions given protected monopolies?

To the end that the public may be served.

Under that theory, the good years are supposed to take care of the bad. Has the T. F. always lost money? Mr. Brewer did not give the figures for the years, back when this region was dependent on the railroad, and the railroad used that situation to exact exorbitant rates — in exchange for poor service.

It may be true that the T. F. no longer has such profits as may have been made in fatter years. But didn't the Southern Railway System—which we understand is the real owner of the T. F. — get them? And the Southern is not bankrupt.

Again, under the public service-monopoly theory, the paying lines are supposed to help keep the non-paying lines in operation. And obviously the Southern has some lines that pay.

## George Dalrymple

George H. Dalrymple was a study link between the complicated, raucous today and a simple, quiet yesterday. His youth is removed in time by only some 75 years; it is removed in change by at least 750.

He grew up in Macon County where communications were few and slow; neighborliness was a necessity as well as a virtue; money was scarce—and valuable; and great store was put on character.

Mr. Dalrymple carried over into the 1950's the respect of the 1870's for such homely virtues as thrift, independence, honesty and truthfulness, courage, and loyalty.

How far will the influence of his attitude on these things carry? To try to answer that would be like trying to say where the ripples, started by a stone cast into a lake, come to an end.

## 'Consider'?

"U. S. Would 'Consider' Intervention in Indo-China, If Peiping Acts Openly", says a headline.

That "would 'consider'" probably sets a new record in under-statement.

Consider?

All the evidence is the administration has defin-

itely decided to intervene in Indo-China. It is just a question of when—chiefly of when sentiment in the Congress and in the country will permit it.

## Bouquet

Congratulations to County Supt. Holland McSwain on obtaining State Board of Education approval of the "immediate needs" program of Macon County schools he submitted to the state agency.

The program calls for construction of 18 classrooms, two lunchrooms, and a gymnasium at Franklin.

Especially noteworthy is the approval of the gym and lunchrooms. The state board is understood to have frowned, in most cases, on applications for bond funds for anything other than classrooms.

Mr. McSwain's success in getting approval of the full Macon program probably can be traced to his earlier success in getting two groups of state school officials to come here and see for themselves the school needs in this county.

## Morals And Security

Dr. Oppenheimer was not "enthusiastic" about building the H-bomb. And so, says a loyalty board, he is a bad security risk.

Well, maybe. But we'd say if he had been enthusiastic about this type of mass murder, he'd have been a bad moral risk.

And the time was when Americans would have said that being a bad moral risk itself made a man a bad security risk.

## Others' Opinions

### PARTY LINE (Marion Progress)

We have often wondered why telephone companies designate a single telephone circuit connecting several subscribers with the exchange as a "party line."

Now we know.

A party is defined as: "A company or association of persons, as for social enjoyment." Yep, some of the subscribers on a party line certainly derive social enjoyment and bring into being association of persons by this very means.

### STRESSING THE WRONG THINGS? (Smithfield Herald)

The Charlotte News sent one of its writers, Lucien Agniel, over to Chapel Hill to find out what the University folks think about the graduates which our North Carolina high schools have been turning out. What the Charlotte writer learned is worthy of our best thinking lest we put the emphasis on the wrong things in public education.

Here are some of the composite views of eight University of North Carolina instructors and deans:

One freshman out of every four fails to pass college mathematics placement examinations and one of every three can't satisfactorily complete an English test of second year high school level.

"Goodly numbers" of the freshmen can't read with either speed or comprehension.

"Our high schools put too much stress on teaching how to make a living instead of teaching our young men and women basic subjects."

"Many students aren't prepared to read, think and work. . . . They had little or no home work in high school. They expect the same situation to prevail (at UNC)."

The public schools should get back to basic reading, writing and arithmetic. Many "fringe" subjects should be de-emphasized.

A good start toward these objectives could be made through relaxation of the state's rigid certification standards for teachers.

"There is too much concern with teaching teachers how to teach, instead of teaching them what to teach."

These views expressed by the University folks will be resisted or shrugged off by many professional educators who are so obsessed with standards and accreditation and uniformity of methods that they have lost sight of the heart of education.

And what is the heart of education? It's that old idea of a teacher on one end of a log and the pupil on the other. It's a spirited-individualistic teacher trying to stir individual pupils to explore the expanses of knowledge. It's teaching the young to read and to understand to express themselves. It's teaching the young to use their thinking processes and to use them logically. It's teaching the young to study and to plan that they may know how to approach their future problems of family relationships, of work, of citizenship. The heart of real education is not cramming a multitude of facts about a multitude of subjects into the minds of pupils. It is teaching them fundamentals which will enable them in their post-school days to assemble facts about a personal problem or a job or a political issue, and to understand what the facts mean, and to act intelligently in making decisions or performing assignments.

Teachers who have had a multitude of courses in educa-

**OUR DEMOCRACY** — by Mat

**AS DAY IS FROM NIGHT**

A LARGE PART OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY HAS SEEN TOTALITARIAN SYSTEMS TRIED IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD. DARKNESS HAS DESCENDED UPON THOSE PEOPLES, AND CLOSED OFF THE BORDERS OF SEVERAL FORMERLY FREE AND INDEPENDENT NATIONS.



IN OUR DEMOCRACY, WE STRIVE EVER TO BROADEN THE SPIRITUAL, POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC BASE ON WHICH WE STAND, AND TO BRIGHTEN THE RAYS OF ENLIGHTENMENT INSTEAD OF DARKENING THE MINDS OF MEN. AS DEWITT CLINTON SAID IN 1826: 'A GENERAL DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE IS THE PRECURSOR AND PROTECTOR OF REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS; AND IN IT WE MUST CONFIDE AS THE CONSERVATIVE POWER THAT WILL WATCH OVER OUR LIBERTIES.'

tional methodology, school curriculums padded with fancy "fringe" courses, schools that have met all the requirements of present-day accreditation aren't guarantees for an effective system of education. The test of public education is still the caliber of the graduates. And North Carolina isn't passing the test so well if we can accept the verdict of the University instructors and deans.

By MARY COTTEN DAVENPORT

## In Pleasant Places

In Chapel Hill News Leader

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The author, Mrs. Davenport, of Plymouth, N. C., a grandmother, enrolled as a coed at the University of North Carolina last fall.)

"Mother, do you think you can make it alone?"

Bill looked worried as he stood by the waiting bus. I looked down at him and gave him what I hoped was a good version of the nonchalant smile of a globe trotter off on a mere jaunt.

The smile might have reassured my son, but it did nothing to relieve that sinking feeling as the bus moved off and I was on my way to Chapel Hill. Six months ago a trip to Mars by rocket ship would have seemed just as credible as the trip I was now making to enroll as a coed in the University.

Don't get the idea, I told myself sternly as the miles of concrete unrolled between me and home, that you're the only widow who has ever set feet upon a strange path which leads away from the pleasant places she has always known; or the only grandmother, I also reminded myself, who ever left her chimney corner to see the world. Look at Grandma Moses!

But contemplation of Grandma Moses was no boost for my rapidly falling morale. One glance at her was enough to see that we weren't of the same caliber. She was a woman who had backbone and all the potentialities of a modern woman which only needed unleashing.

I, on the other hand, was a relic of the Victorian era, "a sheltered woman", one of those helpless creatures, afraid to cross a city street without someone to pilot me, bewildered by traveling, respectful of taxi drivers, impressed by hotel clerks, overawed by head waiters, and completely at the mercy of porters and bell boys.

And here I was embused upon an adventure that would frighten a much more intrepid soul than I! Even Grandma Moses might have a few qualms about cutting herself loose from her farm without her barnside masterpiece to give her an impetus.

I had no work of art, no best seller, not even a blue ribbon for baking to my credit, although I'd been turning out bakery products for family consumption for forty years. The only compliment I ever received for my culinary art was a decidedly left-handed one. My daughter-in-law frequently told me that she could say one thing for Bill; as a husband, he'd never hurt her feelings by telling her she wasn't as good a cook as mother was.

My only qualifications for entrance to the University was that I was aware of my limitations. I had been blessed with a family that kept me well posted on the subject of my shortcomings. I also knew that these limitations not only precluded my learning anything I hadn't learned forty years ago, but reduced my chances of ever arriving at Chapel Hill, although I was actually on my way.

Bill had given me detailed instructions as to when, where, and how to get off the bus. He had even driven up to Chapel Hill with me a week or two before to show me the lay of the land, as he couldn't come with me when I left for school.

The last thing he said before the bus pulled out was to caution me against my falling of getting so absorbed in a book that I'd go by the station.

Determined to get off at the right place, I laid my book aside at Raleigh and was alert for the next stop which I was sure was Chapel Hill. As soon as the bus stopped I gathered up my things and stepped off. Assuming the bored expression of a seasoned traveler, I started up the street at the gait of a person who knows just where he is going and why.

"No, thank you," I said nonchalantly to a taxi driver who opened the door of his car invitingly. "I'm just going to the University." I knew it was with-in walking distance.

"To the University! You mean Duke, ma'am?"

"Certainly not," I gave him a how-can-you-be-so-dumb look. "The University of North Carolina of course."

"You've quite a distance to walk, ma'am," he smiled and tipped his cap. "You're in Durham now."

I was glad he couldn't see my face, when I turned and ran to catch the bus that was just pulling out.

I did just as I had been told from then on, sitting on the edge of my seat until we reached Chapel Hill and making a bee line for a taxi which put me out in front of South Building.

With the help of almost everybody in the building I eventually found my way to the Admissions Office and to the desk of the director, Roy Armstrong.

"We won't tell your son a word about it," he chuckled, when I thawed under the spell of his geniality and told him of my misadventure at Durham. I have found that once more "My lines have fallen into pleasant places."

## News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

The other day a citizen stopped me on the street and said, "What is wrong with Franklin, don't they have enough water to occasionally have the streets washed?" Continuing in the same somewhat irritated vein he added, "They use to wash the streets even in the winter and we need it much worse now. Why, if something isn't done Franklin will become the dirtiest town in Western North Carolina."

I don't know whether the full extent of the criticism is true, but it does seem to me that in the Summer the business section streets would be washed at least once a week. It is about the only way to remove the dirt and dust that accumulates. More tourists will stop in a clean town than a dirty one.

The members of the board of commissioners for Macon County have a bear by the tail it seems to me. They can't hold on and they can't turn loose. The question (or the bear) is taxes and the schools. People continually clamor for better schools, but at the same time most of them shudder at the thought of an increase in taxes. Now even though it is expected of them the commissioners can't work the miracle of giving better schools without spending more money. The taxpayers owe it to the commissioners to tell them that they think the present facilities are adequate or that they think taxes should be increased so that better facilities can be purchased. Each citizen should think it over and decide do I want to spend more money on the schools and have higher taxes or do I think our school facilities are adequate. There is one thing just as certain as the proverbial death and taxes and that is that in this world you don't get any more than you pay for. There is one other possibility and that is a reevaluation of the assessed value to the taxable property in the county, but no one seems interested in that. What this is intended to say is let's help the commissioners do something with that bear. It's our problem, not theirs alone.

Friends of Weimar Jones  
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## Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

### 50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

R. T. Sisk, the shoemaker, moved his shop into the little red house alongside of E. H. Franks' store last Friday.

Workmen commenced tearing down the old Pendergrass store building yesterday morning.

J. F. Ray moved his law office Saturday from over Pendergrass' store to a room over E. H. Franks' store. The move was necessary in order to take down the old Pendergrass storehouse to erect a new brick building on the site.

### 25 YEARS AGO

According to an announcement made here Monday by George Johnston, manager of the Western Carolina Telephone Company, this organization has just completed a new telephone system at Highlands, which is now in operation.

No doubt the cannery can can what you can't can.

The California flyers remained in the air for more than 10 days. Ten minutes will be sufficient for us.

Uncle Charlie Slagle has invited the editor over to the Siler reunion. It is needless to say that we will be there provided our 1918 Ford will climb the Nantahalas.

Mr. Jas. Ramsey, of Tellico, made a trip to Bryson City last week and came back in a new Whippet.

### 10 YEARS AGO

Miss Emogene Landrum, student at Woman's College, Greensboro, has joined the office staff of The Franklin Press for the summer months.

Glady's Hannah has accepted a position with the F. B. I. in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Smith, with their two children, Billy and Pat, have moved to Baton Rouge, La., where Mr. Smith is employed as safety inspector by the DuPont Steel Plant.