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APRIL 25, 1957

Are We Children?

To anybody who looks honestly at what has happened in the Macon County school situation, there is no escape from these conclusions:

I

Whether the change in county superintendents will prove wise remains to be seen. All the public can do is hope. Because, just as the county board of education never gave any really valid reason for dismissing the retiring superintendent, it has not bothered to tell the public why it thinks the new man will be any better.

II

Presumably, the new superintendent, Mr. H. Bueck, is responsible neither for the fact a change was made nor for the way it was made. He, therefore, ought to be blamed for neither. So all good citizens should join in wishing him a successful administration. That is demanded in fairness to him. More importantly, the welfare of the schools and of the children, who usually are the real victims in such a situation, demands it.

III

Nobody can take pride in the way the retiring superintendent, Mr. Holland McSwain, was treated. Great Christian charity is being ascribed to the board because it withheld announcement of Mr. Bueck's election until Mr. McSwain could get the vacated Murphy job. Well, the charity was a trifle late. Because as recently as three weeks before he was replaced, Mr. McSwain had been given no inkling that he would not be re-hired. He should have been told—and all the evidence is, he could have been told—months ago, in time to have some choice of jobs.

IV

However noble the motive that prompted it, the board did act in secret session. Nobody knew when or where the board was going to meet, and the action it took was kept secret for six days—how could any meeting be more secret?

V

From the beginning, the board has consistently violated a law much older, more basic, more sacred than any statute law.

The right of the people to be heard has been traditional since Magna Carta. But when it took the important step of electing a superintendent of schools, the board was careful to deprive the people of that right—by meeting unannounced and in secret.

This entire matter, in fact, has been handled as though the people of Macon County were children. They were not consulted. They were not informed. They were not told why.

Now the change has been made—and they still are not told.

It is the people's tax money that supports the schools. It is the people's children affected. But the people are expected to take what they are given, without question—without a chance even to ask questions.

RACIAL RELATIONS:

THE SOUTH IS STILL TRYING TO FIND SOLUTION

Southern Pines Pilot

A native-born Southerner returning from a trip North tells us that while up there he found himself, somewhat to his own amazement, arguing on behalf of racial tolerance and understanding with a Yankee who, also to the Southerner's amazement, was vituperatively and blindly bitter when discussing racial relations.

Racial prejudice, he discovered, was indeed not confined to areas South of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Beyond that, he discovered this element about his own thinking and what distinguished his thinking from the Yankee's; the Northerner said that he ignored the Negro, contemptuously and completely. To him, the problem was thereby solved. What the Southerner then realized, he said, was that the South simply cannot ignore the Negro. We are all living here, white and Negro together, with our economic and political lives—if not our social lives—inextricably entwined.

Because we all MUST live to-

gether, therefore, we MUST find a solution—whatever the solution may be, that will enable us to live in mutual tolerance, even if not yet attaining the goal that morality and Christianity forbid us eventually to evade: Mutual respect.

What the Southerner discovered was that he had not quit trying or hoping. However faulty or misguided may be some of our efforts in the South, he realized, we have not closed the book.

This is true. And we all, white

and Negro, know it in our hearts. Somehow, some way, agreement must be reached on the terms of our life here in the South together.

Of course, there are people in the South who have closed their minds, who have quit trying, just like the Southerner's Yankee acquaintance. But most of the people in the South have not, because they know as plainly as the sun will rise that they cannot.

Therein, no matter how painfully and slowly it may develop, lies the South's salvation.

After May, Water

Any long-time solution of Franklin's water supply problem has been unofficially postponed until after the town election next month. But when those chosen in the May election take office, they will find themselves facing the same old question: How and where to get an abundance of good water for a growing community?

When the next board sits down to study the problem, and when it debates the advisability of wells vs. creek water vs. a publicly owned and controlled watershed, we hope the town officials will take into consideration a recent announcement:

The city of Greenville, S. C., an industrial town well out of the mountains, puts such a high premium on the purity, the softness, and the good taste of water from a mountain watershed that it is passing up sources close at hand and coming many miles to the mountains to buy a big watershed, as a supplement to its present one. The new project will cost \$9,000,000.

Letters

Let's Welcome Mr. Bueck

Dear Mr. Jones:

Now that the tumult and the shouting over the selection of a county superintendent has died and the choice has been made, it is time for a brief afterthought.

Personal opinions as to the wisdom of the move, or as to the fairness of it, should not affect our cooperation with our new superintendent, or with the school board. I hope that every citizen of Macon County will welcome Mr. Bueck and his family with real Maconian courtesy and will give him full and enthusiastic cooperation. Certainly personal differences must not be permitted to have an adverse affect on our schools.

We have good schools in Macon County and only the citizens of the county can keep them so. Let us keep an attitude of good will and cooperation toward all who are connected with the administration of our schools.

REV. S. B. MOSS

Franklin.

Others' Opinions

(Opinions expressed in this space are not necessarily those of The Press. Editorials selected for reprinting here, in fact, are chosen with a view to presenting a variety of viewpoints. They are, that is, just what the caption says—OTHERS' Opinions.)

What Is Spring?

Spring is lavish in her splendor . . . in her brief span she is the song of skylarks rising to greet the sun . . . she is the heady scent of apple blossoms and of lilacs . . . she is the symphony of birds chattering over the business of nesting . . . she is a potpourri of color—the azure sky, a rainbow, a tulip bed jeweled by April rain . . . she is the folklore of all seasons told in the over-tones of swaying branches . . . she is hope and life . . . she is the essence of creation and the gentle hand that nurtures little creatures everywhere.

Through A Boneyard

(Phillips Russell in Chapel Hill News Leader)

People still living can remember when southern small towns, however sleepy and non-progressive, were so well shaded that one could traverse their main street as if under an arbor. Then came municipal improvers who razed everything in favor of paving and poles, and now a man driving a car hurries through them as if through a boneyard.

Pleasure Of Grandfathers

(Goldsboro News-Argus)

If there is any joy in this world that somehow does not hold its small irritations, its occasional sadness, we know it not.

Grandchildren are just about as great a joy as this world can bring.

The other day a friend who lives a couple of blocks from us said:

"I wish you and your General Manager would come to see us. We have our three small grandchildren visiting us."

Then he paused and added soberly:

"After a half hour with them you will be able to appreciate your solitude."

Home Of The Brave

(Ellaville, Ga., Sun)

One reason America is the home of the brave could be that almost no one is afraid of debt.

"I Didn't Quite Catch Th' Name—Mr. Rip Van—What?"



STRICTLY

Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

It could have happened in few places. Maybe nowhere but here.

In town one evening last week, I found myself (as usual) with no money in my pocket. And I needed a little.

Stepping into Clyde Galley's Grill, I bought a pack of cigarettes and asked him if he'd cash a small check for me.

"Sure. How much do you want?" And he handed me the cigarettes.

"O, a couple of dollars will do."

He handed me two one-dollar bills, and turned to some other duty.

"But what about the check?" I asked.

"O, I haven't got a blank check handy. You can give it to me, sometime."

Which reminds me: I'd better go give him that check right now, before both of us forget it! . . . o, yes, and add enough to cover the cigarettes.

Aren't people funny? No matter how naturally a man acts, they seem to think what he does is strange.

I am reminded of that almost every time I am on Main Street. Having finished my errands up

town, I am ready to drive back to The Press office. So I start walking up one side of the street, looking; then I go down the other side, looking.

Friends seem puzzled; so I explain:

"I've lost my automobile."

Now what, I ask you, could be more natural than that? But they don't seem to understand.

"Do you mean," they ask in alarm, "that it's been stolen? . . . or just what do you mean?"

"Just what I said: I've lost my automobile."

They don't literally shake their heads; they're too polite for that. But I can see from their faces they're doing a job of mental head-shaking.

Then I'm the one who is puzzled . . . and a little irritated.

"I can't remember where I parked the darned thing!"

Surely that ought to clear the matter up; surely they ought to say, "oh, I see"; surely their tone ought to suggest that nothing could be more natural, that everybody does that every day. But you should see their smiles!

So I continue to look. "Let's see, did I park it here in front of the post office. No; it isn't here. Maybe in front of Angel's Drug store."

So I walk from the post office to Angel's. Still no automobile.

"Maybe on the other side of the street; no, that was yesterday . . . But it must be on the other side, because it's not on this one. So I walk from the S & L five and ten to Burrell's, looking. Still no automobile.

"Maybe the Main Street parking places were all full, and I left it down by the jail." And sometimes I find it there; sometimes I don't.

It's an awful nuisance, of course, this business of never remembering where you've parked.

But it's not a new nuisance. I've done it all my life. Twenty-five years ago, in Asheville, I often walked the three quarters of a mile from the office home, was surprised to find the car wasn't there—and then remembered I'd left it parked within a block of the office.

Then there was the time I sold our car; planned to walk for a while and save money. But the very next day I saw a car that looked just like the one I had sold, and got home with it before I remembered I didn't own a car.

As I say, that sort of thing is an awful nuisance. But, if, as I suspect, everybody does it, why are folks so all-fired amused when I do it.

As I said before:

Aren't people funny? No matter how naturally a man acts, they seem to think what he does is strange.

VIEWS

By BOB SLOAN

A number of others have had their say about the superintendent of education situation here, and I would like to add a brief word.

I had a part in bringing Holland McSwain here as superintendent. I am proud of the record he has made here in the past six years. I hate to see him leave.

As to the new superintendent, H. Bueck, I know something of his capabilities. He is a good school man, capable and well qualified for the job. I hope he continues to encourage the progress that has been made in our schools, particularly in the field of encouraging teachers to improve their qualifications and offering them every opportunity possible to do so. Let's all help him in this and other ways.

As to the Board of Education; the calibre of the man they selected discredits many of the dire motives attributed to them. However, I cannot pass on without suggesting that, had the board taken the public into its confidence, most of these rumors would not have arisen.

I believe the Board of Education members can help improve the schools in our county if, in the future, they take the public and the county superintendent into their confidence. They did not do this, this past year, with either the

—Continued on Page 3

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
(1892)

If a certain "widdier" don't quit flirting with a gentleman who wears striped trousers and red leather shoes, she'll get her name in the paper.—Aqune Item.

Mr. and Mrs. David Norton, of Highlands, have been spending a week among their many friends here. They will re-open their boarding house May 1.

A chicken with four legs on the lower part of the body, two of them set right and the other two reversed suitable for walking backward, was hatched out at Mr. Zeb Baird's last Wednesday.

25 YEARS AGO
(1932)

Public school committees for 1932-33 were announced this week by the county board of education. For Millshoal were Wayne McCracken, Frank Cabe, Add Kinsland, Wylie Sanders, J. W. Shuler, Frank Bailey, George Buchanan, N. B. L. Downs, A. W. Reid, A. L. Dills, J. M. Corbin, and A. A. Adams.

Home-coming Day will be celebrated at the First Baptist Church Sunday with the dedication of the church, from which all debt has been removed. The Rev. A. J. Smith, a former pastor, will preach. The Rev. E. R. Eller is pastor now.

Miss Vernon Parrish, of Iotla, and Mr. Buren Pruett, of Bonny Crest, were married at Clayton, Ga., Friday.

10 YEARS AGO

The \$100,000 street-water-sewer improvement program is under way in Franklin and is expected to be completed by mid-summer.

The County Board of Education Wednesday re-elected Guy L. Houk as Macon County superintendent of schools by a 4-1 vote.

To demonstrate the value of its payroll to the community, the Zickgraff Hardware Company will pay off all its regular employes in silver dollars.