

In a party's normal party, nothing. And there is no reason it would win the international...

The... war... those... time to... such...

...for ALL minorities, are... those of the Negro race, and...

...the city... a... but that can...

...from government... divided, first, as... and then between the three branches...

These are not new ideas. And there are those who say they are out of date. Well, maybe. But if we junk them...

There is no such opportunity today, for there is no party that stands for these principles.

LAST BEST HOPE

The South cannot win alone. And it cannot win for itself alone.

It's last, best hope is to forget the battle and concentrate on the war; to put principle above victory; and once again to offer bold political leadership that is national in vision.

For it is not just southern Democrats who have nowhere to go. Millions, in every part of the country, Democrats and Republicans, true liberals and real conservatives, are disillusioned with both old parties...

How is democratic government work, when the South is never no choice? And how can there be a hope, when there is no choice? And how can there be a hope, when there is no choice?

If there is any division, it isn't merely one of degree. Which party is more inclined to make the end principle means, is more generous in spending the people's money, is more cynically materialistic, assuming that man does live by bread alone? Which offers the bigger program of more federal aid to public causes, the bigger program of subsidies, the bigger program of giving more to this group and that group and the other politically powerful group? Which party, that is, offers the higher price for group and class votes?

While there are, of course, a few honest, courageous leaders in each party, both parties, as parties, have become the slaves of expediency. Thus they are morally bankrupt.

A new party that exalted principle; that recognized that the fundamental principles on which this government of free men was built do not change; and that revitalized those fundamentals by making them applicable to modern conditions and modern problems—such a party would have no serious rivals to offer, in exchange for votes, in a world where something to stir men's souls.

What Have Americans To Fear?

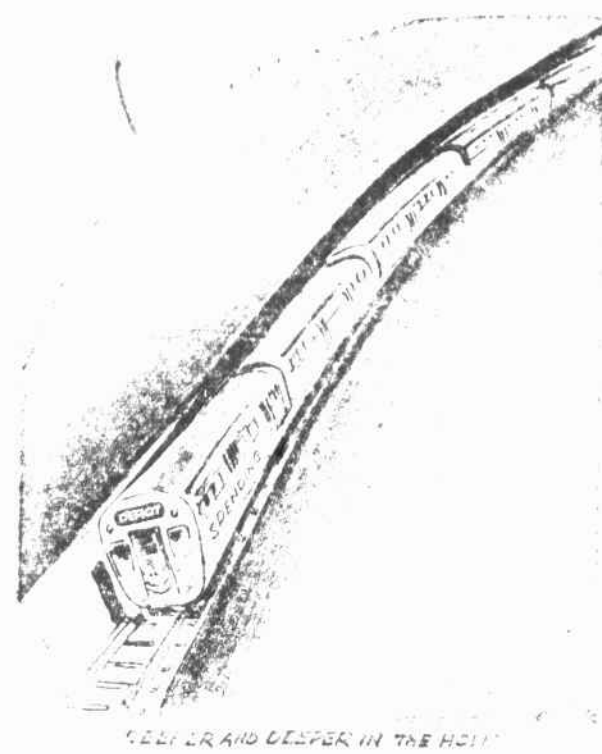
By H. G. Trotter

...the... the... the...

...the... the... the...

...the... the... the...

...the... the... the...



Printed Magic

(The Florida Times-Union)

The strange magic and power of the printed word has been illustrated again, not by some high-powered research executive, but by a bank porter in Louisville, Ky. He placed a sign over the night deposit chute which read: "Out of Order. Leave deposit with porter."

The customers, with their instinctive obedience to the printed word, did exactly that. The porter left for California with \$1,100.

Would the customers have been so trusting if the porter had spoken his instructions? Would they have followed the orders of an electronic device? The answer is "no." Only the printed word possesses that sort of black and white magic.

Long Range Plan For Colleges

(Greensboro Daily News)

For the first time a long-range planning program, listing needs and funds, has been worked out for North Carolina's system of higher education.

Compilations made and projected by the State Board of Higher Education cover the next 10 years. Capital outlay is based on a minimum enrollment of 72,000 students in public and privately owned colleges by 1970; the "probable maximum" is set at 96,000.

To provide facilities for enrollment of such a total as the board estimates, appropriations of \$90,000,000 from some source, presumably largely bond issues, will be required. While that total at first glance appears staggering, it does not appear so large when broken down by bienniums. Such a rate of expenditure over 10 years would be in line with what the state has been spending for similar purposes over past decades.

The advantage lies in long-range planning. College and university boards and administrators are enabled to know what they will have to do and to anticipate funds with which to do it. Lack of planning and piecemeal programs have proved costly in the past. Planning heretofore has been largely confined to one biennium after another, as each General Assembly has been concerned primarily with balancing the budget for the period it serves. Continuity and vision have been missing under such an understandably shortsighted policy. Long-range planning lets every agency involved know how it stands and shape up its programs and building programs accordingly.

But along with provision of physical facilities the state's leadership must recognize that buildings and equipment alone do not suffice. Faculties and other trained personnel must be retained and expanded. There is withal a responsibility to realize that mounting enrollments face our institutions of higher education and that whatever facilities we have must be put to fullest and most effective usage.

Along with heavy burdens resting upon state institutions, attention should not be lost to the role played by private and church related colleges in North Carolina. They are expected to enroll 32,000 of the board's estimated minimum total college enrollment of 72,000 by 1970. The role that these institutions are playing and will continue to play in the education of North Carolina's boys and girls cannot be underestimated. Campaigns that are now being conducted, especially among Methodists and Presbyterians for establishment of new colleges and expansion of old, take on added importance and meaning in the light of the state board's long-range environment.

As these facts stare us in the face, adequate provision of educational facilities is imperative. The funds which we put into them represent an investment from which will come dividends of the highest sort, an enrichment which will be left in the lives of our boys and girls, in higher living standards, increased brain power, a strengthened economy and a greater ability to pay for those services, including education, which a growing, progressive state must have.

By the streets of "by and by", one arrives at the house of "never"—Cervantes.

If the power to do hard work is not a talent, it is the best possible substitute for it—James A. Garfield.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1894)

Mr. H. G. Trotter is shipping dressed poultry. Mr. Riley Hooper, of Cashier's, was telling jokes on the streets of Franklin last Monday.

Since the sidewalks have been paved, why let sand heaps remain on them? Is it for the purpose of concealing bad smells?

...the... the... the...

10 YEARS AGO

...the... the... the...

...the... the... the...

...the... the... the...

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES



"That do you write on your... You stare at the blank... five minutes... but an hour... of the nowhere, on your... you start writing... to get it on paper before it... But some days, ideas refuse to come, no matter how long and hard you stare.

Well, not really. Occasionally, you do. Occasionally, there's something in your mind that's just begging to get itself out. And sometimes, on such occasions, you can just dash something off.

Usually, though, when something is just dashed off, every body knows it was written that way; and the time out of town, when a piece is just dashed off, the reader is likely to dash off to another column or another page.

The more frequent method—though it isn't really recommended—for writing an editorial or a piece like this, is a routine of this kind. First, you postpone the actual start of writing just as long as possible, because waiting is hard work—don't let anybody tell you it isn't!

Finally, when you've changed the typewriter ribbon (that didn't need changing) and shopped all the pencils on your desk (that already were pinpoint sharp) and replenished the supply of copy paper (that was more than plentiful)—finally, when you can find no other excuse for procrastinating longer, you sit down to the typewriter.

But do you start writing immediately? You do not.

At last, in desperation, you thread a piece of paper in the typewriter and begin putting down words... like the ones above.

But soon even words refuse to come. Why, you note that what you've written will fill only a few of the 2 1/2 inches in a news paper column—and that the words you've put down really don't say much.

Finally, you stare at the wall some more. But occasionally, you are honest with yourself. On those honest days, you admit: "I haven't a darn thing to say. Why say nothing?"

And if it is an exceptionally honest day, like this one, you put on your coat, lock the front door, and go home...

ANTS AND BEES

Small Town Pace No Longer Slow

SIDNEY HARRIS
In Charlotte Observer

Traveling about, as I do, to many smallish towns around the country, I am constantly surprised that so many city people still speak wistfully about the "slower pace" of a small town.

They are harking back nostalgically to the earlier years of the century, when a small town was languid and relaxed. Today, the typical American small town is perhaps the most frantically over-organized community in the world.

"I don't have time to do much reading, or even take care of the yard properly," confided one small town businessman to me at a Chamber of Commerce dinner. "They've got me doing a dozen civic jobs."

Like most of his fellows, he is working for the Chamber, the Lions or the Rotary or the Kiwanis, the Community Fund, the committee to get the bond issue passed for the new school, the Boy Scouts, the traffic safety drive, and a dozen similar activities.

Moreover, he cannot refuse to serve, for fear it might injure his business or his wife's social ambition or his children's status with their schoolmates. His private life, as such, is utterly private.

Now, of course, there are many plus values to be found in small town living in terms of space and transportation and a kind of security that is not easily obtained in the big city.

But in terms of a "slower pace," there is reason to believe that

ONE OR OTHER ALWAYS OUT

A young bride was given this advice and warning by her grandmother:

"Child," she said, "I hope your married life is going to be easier than mine. All my wedded days I've carried two burdens—Pa and the fire. Every time I've turned to look at one, the other has come out."—Irish Digest.

ONCE LIVED HERE —

Mrs. Dargan Writes New Book

Publication of a new book by Olive Tilford Dargan is of special interest here in Southwestern North Carolina, because Mrs. Dargan once lived, for a considerable period, in the Nan-



Mrs. Dargan

the two authors lies in the fact that neither was born in North Carolina, but both chose its mountain country as the most satisfying place in which to live and write.

Mrs. Dargan, who now lives in Asheville, was born in Kentucky, where she began to teach school at the age of 14, and where, still a child, she found it necessary to put her ideas in writing. And she has never stopped. She published her first book, "Semiramis and Other Plays," in 1904. In 1932, after the appearance of other books of plays and verse and her notable book of stories, "Highland Annals," she published her first novel under the name of Fielding Berke. With her latest volume, "The Spotted Hawk," she has again turned all her charm and imaginative power toward poetry. Some of the older poems included in this book have appeared in national magazines, but many of them, some quite recent, have never before been published.