

WEIMAR JONES
Editorial Page Editor

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1960

HE VOTED NO One With Courage

Congress last week voted to override a Presidential veto and give substantial pay raises to 1 1/2 million federal employees, including postal workers.

Now it may be that these federal employees were underpaid. It may even be that they were entitled to the individual increases ranging from \$350 to \$1,000 a year Congress gave them. But it's a good guess that it wasn't need, but votes, that Congress had in mind.

It's a good guess the legislators were so impressed by the importance of the millions of votes these employees and their families cast that the men who are supposed to represent you and me forgot the millions of dollars of the people's money they were spending.

In an election year, under pressure from so well organized a pressure group, it takes a bit of intestinal fortitude to say no. Most members of Congress just didn't have that kind of courage.

North Carolina can take pride that it had one man in Congress who had such fortitude. Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., was the lone Tar Heel to vote against the pay raises.

'Ignore The Creed'

The Connecticut Supreme Court has approved use of tax-supported school buses to transport children to Roman Catholic parochial schools. Such a use of public property, says the court, does not violate the doctrine of separation of church and state.

In justifying its ruling, the court says the State of Connecticut should "ignore the child's creed but not its need".

On its face, that seems reasonable; after all, the needs of children should be met. Surely, too, the court would follow common sense and say that the more important needs should be the ones first met.

Well, what do children need more than religious training? Isn't that, in fact, a basic need of every child?

Yet it is a need that often is unmet. It is, for the reason that the churches lack the money to meet it.

If we are to "ignore the child's creed but not its need", is there any valid reason why we should not provide tax money to help the churches—the one agency that can meet this basic need—to meet it?

If the Connecticut Supreme Court is as logical and consistent as we assume it to be, it should be the first to say it is legally right and proper to use tax money for church support.

Under Our Noses

Nearly all of us—teachers, doctors, lawyers, newspapermen, and all the rest—usually can see everything but what is right under our noses. What is obvious we're likely to go through life never seeing. That is interestingly illustrated in the teaching of foreign languages in the schools.

When does a child naturally and easily learn his own language? When he is quite small, of course. Isn't it reasonable to believe, then, that he'd most easily learn a foreign language when he is young? Yet in America we've always postponed the teaching of foreign languages to high school or college. We've done it, despite the fact the Europeans know that foreign languages should be learned early in life—and are guided by that knowledge in the way they conduct their schools.

Because it was the obvious thing to do, the folk who prepare our school curriculums, like all the rest of us, never seem to have thought of putting foreign languages in the lower grades; or, if they thought of it, never got around to doing anything about it.

Now they're teaching Spanish to fourth graders at Western Carolina College. It's working out fine, of course; the nine-year-olds learn it quickly and easily.

Let's hope the public schools will take the hint. In these days when foreign languages are so important, we should do the obvious without further delay.



TRAFFIC HAZARD—The caution traffic light, recently installed in front of the courthouse in place of the former stop-go light, is designed to speed traffic, and it may be it accomplishes that purpose. The new system, though, plus the parking of police cars at the curb in front of the courthouse, creates a serious traffic hazard. Under the new system, the motorist must decide for

himself when he must stop, and when it is safe to go. Trouble is, motorists coming into Main Street out of Iotia (on the west side of the courthouse) have their line of vision down Main Street blocked by the parked cars. They can't tell whether there's a stream of cars coming up Main until they're out in the street—right in front of the oncoming traffic.

Can't Buy Happiness

(Postage Stamp)

Money can't buy happiness. A man with six million dollars is no happier than one with five million.

Took Their Chances

(Mountain States T&R Monitor)

The good old days were when the police didn't hide at the side of a busy road, but took their chances in traffic like everybody else.

Compensation

(Windsor, Colo., Beacon)

As wage-earners continue to crowd into the metropolitan areas, life in small towns grows increasingly better by comparison. Our streets and schools aren't crowded, there are never any muggings of decent people on the streets, and no outbreaks of teenage thugs running wild.

So, though nearly all the big money is in the metropolitan areas, the better life is becoming more and more restricted to the rural areas.

Boxing And Rackets

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

Jake La Motta, the former world middleweight boxing champion, confessed to a Senate investigating committee last week that he had thrown a fight in 1947 in a deal which guaranteed him a crack at the title. The committee also received information that the ex-pug had recently been threatened by gangsters if he admitted the fix.

Included in the same news story describing his testimony was the report that Billy Fox, the fighter who "won" the fixed fight, is now a patient at Kings Park State Hospital because of a mental condition brought on by repeated blows to the head.

These are just two recent developments which cry out for an end to a vicious racket, which passes as a sport. Boxing should be outlawed in this state, for even the honest fighter who somehow escapes gangster rule—possibly because he isn't a big enough gate attraction—is risking death or serious injury every time he steps into the ring.

It should be outlawed on an amateur level, too, for what this activity does is train young boys for the professional ring. A clean-cut youngster who is handy with his fists is not likely to remain clean-cut after associating with the low grade morons who run the professional fights for mobsters. Amateur boxing is to the pro game what marijuana is to heroin for the drug addict, and just about as healthy.

Schools that include boxing in their sports program should take a second look at what they are doing. Are they teaching boys the manly art of self defense or an energy outlet for hoodlums? Do they advise the boys of the evils of fighting for a living.—That one blow to the head can bring insanity or death, and a smash to the stomach a ruptured

PERSONNEL CHANGES SURE

What's Ahead For Sanford? Troubles May Come From Friends Now

By LYNN NISBET

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Nisbet, Raleigh correspondent for many North Carolina afternoon newspapers, is a veteran observer of Tar Heel politics and state government.)

After the first exultant reaction to victory, many supporters of Terry Sanford in the recent primaries are waking up to sobering realization of the responsibilities involved. The first fact that confronts them is the difference between campaign promises and necessity for official performance. Careful analysis of the pre-primary promises shows that Sanford's position was exaggerated by both his supporters and opponents. He did not go as far as he was charged—or credited—with going.

For that reason the new Governor may have more trouble with his friends than with his primary foes in effectuating his program during the next four years. Another significant fact is that while Terry Sanford got more

primary votes for Governor than any other man ever did, except Luther Hodges in 1956 when there was no semblance of contest, more votes were cast against him than against any winning candidate in history. Beverly Lake's 275,000 votes exceeded by more than 5,000 all the votes cast against William Umstead in 1952, and by more than 210,000 all the votes cast against Luther Hodges in 1956. The impressive margin of 78,000 loses prestige in face of the fact that 44 out of every 100 voters said they wanted the other man for Governor.

"The essence of democracy is majority rule," said a prominent business man and original Sanford supporter. "But there is little real democracy in ignoring the wishes of 44 per cent of the citizenry." He added that an election in which a switch of six per cent of the votes would have changed the result can hardly be regarded a mandate for ruthlessness.

There are certain to be many changes in high bracket appointed personnel. Selection of his aides will be one of the new chief

executive's toughest problems. It is essential for efficient operation that the policy-making officers be of like mind with the Governor on basic principles—but not mere "yes" men. It is just as important that specialists and technicians be obtained to administer policy, not to make it. Primary obligation of both groups is to the State of North Carolina, not to the man who appointed them.

North Carolina has the same system of checks and balances in government that is basic in the United States Constitution—distinct separation of legislative, executive and judicial departments. We have here additional check on executive autocracy, in that members of the Council of State, and the Attorney General as legal advisor, are elected by all the people. So are judges of the supreme and superior courts. Past attempts to change this process and make many of these positions appointive have failed.

On matter of government organization the legislators generally have complied with requests of the executive. Offices have been legislated out of existence and new

offices created at almost every session of the General Assembly in 40 years. The fact that incumbent officials and board members may have been named to six or eight year terms affords no assurance they will retain their jobs. The job itself might not be there after the 1961 Legislature adjourns.

The only appointive positions that cannot be subjected to executive or legislative interference are ten places on the State Board of Education. Their status is fixed by the constitution. Whether or not Governor-nominate Sanford has made specific promises of job appointments, he cannot be honorably ignored. The trouble is he has more obligations than opportunities for fulfillment. He is acutely conscious of the fact that his first obligation is to all the people of North Carolina, not to those who voted for him.

The relatively few "big jobs," such as directors of administration, conservation and development, highways, prisons, revenue, and others, are not apt to bother

STRICTLY PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

Generally speaking, the value that.) of the recent series of evangelistic services at Friendship Tabernacle is a wholly unknown quantity.

For often, when a person's mind and spirit are stirred, it is known to him alone. And who can measure the effect of such a stirring? Furthermore, the effect is not necessarily immediately apparent; a single remark, sometimes, lights a fire in the heart of a potential Lincoln or Edison or Dwight Moody—but the result of igniting the spark may not be recognized till 20, 30, or even 40 years later.

Two things about the series can be gauged somewhat. The first is the interest, reflected in the heavy attendance. The second is the calibre of the speakers; rarely has a small community attracted so many outstanding speakers in so short a time.

Had anybody suggested a year ago, that such a group of speakers could be brought to Franklin in a single ten-day period, he would have been laughed at. Which goes to show you never know what can be done till you try.

Credit for the success of those parts of the program that are measurable goes to many people, of course. This community is in the debt of General Chairman Bob Sloan and all those who worked with him.

It may be, as many people think, that our climate is changing. It may be, as some say, that our winters are not as cold as they once were—though this group has been rather silent since last winter's goings-on. It may be, as others say, that our summers are not as hot as they once were. It may be we have less rain than we once did—and the folks who argue that can cite the relative rarity, nowadays, of the once frequent "freshets" that covered every foot of ground in the Little Tennessee valley, except for the Indian Mound. (Reforestation, rather than less rain, however, is the more likely explanation of

But one thing has not changed. We have the same electrical storms, following hot afternoons in summer, that we had during the childhood of the oldest residents. Certainly, we've had a number of them already this season. To me, these electrical storms are one of the best things about our summers here in the mountains.

For one thing, they have a practical value. In many places, a storm and rain in summer leave the air as hot as ever, but make it seem even hotter, because now it is steamy, too. That rarely is true here.

After the lightning and thunder and the rain, the air is washed clean; it has a clean smell in the nostrils. And usually it is refreshingly cool. It is a coolness that makes a blanket feel good, as you slip off to sleep, come bedtime, and that lasts until morning. But a summer afternoon storm has another, less practical appeal. It is a magnificent spectacle.

The sky grows dark, but here and there a mountain peak sticks out, its normal blue changed to a dark gray. Suddenly, it is illuminated as though by a floodlight, as the lightning flashes. Then, delayed, comes the sharp crack of the thunder, while, from time to time, it rumbles slowly, off in the far distance.

After a pyrotechnic display that may last a few seconds or an hour or two, comes the rain; sometimes gently, more often in a downpour. And the temperature drops quickly; it's as though the seasons had suddenly changed.

Sometimes the lightning and thunder continue with the rain; sometimes they halt with almost the first drop. And sometimes the rain falls for only a few minutes, other times it lasts all night.

Occasionally, when the storm comes early enough in the afternoon, both lightning and rain are quickly over, the clouds disappear, the sun comes out, and, suddenly, there's a new weather phenomenon—a rainbow in the sky.

Old Hammock Recalled

FARMER'S ALMANAC

It was a sagging "string hammock" shapeless as an old fishnet and strung across the front walk between the two ancient crab apple trees. So far as I have been able to sort it out, my first recollection of anything was the matter of the hammock, the red brick wall, and the two trees.

I am told that I had wound myself up in the hammock, being in a tantrum, and refused to unwind. This I do not recall. I do recall that the hammock, no doubt because of my thrashing about, suddenly unwound itself and flopped me head first on the bricks. It hurt terribly, but since I was not killed outright, the skirts and trousers that gathered about considered it highly amusing.

THOSE SMALL CARS!

Some Disadvantages Of Progress

WINDSOR (Colo.) BEACON

Among my childhood memories are trips to the country with Dad or one of my grandparents. We'd stop next to a field, and the farmer would come out, put a

An idle recollection as I sit half dozing on the front door steps—my door steps now. There is the walk and there are the trees, looking about the same size as they did that afternoon I busted my crown beneath them. Quite natural, I suppose—the trees and I were, relatively speaking, the same then as now, for we have grown up together and are the same size still.

That's an odd way of thinking, though, for it makes nothing any different at all. But come, man, open your eyes—stop your dreaming. There's your grandson rocking in that new hammock with the horrible green back—safe as in church. Of course, of course,—but I wonder what became of that old string affair.

foot on the running board of the car, lean his elbows on the door down, and a lengthy discussion about crops and politics would follow.

I'm afraid these days are gone forever. The other day a good friend pulled up to the curb in his new car, to talk over one of the editorials in last week's Beacon.

I walked over to the curb. As the car window was down about even with my knees, I considered leaning on top of the car. But then all I could see was the top of the car and my friend's elbow. Do you know, I had to squat on the curb before I was down to a level where we could converse comfortably!

When I used to deliver coal or feed in a pickup, huge country dogs would gallop out into the yard growling, and I was always glad their heads wouldn't quite reach in the truck window. But what if I were selling, say, insurance, and driving a new car? That dog's head would be just about the same level as mine! Or worse still—suppose the dog were friendly. I could get drenched!

I walked over to the curb. As the car window was down about even with my knees, I considered leaning on top of the car. But then all I could see was the top of the car and my friend's elbow. Do you know, I had to squat on the curb before I was down to a level where we could converse comfortably!

When I used to deliver coal or feed in a pickup, huge country dogs would gallop out into the yard growling, and I was always glad their heads wouldn't quite reach in the truck window. But what if I were selling, say, insurance, and driving a new car? That dog's head would be just about the same level as mine! Or worse still—suppose the dog were friendly. I could get drenched!

—Houston (Mo.) Chronicle