

NEEDLESS TO-DO

Remedy's At Hand

To many plain Americans, the Washington civil rights hassle—with its filibuster and its almost incredible round-the-clock Senate sessions—seems a bit silly.

It's worse than that. It's wholly unnecessary.

It grows out of the effort of the Republican administration and the Democratic leadership in Congress—both with an eye on this year's elections—to enact legislation to assure Negroes the right to vote in Southern states.

Even its most ardent backers surely would concede that the pending bill is involved, that its enforcement would be cumbersome, and that its constitutionality is questionable.

Yet the remedy for the situation this legislation seeks to meet is clearly set out in the U. S. Constitution itself. It's been there more than ninety years.

Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment reads:

Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the Executive and Judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

What does that welter of words mean?

Eliminate the whereof and the wherein and all the qualifying phrases and clauses, and you come up with this:

"When the right to vote . . . is denied . . . the basis of representation . . . shall be reduced" proportionately.

That is, if a state denies the right to vote to any considerable proportion of its citizens, the number of that state's representatives in Congress shall be reduced in proportion.

That's simple and direct; that would be efficacious; and that would be in obedience to the Constitution—for the section quoted does not say representation "may" be reduced; it says "shall".

And of course the responsibility for obeying that mandate is on the body that apportions representation in Congress—Congress itself.

Is it possible that nobody in Congress, no proponent of voting rights for the Negroes, has ever bothered to read the Fourteenth Amendment?

Unusual, Sensible

For a chamber of commerce address, what Mr. Wayne Rogers, new president of the Haywood County Chamber of Commerce, said at the recent annual dinner meeting of that organization was so unusual as to be little short of amazing.

For Mr. Rogers talked more about people than he did about money, more about needs than about growth, more about planning than about business.

Yet his approach made such good sense, his hearers must have wondered why such a talk is unusual at a chamber of commerce gathering. He didn't under rate money or growth or business, but put them in their proper perspective.

Suggesting that he and his hearers "lay aside our rose-colored glasses" and "stop thinking on the usual levels of chamber of commerce intelligence", he said "let's put on our best bi-focals and bring the problems and the needs of Haywood county people into sharp focus.

"Haywood County needs to take inventory. We need to inventory our assets and our liabilities—our natural resources, our forest, our land, and our water. We need to know about schools, and churches, and banks, about community services, about jobs for our people or shortage of jobs, and about recreation.

"Then when our inventory is complete, we need to plan the future of our county. Based on our



—Atlanta Journal

Now what have those folks got to say who're always complaining that "we don't have real winters like we used to"?

Well, spring is just around the — not corner this time, but week end; literally, just around the week end.

If you don't believe it, consult your — I started to say calendar; but modern calendars, more's the pity, don't list the phases of the moon and the dates of the solstices and equinoxes, etc.; so consult your encyclopedia or dictionary. There you'll find that the vernal equinox, which marks the beginning of spring, comes "about March 21", except on Leap Years, when the additional day on February 29 moves it back to March 20. And that's Sunday!

The equinox, of course, is the time when the sun's position makes the days and nights equal. (Why the word equinox, which comes from two Latin terms, one meaning equal and the other night, doesn't go on and say "equal night and day" I've often wondered.) From now on, the days will get longer and longer, and the sun, moving farther and farther north, will get warmer and warmer.

So, whatever the weather today, or tomorrow, or even next week or next month, spring is on the way.

And my personal weather prediction is that this year it'll come with a rush, almost overnight. The snow will hardly be gone before spring bulbs will be blossoming above brown grass, the fragile pink arbutus will be blossoming beneath the dead leaves out in

the woods, and there'll be once again that good smell of fresh-plowed earth.

This year, I'll welcome spring with open arms.

Not that I'm not always glad to see it; I enjoy each of the seasons. But, for once, I've had enough winter — and winter usually is a favorite with me.

One reason for that, I suppose, is that I'm a bit allergic to heat, but rarely suffer from cold. Another goes back to childhood. As a boy, spring always made me feel lousy. Spring afternoons in school were miserably sleepy afternoons. And how hot and tiresome I found the inevitable spring chores, as I worked under the unaccustomed heat of a sun moving farther and farther toward the north.

I'll be glad to see the end of the snow and the ice and the slush.

Yet I feel sorry for the people who never experience weather such as we've had the last month. Uncomfortable? Yes. A nuisance? Yes. Yet imagine never seeing a world transformed overnight into

a thing of white beauty! Imagine never witnessing the shimmer of sunshine on ice-coated trees! And imagine children who never know the joys of snowballing, of building snowmen, and of finding themselves rushing, at what seems an intoxicating speed, downhill on a sled!

Spring? This year I'll welcome it.

But, even so, I'll be thankful I don't have to live where it's monotonously always spring; where adults, as well as children, are denied the wonder of the changing seasons.

I like this witicism, clipped from North Carolina Education magazine: There may be a destiny that shapes our ends, but out middles are of our own chewing.

And this one, which came from the Calypso Crier at Trinidad: Top Executive—I hope you thoroughly understand the importance of punctuation.

Newly Hired Secretary—Why yes, sir! I always get to work on time.

SLAVES TO ELECTRICITY

How many electric motors are there in your home? Maybe five? Ten? Guess again. The chances are that there are at least 25 of these "silent servants" — lifting, pulling, cutting, grinding, heating or cooling for you.

So says Jack Riley, of the Public Relations Department of Carolina Power and Light Company. He continues:

"Few of us are aware of the fact that we're literally surrounded by electric motors in the home. A typical day in a typical Carolina home reveals just how much our lives depend on electric motors.

"Rise in the morning to the alarm of an electric clock powered by a 2-watt motor, one of the tiniest made. The electric shaver that you put to your face has a 1/100-horsepower motor in it.

"Turn the thermostat and the furnace comes on, throwing into life from two to five motors to pump fuel and blow the warm air.

"If you have an all-electric heat pump, changes in temperature activate electric motors which literally pump warmth from the outside air.

"The wife switches on the electric range. An electric timer cooks your egg; a motor whisks away cooking odors.

"Juice comes from oranges squeezed by an electric motor. The refrigerator that keeps it cool contains several motors, some sealed from dust for years of trouble-free service.

"Walk to the garage, move the electric mower from the driveway. (Junior left it there yesterday.) The garage door is opened by

an electric motor. You drive away to work in a machine filled with electric motors.

"The lady of the house begins the daily routine. Cleaning the table, she dumps scraps into the food waste disposer where they are ground to pieces and flushed away by an electric motor.

"She gathers the soiled clothes, tosses them into the washer, turns the switch and powerful motors take over the washing chore. If the weather is bad, they're popped into the electric dryer where more motors go to work.

"She uses a motor with tremendous suction to vacuum the house.

"Madam decides to bake a cake. The mixer has an electric motor. The knife sharpener, the food grinder are electrically powered.

"She takes a roast from the freezer (which contains several electric motors) and puts it into the oven. If it's one of the more modern ranges, electric motors turn the meat and control the cooking time.

"She shampoos her hair. The hairdryer, powered by an electric motor, speeds the job. Taking a coffee break, she switches on the television set. She adjusts the antennae by means of an electric motor. The phonograph nearby also runs on electric motors.

"If the man of the house has a hobby shop, chances are it is filled with gadgets powered by electric motors — drills, saws, planers, sanders, punches — to take the 'work' out of workshop."

If you don't believe it just let the current flicker off for a few minutes. Your whole life will be disrupted.

We are literally slaves to electricity.

CIVILIZED MAN DEFINED

A civilized man is one who conducts himself as a considerate guest during his years on the face of the earth. — Archibald Rutledge.

INFLATION

Inflation, as we get it, is when everybody is so rich that no one can afford anything.—Changing Times.

LETTERS

That's Real Cold

Editor, The Press:

I guess many of us dream of going back to the days of our youth. I had that experience Sunday evening, and of all things, it was riding a sleigh. Several adults met with the teenagers at Mr. Joe Wilson's, an ideal place for sleighing. The run was about five hundred feet, with about twenty per cent grade, and one of the best places to land—if you didn't land on something else before you got there.

It's been so cold over here around Highlands that the foot logs have drawn up until they just reach half across the creeks, believe it or not. Well, let's feed the birds; folks will want to hear them sing, come Spring.

Now to the boys who want us Maconians taxed to support the Franklin fire trucks: We'll trade with you boys if you'll come up to Highlands and pay our water and light bills. That's fair, isn't it?

HERMAN WILSON

Highlands.

What We Need

Dear Mr. Jones:

That list of things Macon County needs worse (compiled by Mr. W. W. Sloan and published in The Press March 3) set me thinking.

I am a life-long resident of Macon County and a taxpayer, and it seems to me Western North Carolina could be the garden spot of the world. We have good fresh air, good, pure mountain water, and good, fertile soil.

Yet to support my family, I have to leave Macon County to get a job; and there are many more in the same boat. But who gets out and solicits and encourages industry to come here? Why do neighboring counties get industry and we don't?

For that and other things, it's time for Macon County citizens to open their eyes and put their shoulders to the wheel—and when the next election comes, make some changes for the better, so maybe we can get a new courthouse.

I would like to see the opinions of others, in The Press.

FRED CONLEY

Franklin.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: What do you think of what Mr. Conley says? The Press would welcome other letters, whether they agree or disagree with him—or on other community problems.)

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press

65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

The General Assembly has passed a bill through both branches appropriating to the Greensboro Normal and Industrial School (now Woman's College—editor) \$12,000 a year, and \$2,000 additional per year for two years to make improvements in the buildings. That is one good deed the Legislature has done, and The Press is ready to give it full credit for it. Mr. N. L. Barnard returned last week from a trip to Georgia with horses. Married, March 6, Mr. J. E. Calloway to Miss Julia Parrish.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

Franklin and Macon County are to be reclaimed for North Carolina by the opening up of the county, as a result of completion of the state highway from Dillsboro to Franklin, by the way of Cowee Gap. Work on grading the road is nearly completed, and contract will be let within 80 to 90 days for the hard surfacing of the entire 22-mile route.

As soon as the contractors start pouring concrete between Otto and the state line on the new Georgia highway, the road will be closed to through traffic.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

Sgt. Ralph Cassada, 24, of Franklin, recently was awarded the Bronze Star for heroic achievement in action on the Fifth Army front in northern Italy.

Five decorations, for "exceptionally meritorious achievement" during nearly 30 bomber missions over Germany, have been won by T. Sgt. Roy C. Grant, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie M. Grant, of Nantahala.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

Construction of Burlington Industries' \$3,000,000 hosiery plant near Franklin is proceeding.

strong points and our weaknesses, we must plan for orderly growth of Haywood County for the benefit of all our people today and the generations to come."

Orderly growth . . . for the benefit of all our people . . . and the generations to come. What could make better sense than those! Yet how few communities, how few chambers of commerce, how few of us individually do such planning?

"The kind of inventory I am thinking about", Mr. Rogers continued, "will point up the needs of our people and lay the groundwork for their solution."

Then he listed, as among the needs such an inventory would be likely to show, these eight:

1. The need for a county-wide waste disposal plan for our industries and towns and rural residents. Haywood County needs a good old-fashioned Saturday night bath.
2. Preservation of our water resources for industrial, recreational, and domestic uses, with plans for a network of water mains to every community in the county.
3. Preservation of our land for its most valuable use—farm land, industrial plant sites, commercial properties, residential property.
4. A study of the county's educational facilities.
5. Additional job opportunities. Such an inventory will tell us how fast or how slow to travel industrially.
6. The needs of our young people.
7. The need for a "face-lifting" in our county and towns. Sub-standard housing, slum streets, and blighted areas have no place in a healthy economy.
8. The need for closer cooperation and harmony. We must work together for the common good.

But Basis Of Truth

The average upstater has this mental image of the man who lives in Eastern North Carolina, comments Henry Belk, editor of the Goldsboro News-Argus.

When he is not hunting he is fishing. If he is not fishing or hunting, he is loafing. If he is not taking his soul's delight in leisure he is knee deep in the surf at a nearby beach or in a barbecue or clam bake. It is a vastly overdrawn image. It does a good people real harm. For your Eastern North Carolinian often hunts or fishes or loafs because he has no job and can't get one.

We have no doubt that what Mr. Belk says about jobs is often true.

And we know exactly how he feels about the caricature of the Eastern North Carolinian, because the mountaineer of Western North Carolina has been caricatured for generations.

In both cases, though, there is some solid truth in the caricature. For your typical mountaineer is, among other things, an independent individualist, and your typical Eastern Carolinian does know how to use and enjoy leisure.

Those are qualities the state and the nation badly need, and it will be a tragedy if we allow them to be destroyed under the steamroller of modern industrial standardization.

Billed In Triplicate

(Kiwanis Magazine)

The trouble with government of the people, by the people, and for the people, is that we are being billed for it in triplicate, which wasn't what honest Abe had in mind.

Man must cease attributing his problems to his environment, and learn again to exercise his will—his personal responsibility in the realm of faith and morals.

—Albert Schweitzer.