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DAVID H. SUTTON Commercial Printer

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The Court Says 'Now!'

Some three months ago a U. S. district court granted the Little Rock school board a 2 1/2-year desegregation delay. Reversing that, the Supreme Court last week said there should be no delay whatever.

In so ruling, the Supreme Court said, in effect: "Integrate now. What the results may be, whether violence or inflamed race relations or closed schools or general deterioration in public school education—what the results may be is not our concern. Our responsibility is to say what the law is. And this is it."

That is in marked contrast to what the Court said on the same subject just three years ago. In its 1955 implementing decree, it was careful to point out that the decision holding segregation unconstitutional was not to become effective, as is the rule with court interpretations, instantly and universally, and everywhere at the same time. Instead, account was to be taken of "solution of varied local school problems". The aim was to be "effective gradual adjustment". For this, said the court, was a case in equity; and "traditionally, equity has been characterized by a practical flexibility" and by "facility for adjusting and reconciling public and private needs".

It said there should be "all deliberate speed". It said desegregation was to be brought about "as soon as practicable". And, assuming there was "good faith", it said "once (such) a start has been made, the (lower) courts may find additional time is necessary to carry out the ruling in an effective manner".

The mere reading of those phrases, against the background of what has happened at Little Rock, makes this latest ruling of the Court seem strange indeed.

For there seems abundant evidence of "good faith" on the part of the Little Rock school board. "Such a start has been made" at Little Rock. And a district court, with the advantage of "proximity of local conditions", has found "additional time is necessary".

But the Supreme Court says "now!"

Where, in this latest ruling, is the "practical flexibility" the court ordered in 1955? Where the "facility for adjusting and reconciling public and private needs"?

The Court that in 1954-55 reversed a half century-old interpretation of the Constitution now seems to have reversed its own of only three years ago.

Needed: One Box

Franklin needs a "courtesy mail box" for motorists—a place where a motorist can drive up, drop in his letter by reaching through his car window, and then drive on.

Under present conditions, a man in an automobile cannot mail a letter until he has first solved the problem of where to park; and that may mean driving one, two, or three blocks, and then walking back to the post office.

This small thing, proved so satisfactory in most other towns, would have a number of beneficial effects:

It would create good will among visitors, who find the difficult parking situation complicated by their unfamiliarity with our one-way streets.

It would be convenient for year-around residents.

It would lessen the acute parking problem around the post office.

And, since many persons come to town for the sole purpose of mailing a letter, it would tend to ease the parking situation generally; if a courtesy mail box were available, these persons wouldn't park at all, thus leaving the space they now must occupy for another automobile.

The saddest thing about a woman with a mind of her own is her husband.—Campbellsville (Ky.) News.

"But We're Not Mad At Anybody"



What Negroes Chiefly Want

(Raleigh News and Observer)

School openings in Charlotte, Greensboro and Winston-Salem, with a few Negroes attending predominantly white schools, demonstrated that North Carolinians of both races are determined not to have the kind of violence which has marked school openings at Little Rock and elsewhere.

There were no important incidents in any of the cities, with the only organized protest coming from the repudiated Ku Klux Klan at Greensboro.

Another incident at Greensboro was more significant, however, because it showed clearly the attitude of many Negroes. Two Negro students, a brother and sister, who attended a previously all-white school last year and made satisfactory grades, voluntarily asked at the last minute to be re-assigned to the all-Negro school they had attended prior to last year. Only last week these same children had requested assignment again to the predominantly white school and, had their request been denied, presumably would have appealed to the courts.

Once their right to continue at the predominantly white school was established, the children and their parents began thinking in terms of their own preference and convenience.

North Carolina Negroes, in general, have made it clear that what most of them chiefly want is recognition of their right to attend schools on an equal basis with white children. There have been comparatively few applications by Negro children to attend white schools since the Supreme Court of the United States ruled that they had a right to do so in 1954. Similarly, there have been few applications by Negroes to enter the University of North Carolina, although the right of graduate students to do so was established before the 1954 ruling and was extended to under-graduates shortly thereafter.

There is no question but that in large measure voluntary segregation will continue in North Carolina for a long time—if a truly voluntary choice is permitted. There is equally no question about the fact that, whatever white people may think, North Carolina Negroes believe that the 1954 Supreme Court ruling is the law of the land and many of them will resort to the courts, if necessary, to obtain compliance with that ruling. Most of them, however, would prefer to stay out of the courts.

Stolen But Cute

(Herbert Breeze in Richmond County Journal)

This is stolen, but it's a cute little joke. There are all too few really funny clean jokes. This, I think, is one. It concerns a booby. You know what one is, don't you? No? Why, it's a small gnat that flies behind a bee and says, "boo bee."

Letters

First Looks And Last

Editor, The Press:

I had the good fortune of being in Franklin Saturday afternoon, August 30, when the bicycles were given away on the Square. After the drawing, the stubs were thrown on the street instead of being put in trash cans.

Can you imagine how a demonstration like this would look to a person visiting our town for the first time? Sloppy! Insanitary! Uncivilized.

First looks such as this could very well be last looks! A/3c FRED STILES

Little Rock AFB, Jacksonville, Ark.

Enjoyed View Of Franklin

Dear Weimar:

I do enjoy your editorials.

And it was nice seeing the bird's-eye view of many-sided Little Franklin in The Press of September 4. The town has gone through a lot of changes in the past fifty years.

I recognized the telephone building on the S. L. Rogers old home place. Is the Johnston Building just west of it? I also could place the jail and Alf Higdon's building on the Square and "Dixie Hall", just west of the courthouse. The S. A. Munday buildings look like the pines are still there. The Ashear Building, Scott Griffin Hotel structure, and Bank appear in the picture as though they are on speaking terms.

The Trotter corner (where S. & L. store is now) doesn't look like it did when "Uncle" Green Trotter had his store in the old wooden building there. The J. R. Pendergrass building seems to be in the same spot, but I can't place the two-story building on the right (extreme west); I know Kelly's Tea Room is close by.

Downstreet, I can find Angel's Drug Store on the corner,

then the old Jarrett Hotel building. I believe in the far east I have the bridge over the Little Tennessee River spotted. Am I right?

My plans now are to be in Franklin, my old home town, next summer.

CLIFFORD N. HARRISON

Fort Worth, Texas.

Detroit's Story — And Franklin's

Florida's winter warmth is calling. Our wheels are beginning to roll southward and with them go the thoughts of our sojourn in your community. We have felt the warmth of your welcome as we came in, we are filled with the beauty of this country. We have helped to jam your traffic and, God willing, next year we will add to the confusion. Many of us have taken pictures of the many interesting subjects around us. Through this medium and our letters, we carry the story of Franklin across the land.

But the real reason for this letter stems from the recent editorials published in your fine paper. You, Mr. Jones, and others are striving to plan for a larger and better Franklin. With an ever-growing interest in this community, I submit the following in the hope that the pattern of growth of large cities may help your planning for the future.

This writer came from Detroit, where for more than fifty years he had active participation in the changes that took place. A short recount of those changes will show what has been the trend in all large cities. Avoidance of that trend should be your ultimate goal.

I go back to the days when Detroit was known as the "City Beautiful", on to "Detroit the Dynamic", then the "Arsenal of Democracy" to the present "City with a Future".

The "City Beautiful" was well named. Great shade trees lined our streets. Lovely lawns spread back to the gracious homes of our prominent citizens. Other residential areas carried the same air of peace and contentment. Horses and carriages leisurely found their way over the cobblestone streets. Trolley cars and bicycles had their place. Ornamental fountains played their streams of water in the shaded public parks. On a Sunday, a street car ride around the city or a boat ride on the river was a satisfying experience.

Then Progress stepped in. What happened? The "City Dynamic" was born. Automobiles became common. Henry Ford started mass production through the conveyor line. The \$500 auto was easy to acquire. Ford announced the \$5 work day. Thousands of workmen poured into Detroit. All business boomed. Streets became too narrow. "Wide Woodward Avenue" had to become wider Woodward. In the process, store fronts were changed, trees were uprooted, the previously gracious homes became apartment houses, others became rooming houses, and lawns disappeared. Progress became retrogression in so far as civic beauty was involved.

The second World War came on. Industry turned to munitions. Detroit became the "Arsenal of Democracy". Army tanks, trucks, guns, planes, jeeps, foods, clothing left by car loads. The world poured its people into the city; all nationalities, all classes. Detroit forgot beauty in the mad rush. More and more housing was needed. Tenants in many homes doubled and tripled. Slums developed in many areas.

The war ended. Money was plentiful. The auto industry came into its own. Detroit continued to grow. Slums became worse. New housing mushroomed with little regard to ultimate results.

Finally a planning commission went to work. Slum clearance became a necessity. New street numbering was incorporated, building zones became a law, building codes were enforced, high speed cross-town highways were planned and started. It became necessary to uproot thousands of families, tear down hundreds of buildings, and finally destroy most of the original "Detroit the Beautiful".

Today a new city is rising. Splendid modern apartment houses are replacing the slums. Modern auditoriums, museums, art centers, and educational buildings are taking the place of old eyesores. Shopping centers in outlying areas are steadily replacing the big department stores. A new civic center is rising on the river front to replace the old warehouses and factories of years ago.

That is the story of one city. What will happen to Franklin when Highways 441, and 64 become four-lane arteries?

Now I express two ideas for you to toy with: (a) Promote tourist interest by preserving and restoring Main Street from the post office to Kelly's Tea room. Make this section look as it was 100 years ago. Covered wagons, bicycles, old carriages lined along the curbs would add to the interest of gowns, farm equipment and business methods displayed in the stores.

If Williamsburg and Jamestown can draw tourists, so can Franklin.

(b) Would it not be possible to pool the resources of Franklin to build parking areas? Could a civic holiday be planned during which all of the road building machines in-town would gather on Palmer Street, there to grade the vacant property and build ramps to the back doors of Main Street stores?

I am reminded immediately adjacent to Detroit is another town named Franklin. It is known as "The Town Time Forgot".

There you have it!

Pinehill Trailer Court, Franklin.

ALLAN W. EDMISTON

STRICTLY PERSONAL By WEIMAR JONES

"Every time a movie or television script writer wishes to denote simple-mindedness or ignorance in a character, he endows this character with a Southern dialect", comments John Brock, editor of the Cleveland Times, down at Shelby.

"Consequently", continues Mr. Brock, "the rest of the nation has rapidly developed the opinion that Southerners are nothing but a group of fugitives from 'lo-bacco road', and so 'Yankees' are surprised upon visiting the South to find that we have inside toilets and can read and write."

John Brock doesn't know how right he is, there; because I am sure he hasn't personally experienced that "Yankee" ignorance. On that particular score, as I did sometime ago.

It was a week end when Franklin was packed with tourists. Rooms were at a premium. And a friend, wishing to oblige a tired visitor seeking accommodations, suggested "maybe Mr. and Mrs. Weimar Jones would let you have a room. It's a very nice house; it isn't commodious, though."

"Not commodious? You mean they don't have water works?"

There is no accounting for tastes; and surely there is no predicting opinions.

In this space some weeks ago, I was low-rating statistics, remarking that they are tricky things, which had best be taken with a whole hand-full of salt. I pointed out that they can be misleading not only if the information is not carefully collected, but, even more, if it is not accurately and intelligently interpreted.

Then I cited what seemed to me sure-fire proof:

"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. Not 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."

That bit of nonsense was quoted with approval by The Southern Pines Pilot, whose editor seems as suspicious of statistics as I am.

But everybody doesn't agree. For The Pilot's comment provoked a letter from Mr. J. G. Taylor, of Southern Pines. The 80 pairs of legs don't average up to 100 straight legs at all, he says; instead, they spell the name of a beast of burden, the ox.

Here's his minority report on this grave matter:

"Weimar Jones is altogether right in allowing that figures are tricky things. However he used an unfortunate example when he tries to average bowlegs and knock-kneed legs. You cannot average them any more than you can average baseball bats and Number 9 irons, because they are unlike objects. The bats and irons are athletic equipment and the legs are perambulating equipment."

"In the old, really old days of vaudeville, the comedian told the audience that when you placed a bowlegged girl by a knock-kneed girl their legs would spell OX, same as on our Southern Pines telephone dials. So when Weimar Jones lines up his 40 bow-legged women with his 40 knock-kneed women, he wouldn't be striking any average at all. According to the tried and true old vaudeville formula he would have 40 sets of legs spelling OX."

The reopening of the schools recalls a school story of the period when running water and bathtubs were unknown in Franklin.

Two or three days after school got under way, the teacher gave little Johnny a note to take home to his mother. It suggested diplomatically that Johnny needed a bath.

Nothing happened. After a few days, she sent a

more pointed request that Johnny ought to have a bath.

Still nothing happened. So, throwing diplomacy to the winds, she wrote that "Johnny needs a bath — he smells bad".

To which the mother sent back this verbal reply:

"You tell that old maid school teacher she don't know what men are supposed to smell like."

REMEMBER WHEN —

The only time coffee was ever served was at breakfast — and one cup, at that?

Most men got shaved at the barber shop, and so, as a rule, made the Saturday shave do till the next Saturday?

Tourists were called "summer visitors" — and usually were just that, since most of them were un-paying guests?

The man, in town as well as in the country, who didn't have corn in the crib, wheat in the granary, and meat in the smokehouse was considered "trifling", and sure to come to no good end?

Men's shoes that didn't come well above the ankles were referred to, contemptuously, as "slippers"? and then, when they did achieve acceptance, were called "low-quarters"?

High school students studied at night till they could no longer stay awake, and then set the alarm clock for 6 or 5 or 4 o'clock, so they could finish their homework before breakfast the next morning?

UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

I guess there ain't nothin' as much berrid, as much read, as much cussed, and as little paid for, as a weekly newspaper.

Seems like talkin' and thinkin' can't get together. For the man that talks the most usually thinks the least, and the man that thinks the most generally don't say nothin' hardly.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1893)

Miss Bertha Gaston left for Asheville Female College last Monday.

The man with the sulky, that you can attach to any plow, harrow, cultivator, hoe, or any other farm tool, is abroad in the land and our farmers will now make corn without work. (A sulky is a device that enables the operator to ride while plowing, etc.—Editor.)

The frame of Mr. F. S. Johnston's house is up, and the siding and shingles are being put on.

We learn that there are four or five farmers on Coweta Creek that have fine crops of tobacco.

25 YEARS AGO (1932)

Permanent quarters are expected to be built at Civilian Conservation Camp No. 9 on the outskirts of Franklin and perhaps also at three other C. C. camps in the county. Local labor is to be used as far as possible.

The Young People's Democratic Club, at a meeting at the Holly Springs school Saturday night, elected the following officers: Mary Berry, chairman; Walter Taylor, vice-chairman; and Elinor Dalton, secretary and treasurer.

10 YEARS AGO

Mrs. C. N. Dowdle, first vice-president, was automatically elevated to the presidency of the Franklin Parent-Teacher Association at Monday night's meeting.

Miss Laura M. Jones has been chosen 1948 chairman of the Macon County branch of the N. C. Symphony Society.

Science For You

By BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: Why does a mirror reverse the image but not invert it?

NEEDED: One mirror.

HERE'S WHY: The mirror does not actually reverse anything. Stand in front of it. What is on your left is on your left in the mirror. And if you are not standing on your head, your head will be up in the mirror, too.

We judge the position of the parts of an image in the light of our experience with objects rather than images. We see the image in reverse as though it were an object. The left side of the object is still on the left, but we interpret it in reverse as compared to the real object. Copr. '58 Gen'l Features Corp. TM-World Rights Rsvd.