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THURSDAY, AUGUST 28, 1958

## Little Rock: A Remedy

In the Little Rock crisis, itself a mere symbol of the nation-wide clash of opposing forces, last week brought developments in bewilderingly rapid succession.

Outstanding among events transpiring in a period of only six days were these:

Denial, by the 8th U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, of a previously court-granted delay in integration at Central High School — a denial highlighted by this declaration: "We say that the time has not yet come in these United States when an order of a federal court must be whittled away, watered down, or shamefully withdrawn . . ."

Issuance by President Eisenhower of a prepared (and, therefore, deliberately planned) statement threatening to use federal troops again: "My feelings are exactly as they were a year ago."

The quick retort of Governor Faubus that he, too, will not give an inch: ". . . my position of last fall is unchanged" — a retort backed up by a call for a special session of the Arkansas Legislature.

Are these the words and actions of tolerant, open-minded, reasonable men? Do they even hint at the humility that must mark any honest search for truth?

The obvious answers to those questions underline what has been becoming increasingly evident: What is needed today is not more (or less) integration, not more court rulings, not more troops. All of those have been tried, and they have brought not clarity, but greater confusion. No! The immediate, crying need is for a Solomon skilled in face-saving.

What is needed is a formula broad enough to save the faces of the nine black-robed men in Washington who enunciated the "new law", of six of the seven judges on the Circuit Court, of the President of the United States, of the Governor of Arkansas — and of scores of lesser figures who have seen in this crisis their once-in-a-lifetime chance to strut across the national stage.

For these august men have forgotten something. So intent have they been in saving face for themselves and their causes, they have forgotten what this is all about. It is about education. And education is about children. And because you cannot quarantine the effects of such a situation to a single area, it is children who will suffer in increasing degree, North and South, East and West.

Such a face-saving device seems the only hope. That or a wholesale change in the faces of those in high place.

## As Schools Open . . .

Many a Macon County person still alive can remember when the chance to go to school, even for three or four months in the year, was considered great good fortune. They traveled horseback, or walked, miles to a country school; or their parents, denying themselves, somehow got together enough money for their boys and girls to board in town and attend the Franklin school. And these youngsters, eager to grasp this rare opportunity, worked mornings and afternoons to help pay their board.

Today that opportunity is available, nine months in the year, without cost, to every child. What a contrast!

With that change has come another contrast. Half a century ago, an education was a help, but was not essential. Today, the boy or girl without at least a high school education is handicapped for life; all the best jobs are closed to him.

Macon County has a long tradition of respect for education. Long before the establishment of state public schools, there were good private schools here.

With that background, it is no wonder we have good schools here; and no wonder we have an ex-

## "Could You Fellas Try Learning A Couple Of New Words During This Recess?"



cellent record of school attendance. Even today, though, there are children in this county who do not go to school.

For that small minority, we now have a state-wide compulsory school attendance law. Compulsory attendance is for the benefit of us all; the ignorant are a drag on a community. Even more, it is for the benefit of the child himself. In those rare cases where parents are too indifferent or too lazy to see that their children go to school, the law is there to require his presence in school. So that the child may have a fair chance in life, that law should be enforced.

The first responsibility lies with the schools, to report non-attendance; the next responsibility lies with the welfare department, to see that something is done about the situation. But, basically, the responsibility rests upon the community. For, in this area, as well as in others, each of us is his brother's keeper.

## A Friend

More than 500 persons paid tribute last Friday at Mt. Zion Methodist church and Woodlawn cemetery to W. R. Waldroop.

And we feel that the grief and loss felt by the people there and the community were greater than is usually experienced at the passing of a friend, because "Bill" Waldroop was a truer friend to more people than is usually found today.

A kind, sympathetic, understanding heart was perhaps the outstanding characteristic of this humble, hard working mountain man. Many young people remember him for a kind word of encouragement when the world seemed unfair and hard. Older people shed a tear at the remembrance of the many kind deeds he had done for them, "just in passing by."

Truly here was a man who understood the Christian principle of "service to others" and who lived a happy life through its practice.

The term "true friend" is not used so often today, but here was a man of whom it was said by many with the greatest respect.

### PATTERNS ARE IMAGINARY

## 'Fed Up' With Psychoanalysis Of Southern Elections

Statesville Record and Landmark

Every time an election is held in the South nowadays the experts try to read some form of racism into the results; but balloting in the enlightened elsewhere of this nation seems never to involve anything but the purest processes of democracy.

They voted over in Tennessee only yesterday and already we are discovering that Senator Albert Gore's victory "eases the worries of Southern moderates and liberals".

They voted down in Arkansas a week or two ago and "set the pattern for other Southern politicians".

They nominated a governor in Alabama about a month ago and the Ku Klux Klan and Citizens Councils were credited with hav-

ing been deciding factors in the outcome. Frankly, we are getting a little tired of being psychoanalyzed every time we go to the polls. We think it is about time to let the South get up off the cot for a breathing spell. If we have been improving at all under the scrutiny of the experts, we ought now to be allowed to sit up for a while.

The trouble with these experts is that they never give us credit for having any sense. We act only through prejudice. It is never easy for them to understand that most Southerners, if left alone, would vote intelligently on the man and issues involved.

And there are always men and issues. These campaigns are never clean-cut, black and white affairs; but often the situation compels the voter to balance the candidate

against his platform. It is a rare combination when the voter approves both 100 per cent.

Thus, it is possible for an avid segregationist to vote for a moderate or liberal if the candidate has redeeming traits of character which make him personally preferable to his opponent.

And vice versa. Soon after Gov. Orval Faubus had been overwhelmingly renominated in Arkansas, Harry S. Ashmore, Pulitzer prize-winning editor who would integrate the schools but not his own shop, read into the results "a powerful stimulant to integration resistance throughout the South".

"The governor's course of resistance has been overwhelmingly endorsed," he added. "It has set the pattern for other Southern politicians."

## Strictly Personal By WEDMAR JONES

As I read in the paper, one day last week, that America's effort to shoot a rocket to the moon had failed, I was glad:

I realized that suddenly — and was shocked at my reaction.

What was the matter with me? Didn't I believe in progress? Was I so old-fashioned I was just out of tune with this modern scientific age?

I asked myself those questions. Then I asked this one: Is it patriotic for an American to feel that way?

I ought to be ashamed, I told myself. But somehow I wasn't ashamed. And the more I've thought about my unexpected reaction when I read that news story, the less I've been able to make myself ashamed. As I've thought about it, I've wondered, too, if maybe there aren't other people who reacted the same way.

In the ten days since that great rocket exploded, I've tried to analyze the reasons for my reaction of pleasure that the Air Force had failed in this long-planned, painstaking, probably incredibly expensive project.

Was it a mere envious fear that somebody else would do something I couldn't? That didn't seem likely; because I'm not a scientist, and so would never attempt anything of the kind. Besides, I had had a quite different reaction when the Nautilus crossed the Arctic Sea under the ice.

Was it resentment that the world is moving too fast for me to keep up? Again the answer seemed, no; because I was thrilled by the Nautilus' exploit.

Was it a sort of superstitious feeling we were meddling in places we didn't belong? To that question, I found myself answering, "maybe". But that alone wasn't the full explanation, I was sure.

Was it the feeling that one satellite might be all right, but

one was enough; that the thing was being "run into the ground"? That, I thought, undoubtedly was part of it.

Was it the conviction that we'd better learn to make a reasonably successful job of running our own earth before we tried to take over others? That was getting close, I thought; because I have that conviction.

Was it the suspicion that all this talk of "gaining new scientific knowledge" is a hypocritical screen to cover up the real motive — some sort of military installation on or near the moon? That suspicion is present in my mind, and that undoubtedly is part of the explanation.

I think it may have been all of those put together, plus one other:

Hiding behind the name of science, the American military is doing a lot of things of this nature that I am far from sure are either necessary or desirable. (As satellite after satellite and rocket after rocket has been fired, the

military men sometimes have reminded me of excited little boys playing with firecrackers — in the hay-filled barn loft.) They are changing the world we live in — probably changing the universe we live in; and it is entirely possible the change will be for the worse.

But they are doing it with my tax dollars!

That is, I'm paying for something I doubt very much if I want; often I'm not even told what I'm going to get until I get it. And I'm told then only if somebody doesn't think it needs to be "classified".

Maybe I am old-fashioned. Maybe I am out of tune. Maybe I ought to be ashamed.

But I'm not.

And however reprehensible that may be, at least I can claim one virtue: This piece is an effort to be completely honest.

I wonder how many other people feel as I do.

## There Are Weird Goings On Taking Place In U. S. A.

MORGANTON NEWS-HERALD

H-bomb and A-bomb tests are getting blamed for just about everything, and that may be the cause of the weird goings on of late.

For instance: Research on a craphooter who puts a mental whammy on the dice to make 'em seven and eleven has won a pair of British scientists an award.

They picked up a thousand-buck research grant in parapsychology (mind over matter) from Duke.

That's like making Little Joe the hard way — two deuces.

Some of the part-time citizens of Washington have been screaming about the need for more and better scientific education. Seems they think the Russians have all the odds.

Then, the other day, a 12-year-old New York boy sent in a detailed plan for shooting a man into space for two weeks and bringing him back alive.

Scientists say it "has all the elements of a workable plan."

Who's ahead of whom?

And out Missouri way, a bunch of folks who believe in spacecraft were having a convention. They claim they sighted a mysterious white-orange flying object dipping through the Ozarks.

Oklahoman who sighted this "spaceship" said it was a good thing they had witnesses along. "Otherwise, people might not believe us."

Seven come eleven for One G — why not?

On the industrial side, a corset maker complains that women aren't buying new ones like they ought to. But he says a drive to get teenagers into bras and girdles earlier:

"Is paying off in fatter sales."

Chubby little rascals.

On the human side:

The Mi-wuk Indian tongue is dead. Last man who spoke it was the hereditary chief of the tribe.

And he was the son of a white settler and a Mi-wuk chieftian's daughter.

But all is not lost. He recorded the now-extinct language for Columbia University. His father was a 49er who found running a toll road more profitable than digging gold.

There was 71-year-old Eddie Murphy, nabbed for going to a baseball game without his boxing gloves on. Seems he's a pick-pocket who loves baseball. Police said he could go if he wore the big gloves.

But Eddie had 'em off when the cops showed up. His reason: "When I wear boxing gloves, I can't eat popcorn."

Logical.

Fellow who invented the game "Monopoly" and netted a few million has retired and says he's spending his life "enjoying the companionship of my wife and family."

Headline over the story read: "Enjoy Your Wife — It's Later Than You Think."

Chicago writer says sack dresses are fine "for expectant mothers and shoplifters."

A Columbia University professor's research shows that American women prefer moderate men. The gals describe a "moderate" man as college-educated, a professional worker and about 43 years old.

From the mail: Research has established that Abigail Adams, wife of President John, had a practical use for the great East Room of the White House.

On rainy Mondays she often stretched a clothes line in the big room to hang up her washing.

All of which just goes to show you the way things are going these days.

Dorothy Thompson took a look at the state of affairs and summed it up thusly:

"Ours is the age of 'adjustment' and 'togetherness' — and to hell with it!"

Add "squirrelly" to that, Dorothy, and we agree.

## SCARED? THEN JUST REMEMBER THIS

A little yellow dog will chase anything that runs. It is something to remember when people have you scared. —Buffalo News.

## HORSEPOWER FOR PLANES, WOMEN

Forty years ago it took about 100 horsepower to keep a combat plane in the air. Today it takes 250 horsepower to carry a 115-pound female to the corner grocery. —Chapel Hill Weekly.

## UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

The only feller that's plumb ignorant is the one that thinks he ain't.

When a man says I will at the altar, he ain't got no idea how much territory he's takin' in.

Maybe procrastination's not as bad as it's made out to be. At least, the feller that procrastinates never gets around to doin' the things he oughtn't to do.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1893)

Spectacles for all eyes at the Drug Store.—Adv. R. H. Jarrett and Sons purchased, last week, of "Snipe" Mc-Loud, the old "Labyrinthian Entanglement" on the south side of the public square and are engaged in unwinding its giddy mazes, preparatory to converting it into a livery stable.

Mr. R. T. Sisk has returned from Cashiers and opened up his shop in the Love office.

25 YEARS AGO (1893)

The Franklin and Highlands consolidated schools will open for the eight-months state-supported session next Monday morning. Rural schools of the county have already opened.

Mrs. Moses Blumenthal and two daughters, Dorothy and Marjorie, returned to their home here last Sunday, after spending several days in Atlanta, visiting relatives and friends.

An N. R. A. meeting, at which plans will be discussed for spreading the wings of the Blue Eagle all over Macon County, will be held Tuesday.

10 YEARS AGO

Judge George B. Patton, presiding over his first term of superior court in his home county, was presented with two gifts at the opening of the August term of court here Monday.

Three businesses here changed hands this week. Lawrence Linder bought Dryman Feed and Grocery from Prelo Dryman; Mr. Dryman purchased from Kenneth Bryant the H. and B. restaurant; and Rafe Teague bought the Franklin Service Station from Erwin Patton.