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Encouraging Suicide

The revolt of the Hungarians against their Soviet masters is one of the bright pages in the story of man's never-ending battle to be free. The raw courage that would have been inspiring under any circumstances was emphasized by the treachery of the Russians.

With little in the way of arms, with almost no organization, these people fought on for three weeks; the Russians had to bring in tanks and hundreds of thousands of troops to extinguish the fire.

This could be the beginning of the end of Russian domination of its unhappy satellites; even Tito publicly brands the Kremlin's actions as a "fatal" mistake.

It could be the beginning of the end. But if so, the United States can take none of the credit. We, who owe our own independence to the aid of outsiders, were much too busy with Far East oil to give a thought to Hungary as its citizens were shot down by the thousands. The most we could bring ourselves to do was beam messages of encouragement. It was like encouraging a man to commit suicide.

Time To Crack Down

This newspaper repeatedly urged that the one-way street experiment be given a fair trial. Now that it has had it, we believe most fair-minded people will agree it has tended to lessen congestion and to speed traffic.

The trouble is it has speeded some traffic too much. The one-way streets offer an ever-present temptation to speed. And a lot of drivers are succumbing to that temptation.

If we continue to have automobiles making 40 and 50 miles on Main and Palmer Streets, the cure will prove worse than the disease; because if the speeding continues, somebody is going to get killed.

We respectfully suggest that the same authority that requires motorists to drive one way can and should be used to require them to drive at a safe speed.

Parris Island Again

There's something wrong at Parris Island.

The case of the drunken sergeant who led a group of recruits on an unauthorized night march that ended in drownings had hardly been disposed of before there was another scandal at the South Carolina Marine Corps base. This time it was a 19-year old drill instructor indulging in a form of sadism that would disgrace a nation only half civilized. He has been convicted by a court martial of forcing two recruits to suspend themselves by their toes and elbows over a naked bayonet pointed at their stomachs.

The significance of these two incidents is not in the incidents themselves. It lies in the fact that two such incidents, coming so close together, probably are not isolated cases; they are merely the ones that came to light.

Do these two, even though they may violate the written rules, really represent the spirit of Marine Corps training? There is an alarmingly large body of evidence indicating they do.

And who was responsible for putting the life-and-death authority Marine Corps instructors seem to have over recruits into the hands of a 19-year old boy? Aren't those responsible for that bit of irresponsibility really the guilty parties in this latest incident?

The Marine Corps has investigated the incidents. Maybe it's time we went a step farther and investigated the organization that permits such things to happen.

'Did Themselves Proud'

Over a period of decades, there has grown up here the idea that no good thing can come out of Macon County. Rather, that no good thing can happen in Macon County; for we've been able to boast for years about what Macon's sons and daughters have accomplished when they went elsewhere.

That old myth that we can't excel here at home has been tottering lately; it's been disproved many times in recent years by Macon youth, and adults too.

And last week it got another body blow. For at the Western North Carolina Fat Stock Show, farm youth from this county demonstrated that one of the many things we can do well indeed is to produce fine cattle.

A calf from this county won the reserve (second place) championship; top place for the best five animals in the show went to Macon; likewise first place for the best group of three animals raised in one county; and first and third place for showmanship went to young farmers from this county.

The youngsters not only "did themselves proud"; they gave to the success psychology we've long needed here a healthy shot in the arm.

Wasting Our Talent

Four years ago, 27 million Americans voted for Adlai E. Stevenson for President. This year, 25 millions cast their ballots for him.

And, as the Greensboro Daily News remarks:

"Among his millions of supporters are many who believe that his penetrating mind and eloquent voice should not be lost to the field of American government. During the campaign he focussed the attention of voters on serious national and international problems, on the perils of nuclear warfare, on the need for vision and imagination and fresh initiative in foreign policy, on the need for more sympathetic help for the farmer, the small businessman and the white collar worker at home."

And yet what use does America make of the "penetrating mind" and "eloquent voice" of this man? The fact that he lost both elections in no-wise lessens his ability. And in this period of vast problems and great danger, surely the United States can ill afford to waste ideas and ability.

The problem is not new, of course. Consider the past quarter of a century:

For 20 years the United States has made no use of whatever political talent Alfred M. Landon has; and he was a big enough man to be the Republican candidate for President. For 12 years, the abilities of Thomas E. Dewey have been unused, on a national scale; and for four years we have made no active use of the talents of Stevenson.

Furthermore, we leave our retired Presidents to twiddle their thumbs. Can we afford not to make full use of the experience and wisdom gained by four or eight years in the White House? For four years former President Truman has had no assignment, and while former President Hoover has made himself useful in the 24 years since he left the Presidency, he has done so in spite of, not because of, our system.

Would it not be ordinary common sense to so amend the U. S. Constitution as to automatically elevate former Presidents and the defeated Presidential candidates of the major parties to the U. S. Senate for life?

Come, Be A Sport!

(Holyoke, Colo., Enterprise)

Peddling malicious gossip is a miserable, unethical, disgusting pastime. The best way to kill such stuff is to not repeat it. Next time you hear a piece of malicious gossip, just forget it and go throw rocks at your grandma. That would be more sporting than carrying false tales.

'GOD'S CHILDREN'

A Recipe For Living: 'See Him As The Child He Was'

Sydney Harris In Richmond News-Leader

See him as the child he was. And then remember that something happened to him—something that he is not aware of—to turn the trust into suspicion, the warmth into wariness, the give-and-take into all-take and no-give.

See him as the child he was. Behind the pomp or the rudeness, beneath the crust of meanness or coldness, begin to perceive the wistful little boy (or girl) who is hurt and disappointed and determined to strike back at the world.

Remember that he began his life with laughing expectancy, with trust, with warmth, desiring to give love and to take love.

Or the little boy who was given too much too soon—and given things instead of feelings—and now can clutch his power or his purse the way he used to clutch his teddy bear, because there is nothing else he feels is really his for keeps.

See him as the child he was. Regard the faces as they pass you on the street: adult faces on the surface, but the child is lurking not too far beneath the skin—the child who eats too much because he craves the sweetness of affection, the child who drinks too much because he cannot face a motherless world, the child who brags and lies and cheats to wrest revenge

for some huge indignity that is gnawing at his heart.

And then look again, closely, and you will see what the Book means when it calls all of us "God's children"—you will see a glimmer of hope behind the hate, a glint of humor behind the harshness, a touch of tenderness that no defensive wall can wholly obliterate.

Only in this way can we guard ourselves against responding in kind, against returning pettiness to the petty and cruelty to the cruel. And only in this way can we find the path to the green plateau of adulthood, where we can look down upon God's children with a sad but loving glance.

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.)

Unique Animal

(Greeley, Colo., Booster)

Man is the only animal that blushes—and the only one that needs to.

Not Enough

(Oconomowoc, Wisc., Enterprise)

It doesn't do you any good to sit up and take notice if you keep on sitting.

Too Early To Wed

(Greensboro Daily News)

School officials over in Charlotte are getting worried about the number of high school marriages these days. This fall there are 34 individuals in the city high schools and another dozen or more in the county schools who are working at the double careers of marriage and education.

"All of us discourage early marriages," said the principal of one of the Charlotte schools. "We feel that individuals need to take care of their education before they take on the responsibilities of marriage." And the assistant school superintendent added, "Students who marry need to recognize the fact that a strain is to be put on both marriage and education. If they let one suffer, chances are both will suffer."

Taking cognizance of this new educational problem, a reporter for The Charlotte Observer set up a teen-age panel on the subject. The six teen-agers admitted that high school marriage had become "kind of a fad" but they voted solidly against it. One of their concerns was the influence such marriages exerted over other high school students, who are all too likely to say: "If they get married and are happy, why can't we make a success of it?"

One girl hit to the very heart of the problem: "I don't see why teens even want to get married," she said. "Boys fuss so much because dating costs them so much money. Why do they get married and have to buy food and clothes for girls—and even braces?"

It's encouraging to note that at least six teen-agers think early marriages are a bad idea—but why do so many high school youngsters think it's a good idea? Divorce statistics show that 25 per cent of all marriages end in divorce and that a very large percentage of these failures occur when the couples have married before they were 20. Tastes change rapidly in the teens, say marriage experts, and the mate an 18-year-old will select so often falls to be the mate he wants at 25 or 30. There are also heavy strains placed upon a teenage marriage that do not occur later when a man is old enough to support his wife and the woman is old enough to be ready to manage a home and family.

Perhaps the present tendency toward early marriages goes hand in hand with the growing tendency of teen-agers to "go steady" with one boy rather than happily playing the field as their mothers used to do. Only in dating many boys can a teen-age girl determine for herself, by experience, what kind of boy she would choose for the rest of her life. When the stag line gave way to the philosophy of dance-only-with-your-own-date, early marriages became inevitable.

STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

The recent death in Asheville of Archdeacon J. T. Kennedy recalls the period when he lived here; and that, in turn, recalls the distinctions white people of that time made in addressing Negroes.

Persons of the Negro race were referred to as "nigras" (I must have been nearly grown before I ever heard the word pronounced with a long e), "colored people", or "darkies". The first was a general term, spoken without emotion of any kind; the second conveyed an attitude of respect; the third connoted affection. In addition, of course, there was the term of derision, "nigger"; but it was used much oftener by colored than white. Well-bred persons, in fact, just didn't say "nigger"—as a never-to-be-forgotten licking

administered by my mother taught me the one time I used the word.

The distinctions went much farther than that, though; there were subtle ones based on age, character, and personal relations. Except for those of really reputable character, all elderly Negroes were "aunt" or "uncle". And whether those terms were used out of respect or in affection, or both, was conveyed by the voice. Had I dared refer to "Aunt" Martha Porter or "Uncle" Dick Addington (who "conjured off" my warts when I was a small boy) without the title, I'd have got another memorable chastisement; I probably dreaded even more the scorn of these respected and beloved friends and mentors. For their approval and affection were coveted.

We had deep affection for and

from some of these black-skinned friends. I remember the time when we had a bereavement in our family, and "Aunt" Martha came to see my mother. She came to the back door, of course—that was a matter of custom; but once inside the house, she took, without question, the best rocker, when Mother proffered it to her.

The sympathy in her voice soon brought me, unnoticed in the conversation, to tears. "Aunt" Martha was quick to notice, and in a moment I was in her ample lap, my head on her bosom, and my grief soon assuaged by the crooning comfort of her voice and the gentleness of the work-worn hands that enfolded me.

The Rev. J. T. Kennedy fell into an entirely different category. Since he was an adult when he came here (he told me in recent years the circumstances of his coming to Franklin to study theology under the late Rev. J. A. Deal, Episcopal rector here then), we had not known him all his life, as we had "Aunt" Martha, "Uncle" Dick, and the other elderly Negroes. Besides, he was not elderly; "uncle" would have been inappropriate. Furthermore, he was a skilled cabinet-maker, a teacher, and, finally, a clergyman. Beyond that, there emanated from his tall, spare figure a poise, a dignity that commanded respect; nobody would have thought of calling him by a given name. So he became "Kennedy" to young and old. And the inflection given the name bespoke a respect no "mister" could have.

A number of years ago I saw an outpouring of affection and respect for him that he must have treasured as long as he lived. It was at a meeting of the Asheville diocese of the Episcopal Church. It fell on the 50th anniversary of Kennedy's entrance into the ministry, and when that was pointed out, and tribute was paid to his life and work, this man, the only Negro present, was given a standing ovation that obviously was as sincere as it was spontaneous.

Afterward, I interviewed him for one of the Asheville newspapers.

In the course of the interview, I asked him if he felt there had been improvement in good will between the races during his half-century as a minister.

He thought a long time before he answered. Then he said:

"Yes, I am sure there has been. But good will, you know, is something you can't hurry."

Do You Remember?

(Looking backward through the files of The Press)

50 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

The Board of County Commissioners met and among routine business transactions the following claims were allowed: Dr. F. L. Siler, \$50 for six months as county physician; Jno. W. Mann, \$11.35 for part of expense in putting up courthouse bell; W. B. Jacobs, \$2.50 for fighting fire to protect stock law fence.

We had a first class snow Wednesday, reaching a depth of about five inches.

Smith's Bridge, near Otto, has some very dangerous holes in the floor and it seems that our bridge officials should attend to it without delay before some one has a horse crippled.

25 YEARS AGO

The Rev. A. P. Ader, formerly pastor of the Ogburn Memorial Methodist Church at Winston-Salem, has been assigned to the pastorate of the Franklin Methodist Church succeeding the Rev. G. Clifton Ervin, who has been transferred to the Hillside Street Methodist Church in Asheville.

Men's heavy flannel shirts, 98c; denim weight overalls with flap on pocket and interwoven suspenders, 69c; broadcloth dress shirts, 49c.—From an advertisement by Polly's store.

Mrs. Kate Simpkins, of Asheville, is visiting her brother, T. C. Bryson, of West's Mill.

10 YEARS AGO

Thanksgiving opens the season for quail, rabbit, and ruffed grouse. New daily limit on quail is reduced from 10 to eight. On rabbits the limit is 10, and on grouse the limit is two.

Miss Nora Leach was elected president of the United Daughters of Confederacy at a meeting held last Friday night at the home of Mrs. Lester S. Conley.

Miss Barbara Stockton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stockton, has been chosen to play on the senior class volleyball team at Breneau College.