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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1958

## Prosperity On Credit

Herbert Hoover announced recently that the pension, given him as a former President of the United States, will be devoted to charitable purposes.

Mr. Hoover commented that he owes a great debt to his country. Then he added, by way of explanation, that when he was a young man, the U. S. income tax was hardly more than nominal; and so he had been able to acquire a financial competence.

By indirection, what the former President said was that, in today's world, with today's tax levies, it is not possible for an individual to acquire a financial competence.

Such a situation is not in keeping with American tradition; more important, it is hardly healthy. But what can be done about it?

Well, it may never again be the rule that anybody can accumulate at least moderate wealth. But something can be done to keep the situation from getting worse—and it is getting worse.

First of all, the people can demand of their government that it levy sufficient taxes, especially in times of prosperity such as this one, at least to balance the national budget—this year we're operating how many billions in the red? Second, they can insist that most taxes be direct, so that the citizen knows he is paying them.

If the government is spending too much, is wasting too much, but is doing it on credit, the average citizen is going to be hardly aware of it. But if the citizen is financing his government on a pay-as-you-go basis, and is paying direct, rather than hidden, taxes, he's going to start scrutinizing expenditures—start demanding to know why we spend so much and what it goes for. That way the man in the street can—and maybe he will—control expenditures.

## So That's Why!

Vanilla, the pure, natural vanilla today's older people enjoyed when they were children, has been slowly pushed aside by eager American laboratory technicians, reports a news story.

True vanilla is the fruit of an orchid, and comes from such far-off, romantic places as Madagascar and Tahiti. What we're being fed today is a substitute product called vanillin. At first, a little vanillin was mixed with vanilla; now a little vanilla is mixed with vanillin.

Vanillin, the story explains, is made out of the by-products of coal tar and wood pulp.

So that's why chocolate has become so popular!

## New Teacher Plan

Most states, including North Carolina, have set up elaborate teacher certification programs. The aim is to make sure incompetent people are kept out of the teaching profession.

Out in Wisconsin, a plan has been proposed that takes the reverse approach to the problem; it seeks "to make sure that in Wisconsin no person who knows enough to teach and who can teach does not get certified".

In most states, a certain number of college hours of education—that is, courses in how to teach—are a basic requirement for certification. Under the Wisconsin plan, any person with a college degree could qualify for a teaching certificate by passing a series of examinations.

The program, proposed by the School of Education of the University of Wisconsin, has a three-fold objective: to permit liberal arts undergrad-

## "My Brother! Where've You Been Keeping Yourself?"



uates who expect to teach to concentrate on their major field; to encourage persons who have been out of college for some years, particularly housewives, to enter teaching without having to make up credits in education; and to ease the way for teachers from other states where certification requirements are different from those of Wisconsin.

It should be said that it is well worth-while for a teacher to be trained in teaching methods; the trouble seems to have been that knowing how to teach has been over-emphasized at the expense of knowing something to teach.

It might logically be asked why, if a person can pass the examinations, even a college degree should be required; but the Wisconsin plan appears to be a big step toward putting these two things in their proper relationship.

It would seem to have the added advantage, in a day when we are hearing more and more about teacher shortages, of making it easier for qualified persons to get into teaching.

## 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.)

### They'll Tell You

(Campbellsville, Ky., News)

People who are just too busy to have done a 30-minute job will gladly spend an hour telling you how busy they were.

### Old American Idea

(Buffalo News)

Still, the idea of getting something for nothing isn't new. That's what discovered and settled our country.

### Untrue Cliche

(Suffolk County, N. Y., News)

Too many Americans have accepted the cliche that the hungry masses of the world are demanding economic betterment, and that if they do not get this quickly from the United States they will line up with the Soviet bloc. This is a crude simplification of the notion of "belly communism."

The fact is that in a number of the under-industrialized new nations the appeal of communism is stronger among the educated and the half-educated than it is among the masses. The Egyptian fellahin probably don't know who Karl Marx was, for example, and some of them probably don't know Khrushchev from the Prophet Moses.

The educated and semi-educated are the sponsors of communism in the under-industrialized world. And many of them are looking toward Moscow rather than the West for reasons of personal power, and because of irrational attitudes. The future stability of the world demands the effort to develop the

VIA STATION WAGON

## Mobile Laboratory Enables Small Schools To Teach Science

Ellis County (Okla.) Capital

Eighteen western Oklahoma high schools will offer chemistry for the first time this fall, thanks to Oklahoma State University's unique mobile laboratory which goes into operation for the second year.

The lab, a station wagon laden with chemicals and equipment and driven by chemistry teacher Denman Evans, is the only one of its type in the country. It serviced 18 high schools in the Ardmore area last year.

Dr. Robert C. Fite, OSU's director of arts and sciences extension, who administers the program each year, said the travelling lab will enable about 230 high school students to take chemistry for the first time.

The lab will visit two schools a day, making the complete circuit every two weeks. A teacher

under-industrialized countries, but this effort is not the sole answer to communism.

It is not merely privation which turns men to communism. Many men with full bellies are for Moscow. We need to stop

believing in cliches, lest we go down to defeat in bewilderment and ignorance, not ever knowing why we lost.

## He Can't Win

(Baltimore Sun)

Henry is a stubborn man. Else he would realize the utter futility of beginning each monthly check-writing session with blast against his wife's extravagance. He can't win! Take the time he accused his wife of buying new furs just to show off in church. What did she reply?

"Henry, dear," she sweetly retorted, "you are dead wrong—as usual. I bought them just to show everybody what a sweet, generous husband I have!"

Again, he said, "Laura, we simply must economize. If I died, where would you be?" To which she cracked, "I'd be right here. The question is, where would you be?"

Still stubbornly persisting, he dourly observed on another occasion, "If I had known you were so extravagant I would never have married you." To which she coolly retorted, "If I hadn't been, father would never have let you."

You would think that all this would have taught Henry to keep his big, fat mouth shut. But no! The very next month he cracked, "Your extravagance is unbearable. When I die you'll probably have to beg."

Without dropping a stitch in her knitting, Laura demolished him with, "Well, I should be better off than some poor women who have never had any practice."

## The Plowman Homeward

(Raleigh News and Observer)

In little towns, a few people still make fall vegetable gardens. Turnips and turnip greens are being sowed. Onions and cabbage will follow shortly. Some gardens are broken by tractor-ploughs, but most of the folks who are real land-lovers are old-fashioned enough to hire a horse-plough. And so, in the brightness of the morning, when sun beams are speckled trout in blue cloud lakes, you see the old colored man riding behind his horses, the plough in the wagon bed. The old horse pulls the shakily wagon at a fancy clip when day has just struck with the force of a giant clock.

At work, the old man and the horse are a study to entrance a painter of pastorals. The horse-plough, just a few yards from the busy streets, is simultaneously humorous and poignant in this age of the atom. The studied slowness is incongruous below the streamer of white, the tea kettle steam, the unseen jet plane leaves as a calling card. And this operation will produce nothing durable, you want to argue. You can buy greens at the corner store. And turnips, you seem to recall, had their great inning back when stolen by ravenous Confederate soldiers. But the land is durable, and the plough is still the symbol. The old colored man, the official town land breaker, considering his age and the horse's, might do better at the welfare office window. And yet, he ploughs as his father did.

The sociologist decries so shameful a lack of progress. But a plough in the smug shank of 1958 seems somehow disarming and sustaining. When late afternoon is besmirched with gray hair and dark wrinkles, the plough goes back in the wagon. No evening bell tolls the suspension of primitive toil. Along the darkening edges of the lawns, the children turn from Superman and ask in unadorned curiosity what old fairy put this wagon and horse in the middle of Magnolia Street. Are not horses just in TV, wagons in kindling piles, and ploughs making ferric acid?

## STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Back in the days when most travel was by rail, the President of the United States, on the rare occasions when he left Washington, usually went by special train. And many rich men, especially railroad notables, had their own private railway cars.

As a youngster, I thought that must be wonderful; but it never occurred to me I'd ever experience it.

Well, you never can tell — as I discovered on a trip to middle North Carolina last week. For I did have my own private car on the return, from Raleigh to Asheville — I was the only passenger on that Pullman.

(I'm glad to say that's unusual: I was encouraged when the conductor told me business on his line had been good recently. Good news about the railroads always is encouraging to me, because I love rail travel, and I don't want to see the passenger trains disappear.)

Well, I guess it's just as well I never became either President or rich, because I didn't like that "solitary glory"; I got lonesome. Besides, one of the interesting things about a trip is talking to strangers.

With nobody else to talk to, I started conversations with the Pullman porter and the conductor, and found both interesting.

The porter, thanks to many years as janitor of an Asheville office building and more years on the Pullman, knows most of the

people I know in Asheville, and we enjoyed talking about these mutual acquaintances.

And when I learned the conductor lives in Norfolk, I was all ears.

After a few preliminary remarks, I asked him about the school situation in his home city.

"People are right badly up in the air", he said; "they are disturbed and confused."

"But what would they do, if it were left to a vote?" I asked.

"Would they reopen their schools on an integrated basis, or vote to keep 'em closed'?"

"I think there's no doubt about that", he replied. "They don't like their schools closed; they'd like to see 'em open. But the majority would vote to keep 'em closed, rather than integrate."

There was a moment's silence; then he added:

"Virginians feel like they're being dictated to about something that is their affair. And they feel if they don't fight on this, there's no telling what law the Supreme Court may make next."

Then came this interesting comment:

"One of these days we'll solve this situation. And when we do find the solution, it will be so simple, we'll wonder why we hadn't thought of it long before. Most solutions, you know, are simple."

Everywhere I went, I found the problem popping up.

In Chapel Hill, a liberal professor told me, frowning, that student sentiment seemed to be changing.

"A few years ago, nearly all the students favored integration. Today I find a lot of them bitterly oppose it". He added that his observation was based on his own classes; but he evidently felt the change was campus-wide.

And in Raleigh, the issue of states' rights came up at the most unexpected place and in the most unexpected circumstances. It was a meeting, attended by people from all over the state, to plan for the observance of the cen-

## U. S. PARENTS HAVE ABDICATED

The editor of The Frontier, O'Neill, Neb., thinks tough and unruly children are victims, not predators.

"It is the children that are suffering from the overorganization of their parents."

He mentions a survey that showed only one father in 10 has a definite relationship with sons in activities such as fishing, hunting, hiking and similar interests.

The fathers if questioned would probably plead lack of time. They have no time for their families because their jobs, business, profession, committees, lodges, clubs and other outside interests exhaust their time and energies. Probably some children would also add a protest against absentee mothers.

But we think the trouble goes deeper. Children in modern homes don't have enough to do around the house to keep them feeling interested and responsible. In town houses chores are few. Electricity, invention and gadgets have taken away the odd and small but necessary jobs that once made children feel themselves a part of the family.

And even when a few chores exist, parents are afraid to interfere with their children's social and cultural life, and do the work themselves, getting up early each morning while junior sleeps till the ultimate hour in order to recover from social exhaustion.

Adolescents without enough to do get bored and forsake the home lot for their diversion. Hence the supremacy of the mid-night automobile, the honkytonk, the futuristic nightclub and the rubber check. From that point on, premature cynicism leads to defiance of all adults and trouble with the police. Parents have abdicated. Does that account for some of the wildness of American life?

—Chapel Hill News Leader

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1893)

The editor is off on a trip to the World's Fair. Lee Crawford and F. S. Johnston are holding down The Press in his absence.

Mrs. Elizabeth Allman has been right unwell for a week or so.

The work of grading the streets and laying the curbing for the new side walks is in full blast. Pat McGuire is raising a terrible smell in town smearing the curbing timbers with coal-tar.

25 YEARS AGO (1893)

County allotments of pork for relief of needy families throughout North Carolina were announced Saturday at Raleigh. The amount allotted to this county is 4,482 pounds.

Mrs. M. C. Bradshaw, of Route 2, brought to The Press-Maconian office what she called a "mad stone". She said it works miracles in the treatment of persons bitten by poisonous snakes or mad dogs.

10 YEARS AGO

Plans have been completed for two organized deer hunts to be held in the Nantahala National Forest this fall. This is the first time in several years there has been an open season for deer in this county.

C. E. Barber of Mableton, Ga., here last Sunday, recalled that 40 years ago he sold a White Steamer to Mr. Bob Porter and that he was told at the time that it was Macon's first auto.

ennial of the Civil War.

The chairman explained at the outset that it is to be a national observance, and that the purpose is "not to fight the Civil War all over again", but to honor the heroism of the people of both sides in that great conflict. But before the meeting was over, there was a minor Civil War right there.

It was precipitated by Paul Green, noted author of historical dramas.

A resolution had been introduced, asking the General Assembly to appropriate money for the centennial observance.

Mr. Green demanded that the resolution place the group on record as saying the war had proved a blessing, in that it unified the nation, and that states' rights became a dead issue in 1865; then he proceeded to pay rather fiery disrespect to Governors Faubus and Almond.

Immediately, the sparks began to fly.

It was moved and seconded that the resolution be adopted, unchanged. Mrs. R. O. Everett, of Durham, long prominent in the Democratic party and former state president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, said the Civil War may have settled the issue of secession, but that it didn't abolish states' rights. Half a dozen others sprang to their feet and spoke feelingly.

When it came to a vote, the Green anti-states' rights suggestion won by a count of 15 to 14.

The final ironic twist came after the meeting had adjourned.

As I walked down the street with a former Mid-Westerner, now living in North Carolina, he seemed puzzled.

"I can't understand Southerners' not standing up for states' rights", he said. "Out in our country, we think that issue is important, and we're battling for it."

Through the mail comes a lot of junk. But I've found it's best to open it; for you never know what it may contain.

I got a little mimeographed publication the other day, for instance, that had nothing in it of any value to me — nothing, that is, but the little verses below. I like them. But I'd never have seen them if I hadn't opened that piece of mail.

The author is unknown:

Wouldn't this old world be better, If the folks we meet would say: "I know something good about you."

And then treat us just that way!

Wouldn't it be fine and dandy, If each hand-clasp warm and true,

Carried with it this assurance: "I know something good about you!"

Wouldn't things here be more pleasant

If the good that's in us all Were the only thing about us That folks bothered to recall!

Wouldn't life be lots more happy If we'd praise the good we see, For there's such a lot of goodness In the worse of you and me!

Wouldn't it be nice to practice This fine way of thinking, too— "You know something good about me."

I know something good about you!"

## UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

Ein' told the truth is like havin' a tooth pulled — it shore hurts, but, after while, it heps.

There's a lot of the old say-in's you have to take with a grain of salt. There's that un-frinstance, that says "tomorrow never comes". Well, all I got to say is, I ain't never been able to convince the bank, when a note was due, that tomorrow ain't come yit.