

Revealing Sentence

When it outlawed segregation in the public schools, was the Supreme Court following the time-honored legal practice of requiring a situation to conform to law, or was it stretching law to cover a situation? Was it simply stating what the law is, or was it making new law? Was it, that is, merely interpreting the Constitution, or was it re-writing it?

By a vote of 36 to 8, the Association of State Supreme Court Chief Justices said the Court was legislating. Later, when U. S. News & World Report conducted a poll of all federal judges, the majority of those replying agreed that was true. More recently light was shed on the issue by a member of the Supreme Court itself.

When the Court denied Little Rock's plea for an additional grace period, Justice Frankfurter handed down his own separate, but concurring, opinion. In that opinion is a single, incidental sentence that is revealing.

The fact that the sentence is incidental makes it doubly significant; because all of us, high or low, no matter how honest we try to be, usually reveal our real feelings and thoughts and motives most accurately when we are least conscious we are revealing them.

After disposing of the legal questions, Justice Frankfurter turns briefly to the problems created by the Court's desegregation order, and concludes his comments on that with this sentence:

"Only the constructive use of time will achieve what an advanced civilization demands and the Constitution confirms."

Three things about that sentence are noteworthy.

First, its arrangement—the order in which two ideas are placed. Desegregation, Justice Frankfurter says, is dictated by two things, the demands of "an advanced civilization" and the U. S. Constitution. Was it by accident that he put what "an advanced civilization demands" in first place, and relegated what the Constitution says to second?

Hardly! because he gives secondary emphasis to the Constitution in another way, by the relative strength of the verbs in the two clauses. He says an advanced civilization "demands"—a very strong word; but when he refers to the Constitution, he uses a much weaker word; the Constitution merely "confirms".

Finally, why did he choose that word "confirms"? The term suggests adding evidence to support a decision already made. Earlier in the opinion, when he was talking about law, he was careful to say the Constitution "commands" desegregation. Why did he not use that strong word again?

Was it that Justice Frankfurter, off his guard while discussing a non-legal aspect of the situation, unconsciously said what he really meant?

Progressive Step

That's a progressive step the Town of Franklin has taken in arranging for a free parking lot just south of the First Baptist Church. And the community is indebted to Joseph Ashear, H. L. Bryant, and the church for generously making the area available for the purpose.

The aldermen most active on the project were Prelo Dryman and William (Bill) Bryant. The lot is a reality because those two stubbornly refused to let difficulties stop them.

It is estimated the lot will take care of 100 automobiles. How much it will help to relieve the uptown traffic situation is suggested by comparing that figure with another one: Along the north side of Main Street, all the way from Belk's to the Nantahala Power and Light Company, there are

only 28 parking meters. The new lot, that is, will provide space for about four times as many cars as can park on one side of uptown Main Street.

For the best use of the space, it will be necessary to lay out and mark off the new lot, and it is to be hoped the town will go ahead and spend whatever additional that may cost.

This one lot, of course, will not solve the situation; but it and two or three more would go a long way toward solving it. And we are sure the town will consider this only a first, not the final, step. Town authorities, in fact, it is understood, are

Winged Victory



hopeful of working out an arrangement for use of the Howard Stewart lot, just off Palmer Street.

Strange Doctrine

That is strange doctrine that came out of last week's State Baptist Convention.

"There is no such thing as absolute separation of church and state", reported the convention's Committee of 25; hence the only problem is how to keep both church and state free as they work together. Specifically, the committee recommended careful scrutiny of federal aid accepted by the church.

That report was adopted by overwhelming vote, apparently with little debate.

What the Baptists do is their business, of course. But surely it is the business of a newspaper to point out change. And this represents change. For that would have been strange doctrine, a few years ago, coming from any Protestant denomination; it would have been strangest of all, coming from their freedom-loving, independent Baptists, with their historic emphasis on separation of church and state. It wouldn't have been much more incredible, in fact, a decade ago, had the Baptists taken the stand that there is no absolute separation of righteousness and sin, so the "realistic" approach is to accept sin, but to make sure it is controlled.

As recently as 1950, the Baptists did not face this problem of reconciling the principle of separation of church and state with the practice of working together. That year they rejected \$700,000 in federal funds for the Baptist Hospital, choosing, instead, to raise the money themselves.

For other churches, as well as the Baptists, the new problem grows out of a new practice, accepting federal tax money for church purposes.

... And Reindeer, Too

What would Santa Claus be without reindeer!

Well, there is a Santa Claus; and this Christmas, there are to be reindeer, too—real, live reindeer.

Appropriately, this reindeer-proof ("Of course there is a Santa! look! there are his reindeer!")—appropriately, this reindeer-proof of the reality of Santa Claus comes from the youngest "child" in the "family". Alaska, the 49th state, is sending 10 reindeer to Washington, D. C., as a Christmas gift to her 48 older, and therefore more skeptical, sisters. They'll be seen there December 23, in the Christmas Pageant of Peace (and later go to the National Zoological Park).

And the way the reindeer will reach the nation's capital is in keeping with the spirit of the gift. The Alaska Steamship Lines will pick up the reindeer at Seward, Alaska, and ship them to Seattle—for free. There a motor freight company will be waiting to transport them to Washington—without charge. What better investment could they make in bringing joy to the hearts of thousands of youngsters!

Definition:

Prejudiced—what's wrong with the fellow who disagrees with us.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Did you ever try to clean up the attic?

Well, if you haven't, take my advice and don't! It's an interminable job.

Like so many jobs around the house that we keep putting off, I'd been putting this one off ever since we moved into our present home. At that time, we moved from a big house into a little one; so there were a lot of things we had to store in the attic because there was no other place to put them. And for a dozen years since, we've been putting things away up there in the attic, sticking them into any available crack between all the boxes and the old suitcases and the discarded pieces of furniture.

A dozen times Mrs. Jones has threatened to clean up that attic, but each time I've dissuaded her; give me time, and I'd do it — and besides, she'd be sure to throw away something I wanted.

Well, one day last summer my conscience got after me on a day when I didn't have anything particular to do; and so I climbed the steps to clean that attic.

I was taken aback by what I saw. I had been there many times before, but, somehow, I'd never really seen the situation. It looked like a hopeless mess.

With my usual optimism, though, I told myself all I had to do was set to work; I'd have it ship-shape by noon.

That was a morning early last summer, and it still isn't ship-shape; for somehow, each time I go up there, my enthusiasm is less keen.

I first set out to throw away. I opened an attic window, took out the screen, and started tossing things through that window. But it wasn't an hour till I found

myself going down to retrieve something: That old coat, many years out of style, was much too good to throw away; or that old chair leg might come in handy, one of these days, repairing something; or that old hat from the Franklin Centennial observance — where would I get another one, in case of a similar observance? I'd better save it. And all those old suitcases; who knows when there'll be another depression and we might be glad to have 'em?

It was not things like that, though, that proved my real Waterloo. It was when I came to the boxes and boxes of letters and records and clippings I'd saved over the years. Now that is something that really takes time.

"Why, here's a letter from Aunt Jane! I'd forgotten all about her. A long letter. I'll have to read this."

"And here's one of the children's report cards. Pretty good grades. Wonder if I took the trouble to say so at the time? — Have to save that; the grandchildren might like to have it."

"And here's a short story I wrote when I was 15. Golly! but I was flowery in those days. Let's see, now, how did I end it?"

Throw all these things away? Well, yes, of course, most of them. But I wouldn't dare throw 'em away without looking at them. There's sure to be something I want to keep.

And so I laboriously go through a bundle of these dusty old papers, sorting. "This pile I'll throw away; these I'll keep". And by golly! first thing I knew, the "keep" pile is bigger than the "throw away" pile. And now they aren't neatly tied up in a bundle as they were when I started; The mess is really worse than it was when I began.

And so . . . shall I open the next bundle. No; it's too near dinnertime. I'll wait and start on those tomorrow.

Clean up your attic? I strongly advise against it. Because already

HE PAYS TOLL FOR 1-TON VESSEL

Capt. Robert F. Legge, 53-year-old Navy surgeon, set a record for the Atlantic to Pacific swim of the Panama Canal—after paying a toll of 72 cents, the minimum for a one-ton vessel in ballast. Records indicated Captain Legge's time of 21 hours 54 minutes is the fastest. He also is the oldest person to swim the length of the canal.—A.M.A. News.

THE BURNT ADULT DREADS FIREWORKS

It's hard for young folk, who love the noise of popping firecrackers, to understand the seeming stupidity of older folk in objecting to these fun producers. But enough older folk have been victims of pyrotechnic accidents to know their danger. Police vigilance in enforcing the anti-pyrotechnic law of the state is in order.—Kings Mountain Herald.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1883)

The young people enjoyed a sociable at Mrs. V. A. Crawford's Friday evening.

Macon County mica won a medal at the World's Fair. The Franklin High School opened last week with between twenty-five and thirty pupils.

Married Sunday, November 18th, at the residence of Mr. B. H. Franks, the bride's father, Mr. D. L. Garland to Miss Minnie Franks.

25 YEARS AGO (1933)

Beneficent rain, a heavy downpour of it, came Tuesday night, blotting out a raging forest fire which was fast sweeping over the Cowees into Macon County.

Jobs for 260 men have been made available in Macon County by projects already started or soon to be undertaken with the aid of funds provided by the Civil Works Administration, the most recently created branch of President Roosevelt's enormous national recovery organization.

10 YEARS AGO

All grazing of domestic livestock on the Standing Indian wildlife management area will be prohibited after December 31. It was announced here this week. The ruling was made by the Atlanta office of the U. S. Forest Service.

Miss Maxine Talley Monday was elected president of the newly organized local chapter of the national Beta Club, a service leadership organization for high school students.—Highlands item.

Letters

Election Thoughts

Editor, The Press:

The Republican Party is trying to dig its way out of the election landslide; they're scratching their heads and saying, what's happened?

Well, several things. For one, the fixed bayonets at Little Rock may have had its affect the length and breadth of this nation.

The recession has played its part, even though it was short. People like to be promised something. Have you ever promised a little child candy if it would stop crying and notice how quickly it stops? Well, grown people are that way, too. People are afraid of recessions and depressions, and the party that can promise the most jobs and best wages is almost sure of being elected, for the grocery bill for one hundred and seventy million people would run pretty high in a week.

My guess is that the working man and woman worry more about getting and keeping their jobs than anything else. Because they know their jobs are the bread of life. We are no longer living in horse and buggy days; people are looking for and expecting a more modern way of life at all costs.

Where will we go from here? It could be war, depression, inflation, or prosperity.

HERMAN WILSON.

SPREADING POISON

What Else Do We Kill When We Kill The Bugs? Nobody Knows

Boston Herald

One of the growing businesses today is spreading poison. It is done by planes and helicopters. It is done by big spraying and dusting machines spewing forth great clouds drifting with the winds. No one knows if the many millions of pounds of poisons cast upon the land are doing more harm than good. And no regulations, beyond those restricting spray residues in food, control this mass poisoning.

Maybe the killing of mosquitoes, gypsy moths, spruce bud worms, fire ants and other pests outweighs the damage done by these poisons. But no one knows what the damage may be. We know fish and birds are often killed. We know that the pests

themselves develop immunity to the poisons, again forcing the use of larger quantities.

But we do not have the slightest knowledge of whether these poisons are building up year after year in the soil, in our wild life, in our domestic animals and in ourselves, to present us sometime with a catastrophe we did not foresee.

This is inexcusable public ignorance, to permit the mass spreading of poison with no calculation of the dangers.

Last year 50 planes spread 1,500 tons of DDT and fuel oil over 3,000,000 acres of public and private lands in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. In woods and swamps it killed a variety of

wildlife, from fishes to damselflies and frogs. It fell on gardens to contaminate food. It introduced an unwelcome substance to those "organic" farms operated on the theory that crops and animals should be raised without "chemicals." It left DDT in milk.

This year 20,000,000 acres in the South are being sprayed with dieldrin to control the fire ant with the same lack of adequate understanding of the possible side effects.

In Massachusetts we have several agencies spraying and dusting without any correlation, so that areas dusted for mosquito control may be again dusted for gypsy moth or greenhead fly.

All this should be stopped until

we know what we are about. We should know all the effects of the poisons on the pests we are attacking. We should not rest there, either, but go on to develop methods of concentrating our attack so that only the pest suffers.

Francis W. Sargent, the state natural resources commissioner, has recognized the problem, and has called on Senators Saltonstall and Kennedy to press for a federal research. Mr. Sargent also urges state legislation to control and regulate all spraying and dusting, both public and private, and plans a meeting of all interested persons to consider such a measure.

We need such a public awakening to the problem.