

WEIMAR JONES
Editorial Page Editor

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1959

The Arguments Against

Until the other day, we'd never heard of the Committee Against Summit Entanglement.

We hold no brief for the organization, for the good reason we know nothing about it; for all we know, it may be a bad organization. But good or bad, it has done an effective job of summarizing the arguments why President Eisenhower should have no truck with Russia's Khrushchev at a summit meeting.

With the warning to the reader that this is only one side of the question, we pass along the committee's statement as being the most logical, concise presentation of that side we've seen.

The committee urges the President not to attend a Summit Conference because:—

1. It will further increase Soviet prestige.
2. It will further discourage anti-Communists everywhere and weaken their will to resist.
3. It will play right into the hands of all of the appeasement-minded politicians, and weaken the position of the firm anti-Communist statesmen, in all the governmental circles of the remaining free world.
4. The results of the last "summit conference" have proved to be huge gains for the Soviets, and huge losses for the anti-Communist forces. We should be guided by this experience.
5. Experience has further and fully demonstrated that any agreements which the Soviets do make will be ignored or broken, as soon as it suits their convenience.
6. The only questions raised or discussed will be as to HOW FAR we will give in to Soviet demands. Under such conditions we have all to lose and nothing to gain.
7. The President of the United States is seriously handicapped, in bargaining in any such conference with a man like Khrushchev. The President's commitments are not final, but must later be ratified by the Senate, as is well known to the Soviet Premier, who can himself speak with dictatorial authority.
8. It is an unconstitutional way for an American President to conduct foreign affairs. Treaties must be entered into with the ADVICE and CONSENT of the Senate. Even if retroactive consent is later obtained, both Senate and Executive are violating the Constitution as to the ADVICE of the Senate during the negotiations.
9. Syngman Rhee is correct that "what is morally wrong can never be politically right." It is morally wrong to fraternize with murderers.
10. And Jacques Soustelle is correct that, when dealing with the Soviets, always or on any issue, "to negotiate is to surrender."

Fresh Eyes See More

When you or I visit New York or some other city for the first time, we see and are impressed by things the natives are unaware of. Because those things have been before their eyes day after day and year after year, people who always have lived there no longer really see them.

The same thing, of course, is true of Macon County.

That fact of human nature gives special point to the letter on this page from Mrs. Julia E. Phillips. She, in fact, has a double advantage over those of us who were reared here. She can recall her first impressions. She is no newcomer, though, but has become one of us.

If America forgets where she came from, if the people lose sight of what brought them along, if she listens to the deniers and mockers, then will begin the rot and dissolution.
—Carl Sandburg.

GROWING PAINS



Pity Poor Pete

Pete feels that the whole world is against him. No matter how hard he tries, he can't seem to please his mother.

Unless mother changes her ways, Pete may become a weak, submissive, anxiety-ridden man. Or perhaps even worse, he may develop into an aggressive threat to society.

Two Tests

(Arapa, Colo., News)

The test of courage comes when we are in the minority; the test of tolerance comes when we are in the majority.

Takes Cooperation

(Irish Digest)

No one can make you feel inferior without your consent.

We Probably Would!

(Frederick, Colo., Farmer & Miner)

If we could see ourselves as others see us, we'd probably deny it.

Negro Or Colored?

(News Alliance Bulletin)

Negro or colored? Which term is more acceptable?

An Ebony Magazine survey of 10 leading Negroes shows them not so much concerned with racial designations as with the battle to be treated as Americans.

The magazine points out that the dictionary definition of Negro is "a black person of African descent." Yet Africans themselves disown the term, and it is "spurned by dark-skinned subjects of all nationality groups but ours."

Ebony says that baseball star Willie Mays, entertainer Sammy Davis, Jr., and internationally known woman leader attorney Edith Sampson prefer to be called Negroes.

Daisy Bates, Little Rock's desegregation leader, is annoyed by neither term and feels that inasmuch as Negroes are all colors, they are colored.

The Rev. Martin Luther King and Congressman William Dawson have no preference. Roy Wilkins and Lester Granger, executive secretaries of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the Urban League, respectively, use Negro and colored interchangeably.

The most vocal of the leaders surveyed was attorney Sadie T. M. Alexander, who likes neither term, preferring instead to be called an American.

"Ethnologically inaccurate though it may be," concludes the magazine, "the word Negro has official status, is legally binding. Little can be done about that."

"The real problem is the man called Negro. If he would spend as much time dignifying his race as he does decrying its designation, if he would quit worrying about the label and concentrate upon improving the product, the name would take care of itself."

Why War Is Unthinkable

(Joseph C. Jahn in Suffolk County, N. Y., News)

If mankind is to perish in a thermo-nuclear holocaust, I hope there is time left for one last bitter laugh at the thought that 14 years after the start of the atomic age homo sapiens hasn't found a way to live in it. Most of us are so uninformed about the meaning of this new power and what it can do to the human race that it may be written down as history's greatest joke, providing there is anyone alive to record it.

Dr. Hardin B. Jones, of the University of California, a dis-

LETTERS

'Gem In The Rough'

Editor, The Press:

I have been interested in the discussion about the courthouse. I am very much in favor of renovating the present one. I admit there is little in favor of it, in its present condition. I agree it's an eyesore, as it is. And the type of repairs heretofore certainly have not improved its appearance.

I believe there must be many Maconians who are interested in preserving this link with their historic past, but have just neglected to express themselves. I am not a native Maconian, but when I came here ten years ago with the thought of purchasing a piece of property, naturally I was interested in the town—the possibilities of its future growth, background, etc. The thing that impressed me most was the old buildings—the courthouse, the building then used as a library (the old Masonic Hall) and since torn down, "Dixie Hall", and one or two others.

I should hate to see Macon County sacrifice this link with its earlier days; they were evidently, to a substantial extent, ones of culture.

I find it hard to understand why some woman's club has not found this a worth-while project; it is to the women of the county that we are indebted for the preservation of most of our fine old historic buildings. The most notable example is Mount Vernon, which was saved through women's foresight. In a sad state of disrepair when a group of women decided something must be done about it, today it is an attraction to thousands upon thousands of visitors every year, from all over the world.

Many other examples could be cited. In fact, the value of the old and historic is now so well recognized that millions are spent in reproducing things we have not cared enough about to save in the first place. Williamsburg, of course, is the outstanding illustration, but by no means the only one.

Some of our young people say a new courthouse should be built, so we'll have one to be proud of now and one their descendants can be proud of. No one can be sure that a type of architecture popular today will be at all acceptable tomorrow. The City of Philadelphia started out to build a city hall that would end all such problems; some thirty years, and something more than \$26,000,000 later, when it was turned over to the people of Philadelphia, it was already outmoded! Franklin's courthouse has its roots deep in the soil of Macon County.

I will admit your courthouse, in its present state, does not inspire pride. And for those who have looked upon it day after day and year after year, it takes an active imagination to see much in the way of possibilities. But a competent architect could certainly do wonders. With efficient planning, I sincerely believe enough waste space could be utilized to accommodate records for a long time. For a more attractive outside, the buildings in the rear could be purchased and razed, forming a plaza toward Church Street. (I hope the owners of those buildings will understand nothing personal is intended.) That would seem much more desirable and attractive than a cross-road and parking lot. (There could still be quite a bit of parking along the side, as at present.)

These are the merest suggestions; but I should sincerely like to see Macon Countians keep their courthouse. They may not value it, as is suggested by the type of repairs perpetrated against it; but I cannot help but think, if it were properly renovated, there would be a pride that no new building could bring forth. That calls to mind a small town in Georgia I have never visited, but which I never pass through that my eyes do not go to its neat, tidy courthouse, beautiful because of its simplicity.

I am sure there are more people interested than have committed themselves; and surely it is too big a decision not to let your commissioners know how you feel.

Your courthouse is a "gem in the rough"—waiting to be cut and polished.

(MRS.) JULIA E. PHILLIPS

River Bend Road,
Franklin, Route 3.

tinguished scientist, put it this way last week: A major nuclear attack on the United States would leave a generation decimated by death, weakened by radiation, and with genetic damage that would be passed on to countless descendants. Half of the 40 million survivors of a nuclear war on this country would die from radiation and associated disturbances within a year or two. Of the remaining half, the least that would happen would be a reduction of their life span by some 11 years. And that, friends, covers all of us.

They would eke out an existence for a while on land contaminated by radioactivity, swept by forest fires, and eroding into dust bowls. Millions would starve or die of thirst and disease would run rampant.

What is even worse is this scientific forecast: The 40 million Americans under the age of 40 who would survive the attack itself would produce from 24,000,000 to 960,000,000 new genetic mutations distributed over some 30 succeeding generations. Nearly one thousand years of sub-normal human beings. Not a nation wiped out, but worse: A nation disfigured and lost, perhaps forever . . . not just the rubble of cities but the birth of millions of human monsters for generations to come.

This, then, is why there must be Geneva conferences and summit meetings, no matter how futile they may appear, and why we must learn how to live with the Russians and the Chinese, and they with us. This is why a group of top international scientists, of every possible shade of political opinion, should sit at the summit with the political leaders and make their voices heard.

This is why war is unthinkable, and why flag waving no longer brings joy to many hearts, but strikes terror to many souls.

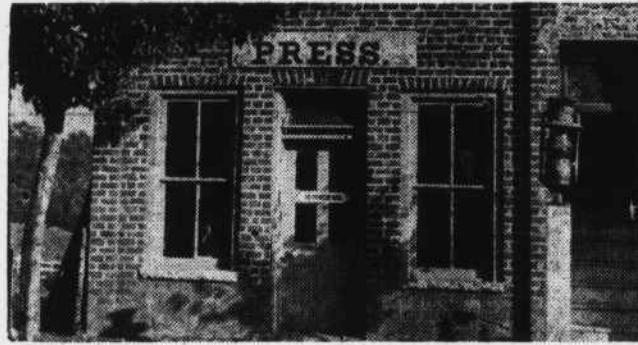
In Own Backyard

(Eaton, Colo., Herald)

Growth of Washington bureaucracy has been viewed with alarm by most of us, yet here in Colorado in the school situation and with the state taking over driver licensing from the counties, we see the same thing building up yet fail to recognize it.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
(1894)

FRANKLIN HIGH SCHOOL—The fall session will open Monday, August 20, with M. C. Allen as Principal, and Miss Hatfield Sloan, Assistant. The latter has had a thorough Normal training, and is especially qualified for teaching primary and intermediate branches. Pupils from the country can secure board in private families at a very low rate. Tuition from \$1.50 to \$3 per month.—Adv.

Jos. E. Rickman is putting down lumber to build a new store house near the Academy (now the Franklin Terrace).

A small company of Indians from Quallatown was in town yesterday and played a game of ball on the east side of the river.

35 YEARS AGO
(1924)

Mr. H. D. Dean has been appointed superintendent of the Sunday School here for the coming year.—Etna item.
Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Fouts spent last Tuesday in Asheville.

15 YEARS AGO
(1944)

The Rev. George Cloer, of West's Mill, has been nominated as the Republican candidate for representative, in place of Robert Fulton, farmer of Gullasaja, who previously was chosen but declined the nomination.

Mayor W. H. Cobb has been elected president of the Highlands Chamber of Commerce, to succeed S. C. Russell, resigned.

5 YEARS AGO
(1954)

Five Franklin Boy Scouts have been selected for initiation into the Order of the Arrow: Herbert McKelvey, Tommy Gnuse, Lewis Cabe, Gary McKelvey, and Gilmer Henry.

Mrs. J. Ward Long won the sweepstakes award and one of the two tricolor awards at Saturday's annual flower show of the Franklin Garden Club.

We Americans Wantonly Disregard Our Heritage

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Should Macon County's ancient courthouse be torn down? Light is cast on that question by an article that appeared in last January's Reader's Digest. Excerpts from The Digest piece appear below.)

An architect visiting West Point a few years ago was admiring the Superintendent's residence, beautifully situated to command a sweeping view of the West Point Plain. The oldest building still being used at the Academy, this one has housed almost every Superintendent, and so has historic as well as architectural value.

"We're tearing it down for more barracks room," an officer told him matter-of-factly.

The architect was horrified. Couldn't it possibly be saved? No, the plans were made.

The visitor hastened to Washington and buttonholed congressmen and senators, but could interest none. Then he had an inspiration: he called on Senator Harry F. Byrd, of Virginia. "Senator," he said, "did you know that Gen. Robert E. Lee's famous home while he was Superintendent of West Point is about to be destroyed?"

The senator was incredulous. "Get me West Point!" he said to his secretary. No one will give a verbatim report of the ensuing conversation, but the destruction plans were canceled and today this architectural landmark still stands, used and admired.

Even in ruin it was beautiful. Admirers of the old house raised enough money to purchase the dismantled structure and move it, piece by piece, to a 30-acre park site at Garrison, N. Y. There it lies today, while devoted sponsors go about the heartbreaking job of collecting funds to reconstruct the mansion as a community center and museum of Hudson Valley history and art.

Why save old places? What can they contribute to living in the world today?

A nation with no regard for its past will have little future worth remembering. We need authentic, tangible reminders of our national virtues and heroes to make us feel a part of the best in our heritage. Properly presented, they breathe life into past experience.

Historic preservation speaks to the spirit. In 1942 an Army private wrote to John D. Rockefeller, Jr., about his visit to colonial Williamsburg: "Of all the sights I have seen, and the books I have read, none ever made me sense the greatness of this country with more force and clarity than when I saw Williamsburg slumbering peacefully on its old foundations."

Williamsburg and Cooperstown, N. Y., are famous. But many a lesser-known locality, taking a fresh perspective of its past, is finding an old courthouse or residence, even a covered bridge or a tavern, that is rich in historical associations.

A number of cities have put entire areas under architectural



STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Things aren't always what they seem.

Or maybe a better way to put it is to say most of us are so sure we're going to see what we expect to see, it takes something of a shock to make us shed our preconceived notions, so our eyes can show us what is really there.

I had some illustrations of that on a recent trip to a newspaper conference at Carbondale, Ill.

I wanted to make the trip by train from Knoxville (which I had to reach by first driving to Cherokee, and there taking a bus). So I wrote in advance for train schedules, etc. I was told I'd go via the Southern to Corinth, Miss., where I'd change to an "I. C. Ry." train. I was warned, though, that that train runs only every other day, from Corinth to Carbondale on odd days, and back again on the even ones.

What sort of a train that must be, to run only every other day! I thought; so I considered going by air or bus. But because I've found that every new experience is interesting, if not always comfortable and convenient, I decided to go by rail, just to find out what an every-other-day train was like.

I took it for granted it'd be a slow-poke little affair, maybe a freight with one or two passenger coaches attached. Imagine my surprise, therefore, when it turned out to be the Illinois Central Railway's long, sleek, luxurious "City of Miami," which runs from Miami to Chicago, and is in such a hurry it doesn't even stop at Corinth, a town of 15,000, unless it's flagged!

Later I learned that many of today's big, fine trains operate on every-other-day schedules. In other words, I suddenly realized my assured misconception of what I was about to see was based not on a reasonable assumption, but on my own ignorance.

The second eye-opener had to do with Corinth. I'd never been in Mississippi, but I'd read a lot about it,—almost all of it unfavorable. So I was prepared to see not what my eyes showed me, but what somebody else had told me I would see. I looked for hordes of Negroes, for a few old Southern mansions, for shantytowns, and for shiftless poor whites, obsessed by sex, prejudice, and hate.

As I entered the railway station waiting room, I was met by a gang of the laziest, skinniest, mangiest looking cats I'd ever

seen. And when I went to the rest room, it not only was the filiest one I can recall; there was no pretense of any place to wash hands.

"Well, what did you expect of Mississippi?" I found myself saying.

Then a disconcerting fact came to the surface of my mind: This was in Mississippi, true; but it was the property of the Southern Railway. You couldn't fairly blame a whole state for what a big railroad was responsible for, in a single station within that state.

So I set out, in my three-hour wait, to see something of Corinth. Except for a porter in the station, I saw not one Negro, not one Southern mansion, no special evidence, no matter how hard I looked for it, of obsessions with sex and prejudice and hate. It may be I saw some of the "poor whites" some novelists delight to depict; they were white, and undoubtedly some of them were poor. But Corinth wasn't what I'd looked for at all. Truth is, except for the flatness and some bales of cotton, it might have been a large-scale replica of any Western North Carolina town.

Once again a fact gave me a start: Corinth, I learned, is only 4½ miles south of the Tennessee line and is perhaps more closely connected with that state than with Mississippi. Because I was within the borders of Mississippi, I had assumed I'd find the conditions that exist . . . maybe . . . in the southern part of that state.

Later, I was to hear the comment, not from a Mississippian, that "Mississippi is the most maligned state in the Union." And I recalled the snide remarks I've so often heard — and made — about that state. As though there were any state that doesn't have good people as well as bad, good customs as well as bad, good "ways of life" as well as bad.

And I found myself wondering: When we ridicule other states and places and people, aren't we indulging in a bit of holler-than-thouing? If we can find enough wrong with the other fellow or the other town or the other state, it makes us feel not quite so guilty ourselves, by comparison.

However that may be, I came home with the conviction that our eyes would do a lot better job for us all, if our minds would let them see what's there, instead of telling them what to look for.

PLEASING TO TAR HEELS

A Poteat Returns

HENRY BELK in Greensboro Daily News

Many a Tar Heel who honors the Poteat name for his contribution to education and enlightenment will be pleased with a bit of news from Duke University.

Dr. William H. Poteat will join the faculty of the Divinity School of Duke University. He is a son of the late great Baptist liberal

preacher, Dr. E. McNeill Poteat, of Raleigh. He is a great-nephew of the late scholar, biologist and Christian, Dr. William Louis Poteat, long-time president of Wake Forest College. A sermon by "Dr. Billy" before the Baptist State Convention at Winston-Salem in the "monkey trial" period staved off what was shaping as an attack to unseat the great man for his views on evolution. That speech will be remembered in North Carolina history as one which kept this state out of a Scopes case incident. "Dr. Billy," a layman, was called to give the "sermon" when the regularly scheduled minister was taken ill and could not do it.

That great Latin teacher, musician and, most surprising, Shriner, the late Dr. Hubert Poteat of Wake Forest College, was a cousin of the educator coming home to North Carolina. Dr. Hubert, or "Old Thunder," as he was affectionately known, ended his days happily teaching Baptist preachers at the Southeastern Seminary. Such a character must have been a bit shocking to some young preachers, but much good in realistic thinking and discussion he must have done them.

And of course generations of Meredith College girls will recall the late Miss Ida Poteat, sister of "Dr. Billy," who headed the college's art department.

Hundreds of Carolina students will identify Dr. William H. Poteat as the "Young Dr. Billy," who charmed and stimulated them as professor of philosophy at the University at Chapel Hill. He left Chapel Hill to join the faculty of the Episcopal Seminary at Austin, Texas, two or three years ago.

It will be splendid to have such a scholar back at work in higher education in a state where his family has made such bright contributions.

GLAD SHE DOESN'T LIVE NEXT DOOR

I came home the other night and found all four children screaming, the television blaring forth, the washer and the dryer both running. After things calmed down a little Hallie remarked to me in a very serious tone, "I'm sure glad that I don't live next door to us. I think the noise would drive me nuts."—Jim Parker in Chatham News.

—Continued on back page First Section