

NEEDED:
A New Liberalism

In addition to Senator John F. Kennedy, Massachusetts Democrat, whose candidacy long has been taken for granted, there now is one potential Presidential candidate—Governor Nelson Rockefeller, of New York—definitely out of the race, and another—Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, of Minnesota—definitely in.

Senator Humphrey, who last week formally announced his candidacy, might have been wiser to withdraw also; because his chances of winning the Democratic nomination seem little better than were those of Rockefeller in the Republican convention.

Each man faced an almost insurmountable barrier. In Rockefeller's case, it was the opposition of most of the Republican politicians; in Humphrey's, it was the fact that he is hopelessly behind the political times.

For though he is considered the most progressive of the progressives, Humphrey, paradoxically, looks not forward, but backward. He would return to the programs of the New Deal. Yet it must have been twenty years ago that F. D. R. himself announced that "the New Deal is dealt!"

Like most of today's so-called liberals, the Minnesota Senator seems blind to the fact that the situation that demanded the New Deal no longer exists; that vastly changed conditions have created wholly different problems; that the times call for new solutions.

How can we, in a time of fear and uncertainty and confusion, shift the emphasis from policies of temporary expediency back to the principles of right and justice and honesty?

How can we, in a time of big business and big labor and big government, protect the rights and freedoms not only of minorities like labor and the Negro, but also—and primarily—those of the individual citizen? For rights and freedoms are meaningless except as they apply to the individual—to you and me.

And how can we, in an age of cold war, with its inevitable trends toward military decisions and military secrecy and military mass thinking, safeguard our national security AND keep the things that make our nation worth saving?

Those are among the questions that demand answers today.

And because they deal with freedom and with the principles that are the only basis for any lasting freedom, the answers must be liberal answers. For what does liberalism mean, if not liberty?

To find answers, we must look backward, yes; but farther back than the New Deal. We must look back to the principles on which this government was founded. But, because all liberalism seeks a better world and a better life, we must look forward, too—forward to new ways of making those old but changeless principles apply to new and changing conditions.

So far, neither party and no leader gives evidence of even recognizing that problem, much less grappling with it.

Yet the times demand a new and liberal approach to it; and the chances are the people, ahead of their leaders, as usual, are ready for it.

Such a new liberalism is overdue. And, sooner or later, it will emerge as a political movement. It will because it must.

'We Take Hills Slow'

(Curtis Russ in Waynesville Mountaineer)

It would be interesting to know just how much publicity the football team here brought the community—sports papers over the state carried the stories, and in the Leaksville area, the banners and publicity there perhaps put Waynesville on the lips of people who had never heard of the town before.

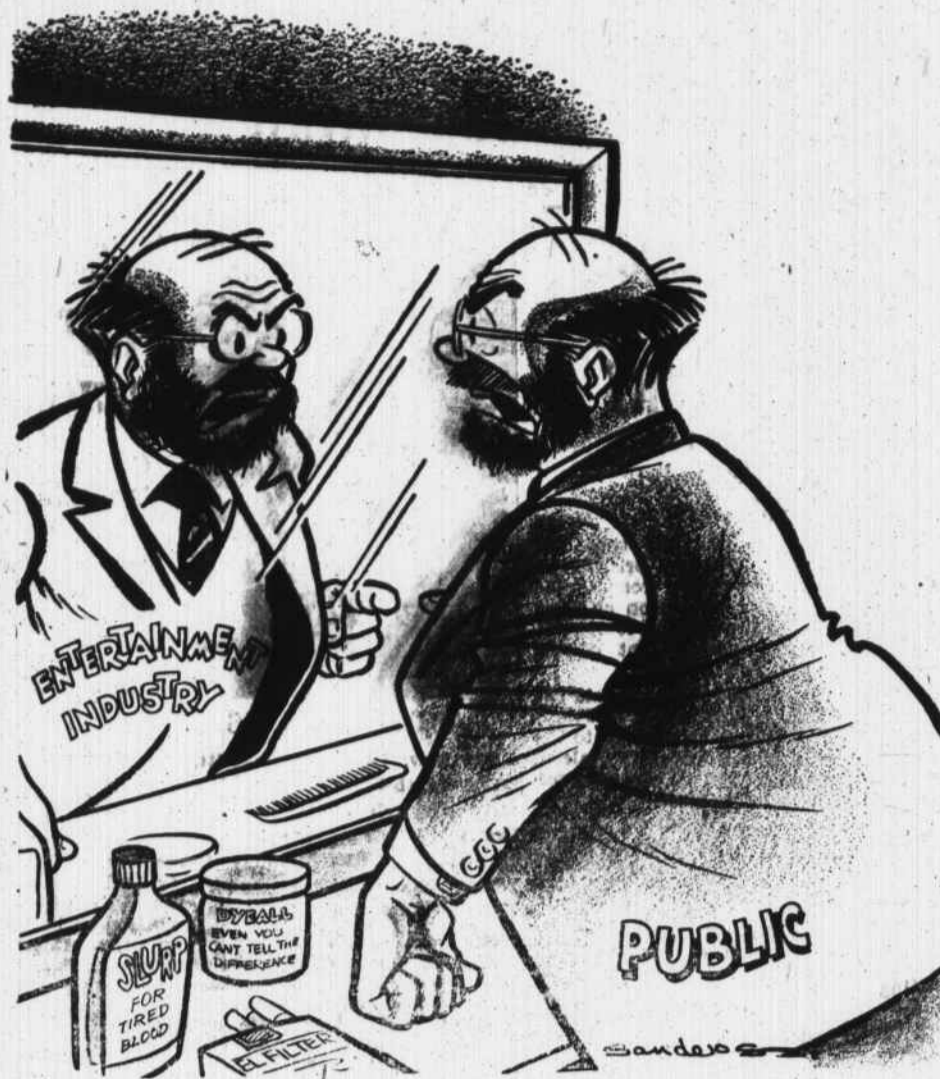
The fact that the team's name is named after the section, gives added publicity, as it associates Waynesville and the mountains.

The letters, "WTHS," fascinate those not familiar with their meaning—Waynesville Township High School—one fan from Martinsville, Va., attending the play-off game, asked: "What do the letters mean?"

She was told, "I tried to figure it means 'We Take Hills Slow'" she answered.

Quiet minds can not be perplexed or frightened, but go on in fortune or misfortune at their own private pace, like a clock during a thunderstorm.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

"Boy, Do You Need A Shave?"



Freedom, Limited

(Washington Post)

Pope John XXIII has in effect counseled the rewriting of the Constitution of the United States along with the organic law of many other countries. His call for legal "limitations in the exercise of freedom of the press" in order to "protect morals from being poisoned" amounts to a substantial repudiation of the theory under which press freedom serves the larger interests of society. His advocacy of legal restrictions is, we think, altogether the wrong remedy for the evils he protests, and it cannot but cause deep misgivings among many persons who shun anti-Catholic bigotry. This is the more dismaying because Pope John has been in so many other respects an enlightened and liberal prelate.

Who is to interpret for purposes of law what undermines "the religious and moral foundations of the life of the people?" The Catholic Church? The Methodist Church? The Presbyterians or Mormons or Orthodox Jews? Citizens have been properly suspicious of the efforts of government in the domain, and they are not about to assent to such an admixture of church and state in the exercise of legal authority.

Indeed, precisely because of the strict separation of church and state there is no strong anti-clerical tradition in the United States of the sort that has developed in France, Italy and even England. When any religious organization seeks to extend its primacy in spiritual affairs through an attempt to write its views into temporal law, it invites a dangerous and divisive reaction. One may suspect that some American Catholics will be very much concerned privately about the effect of the Pope's statement.

No one can question the right of the Catholic Church to decide matters of faith and morals for its own adherents. The hierarchy also has full right to speak out on what it considers to be evils and abuses in the society generally, including excesses of the press, and thereby to influence the corrective process. But no religious organization has the right, at least in the United States, to impose its doctrines upon others through the medium of public policy.

There are many restraints upon the press, but it cannot be made formally accountable to either spiritual or temporal authority for decisions that are in the theory of the Constitution matters of individual conscience and responsibility. Unquestionably freedom of the press means freedom for error and even abuse. The authors of the guarantee of freedom of the press held the conviction, however, that there is no one final, immutable standard of truth. The practical meaning of this precept, as applied to contemporary affairs, is that unless there is freedom to err there can be no real freedom to approach the truth.

LETTERS

A Great Man

Dear Editor:

When a prominent citizen dies we often read flowery eulogies. We list his clubs and honors.

To those of us who have worked with him and who knew him well, Nath Pennington was as fully deserving of a eulogy as many prominent men. Nath thought for himself and those thoughts stimulated those to whom he bothered to communicate them. Nath understood mechanical principles as well as

many engineering graduates and could apply them. His knowledge was not unlettered, he read as few college students read. Nath would be furious at me for revealing this, but when many others sought to escape military service, Nath was determined to serve in spite of poor health and age. For a refreshing change, I would like to present this simple eulogy in behalf of one who joined no clubs and who was completely unaware of the very high esteem in which all of those who knew him held him.

He was a quiet man, a good man, and, in my book, a great man.

JACK CARPENTER

North Georgia College,
Dahlonega, Ga.

P. S. Nath, like myself, once helped print The Franklin Press.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK
(1895)

Two bag-pipe tramps in all their glory and noise struck town Saturday.

The average thermometer last Saturday morning was slightly below zero.

Franklin High School opened again Monday, after a suspension of one week for Christmas.

Professor R. L. Madison, of Cullowhee High School, was in town Monday, looking after important school matters. As we did not meet him, we cannot give account of the business he is looking after.

35 YEARS AGO
(1925)

Messrs. S. J. Dean and Oliver Hill, from Etna, made a pleasant visit to Franklin last Saturday.

Mr. T. W. Angel, Jr., enjoyed the holidays with his family in Franklin. Mr. Angel is an electrical engineer and holds a lucrative position with the Westinghouse Company in Atlanta.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Higdon spent the holidays with home folks in Franklin. On the first of January, Mr. Higdon will be located in Gainesville, Ga., where the Higdon Motor Company will have charge of the Buick agency.

15 YEARS AGO
(1945)

T/3 James Norman Blaine, son of Mrs. David Blaine, recently spent 29 days here, after 30 months' service in Australia and New Guinea.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wallace, of Franklin, Route 1, have announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Alice Wallace, to Sgt. Robert Lee Reynolds, of Otto.

5 YEARS AGO
(1955)

Bids for construction of Franklin's proposed municipal building probably will be invited next week.

'CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS'

Attempted Censorship Usually Fails - And Creates New Problems

By WALTER SPEARMAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: Professor Walter Spearman, of the University of North Carolina, spends a part of each summer as director of the Chataqua Writers' Workshop, at Chataqua, N. Y. Below is an excerpt from a talk he delivered there last summer.

Censorship usually brings on its own debacle—and there is no greater evidence than the recent furor over whether the Post Office Department has the right to ban the mailing of D. H. Lawrence's classic novel, "Lady Chatterley's Lover." Here is a book that was hailed as a classic by literary critics, but back in the 1920's and 1930's it was read only by a curious few who brought in copies from Europe. Now that the post office has tried—unsuccessfully—to ban it, the book is high on the list of best sellers—not because of its literary merit, I suggest, but because of the publicity aroused by the attempts to censor

it. Censorship of movies and television shows in recent years has been almost as ridiculous. Leo Roston, writing about Hollywood, reports some of the censorship protests that have come to the movie stars. The American Newspaper Guild objected to movies that showed reporters as impolite, intoxicated or unscrupulous. The Audubon Society complained of a story that had an eagle carrying off a child. The Glass Blowers Association complained that the movies were giving free advertising to canned beer, and a group in the canning industry insisted that the movies were advertising bottled beverages.

And all of you know that in recent years stories or radio programs using Negro dialect have practically disappeared because they were considered insulting to the race. Good-by, Uncle Remus and Stephen Foster.

Similar taboos have been pointed out in the area of television.

If a performer is shown sitting in a dentist's chair, he must not indicate any pain or fear—for that would offend the dentists. The Warehousemen's Association asked that crime dramas stop having so many of their crimes take place in warehouses—it was bad for the profession. Policemen objected to plays about crooked cops. The French don't like their countrymen to be depicted as villains. Neither do the Japanese, the Germans, the South Americans—and probably the Russians. And in the very moving "Playhouse 90" dramatization of the Nuremberg Trials, the words "gas chambers," an important part of the evidence of Nazi war crimes, had to be cut out—because one of the sponsors was the American Gas Association, which was unwilling to have the magic word "gas" used in such an unpleasant connotation.

Radio and television have been, from the beginning, an even less two-way communication than the newspapers. If we don't like a newspaper, we can write angry letters to the editor—and probably see them published, or we can burn the newspaper to vent our wrath, or wrap garbage in it, with a satisfied feeling of placing like things together. But radio and television sets are too expensive to burn—and you can't use them very effectively as garbage dispose-all either. All we can do is turn off the set—we can't talk back.

In spite of the vast potentialities of television and the millions of dollars poured into it, there still seems to me a lamentable lack of good programs and an appalling oversupply of poor ones. For one good "Omnibus" or "Playhouse 90" or the McCarthy hearings or a Leonard Bernstein or an Edward R. Murrow, there seem to be hundreds of stereotyped Westerns, frightful horror shows, meretricious variety shows and sudsy soap operas.

Isn't it remarkable how much of our time most of us use up doing the things we have to, and how little we have left to do the things we want to?

I got to thinking about that today, and trying to figure out why.

One explanation may be there are too many things that fall into the "have to" classification. What I mean is, if there were just more things we wanted to do, there'd be bound to be fewer things left in the "have to" class... and life would be a lot pleasanter.

Usually, though, I don't believe that's the trouble. The real reason there are so many things we do because we have to is there are so many we've pushed—and I do mean pushed—out of the want to class over into the have to. We push them there by postponing them and postponing them until the very thought of doing 'em literally makes us a little sick.

Take this column. As a rule, I write this column for fun; and when I do, there's no postponing and nagging and worrying. But this time? I knew a week ago there was supposed to be a "Strictly Personal" column for this issue of The Press. But I postponed it, just once. After that, I was lost! I could have gone on and done it six days ago or one day ago or an hour ago. But did I?

You know the answer to that as well as I do; you do, that is, if you have as much of that strange and exasperating thing we call "human nature" as I have. No! I didn't write it six days ago or one day ago or an hour ago. I didn't write it till the very last minute.

Yet I wasn't able really to enjoy all those six days of not writing

Strictly Personal By WEIMAR JONES

My typewriter fingers were at thumbs and my intellectual fingers seemed to be all big toes. I couldn't type and I couldn't think. Why?

Well, once again, if your human nature is like mine, you know the answer. I couldn't because I didn't have to. So I just fooled around and got nothing done.

There's one other angle to this situation I never have been able to figure out.

Writing this column usually is fun; and the reason it's fun is that, sometime during the week, I get an idea that makes me want to write it.

But in far too many instances that idea never gets on paper, something else intervenes right then. There's an editorial to be written first, or there's a letter that ought to get on the next mail, or there's a bit of business to be attended to. And the first thing I know, the urge is gone.

When at last I come back and start to pick up the idea that seemed so bright and new, it's become drab and threadbare. And if I force myself to go on and write about it, what I write is likely to be drab and threadbare, too.

So there must be something wrong with the way I use my time. (Do you have that trouble?) It isn't, of course, that I haven't enough time; I have all there is. It's that I never seem to have enough time at the right time.

OBSERVERS SAY . . .

Saturday Isn't Big Day Any More

THEY DON'T KNOW FRANKLIN!

WE H in Sanford Herald

This being Saturday, what could be more appropriate than to note the passing of Saturday as the big shopping day in Sanford, and for that matter, hundreds and maybe thousands of other small towns and cities all over our nation.

When I moved to Sanford in 1930, Saturday was the busiest day here. That was when the rural people came to town en masse, to tend to their courthouse business, to do their shopping, to greet their friends and socialize. Saturday afternoons were busy, but the main activities, whatever the season, didn't start until after dusk. Before that time, folks jockeyed for parking spaces on the main blocks, so they could sit in their cars and watch streams

of humanity making the rounds of the business blocks. No store closed before 9 o'clock Saturday evenings, and many stayed open until 10 and 11, and an occasional entrepreneur kept his doors open until midnight.

Barber shops did their biggest business from 4 o'clock in afternoon until maybe 11 o'clock Saturday when tired barbers locked their doors and called it a day.

The National Retail Merchants Association is authority for the statement that Saturday is no longer a big day in the country towns of America. It says Thursday is the big marketing day. In our area, the NRMA is wrong: Friday is the biggest day. Time may yet move the busiest day in this locality back one more day and make it Thursday; it's already got to Friday.

Way back when, Saturday was the recognized day for ingatherings of people, and business, pleasure and politicking were concentrated into that one day. Earlier pay days, easier and quicker transportation have changed all that. Several years hence, Thursday may be the big day in Sanford.

BIGGER, BETTER BOMBS AND PILLS

One blessing about the bigger and better atomic weapons is that medicine is keeping step with bigger and better tranquilizing pills to reduce all the tensions produced by bigger and better bombs.—Greensboro Daily News.

NO SMARTER, THOUGH

Not So Dumb, After All

PUBLISHERS' AUXILIARY

Whewwww . . . That's supposed to be a sigh of relief, and we're not sure how it's spelled.

In fact, there are a considerable number of things of which we are not sure. The only difference now is that we are no longer afraid to admit it.

Since the beginning of the TV big money quiz shows—and the spectacular display of knowledge

shown by the contestants—housewives, department store clerks, taxi drivers as well as college professors and band leaders—we have been going around with the feeling that we are a little dumber than everyone else in the world.

We don't know the middle name of Charles the second's (or is it eighth?) third wife . . .

We don't know who was the first left-handed batter who hit for a .388 batting average . . . if that's possible.

We can't even name the Presidents backwards much beyond Wilson . . .

Much less vice presidents. But the relief is that we no longer feel so terribly ignorant.

After all, intellectual achievement isn't directly related to the memorizing of a set of encyclopedias . . . or memorizing a lot of answers to questions you know are going to be asked.

Most certainly the ego in others was also deflated when they watched contestants answer with apparent erudition questions that merely baffled most home viewers.

A question arises; is it better or worse that our ego is rising again, inflated with the knowledge that maybe we aren't so dumb after all?

It doesn't make us any smarter, but it does make us feel just a little better.

WHAT MAKES HARD READING

One reason that reading is such a chore is because so many writers have so little to say.—Berthoud, Colo., Bulletin.