

# The Franklin Press and The Highlands Maconian

Entered at Post Office, Franklin, N. C., as second class matter  
Published every Thursday by The Franklin Press  
Franklin, N. C. Telephone 24

WEIMAR JONES	Editor
BOB S. SLOAN	Business Manager
J. P. BRADY	News Editor
MRS. ALLEN SILER	Society Editor and Office Manager
MRS. MARION BRYSON	Proofreader
CARL F. CABE	Mechanical Superintendent
FRANK A. STARRETTE	Shop Superintendent
DAVID H. SUTTON	Commercial Printer
G. E. CRAWFORD	Stereotyper

## 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

OCTOBER 20, 1955

## Everybody, Together

To say that Saturday night's "Harvest Sale" at the Franklin School was a success is something of an under-statement, because "success" usually is thought of as something that can be measured—such as amount of money raised.

The sale was a money-raising event, it is true; but that was perhaps its least important phase. Much more significant were the fact that so many people donated articles to be auctioned, and the way people from many sections got together for an evening of fun.

As B. L. McGlamery, president of the sponsoring Franklin P. T. A., pointed out: This was everybody working together, through their P. T. A., for their school. It should be added that it would be hard to give too much credit to Mrs. Frank M. Killian and her committee members.

## Dear Teacher

(The nation-wide discussion, just at this time, of the problems of present-day education, and of what we should expect from our schools, seems to make this piece even more timely now than when it first appeared—in The Press of October 1, 1953.—The Editor.)

Dear Teacher:

The other day our six-year old Billy trotted off to school.

His mother and I watched until he was out of sight. We had thought he would turn and wave, at the corner, and give us that quick, easy smile of his. But he was too intent, too eager for this new experience; he rounded the corner without even hesitating . . .

For his mother, that was a bit too much. She had known all the time, of course, that this would end his babyhood. But she wasn't prepared for the break to come so abruptly, and with such finality—least of all, for him to be the one to make it.

There was pain for me, too—but for a different reason. Mine was caused by a heart fairly bursting with pride. To me, this marked the beginning of the growth of a man; and the fact the boy didn't think to stop and bid us that final goodbye was evidence he'd be a man who could and would stand alone.

But though our reactions were so different, his mother and I are in complete agreement about what we hope he will learn. We do not expect you to perform miracles. We realize that, at most, you can develop the material that comes to you; that what you are able to do will depend upon what we already have done—or failed to do.

We know, too, that our responsibilities are not over—far from it! But we believe we, and you, should face the facts: from here on out, our influence on him will become less and less strong, while yours will grow greater and greater.

And so, as you begin to take over, it seems an appropriate time to tell you what we should like to have him taught.

\* \* \*

We hope you can teach him to read.

"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 "nots" 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 lulling sound of a stream rushing 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 strength that are the only real armor against life's buffetings.

\* \* \*

We hope you can teach him to write.

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

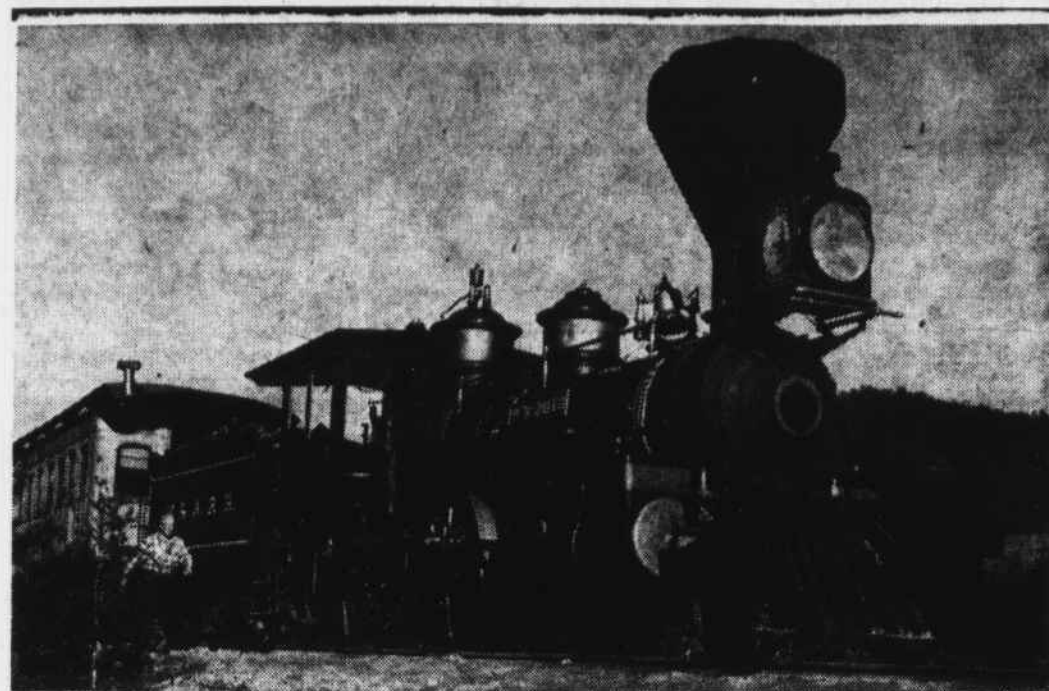
## Others' Opinions

G. G. Page

(Sylva Herald)

In the sudden passing of George G. Page, division engineer for the 14th Highway Division, his home, his community and his state have suffered a deep loss. As a loving husband and father, a loyal citizen and an outstanding engineer and highway builder, George G. Page will be greatly missed.

Since coming to Sylva just a few years ago he made a host of friends and entered into the activities of the community,



There's been a lot said and written about "The General", the star locomotive of Disney's movie, but there's another worthy of just as much attention. It's a puffler that plays not one, but two roles in the train chase. When it's going forward it's the "Wm. R. Smith" and in reverse "The Texas", the two engines used by the Confederates to chase "The General".

together with Mrs. Page and their daughter, Mary, contributing much to the social, religious and civic welfare of the area.

Mr. Page was highly regarded by the heads of the North Carolina Highway Commission as an outstanding and loyal engineer and employee. A. H. Graham, state highway commissioner, characterized Mr. Page "as one of the commission's finest division engineers. Loss of his services will be deeply felt by all who knew and worked with him."

Mr. Page was deeply interested in the highway program of his 14th Division, and was sincerely striving to build as many miles of good roads as money available would permit. He did not believe in scattering the state's road money on a hit or miss plan, but rather advocated the building of better roads on a long range, forward-looking plan. The 14th Division has lost a good road builder and the community a good citizen.

## Letters

### 'Confirms High Opinion'

Editor, The Press:

Inclosed find check for \$3, for which please renew our subscription.

We would like also at this time to praise the intelligence and lack of prejudice shown both in your own editorials and in those you have chosen to reprint from other papers.

It confirms our high opinion of Franklin, and confirms us, too, in our wish to some day become citizens of Franklin—not by birth but by choice.

Algonquin, Ill.

ISABEL and CLIFF SWETT.

### Mr. Deane Elaborates

Editor, The Press:

Here is an elaboration on my first letter concerning segregation:

As members of the white race the American male is a failure. He does nothing to protect the integrity of his race. He even lets down all the bars by laws and church decree. Apparently he cares nothing about the future in vital matters profoundly affecting his descendants. In such matters he can be blind as the mole and stupid as the ancient and now extinct dodo bird.

In just a few more generations the white race in these U. S. will be just as extinct as this bird. There will be few if (See Back Page, 1st Section)

STRICTLY

## PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

In from the farms they no longer can tend, down from the creeks, they came . . . the halt, the lame, and the blind—yes, and of course the deaf; as well as those who still can boast faculties and limbs little impaired. Came to Franklin for their annual "Fellowship Hour", these men and women burdened with years, but still young in heart.

And Sunday afternoon the youthful heart was in the ascendant; forgotten were the years and the infirmities. For them it was a gay, a long-looked-forward-to time. An afternoon of pleasant competitions and little jokes, of renewing acquaintance with those who had been childhood playmates or even sweethearts . . . back so long a time ago; and most of all, a time of singing together.

How it must have taken them back, singing those old hymns; a few of them can remember the grim days at the end of the Civil War, and many the deprivations, that period of bitter poverty, when, here in the mountains, even the tiniest bit of string must be saved against the inevitable rainy day.

Back, too, the simple pleasures of an era that, in terms

The day brought its disappointments, of course.

It must have been a disappointment to her, as it was to her white and colored friends, that "Aunt Nan" Ray, 94, could not be present. Missed, too, was Mrs. Mary Lyle Waldroop, who had been counted on to compete in the piano solo competition. Only Mrs. Lee Crawford, 91, tripping down the aisle to play "Sweet Bye and Bye", with variations, played. How they applauded! . . . cheered the youth of her nimble fingers quite as much as the loved old hymn.

And surely there were disappointments in the competitions for the largest number of descendants. To the elderly, that's a matter of great pride; it is his great contribution to the stream of civilization and of life.

Proudly Mr. Vance DeHart announced his more than 20

grandchildren and great-grandchildren. But Mr. George Parrish had him beaten by three or four. Since the prize for the oldest man present went to Mr. Parrish, though, the descendants' prize was awarded to the runner-up.

Somehow, though, the men seemed to be pliers, compared to the women, when it came to descendants! Mrs. J. S. Sloan listed 53 . . . surely that must be a record. But no! Mrs. C. L. Garner, though only 81, had 69!

How they sang! And somehow, as the room was filled with the melody of the old hymns, the younger persons present, there to "help", found they could not sing. The printed words on the page strangely blurred, and the throat contracted.

That "lump in the throat"—why was it so like the one that comes, unbidden, sometimes as adults watch the stumbling efforts of youth?

It must be the courage . . . the daring of the human spirit.

The bravery of ignorance, in youth; and the courage that is still unbroken, after all the buffetings of life—and who isn't buffeted by life in 70 or 80 or 90 years! Knocked flat by life, time after time, they always have risen and moved on again. And yet, with their days numbered, they still blithely look ahead.

It is that looking forward, surely, that has kept them "young in heart". And it is that youthfulness despite the years that stirs those who are younger . . . and puts their own courage to shame.

## Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

### 50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Last week's cold snap brought out from hiding places many old stoves and some new ones, and created a lively demand for stove wood.

The first frost made its appearance Friday morning and there was no uncertainty about it, for it was thick and plenty. The thermometer was down to freezing (32 deg.) at sunrise.

Mr. Gus Leach, of Toxaway, spent last week with relatives here.

### 25 YEARS AGO

Mrs. Frank Siler, of Lake Junaluska, has been spending several days here with relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Fouts attended the Tenth District Medical meeting in Murphy last Wednesday.

Mr. R. R. Weaver and family, of Parsonsburg, Md., have been visiting relatives and friends here for several days.

### 10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. George B. Patton, of Raleigh, formerly of Franklin, has been appointed to serve on the state-wide reception committee for the get-together meeting of the State Senate in Statesville on November 1 and 2, at which time President Harry S. Truman, Secretary of the Treasury Fred M. Vinson, and Secretary of War Robert B. Patterson, will address the members of the N. C. State Senate and general public.

Miss Thelma Howell and Miss Alice Bickwell, of the botany department at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., were weekend guests of Mrs. Clark Howell at "The Chalet", her summer home at the country club.—Highlands item.