

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
OUTSIDE MACON COUNTY	INSIDE MACON COUNTY
One Year \$3.00	One Year \$2.50
Six Months 1.75	Six Months 1.75
Three Months 1.00	Three Months 1.00
Two Years 5.25	Two Years 4.25
Three Years 7.50	Three Years 6.00

THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1958

Let's Be Honest

Last fall, when Mr. Heinz W. Rollman announced his candidacy for Congress, this newspaper tried to be realistic in appraising his chances. We pointed to the fact he was born in Germany, to his Jewish ancestry, and to his foreign accent. Then we commented: "In this district, those things would seem to doom him from the start."

As it turns out, we were being realistic indeed; because those were the charges most often made against Mr. Rollman; because of those things, it was suggested, he was not "an American".

Nobody knows how much that influenced the election result. Nor is it for this newspaper to challenge the result—that was the voters' responsibility.

We think it's high time, though, for somebody to challenge the reasoning of those who made those charges, and the reasoning of those who were influenced by them.

Let's examine them, one by one:

He was not born in America. That is reason, surely, for **scrutinizing** a candidate; because the foreign-born citizen may not have grown up in the atmosphere of American tradition. But is it reason for rejecting him out of hand? As a matter of fact, the foreign-born citizen might be a better American for that very fact; for he, unlike the rest of us, has had an opportunity to compare America with lands that are not free. After all, each of us, if we go back a few generations, was foreign-born; the only real Americans are the Indians.

His ancestors were Jewish. Is that, in itself, reason for rejecting a candidate? There are many Jews who are unfit for public office. But does it follow that all Jews are? that we should rule a man out solely because he's a Jew? After all, the Jews had established a high civilization when our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were barbarians. After all, too, the founder of the Christian religion was a Jew.

He had a foreign accent. Now that must have proved a handicap to Mr. Rollman in making himself understood, in speech. But would anybody suggest he failed to make himself quite well understood, via the printed word? After all, was it the handicap the accent imposed on the candidate that may have cost him votes, or was it what the voters thought when they heard the accent?

This is no defense of Mr. Rollman.

It is a defense of American fairness and honesty.

Are those things—foreign birth, ancestry, an accent—really good reasons for voting against a candidate? Or are they—and let's be honest with ourselves—prejudices?

Those questions demand answers. Not to save Mr. Rollman—his defeat is history; but to save ourselves, in the future.

A Gracious Gesture

For 20 years, she has treasured it. And no wonder! for it was the United States Flag that covered her husband's casket, at his funeral back in 1938. His was a flag-draped casket, because he was one of those who served his country in time of war. In Matthew Liner's case, it was the Spanish-American war.

For 20 years, Mrs. Belle Liner, of Otto, has cared for this flag, lovingly.

Now she wishes to share it. And so she has offered it to the county commissioners, so that this county may fly a United States flag from its courthouse.

We hope the commissioners accept this gift. We hope this flag that means so much to all Americans, and this particular flag that means so much to Mrs. Liner, is flown from our courthouse. And we hope many people will thank Mrs. Liner for this unselfish, this gracious, this thoughtful gesture.

Old Hugh's "DO-IT-YOURSELF CARTOON"

DESPITE ALL THE HULLABALOO AND PROGNOSTICATION, PREMIER DE GAULLE'S PLANS REMAIN A RIDDLE WRAPPED IN MYSTERY INSIDE AN ENIGMA—AND SINCE YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS ANY, DEAR READER—YOU MAY DRAW YOUR OWN CARTOON BY ADDING THE PROPER CLOTHING WHEN AND IF HE:



'The Fourth Republic'

The French are a democratic people; they are determined to remain free. And the proof is an oft-repeated phrase in news dispatches about the political crisis that has been climaxed by the rise of General Charles de Gaulle to power.

That phrase that has bobbed up so often is "the fourth French Republic".

Why is it called the fourth? We in the United States have had a republican form of government even longer than the French, but ours remains the first. Why the difference?

The answer is that three times the French have lost their freedom, and each time they have regained it and established a new republic.

The first French republic came into being in 1793, following the French Revolution; that was 10 years after we had won our independence, five years after we had adopted our Constitution.

The first republic, though, lasted only 11 years; it was succeeded by empire, when the meteoric Napoleon Bonaparte had himself crowned as emperor.

After the fall of Bonaparte, the victorious alliance re-established the French monarchy, and it was not until 1848—in a wave of liberalism that swept all Europe—that the second republic came into being. It lasted just four years. In 1852, Louis Napoleon proclaimed the second French empire.

After the humiliating defeat of the French in the Franco-German War, a republic was established for the third time in 1871.

This time France remained a republic for 70 years, until France again succumbed to German might early in World War 2.

When that conflict was over, the fourth republic was born; but its road has been rocky—there have been 25 governments in a dozen years.

Now, in desperation, the French have turned to de Gaulle, who towers six feet four; hence the phrase, le grand Charles—big Charles.

Whether the outcome will be a new dictatorship or a revitalized French republic remains to be seen. Nearly two centuries' history, though, suggests that sooner or later, the freedom-loving French will find a way to make democracy work.

CORRECTION: An editorial last week erroneously said "more than 1,100 Republicans cast ballots" in that party's primary election May 31. It should have said "more than 500."

The public may be wrong in its own time, but it is always right over the long pull. The common sense of mankind eventually prevails.—Sidney J. Harris in The Charlotte Observer.

Strictly Personal

For most of us, letter writing is a dreaded chore. And perhaps the hardest letter of all to write is the note of appreciation.

Someone has done us a thoughtful favor, or sent a gift at graduation or wedding, or has been kind when there was a death in the family.

We are genuinely grateful. But somehow we find it hard to express that gratitude. How do you start a note of appreciation? And, once it's started, how do you keep it from being either stilted and cold, on the one hand, or gushy, on the other?

That difficulty explains, perhaps, the modern custom of buying printed thank-you notes; forms that say the same thing to intimate friend and bare acquaintance—something like "your expression of sympathy is deeply appreciated by the family of so-and-so". I even recall the case of a bride, who, overcome by the thought of writing notes to all those who had sent her wedding presents, put a card of thanks in The Press and let it go at that.

I don't like these thank-you forms. It seems to me if the other fellow takes the trouble to do something personally for me, then the least I can do is to thank him personally.

I don't like these forms. But I've come to expect them. And so, something that happened to me the other day came as a delightful surprise.

When Senator Kerr Scott was stricken with a heart ailment, I remembered how much I had been cheered, when I was ill more than two years ago, by the letters and telegrams and messages so many people were so kind as to send me. And so I sat down and wrote Mr. Scott a little note.

In the case of a public official, I know the bare acknowledgment of such things can become a heavy burden; and so I made a point of telling him no acknowledgment was either required or expected.

Then when he died, I wrote a piece about him, in this column—as part of my job.

I had dismissed the piece from my mind, and I had entirely forgotten about writing the letter, until I was reminded last week

—by a touching little personal note from Mrs. Scott, thanking me for both the letter and the article.

There must have been hundreds, perhaps thousands, who did far more; hundreds, perhaps thousands, to be thanked. Yet Kerr Scott's "Miss Mary" is thanking each one, personally.

Thinking of that, this thought occurred to me:

It's the big people who do the little things.

HERE'S A QUIZ

How Well Do You Read?

The quiz is popular today. Everybody seems to like a quiz, and usually we have to grade ourselves on how well we do in answering the questions.

Let's have a quiz this week, based on something in last week's Press.

The quiz question is: How well do you read? That is, do you simply see the words and let it go at that? or do you read carefully and critically?—do you think when you read?

Last week, The Press goofed off. It was in a front page story. The chances are you read that story. But did you catch the error? It said something that, if you were thinking when you read it, you knew was wrong. But did you catch it?

You didn't, eh? O. K. we'll narrow the field a bit. It was in the story about Ernest C. Rankin's casting his first vote, at 93.

What! you didn't see anything wrong with that story?

Well, we'll narrow it a bit more. It was in the paragraph about another nonagenarian who voted here, Mrs. Lee Crawford.

You still didn't see it? Then we'll narrow it down a

little further. Here was the offending passage! "For her, though, it (voting) was not a new experience; she's been voting all her life."

Surely, by this time, you've picked out the inexcusably careless inaccuracy.

You haven't?

O. K. It's in the last three words, "all her life".

That phrase would have been untrue, applied to any citizen; because none of us is permitted to vote until 21 years—a big fraction of our lives—have passed.

It was even more inaccurate, applied to an elderly woman; because the woman suffrage amendment to the U. S. Constitution was not adopted until 1920!

At that time, Mrs. Crawford was 55. So she's hardly been voting "all her life"; she's really been voting only a little more than a third of her life.

How far along were we when you caught this error? Did you not see it until it was pointed out?

Well, if that's the case, we aren't calling you dumb. The pot can hardly afford to call the kettle black.

We are suggesting, though, that you might do well to try to improve your reading, while we try to improve in our reporting.

What We Don't Know

(Winsor, Colo., Beacon)

Conscientious editors are much, much more worried about the public's apathy toward their own loss of freedoms than in any downturn in advertising. Probably every editor who runs editorials has written at least a few on government censorship of the news, but usually, from the response obtained, these outcries fall on deaf ears.

Lately, though, things are surely getting too bad, for even our apathetic public to stomach.

Sixty-one Americans have died in just the last two cases when our air force fly-boys have rammed commercial transport planes. Had the public been better informed on air force policies and routines and regulations, would this have been allowed to happen?

And just last week in New Jersey a Nike plant, which "involved no danger to nearby residential areas", according to armed forces officials, blew up and killed ten; bits of iron dropped several miles from the scene of the blast. Had the people been told exactly what was being planned at this plant, would they have allowed it to be located so near residential centers?

Adm. Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission is still poo-pooing the danger from atomic fallout, in spite of the undying fears of many. Naturally he fights to keep on with this tremendously expensive project of his, but it shows an awful lack of good sense on the part of our administration to take his word as any other than that of a VERY interested participant. How long will Americans be calmed by a few soothing words accompanied by explanations that any more information would endanger our national defense?

Just these three examples, it would seem, should be sufficient grounds to arouse Americans into demanding more knowledge of our government affairs. Or will it take still more accidents and veiled half-truths to rouse the people?

Letters

'Bundles' Of Presses

Editor, The Press:

I would like to take this opportunity to say a word of sincere gratification to The Press for the work it is doing to bring the news to the readers, both near and far.

Even though I don't get The Press every week, I enjoy the "bundles" I get from my sister, Mrs. Beulah Woods, a subscriber, who lives in Sedro Woolley, Wash.

When I get a "bundle" of Presses from her, I just sit and relax, read everything from front to back; for I don't want to miss any of the news about the folks we love back in Franklin.

Believe me, when you've been away for two years, there's always news in The Franklin Press!

Renton, Wash.

MRS. ANNIE E. KENNEDY

A Trip For The Graduates

Editor, The Press:

I noticed in The Press that the high school graduates didn't get to take a trip at the end of school. I am wondering why. Was it because they didn't have the money? or that not enough of them could go to make such a trip practical?

I'm all for starting a fund for the graduates who can't afford to go on a trip; so that, from now on, everyone graduating from high school can have a trip to look forward to, after the long struggle to finish school. So come on, Macon County, let's all help!

I didn't get to finish school, and now I can see the need for a good education. So, please, let us all try to encourage the young people to finish high school. Then they can get better jobs; also have a chance to go to college—they can work their way, if their parents can't afford to send them.

Let's obey the Golden Rule! Who is interested in establishing a fund to make sure our boys and girls who graduate from high school have a chance at a trip?

Columbia, S. C.

MRS. JAMES L. CRUNKLETON

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The suggestion above comes from one who has no selfish interest. Mrs. Crunkleton, a native of this county, has no children.)

ON THE PARTY LINE

'Call The Vet; The Calf Is Sick.' Here's What Happened While It Died

By DEWEY CORBIN

Being a part-time eavesdropper myself, here are a few of the things I heard on the telephone party line the other day, while trying to get a call through to the veterinarian to come doctor a sick calf:—

"Hello."
"Hello."
"How are you?"

"O. K. How are you?"
"O. K. . . . What are you doing?"

"O, just working. What are you doing?"
"O, trying to cook a little, as common . . . I'll declare, I get so tired cooking all the time!"

"It's the truth . . . What are you having good for dinner?"
"O, just beans and 'taters. Seems like a body ain't got much to cook this time of year."

"It's the truth . . . I put out a big washing this morning and hoed some in the garden . . . Ain't that sun hot?"

"You can say that again! . . . Did you go to the club meeting last night?"

"Yes, why weren't you there?"
"O, I was just too tired . . . Were several present?"

"No, not many. But we did have a good time."
"What did you serve for refreshments?"

"Punch and cookies."
"What's that fuss I hear?"

"O, I guess it's somebody's TV on, while they eavesdrop."
"I guess so . . . Well, eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves."

"You can say that again! But it's hateful; a body just can't talk on the phone 30 minutes without someone listening in."

"It's the truth . . . Well, I'll hang up and call you again after while."

"Well, do . . . and you come to see me."

"Well, And you come."
"Well, I will. And you come . . . Bye."

"Bye."
Click . . . click.

"Hello, Central. This is Dewey Corbin, out on Route 4, wishing to call the veterinarian. But never mind. I'm too late; the calf's dead now."

HASN'T HAPPENED IN YEARS NOW

Experience demonstrates that even the least mechanical of us learns eventually to get along in a world of gadgets. It's been years since anyone lit a cigarette in an auto and threw the lighter out the window.—Florida Times-Union.

Uncle Alex's Sayin's

The older a feller grows,
The less he knows he knows.

Americans sure got ants in their pants. For instance: We build roads into the mountains so people can gaze on the Wonders of Nature. Then we tear up them roads, and build new, straight ones—so they can get through the mountains in a hurry.

What's funny about elections is not that lies are told—that's expected. What's funny is how many otherwise sensible people'll believe what's lies on their face, and told by them that's known to be liars.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press.

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1893)

Attorneys J. F. Ray, C. C. Daniels, and F. S. Johnston, Messrs. J. N. Hood, W. R. Johnston, A. S. Bryson and W. A. Curtis, and Solicitor Geo. A. Jones represented Franklin at Swain court the first of the week.

Nothing but pure sweet milk and lemon juice used in making drinks at the Drug Store.—Adv.

Messrs. Palmer and Phillips have received their new planer and have placed it in position in their machine shop on East Main Street.

25 YEARS AGO

(1933)

Mr. Walter McConnell has gone to Portland, Oregon, where he expects to be employed. On his way, he planned to stop in Chicago to attend the Century of Progress exposition.

The last contingent, 88 young men, has arrived at Civilian Conservation Camp No. 9, on the outskirts of Franklin. Most of them come from Alamance, Guilford, and Rockingham counties. This completes the camp's quota of 200 recruits.

10 YEARS AGO

The question of ranging livestock on the Standing Indian Wildlife cooperative game management area was discussed at a two-hour conference of farmers with U. S. Forest Service and state game and fish authorities at the courthouse last Friday. Between 60 and 75 were present.