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THURSDAY, JULY 10, 1958

Beginning Of The End?

The order of U. S. District Judge Harry J. Lemley, granting the Little Rock school board a 2½-year desegregation "breathing spell", may yet be overruled, either by the Circuit Court of Appeals or by the Supreme Court itself.

But last week the latter promptly denied a request by the N. A. A. C. P. that it by-pass the circuit court and rule immediately on the Lemley order. That could be a clue to the high court's attitude. The justices undoubtedly must feel as President Eisenhower is reported to feel, vastly relieved that an out has been found, avoiding the necessity to send troops back to Little Rock's Central High School next September.

If Judge Lemley's order stands, it easily may prove the most significant event in the segregation battle since the Supreme Court's 1954 decision. For the district judge takes into account things that previously seem to have been either overlooked or ignored.

Pointing out that "the function of any public-school system, whether integrated or not, is to educate people", he says flatly that the "personal interest" of the Negro children (in attending a non-segregated school) is "only one factor in the equation". He then balances that factor against "the public interest—including the interest of all students and potential students in the district".

That balancing process takes into account such things as the public opposition to the principle of integration, the tension resulting from that opposition, the demoralization caused by the presence of troops at the school; and the adverse effect of all these on the quality of the education offered.

Judge Lemley considers all these factors. Then he points out that since the Negro High School in Little Rock is substantially the equal of the Central school, delay in desegregation "will not deprive any Negro student of a good high-school education".

On those grounds, he held that the public interest demanded the requested delay.

If that ruling in Little Rock is to become the pattern of future rulings elsewhere, we would seem to be back about where we were prior to 1954: Desegregation only if and when the community is ready for it—but with the stipulation that the separate Negro schools must be equal.

This, conceivably, could be the beginning of the end of forced integration.

Poor Little Texas!

Ever see a boy, eight or ten years old, who's been an only child all those years, and thus has had all the attention? Then, right out of the blue, along comes a baby brother or sister, to usurp his place as the center of the universe.

What does that boy do? He shouts, he runs in circles, he stands on his head, he makes faces and swears. Why? Because he feels he's lost his importance, and he's willing to do anything, even to getting punished, to regain the attention he has become accustomed to demand as his due.

Far be it from us to compare the great State of Texas with a small boy. Nor would we think of suggesting that its great size has made Texas boastful. No, indeed! The very most we'd say is that Texans, perhaps, do not suffer from the inferiority complex that afflicts the residents of some other states. For Texas has become accustomed to distinction.

For more than 100 years, it's been the largest state in the Union. And it's been the biggest by a long shot—it's more than half again as big as its nearest competitor, California; it's four times as big as Georgia, the biggest state east of the Mississippi; and all New England could sit in one corner of Texas.

Now, right out of the blue, comes the State of

"But Couldn't I Keep Him—And Write It Off As A Business Expense Like Goldfine Did?"



Alaska, to push Texas into second place—and a poor second, at that. For Alaska is more than twice the size of once huge Texas. The long-time giant now becomes just another child in a family of 49.

Poor little Texas!

Blackburn W. Johnson

It has been more than a quarter of a century since Blackburn W. Johnson was editor and publisher of The Press. Younger persons here never knew him, perhaps never even heard of him. Yet they are affected by his character and personality, for Mr. Johnson left his imprint on the community in which they were reared.

He was an honest reporter. He practiced, as well as believed in, the cardinal principle of journalism; that, in reporting the news, it must report all sides of the news, impartially and objectively.

As an editor, he believed in and practiced another cardinal principle of good journalism; that it is the responsibility of an editor to comment on the news, with fearlessness, but also with care and fairness, and with faith in the ultimate triumph of truth.

Friends here, though, remember Mr. Johnson best as a gentleman—in the finest sense of that term. He was at once a man of honor and one of great gentleness. And it was these characteristics of the man, perhaps even more than his professional training and ethics, that made him so admirable a journalist.

Vice President Nixon says there's a distinction between the acts of some of Truman's aides and what Sherman Adams did. You bet there is! the distinction between a Democratic administration and a Republican one.

Millions long for immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon.—Campbellsville (Ky.) News.

'TALKING BOOKS'

Keeps Up His 'Reading', Despite 'Frustration Of Blindness'

Henry Belk In Greensboro Daily News

(EDITOR'S NOTE: When Mr. Belk, beloved Greensboro newspaper man, suddenly lost his sight a few years ago, he didn't let it interfere with his normal life. He continues as editor of the daily Greensboro News-Argus, writes a column for the Greensboro Daily News several times a week, and, as he tells in this article, "reads" more books than most of us who are sighted.)

From the days of my youth, reading was one of my great pleasures; and many a night when I should have been asleep I was buried in a book. It was a great deprivation to me, then, when I lost my sight three years ago and no longer could read for myself.

I found this experience one of the most frustrating of blindness. And then I escaped through the marvelous Talking Books for the blind. I had known of the books,

provided free through the Library of Congress. Years ago my mother's sight, when she was a girl, became so poor she could not read and she secured a Talking Book player and records. But the quality of reproduction was poor, so poor that it was no pleasure to try to "read" through such a device.

Today, however, the player that "reads" the books has the clarity of a hi-fi set, the records are flat and the best example of the record maker's art, and the readers who put the books on the records are excellent readers. It is a pleasure to listen to their accent, their diction. Their words come with such fine resonance and clarity. There is just one hitch. There is a hypnotic effect to the clear voice reading, reading, reading an hour at a time; and if one does not stir about occasionally, if he gets too comfortable, he is lulled to sleep by the rhythm.

The Reader's Digest is rushed to me on records early in each

month. The complete issue is compressed into 18 records of 20 to 25 minutes each. In order to get the magazine to the Talking Book users as early as possible, three different readers are employed for each month. Each is an artist in his own way and use of three different voices avoids, somewhat, the hypnotic effect of one reader continuing for several hours.

Talking Books offer to the blind almost any good book that has ever been printed in English. The Psalms, the New Testament, "Pilgrim's Progress," Shakespeare, Maupassant—name any author or any field of literature and you will find topics in the Talking Books. A catalogue of books is issued periodically and as new titles are brought out users receive the lists.

A book which is of importance and receives approval of competent critics will be distributed in Talking Book records from six to 18 months after it is printed. Maybe you remember Don Whitehead's "The FBI Story," which got a big

This did not come out of a book of sermons, but out of a newspaper. The man who wrote it is named Henry J. Allen. I do not know him personally, but he is a man of wisdom, as you will see when you have read what he says:

"She spent a long, hot hour getting it up. And you thought it was a fine meal. But did you take a second of time to tell her so? Maybe she was so pleased watching you enjoy her cooking that she did not eat much herself. (Notice the women who do the cooking in hot weather and you will see they haven't much appetite.) But she was quick to see when you needed a second helping.

"Maybe, when you had finished you lighted your cigar or cigarette or pipe, and picked up the evening paper, and went to the living room or out on the front porch. And you felt perfectly complacent in the assurance that you had completed a good day's work.

"But was her work done? She had to go out into the stuffy kitchen and spend another hour over the steaming dishpan or the kitchen sink. And she didn't even get a tip for her trouble.

"Not that she wanted it! What she wanted was something like this: 'Gee, girl! That was a dandy dinner. Bet nobody on this street had a better one!'

"What will your little word of appreciation mean to her? It will mean the difference between tears and smiles over that measly dishpan; the difference between a song mixed with the rattling dishes and a sob hidden by the scouring of the kettles.

"Such a little thing for you to say, so much for her to hear!

"Women are like that. Do you ever stop to think, man, that unless you take a little pains to put some joy into the life of the woman who is your wife, she isn't going to have too much of it?"

Brick, Mortar, And Minds

(New York Christian Economics)

Plush school buildings provide excellent monuments to their architects, but have little influence on the quantity and quality of education acquired by our children.

Not Getting Money's Worth

(Clifton, N. J., Journal)

Writing in National Review, Russell Kirk, the distinguished teacher and writer, finds this central fallacy in the federal-aid-to-education plan:

"It isn't money that we need for the improvement of instruction in science, or in anything else. For already we spend far more on schools than any nation ever has before in all history—far more, per capita, than the Russians do. Our trouble is that we are not obtaining value for our expenditures."

As Dr. Kirk sees it, too much money goes for non-essential frills, and not enough for real education.

Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

Of all the baffling situations that all of us have to face as we go through this life of afflictment, it seems to me the hardest one to meet is when some kindly soul, seeking to pay you a compliment, says something that actually is like a slap in the face.

The slap part is wholly unintentional, of course. And so you can't slap right back. No; this person was trying to say something pleasant. So good manners demand that you accept it that way, implied insult and all. Good manners, in fact, demand something a bit harder — that you quickly smile with pleasure, and say a hearty thank you.

The best example of what I'm talking about is what happened to a lady acquaintance of mine.

She is no longer 16, as she'd be the first to admit. But she neither looks, acts, nor feels old; far from it! She probably thinks of herself as middle-aged—that comfortable, useful, remarkably long period when we no longer are subject to the pitfalls and the bitterly resented reproofs that come to youth, but we still haven't reached the age of decrepitude and the trials that go along with falling strength and faculties.

Any way, this lady was in a cafeteria in Asheville not long ago. The place was crowded, and she couldn't find an unoccupied table. At last, she approached a table where a young woman was alone. The older asked if she might sit down, and the younger person was all graciousness.

Once the food had been removed from tray to table and my friend had taken her seat, the younger woman — she was quite young — took a good look at her table companion, and then exclaimed:

"My! you must have been a

beautiful woman—when you were young."

All of us have such experiences, and it seems to me I have more than my share. I even had one, quite recently, related to this same matter of age.

I was having a talk with a high school boy, and I referred to my wartime service in the army.

The boy was all courtesy, all respect; there was, in fact, something approaching reverence in his voice as he asked:

"Was that World War I — or some earlier war?"

That one left me with my mouth open.

But I finally comforted myself by remembering someone's definition of old age: "That period 10 or 20 years beyond whatever your present age is."

The same sort of thing happened, time and again, during that somewhat unorthodox political "race" I made recently.

Scores of men and women approached me, before the first primary, to say:

"I'm going to vote for you—at least I don't believe you'll do anything wrong."

It was meant as a compliment, of course. But what a compliment! Nothing positively good or constructive about me; instead, mine was a negative sort of personality that could be trusted. I would do nothing wrong—because I would do nothing, period.

And down through the years on the paper, there probably hasn't been a month, maybe not a week, that somebody, renewing his or her subscription, didn't wonder, out loud, why they were subscribing: "I don't know why I take the little old thing, but I just can't seem to get along without it."

The first time I heard that, I bristled; the second, I managed to hold both my composure and my tongue. After three or four times, I could tell myself:

"It's the last thing they said—and their money—that says what they really mean . . . And maybe

the first part, about 'the little old thing', is understandable; for after all, The Press is a bit smaller than The New York Times.

There's one thing worse, though, than these unintended back-hand compliments. It's accepting what you think is a compliment and finding it wasn't so meant at all.

I always feel that when someone is kind enough to try to say something to make me feel good, I should respond not only pleasantly and cordially, but quickly. And so I often get in trouble.

The latest instance was only the other day, when a Press reader said to me:

"Weimar, that editorial in last week's paper hit me right between the eyes . . ."

I took it he meant he agreed wholeheartedly, and so I interrupted to say:

"Why, thank you very much . . . which one?"

"Wait a minute," he sputtered, "before you thank me. I disagreed with everything in it. I thought it was crazy."

When he finally got around to telling me which editorial, I couldn't offer any defense for it; because I was so confused, I couldn't even remember what it had said.

Statistics are tricky things. They're best taken with a whole hand full of salt.

They're likely to be misleading if there's anything wrong with the way the information is gathered. And they're sure to be, unless they are interpreted correctly — and that takes both care and wisdom.

A good illustration of how you can take figures that are entirely accurate and come up with a wholly misleading conclusion is this one:

Take 40 women who are bow-legged and 40 other women who are knock-kneed. Now one of 'em has straight legs. But take all 80 women and average 'em up, and what do you get?

There's only one thing you can get. You come up with the conclusion you have 80 women, all with 100 per cent straight legs.

'Whose Fault?' Is Agonized Question Of Father Whose Son's Car Killed 1, Hurt 5

Not too long ago an automobile driven by the 16-year old son of a City Councilman W. B. Myers, of Tampa, Fla., went out of control at high speed. One high school student was killed and five others were hurt. The Tampa Times asked Mr. Myers to write of his reaction to the tragedy, both as a father and a city official. Excerpts from his statement follow:

"It was a wholesale tragedy. We realize that Tommy must face the fact that the boy lost his life in the car Tommy was driving.

"There is nothing in the world to compensate for the loss of a life. If I could I would give my own life for that boy's. I surely would. I feel that with all my heart.

"Whatever charge they place against Tommy, he is going to have to take it. He was wrong. I'll stand by him as a father, but not as a public official.

"If every parent of a teen-ager who drives could stand by helplessly in a hospital and see their children lying on an operating table, wondering if they will live or die, I'm sure they would wish that the automobile had never been invented.

"Yet you realize that you can't lock your children in the house and tell them they can't be a part of society. And you can't be with them every minute. So what is the answer?"

"I know that much of the problem is centered around speed.

HOME HINT: HOW TO GET 'NEW LOOK'

Interesting window-like effects may be obtained by removing from the living room walls the pictures which have hung there so long.—Boston Globe.

UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

There's one good thing about the feller that's always got his nose in a book—he ain't got it in somebody else's business.

Ain't it funny how a man'll pay the preacher, be faithful to his wife, and be honest as the day's long in business—but'll lie like all git out, in politics?

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press
65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
(1893)

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week sent the mercury kiting toward the 90's.

D. C. Cunningham and Son have added four new hand-some buggies to their lively.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Jarrett have gone to Dillsboro to reside. Home-made flour \$2.50 per 100 lbs. at Wrights.—Adv.

25 YEARS AGO
(1893)

Sale of the municipal power plant to the Nantahala Power and Light Company was approved by the voters of Franklin in Tuesday's special election by a margin of 269 votes.

June 30 Mrs. R. D. Slisk and Mrs. W. M. Officer entertained with a party honoring Mrs. J. J. Conley on her 70th birthday anniversary.

Mr. John Jones and family have moved into their new home on Bidwell Street.

10 YEARS AGO

The Board of Aldermen this week voted to reduce the Town of Franklin tax rate from \$1.25 to \$1.10. The Board of Commissioners kept the county rate at \$1.10.

The County Board of Education Tuesday voted to buy 1,000 first quality chair desks to replace the home-made and worn out desks now in use in the schools of this county.