

# THE GAZETTE'S EDITORIAL PAGE

Bill Williams  
Associate Editor

Phone 864-3293  
Extension 38

THE GASTONIA GAZETTE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1962

## We Feel Good, Like Americans Should

Americans, at this juncture, are being honest with themselves.

Sometimes, during periods of political expediency, this is not easy to do.

But even now, with all the campaigning of 1962 reaching fever pitch, Americans have taken time out to think.

And now that they have thought, they are acting like Americans.

During this Cuban crisis, there have been little pushing and showing among our two political parties. Instead, men on both sides of the political fence have demonstrated that, once this country is in a crisis, everyone joins hands in a common cause.

Yesterday, Senator John Tower, the little giant from Texas, spoke to a partisan crowd of GOP faithful in the Armory here.

Some people may recall that he was one of the few who said as long as a year ago that Cuba ought to be blockaded.

Did he try to embellish his own shrine with such boasting? Did he prick the administration unnecessarily for its action? Was there anyone at the meeting who stood up and made a campaign issue over the premise that Kennedy had acted woefully too late?

There easily could have been such protestations during the crescendo of closing campaign days. But, there wasn't.

It was to be expected that the Democrats would be pricked over their tardiness in acting on Cuba. After all, it was Kennedy who campaigned severely on the Cuban is-

sue. And so there were asides as the program unfolded.

The point we are making is that the United States has now set upon a course whose ending no one can foresee—and that we have closed ranks and, generally, we are vastly relieved that this country finally has settled upon a firm course of action where Cuba is concerned.

As Paul Harvey points out in an editorial-page piece today: "It feels good again to be an American."

Americans are accustomed to caviling on the ninth part of a hair over domestic policy. This is right and natural. Everybody wants to run the show.

But, when it comes to joining hands in following a just cause involving some foreign tyrant that would suppress not only our liberties but those of free men everywhere—then the intramural rock-throwing ceases and we all aim our slingshots at the common enemy.

People in other lands with less liberty and less to fight and die for can't understand this.

It is only natural. Our enthusiasm springs from our cause. Our cause is freedom. And men who have never enjoyed freedom would hardly understand a man who would fight for it.

We have dared, now, to yell, "Stop! Thief!"

If the thief dares to keep running, our peace might be interrupted, but it's our freedom he's stolen. We have no alternative but to move out with a flying-tackle in mind.

## Sink Of Inequity

In New York, 189 tenants are waiting for the dust to settle in a row among three unions. They can't move into the new co-operative apartments they've bought until it does.

There's a squabble between the carpenters and the plumbers unions over how sinks are to be installed in the buildings, erected by a third union — the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

The plumbers say that once a sink is fastened to the wall it is under the jurisdiction of the plumbers. The carpenters want to fit on the wood and plastic top after the sink has been installed, as they have been doing. The buildings are all finished — except for the sinks. The city won't let anyone move in until the sinks are complete.

Five plumbers and five carpenters are all that are involved. Each union is zealously seeking the maximum portion of the available work for its members.

## 'Rejuvenating' Convicts

Plastic surgery as a means of converting criminals into useful citizens is a new prescription for an old problem.

Under a theory which has yet to be proven, New York state is going ahead with a voluntary program of plastic surgery at Clinton Prison at Dannemora which it is hoped will correct an underlying reason for men turning to crime.

A prisoner survey which indicated 8 per cent of inmates turned to crime because of a serious physical deformity prompted the attempt to give a new life to the man, many of whom have spent major parts of their lifetimes suffering from the thoughtless attitudes of their neighbors.

Volunteer surgeons from the Albany Medical Center will perform corrective surgery on convicts who ask for it. To date, 26 have volunteered for correction of deformities

ranging from cleft palates to abnormal hands. Only inmates with disfiguring defects are eligible for the pilot experiment.

This imaginative program could be a breakthrough in criminal rehabilitation similar to vocational training several years ago. Whether it is a failure or success, its bold ingenuity is a big step from the routine handling of released convicts. The frequency of their return is evidence that something new is needed.

If the experiment proves successful, it will be a matter of interesting conjecture what might have been the entries in the annals of crime if such treatment had been available in the days of Scarface Capone and Big Nose George, not to mention all the "Bug Eyes," "Mule Ears," and assorted nicknames which have appeared on police blotters from the inception of law and order.

Barely 200 miles to the east hurricane Ella was raging in the Atlantic and squalls, gales and gusts were brushing the Outer Banks.

But the October day dawned blue, bright and cloudless "down east" Hertford County. The sun shone on brown stacks of peanuts drying in the fields and the air was cool and crisp.

Down at historic Winton an old-timer in a flat-bottomed skiff among the lily pads

and cypress knees near the shore of the silvery and rippling Chowan river. A pleasure craft cut while and foamy troughs up the placid stream, making easy turns. It idled past the solitary fisherman, so not to disturb his peace with the world.

Editors and publishers of the Eastern North Carolina Press Association, their ladies and hosts came touring through Hertford, meeting at Ahoskie, breakfasting at Winton and proceeding on to Murfreesboro, home of Chowan College.

Plans had been for a boat trip up the river, which Easterners claim is the most beautiful in North Carolina and

probably in the country. But Ella's threat spoiled this. Small craft warnings were up the day before and Coast Guard regulations would not permit the assembling of the necessary flotilla.

As it turned out the storm had little effect along the Chowan. It dropped the water level on the river when the tides rose along the coast, but otherwise there was no sign of the mighty storm out at sea.

INSTEAD OF concern for a storm, the beauty of the day contributed to a turning back of thoughts to a time not so many years ago when an idea was born along the banks of the Chowan.

That dream, that vision, which was the way Chowan College president Bruce E. Whitaker described it, had brought the representatives of the newspapers to Hertford County — for dedication of a new building of the school of Graphic Arts, the Roy Parker school of Printing, at Chowan College.

This spacious new addition to the unique school of printing houses 15 linestacking machines, 10 presses of various types including offset, darkroom and photographic studios, lithographic equipment, a machine shop, teletypesetter equipment, classrooms and offices. The cost to date has been \$41,000, and newspapers and newspapermen have contributed more than \$25,000 for it, in addition to other gifts of equipment and materials.

THE OCCASION on the wooded campus at Murfreesboro was dedication of the new building, a combining of the old and new plants of the printing school. The new addition and modernization provides a facility of 11,000 square feet of space.

The printing school was started only 10 years ago in a tiny building of 15 by 15 feet, with one typesetting machine and one small press.

The school of printing was the project of the late J. Roy Parker Sr., widely known journalist, teacher and partner in the Parker Brothers publishing firm in Ahoskie. It now bears his name, and his widow was a guest of honor at the dedication.

Parker's brother and partner, Mayon Parker, told of the struggles encountered in establishing Chowan College and its program of practical technical education along with its liberal arts program.

Mrs. Elizabeth G. Swindell, editor and publisher of the Wilson Daily Times, traced the role North Carolina newspapers played in choosing the school of printing at Chowan College as a special project of the Eastern N. C. Press Association. She spoke of the values being derived from the opportunities and challenges that it offers, both now and in the future.

John McSweeney has been director of the school of printing since it was founded. His staff has been increased to take care

of the enrollment which averages some 50 students a year. It is the purpose of the school, McSweeney said, to keep abreast of advancing technology in the publishing and printing

fields, to offer the best in practical instruction and training and to furnish capable, valuable and well-trained employees for the printing trades and graphic arts industries of the region.

## Our Capable Cold-Warriors

It feels good again to be an American. Crises never occur at convenient times, but we faced this one squarely—and together.

There has been no malingering, no politicking. Republicans might have been tempted to charge our President's ultimatum was too late or one month too early.

Democrats might have sought politically to profiteer on the war scare.

Instead, with a wonderful unanimity, which has always characterized Americans in a crisis, we closed ranks.

The timid handful who publicly opposed a showdown either are Soviet in their sympathies or else are merely sincerely afraid.

BUT ALL that is necessary for hoodlums to take over the world is for the policeman to be afraid. So the vast, decent, loyal majority of Americans swallowed their fear and pledged their allegiance.

There is but one lamp by which my feet are guided and that is the lamp of experience. Thus illumined, this present situation does not preclude a major war. But there have ever been some things more important to Americans than peace, some things more to be feared than a military holocaust.

In 1776 and five times since we have proved it.

But countless thousands of times, nationally and individually, Americans have been required to assert their love of liberty. To pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

Now again. Today, we have said to the world that we who love life and have more to live for than any peoples on earth prefer to die — valiantly and cleanly under an H-bomb — rather than rot away under any godless slave-lism.

It is another time of testing which of us here deserves which hereafter, and Americans have told the world that we will guard with our lives the open doors of our churches, the closed doors of our homes and the fields and farms and factories and the purple mountains.

WE ARE custodians over these things. The blessings which we are inclined to lump under the one word, "freedom," are not free.

We must earn them over and over again, even as our daily bread, every day that we live.

On the eve of D-Day, when Americans were preparing to go ashore on Normandy's beaches, then General Eisenhower quoted these words: "He either fears his fate too much, or his deserts are small, who dares not put it to the touch to win or lose it all."

Today we dare. From this day forward, God willing, our intra-national squabbles will not be misconstrued, our mile-wide smile will not be misinterpreted, our readily folded list will not be underestimated.

(Copyright 1962, General Features Corp.)

## Getting The Message Through



— Ralph McGill —

## President Kennedy — Lonely But Not Alone

Washington Notes: — Autumn winds now have a bite in them. They rustle the remaining leaves along Pennsylvania Avenue and blow

the fallen ones along the sidewalks and into the street. Tourists who come to peer through the iron fence toward the White House with probing minds that try to imagine what is going on behind those pleasant walls, are buttoned up against the cold. The frequent visitor reflects that only a few weeks ago it was steaming hot here, and the talk was chiefly about Berlin and November 6.

More than any city in America Washington is, for obvious reasons, a city of moods. It has always been so, from the time Thomas Jefferson came out of his boarding house, mounted his horse and rode up to the Capitol to be sworn in as President of a country still under the threat of war to maintain its shiny new independence. We tend to forget that once Washington was invaded by red-coated soldiers who burned the White House and occupied the city. Historians have told us of Lincoln, brooding and lonely, walking at night up and down the corridors of the White House in an old flannel night shirt, with worn carpet slippers on his feet. The weight of a Civil War, testing whether a nation so created in liberty could long endure, lay heavily upon him.

It was in one of those long night walks, up and down the hall, with his slippers making a soft, sibilant, shuffling sound, that he resolved to stop, if necessary, an English ship and take from it Confederate envoys en route to London. It was at a meeting in the White House that a decision was made to blockade the seceding Southern states, newly formed into a Confederacy. The British were angered by both moves. But they decided not to force the issue with war.

It was in the White House that the man who not many years before had been a university professor, writing books on government, was confronted with the need for decision when a German Kaiser began unrestricted submarine blockade of shipping in the Atlantic. Woodrow Wilson spent many a long hour there, in loneliness and in frequent Presbyterian prayers to a stern, but just God, whose quality is always to have mercy.

Looking at the White House one remembers that quiet morning of December 7, 1941, when in telegraph and cable offices all over the world the Morse "bugs" began to click out the notice that Pearl Harbor had been attacked and most of the Pacific fleet destroyed. President Franklin D. Roosevelt was confronted with that news and

the many decisions required. It was there that President Truman made the decision about Korea and Communist aggression.

Now, it is a young President, descendant of Irish immigrants, who is lonely and alone among many in the White House. Under our system it is he who finally must say yes or no. The advisers come and go. Intelligence reports are presented. They are evaluated by experts. Deductions and conclusions are

made. Recommendations are presented. But, when all this is said and done, when all the papers and diagrams have been viewed, when the photographs of enemy preparations are examined, it is then that the lonely silence falls. It is then that the iron of loneliness really enters into the soul of the man who, at such a moment, is President of the United States.

He may decide then and there. He may get up and walk

out to his offices, or his bedroom, and sit thinking. He may pray. He may slip up and down the hall. But, finally, he must make a judgment.

It is well to recall, too, in our present time of momentous and grave decision, that this country has been, and is, a faithful and dedicated member and supporter of the United Nations and its charter. The small groups of pacifists who march or demonstrate in protest against the Cuban decision, are within their

rights. It is, as we frequently remind ourselves, a free country. And if there are those who believe that it is better to submit to an aggressor than to fight for national survival, then they have the right to do so, but they must also expect, in time, to assume the consequences of exercising it.

In that year when Jefferson climbed on his horse and rode up to take the oath as President, Great Britain, France and, to a lesser extent,

Spain were in a vast power struggle. Today there is a Soviet-United States confrontation. But it is much more than that. There is also a confrontation of differing civilizations, cultures and ideologies. A lonely man has made a decision.

But, already he knows that many millions want him to know they are with him. (Distributed, 1962, by The Hall Syndicate, Inc.) (All Rights Reserved)

— School And Your Child —

## How To Beat The "Everybody Does" Spiel

By JOHN COREY  
How to Beat "The Everybody Does" Argument.

Kids can be master psychologists. Parents might well recognize that conformity, whether desirable or undesirable to them, is likely the result of peer influence, says Dr. Harrell.

Seventh grader Jane, for example, wanted to date a ninth grade boy.

Her parents felt she was too young. But Jane pleaded emotionally that parents of girl friends her age permit them to date. Why must she be different and an outcast?

Jane's mother and father realize that group blackballing can be harmful to an adolescent. Not wanting their daughter to be hurt, they consented to her dating even though they didn't approve. Ironically, the other parents

were in an identical predicament. They had given permission for the same reasons.

Appalachian's Dr. Harrell states that need for better communication between parents is clearly evident here. They should come together as a group and establish standards for their youngsters.

IS IT NOT possible for parents to perceive life as rebellious fluctuating adolescents see it—and vice versa?

Such an understanding would render ineffective the "everybody else does" psychology. Both parties—children and parents—would be happier.

Knowing their bounds, the youngsters would be satisfied to enjoy activities natural for their age. Parents would enjoy group reinforcement of their child-rearing convictions.

Many parent groups have taken this approach. Successful ones are the Parents' League in Charlotte, and Gastonia.

The league, composed of dues-paying parents of sixth to twelfth graders, even published their standards in a booklet called "Let's Agree!"

They had oversteered the social in the past, causing their children to begin adult-type doings prematurely, a finding consistent with the Jews espoused by Dr. Robert J. Havighurst of the University of Chicago.

They found that activities formerly belonging solely to college were brought down to high school level. High school type activities were experienced in grammar grades.

THEIR OFFSPRING were "confused by being swept into

the eddies of sophisticated life too soon."

The age-old saying still held: "You can't go against nature. It has an orderly process of growth by stages; for proper maturing, no one stage is rushed."

Parental zeal to give children "everything" has really meant "everything that money can buy." Prosperity had made us slight those values which money can't buy.

This group of parents concluded that their teenagers are wonderful people. The mothers and fathers were themselves at fault.

To curb the botheouse forcing of their children, they established these and other guidelines:

Dating: Double dating and group get-togethers should not be permitted before grade nine. Girls in grades ten through

twelve will occasionally want to date a boy a year older. But too wide an age span is inadvisable.

Dances and parties: May begin in grade eight (but most parents preferred grade nine). Elaborate parties should wait until college. Discourage formal dress. Spend-the-night parties in large groups are inadvisable because they often deteriorate into unhealthy all-night sessions.

HOURS: AGREEMENT should be reached beforehand by parents and youngsters as to a reasonable lapse of time between the end of a social event and time of arrival at home. A child's reputation can suffer from the late meandering habit.

Driving: A privilege to be earned by responsible driving and conduct.

Clubs: Ban any semblance of secret competition for membership.

Dress: Girls should understand that simplicity of dress and makeup indicate good taste. Omil corsages until boys can earn money to buy them. Bermuda shorts aren't "de rigueur" for all functions.

Mixed affairs: Desire for more natural arises in grade nine. If their energies aren't expended before this grade, parents will enter the interesting phase with enthusiasm, not with the fatigue of discharging an off-repeated duty. League members all agreed that "standards are only as good as the parents who uphold them."

For a complete list of the league's standards for sixth to twelfth graders, write to Mrs. J. L. Highsmith, Parents' League, Charlotte, N. C.

## Bible Thought

But Jesus came and touched them, saying, Rise, and have no fear.—Matthew 17:7.

Keep your fears to yourself, but share your courage with others.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

— The Open Forum —

## Bessemer City Man Speaks Out

escort. Then why does the city work against the building inspector? We the people of East Indiana Ave. went before the city board and asked them to stop them but they would not.

We also placed in their hands a petition six months ago for a street light and hydrant for our street. But it didn't do any good. But there has been a new housing project started below this street that has got street lights, a sewer line, new road cut and the city won't even fix up the ones they have.

They can put street lights up everywhere else but they can't ever get to our street. There are some hydrants lying on the ground in said housing project . . . and we don't even get a street light.

They passed a city law to have the condemned Algonquin houses

torn down for I read it and the man who let me read it told me not to use his name for he would lose his job with the city.

I think it is time for the people of Bessemer City to stand up and fight for their rights and show the rest of Gaston county that there are a few good people in the town.

I would like very much to start a move for a party for better city government. If there are any one who would like to help me, please write me a card to P.O. Box 177, Bessemer City.

We also need this town zoned and in wards so some one from each ward can sit in on the town board meetings. Then we could get our town fixed up. The way it is now, the people of this town don't have anything to say about anything at all.

THOMAS B. EUBANKS  
Bessemer City

## Not On The Brink Of War

This is a message to all who may read this:

We are not on the brink of war. Those Russian ships have been warned to turn back. All this was thought up by the Kennedy Clan to try to get back the prestige they lost in Mississippi.

Soon, our country will be bankrupt and will be taken over by the Communist Socialist rule. Many people will be taken in, and we will wake up too late. Kennedy cares nothing for Cuba. He promised air cover for the invaders at the Bay of Pigs and failed in his promise.

Don't be fooled, people. Vote for better and cleaner government before it is too late. The next presidential election is our last chance.

MRS. ADDIE DAVIS  
Cherryville