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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, JULY 3, 1958

50,000 Voters Deceived

Detailed documentation of what follows will be found in the Chronology that appears at the bottom of this page.

The health of a public official is a matter of public concern, because his health determines how well he can perform his official duties. The health of a candidate for office is of equal or even greater public concern, for the same reason.

Rep. George A. Shuford, suffering from a stroke, has been hospitalized since May 25.

Last week end came news from the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., that the congressman is now sufficiently recovered to be able to take short walks in the hospital corridors. Mr. Shuford is an admirable gentleman. Three times he has been elected to the highest office within the gift of the people of this district, and on May 31 was renominated for a fourth term in Congress; that bespeaks the public's confidence. During his years in office, he has won the respect of most and the affection of many of his constituents. This report of his progress toward recovery, therefore, is welcome news to the people of the 12th district, always sympathetic toward illness and misfortune.

There is something else about Mr. Shuford's illness, though, that is deeply disturbing. His ailment was diagnosed as a stroke, with "slight paralysis". That diagnosis was made several days before the Democratic primary. But the true nature of his illness was withheld from the voters until after the election.

Instead, they were told, in a front page story in The Asheville Citizen, the very morning of the election, that he had been hospitalized for "minor surgery", that he was recovering from the operation, and that he would be able to go home "within the next few days". Actually, it was later revealed, the purpose of the operation, performed on May 28, was to "relieve the pressure" that had caused the stroke.

The result was that 50,000 Democratic voters went to the polls May 31 under a complete misapprehension. The effect of what appeared to be a frank and complete statement, published on the morning of the election, was to reassure the voters that their congressman's health was unimpaired. Those facts that were given out were so given as not merely to hide the truth, but to distort it.

What would the voters have done, in the May 31 election, had they known the true situation? Nobody knows. Obviously, though, somebody in control of the facts was afraid for the voters to know.

And so—and this is what matters, and all that matters—the voters were denied their right to pass judgment on the facts. They were, indeed, deceived—deceived purposely and deliberately, the evidence suggests.

Was Mr. Shuford responsible for this deception? Hardly; because Mr. Shuford was a sick man at the time.

Who, then, was responsible?

We do not know. But we think it is high time somebody found out.

It is true there probably was no violation of statute law, and thus there may be no basis for legal prosecution. But there was violation, flagrant violation, of a higher law—the right of the people, in a democracy, to know. Those responsible should be exposed, and made the object of such public scorn that a thing like this can never happen here again. What more appropriate agency to dig out the facts than the one charged with responsibility for the conduct of elections, the State Board of Elections?

The people have a right to the truth; and it is to the press that they look for the truth. The press has the obligation to get the truth for them. And

"—And Take Thy Form From Off My Door!"
Quoth The Raven, "Nevermore!"



if it is sufficiently enterprising, the press can do just that — as witness its success in getting and reporting the facts about the illnesses of even the President of the United States.

In this case, the press of Western North Carolina failed to meet its responsibility — failed miserably. The heaviest burden, perhaps, was on the region's largest newspaper, published in Mr. Shuford's home city. But blame attaches to every newspaper in the district—including this one.

By what they published in their news columns, or by their silence, the newspapers made possible this deception of 50,000 voters. Unknowingly, no doubt, they were, indeed, used to accomplish the deception. In the light of that fact, it seems to us the Western North Carolina press, or perhaps the State Press Association, might well make its own, separate investigation.

This situation outrages every normal sense of what is honest. Somebody, surely, should act.

He Knew Better

(The State Magazine)

Reading in The State about Tom Harris' experience with a N. Y. cab driver who scorned Tom's ten-cent tip reminded me of a somewhat similar incident:

Each year the N. C. winners of the High School World Peace Study and Speaker Program and their teacher-coaches are taken on an extensive tour of New York City, the United Nations and Washington, D. C. They travel by chartered bus—40 students and 40 teachers.

While in New York, they used to depend on taxis, subways and tour buses for transportation. After one experience with taxis, they now plan nothing involving taxi transportation.

We had to go from our hotel to a special meeting only a few blocks away. Time was short and we decided to use taxis. The hotel Bell Captain lined the cabs up and we boarded them—five to six teachers and students per cab, for a total of 15 cabs. I told the lead cab driver that I would ride with him and pay each driver as he unloaded at our destination.

When we arrived, I noted that we owed the driver only 40c and thus I paid him and each other driver 50c.

The first driver began the fun and each other took it up. They laughed derisively, cursed and shouted obscene exclamations at me as they drove off. Each made a U-turn and headed back downtown, and as each passed me, he threw a dime at my feet.

I was somewhat angered, surprised (?) and embarrassed over the incident and at the shower of dimes tinkling down at my feet. Suddenly a little Negro urchin dashed out and began to gather up the coins faster than a pullet eats corn. He found all fifteen of them and instead of running off with them, he came over and extended a dirty little hand with the coins. He couldn't have been over six years old. "They's all heah," he said. And then, "I'se sorry 'bout those po' white trash, but you knows how 'tis. THEY wuz BORN heah and can't be 'spected to know no better."

I folded the boy's fingers back over the coins, told him he could keep them, thanked him for his courtesy and assistance, and asked him where HE was born.

"I wuz born in Rawley, Nawth Carolina," he proudly announced, "and I didn't cum heah 'til I wuz one yeah old. So I know how to behave t'wards strangers."

HERE'S CHRONOLOGY:

How News Of Congressman Shuford's Illness Reached Public

Sunday, May 25, Rep. George A. Shuford entered an Asheville hospital. Though that was only six days before the primary election that climaxed a hard-fought campaign, it was later reported that Mr. Shuford was in the hospital for "a check-up."

Here is a chronology of how news of Mr. Shuford's illness was fed to the public, a little at a time, via this Congressional district's largest newspaper, The Asheville Citizen:

THURSDAY, MAY 29—A six-line item in The Citizen announced that Mr. Shuford "has entered Memorial Mission Hospital for minor surgery and a check-up." (That was four days after he had entered the hospital, and the

operation had been performed the day before.)

FRIDAY, MAY 30—A similar small item said he was "reported as improved" following "a slight neck operation" on Wednesday.

SATURDAY, MAY 31 (the day of the primary election)—A story on Page 1 said "a favorable report was issued Friday, on the condition of Rep. George A. Shuford, recovering from a neck operation." The story then quoted this statement from Dr. E. W. Schoenheit, the congressman's personal physician:

"Representative Shuford is making steady, satisfactory and progressive improvement following a recent operation on his neck. Today he was up in a chair and has talked to a few close

JULY 4TH FIRST OBSERVED ON 8TH

The first celebration of the Declaration of Independence was not held on July 4. It was held on July 8, 1776—four days after Congress officially adopted the historic document.

According to research experts with The World Book Encyclopedia, patriots who gathered in Philadelphia's Independence Square are credited with originating what has been an annual celebration ever since. The great crowd heard John Nixon, prominent Philadelphian, read the entire Declaration. He stood on a towering platform erected seven years earlier by the American Philosophical Society for the observation of a rare phenomenon involving the planet Venus.

Bells pealed throughout the day. John Adams' letters mention chimes, possibly those of Christ Church. As the rector of the church was a well-known royalist, the chimes were "rung without benefit of clergy."

Not until July 2 of the following year did it occur to the Philadelphians that the celebration should be repeated on July 4.

A letter written by John Adams to his daughter tells the story of the next July 4, in 1777. Again bells pealed throughout the day. Warships anchored in the river were gaily decorated. Bonfires and fireworks lit the sky in the evening. Candles burned in the windows of nearly every home.

Congress adjourned for the day. The government dignitaries enjoyed a special dinner in a Philadelphia tavern, with music by a Hessian band, which had been captured at Trenton. During the after-dinner toasts, soldiers outside the tavern fired continuous volleys.

This annual celebration of the Fourth of July spread slowly throughout the country, according to researchers, and even today, July 4 is not a national holiday by United States law.

Now the scientists are extending tranquilizers to nature. The happy pills calm down the pigs, the lambs, the cows. They grow faster, utilize more of their food. And they even tell us a fabulous story of an experiment in Maryland on the use of tranquilizers in growing lima beans. They do say that the yield was increased more than twice the average.

You can believe that if you want to. I'll wait for some more experiments. And also I'll turn to a bit of exercise to loosen my tendons.—Henry Belk in Greensboro Daily News.

Young mother we know wants a playpen; says when the kids get too wild she'll climb in the pen for protection and let them have the rest of the house.—Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette.

Friends who have been permitted to visit with him. It is expected that he will return to his home within the next few days."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11 (more than two weeks after the operation)—This item appeared:

Rep. George A. Shuford (D-NC) will return to his home in Biltmore Forest Thursday from Memorial Mission Hospital, where he has been a patient since May 25.

Attending physicians Tuesday said Rep. Shuford had suffered a slight stroke and that surgery performed on his neck May 28 was to relieve the pressure.

Rep. Shuford, renominated in the May 31 primary, suffered slight paralysis, but doctors say

that he has almost completely recovered.

JUNE 17 (in a story about Mr. Shuford's report of his campaign contributions and expenses)—The Citizen reported Mr. Shuford "now recuperating from a stroke in the Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md. (No information given about when he was transferred there.) Shuford was stricken a few days before the May 31 primary."

JUNE 24 (just one day short of four weeks after the surgery that was so minor it was said at the time "it is expected he will return to his home within a few days")—An Associated Press dispatch from Washington was quoted, saying he still was improving, in the Naval Hospital.

Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

It must be terrible in the great cities; because, even in Franklin, there isn't any place to think any more.

I'm not talking about the kind of thinking that adds 2 and 2 and comes out with the sum of 4; or even the kind that takes certain reported developments into account and comes out with the conclusion that next month the price of goods is likely to be higher or lower.

I'm speaking of thinking in the broader sense; letting your mind relax—and having it come up, unexpectedly, with the solution to the problem that, in the midst of today's noise and confusion and strain, it seemed there was no solution for. And beyond that, letting your mind drift—and having it come up with some sense of proportion, some balance between the past, the present, and the future.

That's getting to be almost impossible, because, even in Franklin, there aren't you find a place the cars aren't whizzing by, the radio or television isn't blaring, the advertising signs aren't distracting your attention, and where there aren't people?

Time after time, in the past few years, I've got in my car and driven out into the country, where there would be quiet, to regain a

little tranquility. But where can you really escape the noise, the rush, the fear of this age? On the quietest country road you hear the traffic on the nearby highway; and even on Wayah Bald, the jets roar overhead.

It's more than a personal problem with me; it's an individual problem for all of us. It's a national problem, too; because how can we find anything more than stop-gap solutions for the national problems of our democracy when there is no chance for the men and women who make up that democracy to get away, occasionally, from the pressures of the moment and give the mind and spirit an opportunity to return to quiet sanity?

And that recalls another situation, perhaps even more important:

It seems to me we are cheating our young people in America by never giving them a little time to dream.

There is school or television or the movies or Bible School or Little League, or what have you, to occupy them every instant. Most of those things are good; none of them is necessarily bad.

But when does today's boy or girl get a chance to sit on a mountain-side, alone, and just dream

or lie beneath a tree and gaze up through the thick-leaved limbs toward the sky, and wonder?

It is this wonder, these dreams, stored up in youth, that feed all of us, if we are really to be anything better than automatons, during the adult life of achievement.

That list of tourist attractions in last week's Press was imposing. It probably never had occurred to most of us that we had so many worthwhile things here to show our visitors.

Yet the chances are, that list, long as it was, barely scraped the surface.

We'd find, too, if we sat down and made a list of 'em, that we have a surprisingly large number of small industries, surprisingly diversified.

And, in almost every field, there is far more here than most of us realize.

Fact is, there is perhaps no better project that the Chamber of Commerce or some civic club could undertake than to catalogue all we have here; and then add the even longer list of all the possibilities.

It would surprise us all; furthermore, it would suggest the direction this community should take.

THE NEXT 2 STATES

How We Acquired Alaska And Hawaii

Early statehood for Alaska seems assured.

And if Alaska is admitted to the Union as a state, surely Hawaii will not be far behind.

And that raises many questions about the two. For instance, how did we get them, in the first place?

The two territories could hardly be more unlike. Equally dissimilar were the methods by which they became U. S. territories.

All the evidence is we got Alaska honestly. It was a straight-out business deal; Russia wanted to sell, and we wanted to buy. The price was agreed upon and paid—\$7,200,000.

At the time—1867—the deal was negotiated by William A. Seward, secretary of state in the Andrew Johnson administration, the purchase was called "Seward's folly"—and that was one of the least emphatic of the derisive epithets applied; for Alaska seemed worthless, and the price out of all reason.

As it turned out, the purchase was anything but folly, and the price modest indeed. For later, gold was discovered, and the gold alone taken out of Alaska amounted to 50 times the purchase price. In addition, it was found to be rich in coal, petroleum, and copper and other minerals.

There is its vast forest wealth, too, its fish, its wildlife, particu-

larly fur-bearing animals, and even its agricultural possibilities; for three-fourths of Alaska is in the North Temperate Zone.

It's greatest value to the United States today, though, is military. How would we feel—how, indeed, would the Canadians feel?—if this great northwestern part of the North American continent belonged to our cold war enemy, Soviet Russia?

IN DIFFERENT CATEGORY

Our acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands (once known as the Sandwich Islands) fell in an entirely different category. And, strangely, right here in Franklin evidence popped up the other day that throws light on that subject.

For a hundred years, the islands were ruled by the monarchs of a single family. Then, in 1893, there was a "revolution". Queen Liliuokalani, allegedly, had tried to abolish the Hawaiian constitution. She was deposed, and the new government sought annexation by the United States.

CLEVELAND ACTS

An annexation treaty had been submitted to the U. S. Senate, but before the Senate acted, Grover Cleveland came to the White House, in March, 1893, and promptly withdrew the treaty from the Senate. Why? With his bluff honesty, Cleveland said pointedly that the U. S. diplomatic representative in Hawaii, aided by Marines landed from a U. S. naval vessel, had improperly "aided" in the "revolution".

The islands then became a republic, and all the evidence is, enjoyed good government. But when William McKinley was elected President in 1896, the agitation for annexation started again. And who spearheaded this renewed agitation?

BEHIND PICTURE

Well, Col. and Mrs. Henry M. Wolfe, of St. Petersburg, Fla., and Franklin, at their home here last week were taking an old picture out of its frame. Back of the picture, they discovered a copy of The Oil City Derrick, a newspaper published in Oil City, Penn., dated February 16, 1897; and one of the big stories on its front page was a special dispatch from Honolulu, headed "Looking For Annexation"—a story that made it abundantly clear who was shouting for annexation.

Written in the high-flown language of the day, the story commented that "the bright star of

JOBS AND HUSBANDS—THEN AND NOW

In the old days she got a job because she couldn't get a husband; now the husband is easy to get if she has the job.

—Vernon, Texas, Trade News

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1893)

Mr. J. Johnston was "complaining" of having roasting ears for dinner a few days ago.

Mr. Alfred Shope sent to our office a few days ago a bunch of oats, the length of the stalks measuring six feet and three-fourths of an inch.

The rapid growth of the University is matter for State pride and rejoicing. In two years, the student roll has grown from 198 to 316.

25 YEARS AGO (1833)

Sunday, July 2, Miss Callie Jones and Paul Higdon, of Higdonville, were quietly married.

Mrs. Carl Slagle will entertain the Macon County chapter of the U. D. C. at her home on Cartoogehay July 10.

10 YEARS AGO

Macon County, in last Saturday's Democratic run-off primary, gave W. Kerr Scott 324 of the approximately 34,000 majority by which he won the party's nomination for governor over Charles M. Johnson.

Miss Virginia Bryant has been chosen by the Franklin Chamber of Commerce to represent Macon County at the Rhododendron Coronation Ball at the city auditorium in Asheville July 10.

UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

There is such a thing as being so broad-minded that after while you get to be flat-headed.

If you let a child sass you when he's little, you can't rightly expect him to honor his father and his mother when he's old.

What these economists, that advise the government and the rest of us, seem to be sayin' is: "Don't worry about your debts—you can always borrow to pay 'em off." Well, we suppose these same fellers, if they was airplane engineers, would tell you not to worry about fallin' out of the plane; if you're just high enough when you fall, you won't never hit the ground.