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OCTOBER 22, 1953

Worse Than The Disease

In recent months one after another, in a long string of witnesses appearing before Congressional committees, has refused to testify "because the answer might tend to incriminate me".

It is so obvious a technicality that many persons have become disgusted with the procedure, and it is only natural that the administration should have moved to meet the situation.

There is a serious question, however, as to whether the remedy may be worse than the disease.

The administration has taken one step and proposes another. In the first, agency heads have been given authority to fire federal employes who cite the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution as grounds for refusing to give evidence. The second proposed step is for Congress to give the President authority to grant witnesses immunity from prosecution, and thus, by taking away their legal excuse, force them to testify.

The first action seems sound in theory; for surely any agency head should have authority to discharge a subordinate for such a cause.

But the proposal to give the President authority to grant immunity is questionable, in both theory and practice. It sounds much more like a Communist than a democratic method.

To both moves, it seems to us, there is this very serious objection: They are an effort to repeal the fundamental Constitution guarantee that "no man shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself"; and to repeal that provision by an illegal means. For the Constitution clearly sets forth the methods by which that document may be changed, and neither the President nor Congress (nor both) has the authority to alter this fundamental law.

The Bank And The Future

Hardly had the Bank of Franklin entered on its second half-century when ownership of the controlling interest changed hands.

During its first half-century, the bank was both a profitable enterprise for the owners of its stock and a useful community institution. It is to be hoped, under the recent changes, that both these desirable things continue, and even are accelerated.

It is to be hoped the bank continues to make money for its stockholders, because any business must make a profit if it is to stay in operation; furthermore, stockholders are entitled to a fair return on their investment.

But while a bank is a privately owned business, it is much more than that; like a newspaper, it also is a community service institution. For good or bad, the future of a bank and its community are closely tied together.

If the community grows, the bank will grow with it; if the community becomes a better place to live, the value of the bank's stock will be more stable. And of course the reverse is true.

On the other hand, if the bank has both faith in its community and a proper sense of its obligations, the community is almost sure to progress and develop. Contrariwise, a short-sighted, overly conservative bank policy can make the bank a positive community handicap.

A bank, it seems to us, has three obligations. Its first obligation is to make money for its stockholders. Its second and far greater obligation is to protect the money placed in the bank by depositors. Its third and greatest obligation is to its community—to use its great financial resources not only to aid community projects, but also to encourage new businesses.

Now It's Trieste

In the years following World War I, the world was kept in something of a turmoil by the dispute between Italy and Yugoslavia over the city of Fiume. Today a similar dispute rages between the

two nations, with Trieste, just 40 miles from Fiume, the point at issue.

What, you and I might ask, have we to do with either dispute?

A glance at the map is all that is necessary to suggest the answer: because only a short distance from these Adriatic port cities is Sarajevo. And it was at Sarajevo that World War I (of which World War 2 was simply a continuation) began. What happens at Trieste may spell the difference between American boys' staying at home, and living, or being buried on European battlefields.

Take a look, in your mind's eye, at the map of southern Europe. Remember how Italy stretches out, in a southeasterly direction into the Mediterranean Sea? Between the Italian boot and the mainland of Europe to the east lies the Adriatic sea. At the head of that sea is Trieste, with Fiume, the point at issue a generation ago, 40 miles to the southeast.

When the Roman emperor, Augustus, conquered Istria, he founded the city of Trieste. That was in the year 30 B. C. Trieste was independent from 948 to 1382, when it became a part of Austria, which it remained until it was given to Italy in 1919. For centuries, it was the chief trade outlet for all Central Europe.

At the end of World War 2, Yugoslavia tried to grab Trieste, but the great powers internationalized it, setting up the Free Territory of Trieste; the Security Council of the United Nations assumed responsibility for its government.

The territory involved is 320 square miles—about three-fourths the size of Macon County. The population, however, is approximately a quarter of a million.

The city itself is predominantly Italian, but with some Slovenes living in what is known as Zone A, which comprises the city and adjoining territory. Zone B, the remainder of the Free Territory, is predominantly Slovene.

Tito's Yugoslav troops have had control of the predominantly Slovene Zone B. American and British troops—about 7,000 of them—have been in control of the Italian Zone A.

What the British and Americans have proposed—the thing that has precipitated all the Yugoslav threats—is that they withdraw their troops for duty elsewhere, and that Italian troops take over in their stead.

To the American mind, the situation raises two questions:

1. Why is it necessary to have troops there? The answer would seem to be a twofold fear—fear that, without troops on hand, Italy or Yugoslavia may try to grab the other part of the Territory; and fear that the Russians may grab, or otherwise use, the entire Territory.

2. Why the fear, by both sides, of what the other may do to the minority populations? The Slovenes in Zone A will be mistreated, screams Tito, by the Italians, if they take over control of the city.

We heard that same fear cried in the days of the Fiume controversy, and it was Hitler's chorus, just before World War 2, when he talked of the Sudeten Germans in Czechoslovakia.

All that sounds strange to American ears. Because whoever heard of Italy or Yugoslavia or any other nation being afraid of how the United States might treat the minorities from their nations living in this country?

Strange as it may seem, it is worth remembering that there are, throughout the world today, great and growing fears. And that most wars start from fear.

Others' Opinions

'TIME' STUMBLES ON (Asheville Citizen-Times)

Time magazine, boasting a staff of almost 50 editorial researchers, in an article in the current issue on the appointment of Chief Justice Warren states that among others considered for the post was "John J. Parker of Virginia."

Could that be the same John J. Parker of Charlotte (North Carolina, that is), distinguished senior judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals and long-time "natural" for the highest court in the land?

O Time, O Mores, O What's the use!

WHERE'S THE FRONT PORCH ROCKER? (Smithfield Herald)

Do you remember those sturdy old wooden rocking chairs that sat on many a front porch when you were growing up?

In sunny autumn weather when chrysanthemums were blooming in the yard and smoke curled lazily from a pile of burning oak leaves, an old man could sit placidly in his rocker, hat pulled down over his eyes to keep out the sun's glare, and greet his friends as they passed along the sidewalk. In mild spring weather a housewife could flop down in the rocker be-

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat

BY-PRODUCTS

AMERICAN INVENTIVE GENIUS IS CONSTANTLY DISCOVERING NEW BY-PRODUCT USES FOR THE MATERIALS BOTH OF AGRICULTURE AND INDUSTRY. SUPPLEMENTING THE PRIMARY USES OF THESE RESOURCES, THE EVER-INCREASING NUMBER OF BY-PRODUCTS CONTRIBUTE SUBSTANTIALLY TO THE NATION'S PRODUCTIVE STRENGTH.



CORN



WALLBOARD



COAL



NYLON

AMERICAN FAMILY THRIFT ALSO HAS AN IMPORTANT BY-PRODUCT; ITS PRIMARY PURPOSE IS, OF COURSE, THE CREATION OF FINANCIAL SECURITY FOR THE FAMILY. THE BY-PRODUCT OF THIS THRIFT IS THAT THE FUNDS AMERICAN FAMILIES PUT ASIDE IN LIFE INSURANCE AND SAVINGS, BECOME AVAILABLE FOR INVESTMENT IN INDUSTRY AND AGRICULTURE—AND TO MEET THE NEEDS OF HOME OWNERS.

tween household chores of washing dishes and hanging out the clothes to chat with the teacher returning home from school or the next-door neighbor pattering in her flower beds. On Sunday afternoons all the rockers on the front porch would be full of uncles and aunts and cousins and neighbors discussing their maladies and their politics.

But how many people do you see today sitting in their front porch rockers and watching the world go by? Front porch rockers have almost disappeared because there is no longer anyone to sit in them. Father is watching the prize fights or a newscast on television. Mother has either gone to the bridge club or is busily preparing supper so she can go to the P.T.A. meeting that night. Children never paused long enough to sit in rockers anyway but now they are busily whipping their bicycles around corners or crouched in front of the t. v. set across the street watching the Howdy Doody program.

The rocking chairs are relegated to the attic or the garage or given to the cook to take home. If there's anything on the front porch at all it's a light-weight aluminum chair that never rocks. And for the most part, even the front porch has been discarded. Maybe there is a stoop where the postman can get out of the rain, but the real porch is now a screened porch at the back of the house, where the family can enjoy privacy and look out over their own garden.

There is something nostalgic and a little sad about the passing of the front porch rocker, for it was a symbol of leisure and of time to sit and talk, and of a friendly interest in every passerby along the street.

HISTORY REPEATS

Now, menacing as is the aspect of affairs in the East, we do not expect the peace to be broken . . . since it is the characteristic of Russian diplomacy to be as pliant as it is encroaching, and always to recede before a resolute front and an enterprise of doubtful and hazardous result. Russia never abandons a design, but is always ready to postpone it, if need be, to a more convenient season; she is as patient as she is pugnacious; and will never risk her plum by endeavoring to gather it before it is ripe. The question, therefore, whether she will now persist in her demands, will depend on the nature and degree of the resistance she may meet with. . . Both in the East and in the West, then, a case has arisen to test—prospectively at least—the fidelity of England and France to their several engagements, their power of sincere and cordial cooperation, and the courage, vigor and capacity of their respective governments.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The article above was the London Economist's appraisal of the international situation not last week, but 100 years ago. It appeared in that British publication in June, 1853.)

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

IN PHILOSOPHICAL MOOD: A lot of people, in this scientific age, spend months and years doing complicated, painstaking research—to come up with proof of what everybody knew, in our grandfathers' time.

I'm not advocating it, y'understand, but I think most of the churches would be filled Sunday mornings, if they charged admission. For who prizes something that is free—even salvation has to be paid for with a penitent heart.

Most of us are so absorbed with our sacred cows it never occurs to us that most of this sacred cow business is a lot of bull.

Check your own experience, or observe the other fellows: So-called success rarely is worth the price we have to pay for it.

Nearly everybody tries to do what is right, according to his lights. But most of us want to reserve the privilege of damning some of their lights.

If you approach it right, every single experience in life is interesting. Maybe the final one, death, will be the most interesting of all.

Darn the man who is so much a lawyer or doctor or preacher or newspaperman that he is a human being only in his off time.

A scientist without a sense of humor is like the sub-conscious mind. The latter will accept any premises no matter how silly; the former, any conclusion . . .

True humility gives a dignity to the individual that nothing else can.

News Making As It Looks To A Maconite

By BOB SLOAN

Two men today — one dead and one still living — must, when they view the course the American Government is following, often chuckle to themselves. The living man is Charles Brannan, Secretary of Agriculture under Truman. He authored the Brannan plan. A crop control and parity plan for farm products which every Republican, big and small, castigated as the most socialistic proposal you ever heard of. Now the Republicans are suggesting that many of the features of the Brannan plans be enacted into law.

The other chuckler (who has now gone to his reward) is Franklin Roosevelt. It becomes more apparent every day that such basic legislation as social security, government conservation, a government controlled banking system, and aid for the farmer, have been accepted by the people because of their worth. These are the things that FDR fought for and these are the things that he was cursed for. But those who did the cursing now have the power to change and yet they have not repealed one basic new deal measure.

In a week or two a labor survey will be conducted here. This survey is not being conducted because we have the promise of a plant right now, but to furnish information in case we get an inquiry from some company in the future. When the time comes every one can help a lot by filling out the questionnaire thereby giving local officials a complete picture of the local labor situation. The more information they have the better job they can do persuading some industry that Franklin is a good place to locate.

I couldn't close this column without paying tribute to the FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL TEAM. You may not be the most skilled performers ever to represent Franklin, but you are learning fast. For my money you are one of the fightingest groups ever to be called Panthers. Keep clawing. While it takes the group as a whole to make the team, I would like to make a special bow to Gene Mashburn for proving himself quite a man this fall. It takes

Continued On Page Three—

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

Mr. R. T. Sisk has bought a little home on the street leading out south from the jail, and has gone to some expense improving it preparatory to moving into it. Last Sunday night some person, or persons, evidently bent on mischief committed some depredations on the premises by overturning an out-house he had just built.

Mr. E. H. Brendle was in town Monday and showed us a terrapin that he picked up on Ellijay Sunday that had the initials "C.C.H., 1855" cut on its shell. The initials are supposed to be those of C. C. Henry, as the terrapin was found on the place where he was reared.

25 YEARS AGO

Paul Newman, Jr., has been here this week assisting Mr. H. O. Essig in moving his market from the old location to the new post office building.

The Town board now has a scheme on foot to bore another well to supplement the water supply of Franklin. The Town already has two wells, which as a source of water supply have never proven satisfactory. Just why a town in the mountains should depend upon wells for water is a mystery.

Mrs. Graham Grindstaff, of New Jersey, is spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jake Palmer.

10 YEARS AGO

Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Burrell and son, Ervin, of Indian Head, Md., who have been visiting friends and relatives here, have returned to their home.

At the recent Western District 4-H Dress Revue, Jeanette Harrison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Harrison, of Route 1, tied for first place.

State Senator W. I. Halstead, of Camden County, who has announced his candidacy for lieutenant governor, spent the week-end in Franklin at Hotel Bryson.