

# EDITORIAL

## Pay TV

Pay TV?

Sure, we'll go along with that — on two conditions: (a) that we be given a your-money-back-if-you-aren't-satisfied guarantee all the programs will be worth paying for; and (b) that there be no commercials—for who ever heard of paying for the privilege of being advertised to?

## Whose Ox?

Reverberations from the recent clash of Lumbee Indians and the Ku Klux Klan in Robeson County continue to be heard.

That is not surprising, because the affair was extraordinary in many respects. There was the novel angle of an "Indian uprising" against whites in the middle of the Twentieth Century. There was the spectacle of a silly organization of bullies being bullied. And there was the revelation that racial tensions are not confined to whites and Negroes.

Another extraordinary feature has received scant attention.

These facts about the incident seem clear: The Klan had publicly announced its intention to hold the rally, an act in itself not illegal. The Indians, armed with shotguns and other weapons, used violence to break up the meeting. Police officers and state highway patrolmen, though they had been alerted to possible trouble, remained a short distance away until the Indians had administered a beating to the klansmen. Charges have been preferred against Klan leaders for inciting to riot; but no Indian, although their leaders have openly boasted of the exploit, has been charged with engaging in riot.

Those facts suggest some questions:

Had it been an organization other than the Klan that proposed to meet, wouldn't it have received public protection? Had it been some organization other than the Klan whose meeting was broken up by a mob, wouldn't the mob members have been sought out and indicted?

Those questions are pertinent, because it is only a step from breaking up the meeting of one organization whose beliefs we disagree with to breaking up the meetings of others—of Catholics, or integrations, or Republicans.

Unless we protect the rights of all, the bad as well as the good, and unless we punish violations of law, without reference to who the violator is, we soon will have no law—and none of us any rights under law.

## To Far Places

It has happened so often, most of us here no longer are surprised when people who come to Macon County are impressed by the kindness and courtesy of its people. What most of us had not realized is that people in far places are impressed, too—by those traits, as seen in representatives of this county.

Interesting evidence that this is true is a letter to Franklin's mayor (published on this page) from a man in Fairbanks, Alaska.

After some contact with Maconians, he and members of his group have chosen this spot, "sight unseen", as ideal for retirement.

Thus Macon's fame as a good place to live is carried to far places by its sons and daughters.

## Heroic Fly Killers

Nothing is quite so funny as the man who takes himself too seriously; for when he is trying hardest to be impressive, he is most likely to act like a clown.

Notable examples were Mussolini and Hitler. There was nothing funny, of course, about the tragedy they brought about. But their individual acts and sayings—considered apart from the final results—were ridiculous.

Today's dictators seem equally lacking in a sense of humor. Consider, for example, the latest announcement from Communist China.

There a new kind of purge has been launched, against mosquitoes, rats, flies and sparrows. And in this new campaign the people are called upon by their Communist leaders to show "determined revolutionary stamina and exalting heroic courage".

Who but a lunatic could picture himself as heroic killing flies!

## Pick Macon, 'Sight Unseen'

To the Mayor,  
Franklin, North Carolina.

The Caribou Club of Alaska and Canada has picked Franklin, North Carolina, as one of the most friendly cities in America and the surrounding country an ideal place for Old Sourdoughs to retire in.

North Carolina is the most original Anglo-American state in the Union, and the North Carolina boys up here in the armed services are extremely pleasant, with their politeness and natural twang in their smooth drawl—they are very popular in all Alaska.

We have read a lot about the Platt hounds and had one of them up here for bear hunting and she proved very good; in fact her pups, although half malemute or half husky, resembled Southern hounds far more than they did our wolf breeds.

Some of us would like to hunt the Russian Boars and wonder how they would compare with the Alaskan Kodiak bear in the manner of big game.

Some of us have hunted all over the world, that is India, Africa, South America, but none around here have hunted the wild razor-backs.

GEORGE JENNINGS GALE.

Fairbanks, Alaska.

## Letters

### Enjoys Press

Editor, The Press:

I enjoy The Press very much. Would like to have more news from Ellijay, as I was born there. I have many good friends in the Cullasaja area.

HIRAM J. WILLIAMS.

Seneca, S. C.

### Ideal Vacation

(Campbellsville, Ky., News)

My idea of an ideal vacation would be a month on each of the Thousand Islands.

### Optimism

(San Angelo, Texas, Whit's Wit)

Optimism is the ability to speak of "my" car in the face of a chattel mortgage with 10 payments to be made.

Some kids are lucky. Their dads have dens. Other fathers just growl all over the place.—Rockmart (Ga.) Journal.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK  
(1893)

The question of establishing a national park in Western North Carolina similar to the National Park of the Rocky Mountains has been considerably discussed lately and the General Assembly of North Carolina has a resolution before it memorializing Congress to establish such a park.

Mr. Elam Slagle, of Crawford, was in town Thursday disposing of some fine apples.

Married, February 1st, on Iotla, Mr. A. W. Horn and Miss Lucilla Barnard, J. P. Campbell, Esq., officiating.

25 YEARS AGO  
(1933)

Highlands is one of the wettest, if not the wettest, spots, in point of rainfall, in the United States. The precipitation gauge kept by Barry Hawkins, U. S. weather observer, at the Rock House station in Horse Cove, near Highlands, registered nearly 97 inches of rainfall last year.

A cooperative car lot poultry and egg sale will be conducted by F. S. Sloan, county agent, all day Tuesday.

10 YEARS AGO

Fred Deal, 13-year old Macon County 4-H club boy, won first honors at last Saturday's Farmers Federation 100-Bushel Corn Club dinner in Asheville. Young Deal grew 158.7 bushels of hybrid corn on an acre.

The Franklin Board of Aldermen passed a motion at its meeting Monday night to dig another town well.

After nearly a third of a century as a rural mail carrier, Harold T. Sloan retired January 31.

### ISSUES NEED CLARIFYING

## Who Is Underdog Now? Answer Seems To Be: Everybody

Robert M. Hutchins

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Following are excerpts from an address by Dr. Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic, at the University of North Carolina January 18.)

Some 40 years ago, when I was in college, we knew what was wrong with the world. It was full of underdogs, easily identifiable as such. They were the poor, the workers, the Negroes, the aged, the immigrants and aliens, the defrauded, the unfortunate — the powerless who were being pushed around by the powerful. The task of right-minded men was to come to their rescue.

The New Freedom for which Woodrow Wilson was campaigning at the time was freedom for the underdog. What made a man an underdog was chiefly low wages, long hours, bad conditions of work, economic insecurity. The principal test of right-mindedness at that epoch, therefore, was the attitude one took toward organized labor.

The efforts of the liberalism, or underdogism, in which I was raised have largely succeeded. The obvious groups of the downtrodden and oppressed have almost vanished. In particular, labor unions have achieved enormous power. Who is an underdog now?

The answer appears to be that everybody is . . .

The problem now, according to

The New Statesman, is, that all individuals are powerless confronting the concentrations of power — government, business, press, union, political party—that make up the society in which we live. These concentrations deprive us of our autonomy, and if they treat us unjustly, we may be unable to do anything about it. It would seem that Socialism cannot solve this problem; for Socialism in its only precise meaning requires State ownership of the principal means of production. The bureaucratic oligarchy of the State might be able to control other oligarchies, but the individual would be powerless still . . .

Our problem is abundance, rather than scarcity. In this country it is not always easy to tell who is exploiting whom. Some corporations doubtless deal more equitably with those affected by them than certain "working-class" organizations do with their members, their employers, and the public. In this country it is not always possible to tell who are the employers and who are the employed. The Teamsters Union, for example, actually runs the industry that the so-called employers "own" . . .

With the rest of the world looking for leadership to the United States, we have not been able to make striking contributions on any but the economic and military levels. Ideas and ideals that we suppose were clear to our ancestors have tended to become forms of words that are useful as rhetor-

ical flourishes or political weapons but that do not have much visible effect in our daily lives.

When we are asked what we stand for, our reply is likely to sound like a cliché or a slogan. The severity of the shock to American public opinion administered by the announcement that a Russian satellite was circumnavigating the globe can be taken to mean that we had had confidence only in our scientific and technological superiority, in our power and wealth, and, when that was shaken, we had nothing to fall back on . . .

We are a nation of employees, and what the corporations don't do to us, the unions will. We live in cities, with nobody to talk to. We have no means of appraising the reliability of the information supplied us by the media of communication. We have the opportunity, of which we all avail ourselves, of sending our children to school, but we can say nothing effective about the education they receive.

We are supposed to make ourselves felt through political parties, but they are just as huge and remote and insensible as the government itself. The atmosphere in which we live is anonymously created, but deeply felt; we don't know how we know what is not to be done or said, but we know all right. The institutions that dominate our society have made underdogs of us all.

The remedies that achieve popularity are likely to be mere

slogans. We chant, for example, about the right to work, ignoring the fact that right-to-work laws have had no effect, or about democracy as the cure for injustices that union members suffer, ignoring the fact that the most democratic union, the International Typographical, is one of the most anti-social.

The institutions that should help us to understand and improve our society, such as the university and the press, have been swallowed up by it. In the last generation the universities have become service stations, rather than beacons. Their principal interest appears to be money, and they will engage in any activity that seems likely to provide it. So we are without centers of independent thought and criticism.

If men equally devoted to freedom and justice can differ so deeply about the philosophy in which our rights and liberties are rooted, we may well fear for the safety of these rights and liberties in our new society and our polarized world.

The first step that would seem to be necessary is an effort to clarify the underlying issues. We do not have to agree, but we must have intelligent debate. The role of government, the limits of pluralism, the requirements of unity, and the nature of the moral belief on which the United States rests — these are issues that must be clarified if intelligent debate is to take place.

Like everybody else, I have my own special set of peevish; things I don't like and find it hard to bring myself to have any patience with.

Among them is the public speaker who reads his speech.

In my dictionary, he isn't a public speaker; he's a public reader — and often a poor one, at that.

When a man gets up to make a speech and reads it, word for word, I take it as a personal insult. For it seems to me he is saying to his audience, including me, something like this: "I didn't think you were important enough for me to bother really to prepare a speech. I could have so immersed myself in the subject as to be able to get up and just talk; or I could have written something and memorized it word for word. But you aren't worth that much trouble."

So, when I see a man spread out a manuscript and start reading, I feel like saying to him: ". . . and you aren't important enough for me to bother listening to" — and then walking out.

Of course when a man reads a speech, he makes it doubly hard for the audience to follow what he says. For even if he is a good reader, you find yourself wondering if and when he'll lose his place; and, after about 15 minutes, you find yourself, when he turns

over a page and picks up a new one, straining to try to see how many more pages there are.

So the thing boomerangs on the speaker himself. For when he reads a speech, he also is saying something like this: "I don't think anything I'm going to say is very important, so it doesn't matter whether the audience really follows my thoughts, or just watches my mouth work and my hands turn pages. So I'll read it."

At that press meeting I attended in Chapel Hill recently, I saw some striking illustrations of how this thing works.

A national figure was on the program; and, like so many national figures, he read his prepared speech, word for word. Then he threw the meeting open for questions. In the question-and-answer period, of course, he was speaking extemporaneously; and I remember distinctly some of the excellent things he said in reply to questions. But his speech? I couldn't have told you, an hour later, even what its subject was!

And the best of many good speeches at the meeting was made by a man who never used a note; he was so full of his subject, and had so carefully arranged in his mind what he was going to say, that he talked for 40 minutes to an audience that eagerly awaited every word.

And I am sure everybody who

heard it remembers much of what Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., said when he was called on to speak, extemporaneously, during a general discussion. Again, it was a question of a man's knowing so well what he was discussing and having his thoughts so well organized that he could just talk.

I know everybody can't speak extemporaneously. There are many of us who find it necessary, if we are to talk intelligently, to write out every word. But in that case, we can memorize what we're going to say.

And I think people who are going to speak in public ought either to learn to talk without a manuscript or memorize the manuscript — one of those, or stay home.

### REWARDS

## A Thought for Today

(From yesterday's talk by the editor on The Press' weekly 12:25 p.m. Wednesday program, "A Thought for Today", over Station WFSC.)

Ralph Waldo Emerson said it: "The reward of a thing well done, is to have done it."

Of course, since you and I are human, we like other rewards when we do something well. We like monetary rewards for good work. And we like even better the praise of others. For there is no human being who doesn't covet the approval of his fellows — the man who says he doesn't just isn't being honest.

But nothing ever can bring the same satisfaction our own knowledge that we have done some one thing and done it well. It may go unnoticed by others; it may mean not an extra penny in our pockets. But it is its own reward. For if we can say in our hearts of something we have done, "This is the work of my mind and my hands, and it is good", we experience, in our small way, the joy of creation. Even the Lord, we are told in Genesis, looked on His creation and found satisfaction in saying it was good.

We should be glad that life is like that. Because oftener than not, that is the only reward we will receive.

And so it seems to me one of the secrets of happiness in this life of failure and disappointment and frustration is to forget the other rewards and count on this one alone. Then, if we should make a million dollars because we have done something well, or if we should win the plaudits of the world, that is something extra, a bonus — something we hadn't counted on, and something more than is necessary for us to be rewarded.

Because, whether these other things come or fall, always we can have the inner satisfaction of knowing that something we have done is well done.

The real reward of a thing well done, is to have done it.

