

WEIMAR JONES  
Editorial Page Editor

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1960

LET THEM SPEAK

## This Freedom Is Basic

Let the Protestant ministers have their say in the national political campaign, pleads The Smithfield Herald. And let them say it from the pulpit. (See "Don't Silence The Pulpit" on this page.)

The Herald supports Senator John Kennedy, a Catholic, for President, and it has been consistently critical of religious intolerance and prejudice. But The Herald, as usual, puts its first emphasis not on the current problem or the immediate end, but on principle.

And it recognizes that a free pulpit is the bedrock of our whole American system. For without a free pulpit, there can be no freedom of religion; and freedom of religion undergirds all our other prized American freedoms.

Our whole philosophy of the freedom of the individual and the right of the people to rule themselves, in fact, rests on religious—though, of course, not sectarian—concepts.

## Stand Up And Cheer

This newspaper has not always been editorially enthusiastic in support of Mr. Terry Sanford, Democratic nominee for governor. And because we conceive it to be one of the functions of newspaper editorials to try to analyze actions and public policies—without reference to party or to the individual public figure—and then praise or damn, the chances are are we may be critical again.

Just now we stand up to cheer — and on two counts.

The "Nixon-is-experienced" argument is one the Democratic party, nationally, cannot avoid. It either must meet it or accept it as a major handicap.

In a recent Y. D. C. speech in Asheville, Mr. Sanford chose to meet it; he did so in these words:

"It is true Nixon has been in training for the presidency—but the trouble is he's been trained by the wrong man."

That, we submit, is meeting an issue head-on. Most Democratic politicians avoid criticism of President Eisenhower as they would the plague, and this direct and open criticism of Mr. Eisenhower may prove to have been inexpedient. It was, though, a demonstration of Terry Sanford's courage.

Then last week, in a talk to the Western North Carolina Planning Commission at Dillsboro, Mr. Sanford took a look at a non-political matter and came up with some remarks that revealed a penetrating mind at work.

Praising the commission's efforts to plan for the orderly growth of this region, he turned to the subject of industrialization. We are now, he said, in the midst of the second American industrial revolution.

Recalling a trip he recently made north in search of industry, he described the crowded tenements he saw as he went through New Jersey. Then he told his Dillsboro audience:

"I said to myself: Is this why I'm going to New York? Is this the kind of industrial development we are seeking? I know that it isn't."

Then he continued:

North Carolina is lucky in a sense—you might say fortunate—that it hasn't been over-industrialized. The state failed to get in on the beginning of the First American Industrial Revolution and suffered because it didn't. Yet it may have been just as well.

For we now have an opportunity of avoiding the mistakes of the earlier revolution—mistakes that brought about crowding and slums and a waste of resources.

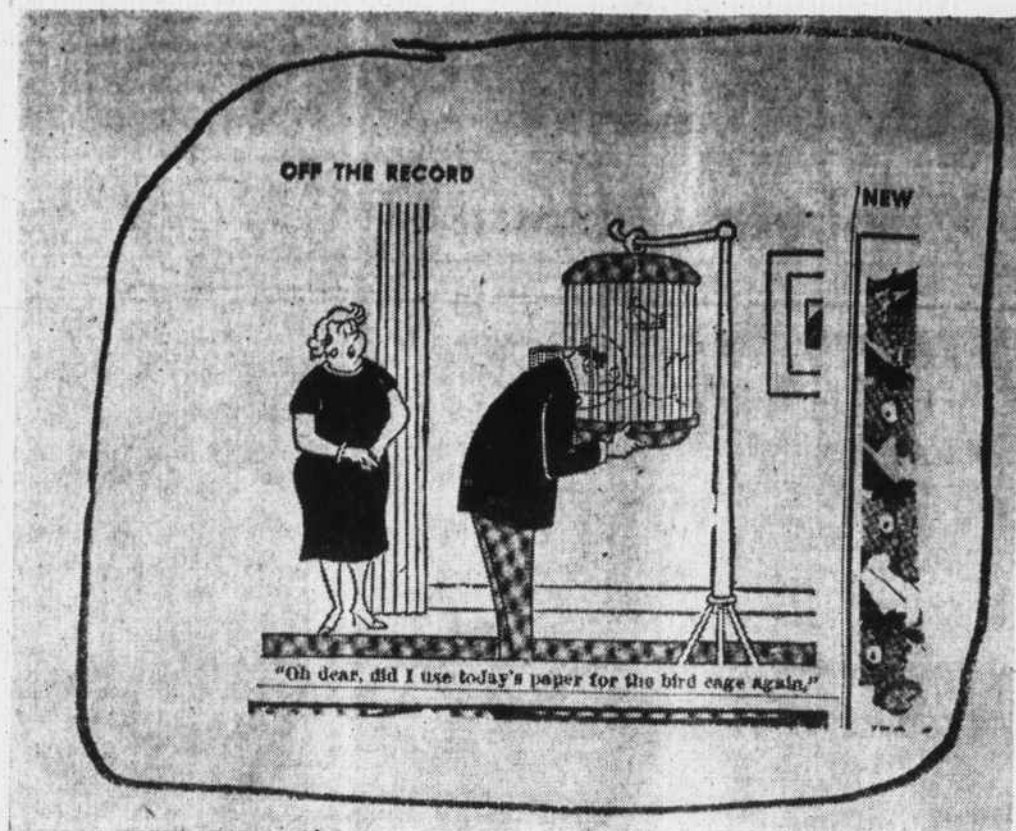
We need to concern ourselves with the avoidance of slum crowding and pollution of our rivers and streams.

We don't want new industry just so we can point out to a visiting cousin the number of smokestacks we have or to be able to raise the level of the state's industrial statistics in the nation's catalog.

We are interested in new industry for only one reason—to provide a better living and to be able to enjoy a better living.

It is not surprising that this newspaper applauds those common sense remarks; for that is a gospel we have been preaching for more than a dozen years.

More to the point, it is a viewpoint thinking



—Washington-Exclusive.

people, the country over, are coming to accept.

Mr. Sanford might well have added that some areas of North Carolina itself have been blighted by indiscriminate or over-industrialization; and that Western North Carolina is doubly blessed in that, because it is relatively unindustrialized, it can learn from the mistakes of other North Carolina areas, as well as from the industrialized East.

And surely only fools will refuse to learn from the mistakes of others.

## Don't Silence The Pulpit

(Smithfield Herald)

Let the preachers have their say. In the pulpit. Not merely behind the voting booth curtain.

Governor Hodges, staunch Democrat and supporter of Senator Kennedy for President, is disturbed by the outcry of some Protestant ministers against the election of a Catholic to the White House. He commends Evangelist Billy Graham for his decision to refrain from discussing the political situation in the pulpit. Graham has said he will let his conscience speak at the polling place on election day. The Governor thinks other preachers should follow the example set by Graham.

Silencing the preachers may serve the immediate aims of the Democratic party, but silencing the preachers will not serve the best interest of America.

Certainly it is no time for using the pulpit for expressing prejudices. Nor is it a time for using the pulpit to spread falsehoods about the Catholic Church. Surely no pastor is called to fan unfounded fears among the members of his flock.

But this is a time for responsible preaching relating the principles of religious faith to the economic, social, and political affairs of men.

The principle of church and state separation is perverted when it is invoked to discourage preachers and church members from giving vocal expression to their faith in politics.

A state-supported church? Never. Laws granting special privileges to a church body? No. Dictation of White House or State House or Court House policy by preacher, priest, bishop, or pope? Certainly not.

Preachers, priests, and church members applying their religious faith to political affairs? An emphatic yes!

And if there is to be any meaningful application of religious faith to political affairs, churches must engage in discussion of the relation between religious faith and political issues. Such discussion is proper in study groups. It is also proper in the pulpit.

This is not a plea for using the pulpit to make a purely political speech or to further the purposes of partisan politics in any way. It is a plea for relating religious faith, high moral principle, right attitude to the decisions that people are called upon to make, individually and collectively, in the political realm.

If the preachers have a failing, it is that they speak out too little in the pulpit, not too much. Or it is that they speak out only on one or two pet issues: Catholicism, or liquor, or perhaps gambling.

The people grope through darkness trying to solve the race problem, the war problem, the labor-management problem, the welfare problem, the educational problem. The people need the light that comes from religion at its best. In the search for light the people need guidance from preachers no less than from editors and educators and politicians.

The ancient prophets had their say on the issues of their times. Let the preachers of 1960 have their say on the Kennedy issue and all other political, social, and economic questions. In the pulpit. Not merely behind the voting booth curtain.

Let them have their say, but may they have it while standing upon facts and reason as well as spiritual inspiration. There is no place in the pulpit or anywhere else for prejudice, falsehood, and hysteria.

## LETTERS

### Those Death Pictures

Editor, The Press:

Since moving to Franklin in mid-June I have been pleased with the quality of the newspaper that you publish. Most particularly I have been impressed with your editorial page, though not agreeing with everything said there. I regret that I waited until now to say these things to you for I now find it necessary to write the following paragraph also.

I was surprised at and disappointed in the series of pictures you published in your August 18 issue relating to the tragic shooting in the Cartoogechape community. I refer most particularly to the picture on the front page of "the crumpled body of Robert Lee Welch," and the picture on page 5 of "the blood-soaked bed." These pictures were typical of the trend toward sensationalism which has been sweeping our whole country in recent years. I can see nothing of value that the pictures added to your coverage of the events. They were unnecessary and certainly inconsiderate of the family involved.

GARLAND YOUNG

Franklin,  
Route 2.

### Likes Editorial

Dear Weimar

I have just read your admirable editorial in the August 25th issue of The Franklin Press. This editorial is well thought out and splendidly written, and certainly presents the picture

## Strictly Personal

By WEIMAR JONES

In this space last week, I wondered about the origin of the old idea that when it rains while the sun is shining, it means the Devil is beating his wife.

I predicted I'd probably never find out until I got hold of a folklorist or a specialist in superstition. Well, I was wrong.

Early Thursday morning — when the ink was hardly dry on last week's Press — a friend who not only has a fine mind and a good memory, but who has lived here all his life, gave me the explanation he had heard as a boy:

"The Devil's wife is crying because she's being beaten — her tears are the drops of rain. But the Lord, pleased at this evidence of discord in Hell, smiles — that's the sun shining."

Another reaction came later that day from a reader who was not reared here: "You used the term, 'Bad Man.' I suppose you meant the Devil. I never heard that."

So that, maybe, was a local expression.

Any way, when I was a child here, we rarely said "The Devil." That would have been a little like

swearing; we referred to him as "the Bad Man" — and we dropped our voices in awe when we said that.

A local expression? Well, maybe. But that one sounds to me like it had a Negro origin.

Before this Thursday is gone, maybe somebody will set me right on that.

Thursday night I had the good fortune, at the Rotary Club meeting, to sit next to Dr. Guy Wells, of Statesboro and Dillard, Ga. I told him my friend's explanation of the sunshine-and-rain devil story. He had never heard it, but agreed it was so logical it must be the correct explanation.

Then he told me an interesting thing. He asked if I had ever heard the story of the origin of the word, "snob." (Webster says that word's origin is "uncertain"). I hadn't. Here's his account of the way the word came into use.

In the feudal period, nobody counted for much, especially socially, except the nobility. But as the feudal period drew to an end in France, the merchants began to acquire wealth, and demanded that their names be put on what we today would call the "social register."

At last, their pressure for social recognition became so great, they won that right — but with this condition: After their names, they must always place the Latin phrase, "sine nobilitate" (without nobility).

With time, those words came to

be abbreviated to "s. nob.", and finally the two abbreviations were run together into "snob."

That explanation, too, is logical. For what is a snob but one who has gained prominence and recognition, but has done so without having acquired mobility?

We've heard a lot in recent years about the dangers of "anti-intellectualism."

There is, of course, as there has always been, too much opposition to new ideas just because they are new.

I've long had a sneaking notion, though, that the plague of "anti-intellectualism" is not nearly as serious as it has been pictured. It's been my guess that, while there remains a certain amount of suspicion of anybody who uses his mind, much of what is called "anti-intellectualism" really is a healthy contempt for something that isn't genuine — contempt for a pose assumed by those who are not, in the best sense of the term, intellectual at all.

In a recent personal letter, a friend put that thought aptly, and, at the same time, neatly made the distinction between the real and the pseudo-intellectual:

"It seems to me we meet so many people who consider themselves too important to appreciate the greatness of simplicity and too cock-eyed intellectual to value the unchanging verities — mere cock-eyed than intellectual, I would say."

## VICTIM OF PROGRESS

### Remember The Grindstone?

W. E. H. in SANFORD HERALD

What's happened to the grindstone that used to sit in back of every home and farm house for sharpening axes and tools? They are no more, except on a very occasional farm.

Mechanization and emery wheels have taken their places. While emery wheels are much quicker, they destroy the temper in the metal of axes, hoes and blades that are being sharpened, and in addition grind them away in rapid order; purchase of a new tool is far more frequent than in the days of the old fashioned grindstone.

As a kid it was one of my jobs to turn the handle of the grind-

stone that Papa brought to town when he moved from the farm. Sometimes I poured the water as I turned the handle; usually Papa mistrusted my judgment about the amount of wetness necessary and kept the wetting job for himself. No way I know of to get as close to your Dad as when you were turning the handle and he was whetting his axe or scythe!

Those cold mornings! There was a belief in my set that on a frosty morn, if you set your tongue against a cold grindstone, it would peel away the skin. Pity I never had the nerve to try it. Modern kids have jets but the old things, No.

## CATALPA UNUSUAL TREE

### Dates Back 35 Million Years

LYDIA K. FRESHSE

In Kettering (Ohio) Times

The year was 1723. Mark Catesby, English plantsman, had come to America to study the flora of the New World. In his wandering along the streams and rich river bottoms of Carolina he discovered one of our most beautiful flowering trees, the catalpa.

The history of the catalpa goes back 35 million years. Today it is found in China and Japan and two species are native to the United States; the southern variety, catalpa bignonioides and the more hardy catalpa speciosa which is native to our mid-central states. Distinguished by the most beautiful flowers of any of our ornamentals, it has been so widely planted that it has become naturalized in our region and throughout most of the eastern half of our country.

As I write these lines, the catalpa is in full bloom. Could we but see the blossoms at close range we would be amazed and delighted at their beauty and fragrance. They appear in great abundance growing in upright clusters six to 10 inches long. Like those of their relative, the trumpet vine, they show a widely flaring tubular corolla with two lobes on the upper and three on the lower lip. The throat of the flower is striped and spotted with yellow and purple.

Nature believes in cross-pollination since it adds to the strength and beauty of a plant. In this species she arranges for it by ripening the two stamens before the pistil is ready to receive the pollen. The busy bee, ever searching for sweets, is lured to the blossom, follows the colored lines to the nectar and leaves behind some of the pollen from a mature

flower which it has just visited.

As summer wanes, the fruit ripens into a 10 to 20-inch long cylindrical capsule or pod. Hence the common name, Indian cigar tree. These stay on the branches all winter discharging their seeds in early spring. If you open one of them you will find a row of odd winged seeds, fringed at the ends to aid in their dispersal.

The green heart-shaped leaves of the catalpa are eight to 12 inches long and six to eight inches broad. They appear late in spring on long stems and are so abundant that the tree makes a dense shade. Smooth and dark green above, they are downy underneath and show nectar-bearing glands at the axils of the primary veins, a very unusual circumstance.

The language was lost for over 900 years. Then in the early part of the 20th century, manuscripts were discovered in the northern Tarin basin in Central Asia.

One of the scholars who have translated Tocharian manuscripts and is today America's first authority on the lost language is Dr. George S. Lane, Kenan Professor of Germanic Languages and Linguistics at Chapel Hill.

To look at Tocharian the casual observer would think it resembles Sanskrit. However, Tocharian and Sanskrit are not closely related. The language seems to have associations with Baltic, Albanian, Slavic, Iranian, Celtic, Germanic and Italic tongues, Dr. Lane believes.

The Moscow Academy of Sciences in 1959 published an article on Tocharian, written by Prof. Lane, and included it in a special volume. Another article on Tocharian by Dr. Lane will be published in the Encyclopedia Britannica. — University of North Carolina Report.

Chicago educator Joseph Shapiro spoke these two sentences during a recent speech at Duke University:

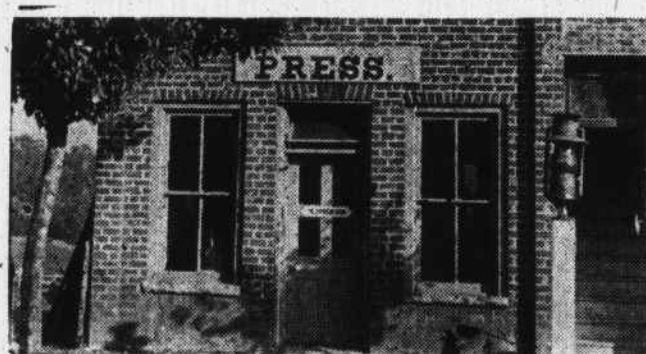
"The man of distinction has a station wagon, a second car, a swimming pool and a 21-inch color TV set."

"And he tells us we can't afford to spend much more for education."

These 33 words say about all that can be said of the affluent society and its under-fed schools. — Charlotte Observer.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



### 65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK

(1895)

Mr. Lee Crawford is running a brick yard near his home, one mile out from town.

Mrs. J. A. Munday and sister went to Aquone last week to spend a month at that cool and pleasant retreat.

A colored Baptist association will begin at Rev. Jim Bristol's church beyond the iron bridge next Friday.

W. P. Pullen and Labe White, two enterprising drummers, had our merchants by the ears Saturday and Monday.

Messrs. A. G. and Z. B. Dillard, of Rabun County, Ga., were in town last Friday evening to exchange a load of corn for wheat.

### 35 YEARS AGO

(1925)

Last week Mr. George Wurst, of Orlando, Fla., purchased from Mr. Sam Franks the northeast corner lot at the junction of Main Street and Harrison Avenue. Mr. Wurst plans to build a hotel or apartment house on the property.

Due to the excellent weather for the past several months, it is now believed that electric current from Franklin's new municipal hydro-electric plant, under construction on the Little Tennessee River, can be turned on by October 1.

### 15 YEARS AGO

(1945)

Pfc. Paul T. Childers, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Childers, of Franklin, Route 3, has been awarded the Bronze Star medal for "heroic achievement in action" in Germany.

With the return of peace, the nation faces the problem of finding jobs for 10,000,000 servicemen, the U. S. Employment Service points out.

### 5 YEARS AGO

(1955)

A. C. Tysinger Tuesday night was elected commander of the newly organized Franklin squadron of the Civil Air Patrol.