

The School Issue

Anything that affects their schools is of deep concern to the people of Macon County. Because that is true, when there is a political question that affects the schools, it becomes an important issue. Such a question has developed in the local campaign.

How that issue shall be decided is for the voters to say. It is not our job to try to tell them. It is our job to point out that there is such an issue, and try to make it clear just what it is.

Under state law, the county schools are run by the county board of education and the superintendent, who is appointed by that board. The law provides that members of the board shall be nominated in the primary, and later appointed by the Legislature. It says the Legislature "shall" appoint those nominated.

Both of Macon County's candidates for representative have now stated their positions on this matter.

Mr. W. A. Cox, the Democratic nominee, has said he will follow the recommendations of a committee, regardless of whether it recommends those nominated in the primary. The committee, he said, will be made up of one member from each precinct, to be elected at precinct meetings, and the county Democratic executive committee.

Mrs. W. N. Cook, the Republican nominee, in a statement in last week's Press, said this: "I will abide by the results of the last primary election regarding the appointment of a county board of education."

Fitting

In christening ceremonies at Cullowhee last Saturday, Western Carolina College's fine new administration building was given the name, "Bird".

Nothing could have been more appropriate. It is fitting because the man so honored has given more than forty years of his life to serving that institution. It is fitting because few men are beloved by so many. And it is fitting because this quiet, simple man, in his unobtrusive way, has brought distinction to the college by distinguishing himself.

And it is interesting and gratifying that, when this mountain institution, dedicated to the education of mountain youth, looked about for the person most deserving of this honor, the obvious choice should have been one who himself is a product of the mountains. The rugged character, the distinctive flavor, the spontaneous kindness—all these traits of the mountain people are ideally blended in William Ernest Bird.

Wait!

The final days of a political campaign often are holidays for liabelers, liars, and dealers in half-truths.

In these last days of this campaign, when you hear a new defamatory report about a candidate or a group or a party—or new details on an old report—stop and think: If it is true, why didn't it come out sooner? Isn't there a good chance it was held back till the last, just so there wouldn't be time to prove it false? In being gullible enough to believe it, am I letting someone use me and my vote for his own selfish ends? Am I being a sucker?

Let's not be afraid to ask questions, to be skeptical, to demand proof. Whether we're Democrats or Republicans—or independents—in these last days of this campaign, let's do our own thinking.

The Least We Can Do

Whether and how much you and I contribute to the United Fund is for each of us to decide for

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The article below, reprinted from the Goldsboro News-Argus, is by Peter Edson, Washington correspondent of the News-Paper Enterprise Association.)

WASHINGTON — (NEA) — Large measures of skepticism are found in comments of U. S. daily newspaper editors on this year's presidential election, all across the country. Criticisms are applied to both Democratic and Republican parties, platforms, candidates almost impartially; even by supporters.

This grass-roots opinion should be a potent political warning for 1964, even though it may be too late to apply in 1960.

"Neither candidate has emerged as a person," comments Editor-Publisher Wayne W. Bleakley, Jr., of the Franklin, Pa. News-Her-

ald. "Thinking so far is pretty negative."

In the same vein, Editor Donald L. Breed of the Freeport, Ill. Journal - Standard writes:

"What we would like to see is a positive approach to the presidential candidacy of either Nixon or Kennedy, rather than a negative one."

"That is, we should like to read just why either Kennedy or Nixon offers what we need in the White House, without tearing down his opponent. . . . The more the average citizen absorbs the negative approach, the more he is apt to feel like voting against both of them, and therefore feel inclined not to vote at all."

Warren Thornton of the Marysville - Yuba City, Calif. Appeal-Democrat puts it this way:

"I believe that Nixon and Kennedy are . . . flagrant opportu-

himself.

Before deciding, though, here's something to think about:

The fellow who calls on us for our contributions will be doing it as a public service. He believes the U. F. is the best way to raise the money, locally, for various charitable causes.

And he'll be giving his own time to make this canvass. He'll give a lot more of his time to the job than you and I will give in discussing it with him.

Isn't he entitled, therefore, when he comes to see us, to an unhurried, thoughtful, courteous hearing? Isn't that about the least we can do?

Let's give him that. If we do, the chances are we'll make a donation, too.

Not Worth Much Then

(Editor's Copy)

At the end of this happy life, the man with the most money will find it means very little.

LETTERS

Says Paper Fair

Editor, The Press

I hope that you will find the space in your "letter columns" to publish this letter since I feel many of your readers may be interested to know how I, as one candidate, feel in regards to the treatment given to one candidate by your paper.

I admire you for the fair way you reported all the news concerning my campaign and I feel that no newspaper could have been fairer in reporting news about Congressional candidates on both tickets than has your paper.

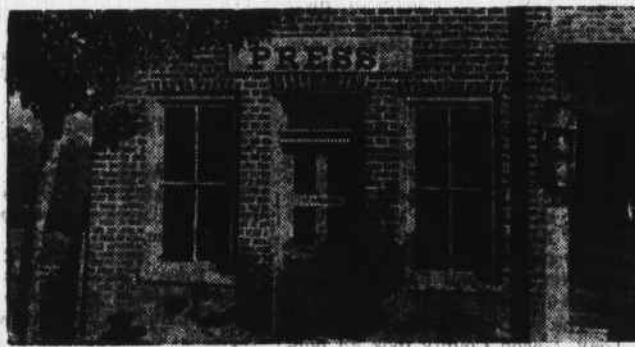
In your news coverage you have not only been fair you have also been one hundred per cent impartial and I want to go on record to state that I admire your paper for this attitude.

HEINZ ROLLMAN

Waynesville, N. C.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Looking Backward Through the Files of The Press



65 YEARS AGO THIS WEEK (1895)

A light rain fell Sunday evening, the first for nearly two months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Franks left Wednesday morning, via Clarksville, Ga., for the Atlanta Exposition.

Mrs. H. H. Jarrett returned Saturday evening, after a week spent visiting relatives in Buncombe County.

Mr. T. J. Christy presented us a fine apple as we passed Balsam, called the Wonder of Balsam, raised on top of the mountain, that for size and flavor was hard to beat.

35 YEARS AGO (1925)

The J. B. McCrary Company, of Atlanta, has purchased from Messrs. Charles Grist and W. M. Martin 1,000 acres of land, lying partly in North Carolina and partly in Georgia, between Estatoa (Mud Creek) Falls and Sealy. The new owners plan one of the greatest summer resorts in the South. Plans call for construction of 800 homes and cottages within the next two years at a cost of \$300,000.

15 YEARS AGO (1945)

Miss Lassie Kelly has been named on the reception committee for the get-together meeting of the state senate in Statesville November 1 and 2, when President Truman and other notables will address the Senate and the general public.

5 YEARS AGO (1955)

Carl Morgan, of Franklin, Route 3, Saturday was reelected chairman of the Macon County Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation committee.

Many Editors Skeptical About Both Parties, Both Candidates

Your write-in vote, if you should choose to cast one, will not be counted, and so won't affect this election. But it could have a tremendous effect in the future.

Suppose 50 Democrats in this county marked out Kennedy and wrote in some other name, and 50 Republicans marked out Nixon and wrote in some other name. And suppose that happened, in proportionate numbers, in counties all over the nation. There'd be a million or so write-in votes.

They would not count, in this election. But don't think word of what had happened wouldn't get around. And word having got around, can there be any doubt that such a protest vote would have its influence when the time comes, four years from now, to pick nominees for the Presidency?

The fate of civilization is like needlework. You can take it up and worry about it at odd moments.—Frank Sullivan.

ists. The political philosophy of each of them is determined by whatever he thinks is popular with the majority of the voters. . . . the differences are so minute as to give the voter no real choice."

In a slightly more charitable way, Editor Dan J. Rooker of the Pulaski, Va. Southwest Times puts it like this:

"I personally do not believe either of these candidates is as socialist as their party platforms would indicate. But I am convinced that they are convinced that is what is needed to buy votes for the presidency."

For downright cynicism over the American political situation today two editors who ask that their confidential views be not attributed to them or their papers take the prize:

"Although this newspaper is



STRICTLY

PERSONAL

By WEIMAR JONES

In a campaign year, you see political badges everywhere. Many people—perhaps most people—wear them, thus clearly labeling themselves as Democrats or Republicans. You see them even on children.

Yet, so far as I can recall, I've never had one on.

Realizing that the other day, I began to wonder why.

It's not, I am sure, that I object to the other fellow's wearing a political badge; whether he does or doesn't, and why, is distinctly his affair.

It's not that I'm ashamed of how I vote, or even that I object to people's knowing.

And it's not that I have no interest in politics. I am deeply interested, and I have often voted with great enthusiasm—for Franklin Roosevelt for President and for Dr. Frank P. Graham for U. S. Senator, to cite just two instances. But these political badges are not for me. Something deep inside makes me instinctively shun them.

Part of it, maybe, is that I feel a little self-conscious wearing badges and buttons of any kind—like a Scout or a Republican general literally covered up with his medals. But, I asked myself, am I consistent? After all, I sometimes wear a Rotary button. Is there any difference?

I think there may be.

First of all, the fellow who wears a civic club button doesn't wear it just a few weeks out of every two or four years; he's likely to wear it all the time. If being a Democrat or Republican is something to be proud of, and so to tell the world about, via a badge, why wear it only when an election is approaching?

There's another difference. I believe, that goes deeper. Being a civic club member doesn't involve deep convictions about principles and policies that may be controversial; almost all of us could subscribe to the tenets of almost all civic clubs. In politics, it's another matter.

And therein, I'd guess, lies one of the major reasons why I cannot bring myself to wear a political badge. To me—and this is a strictly personal feeling—political conviction is something personal and intimate, like religion and friendship. Just as I'd hesitate to make a public display of some personal religious experience or to violate the intimacies of friendship by talking about them in the marketplace, just so I hesitate to advertise my political convictions and the personal experiences they grew out of.

Since the same situation might apply to the other fellow, I've always felt it wasn't for me to try to tell him how to vote, to try to

convert him to my way of thinking—even by so much as wearing a political badge. To me—and again, this is strictly personal—that's a little like saying I've got the political truth by the tail, and everybody else is wrong. Because of this feeling, I'd never dream of asking the other fellow how he had voted or was going to vote for. To do so would be an invasion of his privacy.

All of this may grow out of something that happened when I was a child. I can remember hearing considerable discussion about the blessing of the Australian ballot—voting in the privacy of a booth. (There was a time, you know, when a man could not vote in secret.) That discussion left on me, I suspect, the impression that the ballot is something very personal, even sacred, and so something not to be pried into, or even talked about.

In trying to analyze my feeling, one question has kept recurring to me: Wonder if anybody else feels that way I do about this?

The approach of next week's election reminds me of elections here when I was a child.

There are many memories, but two stand out.

The first has to do with J. Frank Ray, who, though he was the perennial Democratic representative from this county, occasionally lost to a Republican.

On one occasion, he and his Republican opponent were having a "great debate" on the issues in the courthouse. It seems that Mr. Ray, in the previous legislative session, had put the stamp of legitimacy on the sale of liquor here by providing for a "dispensary". His opponent was bemoaning the evils that resulted, and, in a burst of oratory, told of the heartache and tragedy and degradation caused by this legal whiskey.

Mr. Ray, in an undertone that, intentionally, carried to every part of the courtroom, punctured the oratory with the drawled comment: "Why, that must a-been blockade."

The other memory is of the terror of election nights. In that period, election day was, for many, a day to get gloriously drunk. It was also a period for discharging firearms.

After nightfall, when the voting and counting were over, the drunks headed for home, usually on horseback. And as they passed our house, one after another, the pounding of the galloping horses' feet was accompanied by blood-curdling yells and the firing of pistols.

In bed, but still awake, I never could get my head far enough under the covers.

Must Ocracoke Ponies Go?

GOLDSBORO NEWS-ARGUS

Must the banks ponies of the Ocracoke Boy Scout troop go? The Legislature passed a law prohibiting livestock, goats or other animals, from the Outer Banks. The law was a conservation measure to keep animals from eating erosion-controlling vegetation. The problem was serious. Destruction of grasses and shrubs handicapped erosion control and hastened the washing away of the beaches.

The law made one exception. Boy Scouts of Ocracoke were permitted to keep 30 of the funny little creatures. Then voluntarily

the Scouts cut the number to about 20. The National Park Service gave a lease to the Scouts for a range in which the ponies were to be penned. But the little ponies are determined and agile creatures who hate being fenced in. They keep getting out.

The Park Service has notified the Scout committee that it will not renew the lease on the pony range unless methods which insure that the animals cannot escape to destroy erosion plantings are devised. Ocracoke has hired Lem Gaskill to tend the range fences.

DIRE PREDICTION

It Seemed A Safe Bet

RUSSELL SPEAR in Madison Messenger

It happened like this. I started down the street for a cup of coffee. On the way, Winfred Robertson flagged me down.

"Hey Russ," he said to me. "There's a fellow in my store that wants to bet me \$1,000 to \$100 that if Kennedy is elected, three days after the election the banks will be closed and soldiers will be marching. Would you take him up on it?"

"We do not agree with everything in the Republican platform, but we have no place else to go," says Publisher Roy C. Swank of the Lenoir, Va. Daily News.

"The Democratic party has made it clear that the South is no longer welcome," confesses Natchez, Miss. Times Editor R. E. Wilcox somewhat sadly. He goes on to say that, "Sulking on the outside may express disgust, but we must go along and do what we can to counteract the influence of misguided zealots."

In an editorial headed, "This year's presidential race leaves conservatives out in the cold," J. W. Gore of the Fort Lauderdale, Fla. News laments that "The election boils down not to a choice between a liberal and a conservative, but between an ultraliberal and a plain liberal who has just a few overtones of conservatism."

Unwittingly, I replied. "Yes, man. It would be like taking candy from a child."

We went into the store and there stood Alf Webster. Alf was fondling a roll of the green stuff. He turned to me and asked: "How much do you want?"

"Are you serious, man?" I said. "Serious as I ever been in my life," Alf replied. "Here's my money to prove it."

"It's too darned easy," I told Alf. "I wouldn't have the heart to take your money."

"If you think it's so easy suppose you look at the calendar again," he suggested.

I did, and to my humiliation and chagrin, I discovered that the third day following the election is November 11, Veteran's Day, a national holiday.

I kicked myself all the way back up the street to the print shop.