

Thursday, August 11, 1966

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Proud Men

One cannot escape the feeling, when viewing units of the area National Guard, the fact that they are proud men.

Their conduct, their efficiency and their confidence in themselves is an obvious credit to them and to the three communities they call home.

At Ft. Sill this week, we had an opportunity to witness first hand, the activities of these citizen-soldiers. In a setting filled with historical army lore, where soldiering is a profession, the men from the Fifth Rocket Battalion are standing their own with the best of them.

The officers and men from Louisburg, Youngsville and Zebulon and the officials from State Division Headquarters are carrying out the traditions

of long standing, of service to their country.

The delicate, complicated job of firing a modern day electronic missile would tax the resources of any man, even those who would make a career of such activities. It is especially rewarding to note that those who make their living in varied ways, far afield of rockets, computers and logistics, are nevertheless proficient in their assigned duties.

Certainly it is hoped the Fifth Rocket Battalion is never needed to bolster our armed forces, but it is comforting to know that when and if they are needed, they will be ready.

The area is proud of these men, who, justifiably, are proud of themselves.

Our Land Is Green

"Here's to the land of the longleaf pine, The summer land where the sun doth shine, Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great, Here's to "down home", the Old North State!

If one word could be used to describe North Carolina, the word would have to be "Green." The beautiful trees which adorn every nook and cranny of the Old North State are too often taken for granted.

Flying over Tennessee, Arkansas, and Oklahoma, one cannot help but notice the difference between these states and North Carolina. The difference is trees.

Miles and miles of barren brown land is visible in these states where only a few patches of open land can be seen while passing over North Carolina.

Whether we ever stop to contemplate the blessing of our green land or not, trees, shrubbery and nature's growth is a blessing in North Carolina.

Our rivers are filled, even in times of drought where rivers in other states are dry. Bridges span dry river beds in Oklahoma. The land is dead. As dry as it has been, North Carolina is blessed with its natural resources of land, water and trees.

Sometimes one must leave home to really appreciate it. Here's to "down home", the Old North State.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Tire Standards

It is gratifying to see Congress finally acting to establish uniform standards for tires. If this were the only benefit to derive from the recent publicity furor over automobile safety the nation would gain much.

Whereas in some countries safety standards have been in force for years, the great American market has been an unregulated frontier, and this is a case where federal regulation is desirable and needed.

For decades tire manufacturers have been bombarding the public year after year with "sensational" new tires which allegedly double mileage. If all the claims were true, if tire mileage had been doubled every time the advertisements made that claim, our tires would not be running 200,000 miles.

We have all kinds of tires and

false claims on the market and the right one for one's automobile is no longer simple. Moreover, there should be certain minimum safety standards, a means whereby the customer can distinguish grades easily—better than the present system in which just about every manufacturer has his own set of labels representing grades, grades which may or may not correspond to other lines.

Dangerous tires should not be allowed on the market. In some countries tire inspections are mandatory (and in some states) and worn tires, without enough tread to be safe, are rejected. In some countries one's collision insurance is not valid if one continues to drive on rejected tires. The U.S. public is entitled to protection and straightforward grading standards, also, and it is good to see we might be getting both.

Cheers To Miss California

In California a young lass recently demonstrated an independent mind—and it is good to see a beauty queen withstand the trend and pressures of the times.

Donna Coleen Danzer was named Miss California in the annual beauty contest. Then, considering that she would have given a year of her life to public appearances, being used as a publicity gimmick, and for other purposes, etc., she declined the title.

"I want to continue my education and the type of life I have been lead-

ing," she told reporters and friends. (She is a very good student at Pomona College.)

Cheers for Donna! Too many beauty queens have been ruined and spoiled by the fuss and fame made over their physical endowments, which are not, in themselves, overly important. And in time they become less and less of a consideration. Unless the girl involved can adjust to life and the change, after being a sort of celebrity, disillusionment, maladjustment and unhappiness often result.

"Something Constructive From The Finger Pointing"

by Jesse Helms

It may be that something constructive will yet emerge from the frenzy of finger-pointing concerning the alleged lack of quality in Negro education in North Carolina. But so far the dialogue, such as it has been, must surely have been depressing, if not insulting, to the Negro teachers and school officials whose responsibility it has been to operate the schools and colleges for the young

people of their race.

We have a feeling that these school people are being short-changed in the recognition due them. Certainly it seems apparent that a great many notable factors are being ignored in the analysis of stark statistics relating to declarations of alleged educational inadequacy of young Negroes. It may seem easy to some for the whole problem to be dismissed as

purely a result of lack of money and because of racial segregation. But that argument evaporates when one examines the number of successful Negroes who are products of the very educational system which is now being so severely criticized.

Indeed, the president of Shaw University, Dr. James E. Cheek, is himself an illustration that the Negro public schools of North Carolina have offered an avenue for learning. Dr. Cheek sprang from the dusty roads and fields of Halifax County. Somehow he was motivated to learn, and to aspire to seek higher education. And it seems evident that he was able to qualify for achievements that, in all candor, elude all too many young people of both races. But somehow the spark in James Cheek was struck by somebody, and since he is a product of the days of limited school funds and total segregation in North Carolina, it is apparent that he was not deprived of an opportunity to develop his mind.

The question, then, is what happened to Dr. Cheek's schoolboy classmates? They were taught by the same teachers in the same schools. Was the difference in family attitude? Or was it a matter of his possessing a superior intellect? If it was either, or both, then obviously the root of the trouble lies not with any unfairly assumed inadequacy on the part of Negro teachers nor with the State Board of Education. It may be a painful confrontation with truth, but herein may lie the greatest challenge facing the Negro citizens of our State.

The problem of poorly-prepared Negro pupils is not likely to be solved merely by the appropriation of vast sums of money, and certainly not by massive integration of the public

schools. These are typical political solutions, and no doubt they will continue to be advanced by those who seek easy answers to difficult problems. But if Negroes really hope to achieve equality—which is now no more than a cruel political euphemism—then they must decide and evaluate precisely what it is that they would be equal to. And this must begin at the core of Negro social consciousness—or the lack of it. In short, it must begin in the home.

This is no simple thing to engender in great masses of people. In fact, evidence abounds that the white man has not really begun to achieve it either. This, then, is not a conflict between superiority and inferiority. Rather, it is to be hoped that it may ultimately become an honest search for the best way to elevate one group without resorting to the illusory process of dragging down another.

We would say, therefore, that there is little virtue in broad, generalized charges about the responsibility for any educational deficiency that may exist among the products of Negro schools, or that segregation and economic deprivation, per se, have caused it. Those who make such statements may sit comfortably in their confidence that they cannot be specifically proved in error. But they nonetheless risk painting themselves, and much of the Negro race, into a corner.

It may ultimately be a matter of deciding which must come first, the chicken or the egg. But somehow the message must get across that personal responsibility is the first step on the stairway to opportunity. And for men of any race in a civilized society, personal responsibility must begin in the home. And that is about as segregated as you can get.

Weather Forecast



Fact And Opinion

COLUMBIA, MISS., PROGRESS: "So far as we have been able to observe, there are two kinds of taxes: good taxes and bad taxes. Good taxes are those that are levied upon other people and bad taxes are those that make us pay. . . . If you will thoroughly understand the distinction that we make in regard

to taxes. . . you will be able to understand a great deal of the squawking you hear."

DELMAR, DEL., WEEKLY: "There is no argument. . . against a self-sustaining Post Office Department, but we sure do wish that Washington would take the same approach when it comes to financing some of its other services. . . . Oh well. You can't have everything. But you do sort of wonder sometimes about a system which doesn't even flinch when it comes to paying the freight on a capsule bound for an uninhabited, zip-codeless place in space, but gave up completely when it came to maintaining the penny post card."

LA PORTE, IND., HERALD-ARGUS: "It is suggested that if the real enemy is inflation, the source of the trouble is the bigness of government itself. And more massive federal spending programs are on the launching pad. President Johnson would be setting an example by seeing that government cuts back on nonessential handout programs. But these are rather popular politically."

LBJ and Human Frailties

Reprinted from the Washington (D.C.) News

White House Press Secretary Bill D. Moyers says President Johnson prefers talking to the public directly, via TV and radio, rather than thru a press conference. According to Mr. Moyers, the press conference is too likely to be interpreted by newsmen who are "subject to all the frailties of human nature."

The President also believes—again according to Mr. Moyers—that the press conference has become a "circus."

Furthermore, said Mr. Moyers in a television interview, "in Washington, the press generally tends to write its opinion of a matter, and then seek out the facts for it." He then admitted candidly that he plants questions with friendly newsmen on subjects his boss wants to discuss. He defended this practice on grounds that, after all, the Presidential press conference is only a "device . . . for the President to say what is on his mind."

In other words, it is all right for the President to give a one-sided view of a problem, and for his Press Secretary to help this along by planting the questions. But it is all wrong for an experienced Washington reporter to follow this up with his own interpretation of the situation.

If we said Mr. Moyers were trying to manage the news, presumably it would only prove that we are "subject to all the frailties of human nature."



A Trip To Oklahoma

Jackrabbits, Geronimo And The Fifth Battalion

There it was as big as life. An Oklahoma jackrabbit, sitting proudly on the long concrete runway, awaiting no doubt, the arrival of the party of North Carolina National Guard Chiefs and newsmen. The temperature was 102 degrees. The animal was oblivious to this weather condition and we have an idea it couldn't have cared less about the big plane, disturbing its midday siesta.

Four hours and thirty-two minutes after leaving Raleigh-Durham Airport in a drizzle of rain, the party, led by Major General Claude T. Bowers, Adjutant General of North Carolina, touched down in the big Air National Guard Super Constellation. "Captain, you done good," said one of the newsmen to Aircraft Commander William D. Lackey of Charlotte, a civilian cattleman. The trip had been uneventful except for what one newsman observed was, "very fine fellowship." Staff Sgt. William T. Caton, full-time Guards Airman of Charlotte, trip Loadmaster, acted as host to the group, serving coffee and soft drinks, and on occasion, advising, "Fasten your seat belts."

Major Blaine B. Nash, was Instructor Pilot of the craft and Master Sgt. Wylie D. Lowery and Master Sgt. Gary H. Lathan were the Flight Engineers. Second Lt. Robert B. Till was also among the crew as a student pilot. All are members of the 106th Military Airlift Squadron in Charlotte. The same crew returned the party to North

Carolina Wednesday. Following lunch Tuesday, in the swank officer's mess at Fort Sill, the official party and newsmen were transported around twenty-five miles from the base to the site of the Honest John Rocket firing.

To say that the trip ran through dry, desolate Oklahoma country would be an understatement. River and streams were dry. One could have sifted the sand off what must have been, at one time, running creeks. Huge bridges spanned the expanses of the dry creeks. Storm shelters could be seen in practically every yard. This is tornado country.

"I'll never understand why we fought the Indians for this," said one jokester, from the rear seat of the air-conditioned limousine. "I could have a good time on that golf course," said another, as the caravan passed a duffer's haven . . . a golf course without trees.

"We plant that size tree for shrubbery back home," still another newsman remarked, as some small trees were seen off the distance. Approaching the firing range, one could view a string of mountains . . . (In North Carolina, they'd be hills). Oklahoma travel guides make a great thing of these mounds. They refer to it as the Wichita Wildlife Refuge.

The six newsmen agreed, with tongue in cheek, that the range had been selected so that the General's motorcade would have to pass by, travel a couple of miles to get inside

the gate, and return. "This," said one writer, "Gives the boys-time to get ready." There was no confirmation from the Battalion Information Officer, 1st Lt. Oliver Williams of Raleigh.

After explanations and the actual firing of the XM-50 Rocket, and with the official party, writers, photographers and drivers roasting in the afternoon sun, someone had failed to unlock the gate which would allow the motorcade to return to Fort Sill. "Captain, get me that man's serial number, I already know his rank," some wag in the back of the limousine said, mimicking what he thought the General might be saying in the car just ahead. The General's car went for the key. It returned with it and half the National Guard. Nobody, but nobody, keeps a General waiting.

At the range, we saw Sgt. James Pearce of Rolesville, who had flown out with the party, after being returned home on emergency leave when his wife gave birth to a daughter. Pearce reported his wife doing fine, but was somewhat concerned about the infant. Several other men from the area were seen at the firing, including Sgt. Q. S. Leonard, PFC Bill Perry, Phillip Taylor, Bobby Wester, Curtis Champton and Ronnie Pearce, all of Louisburg, Youngsville's "B" Battery put on the demonstration before the firing and Zebulon's "A" Battery did the actual shooting of the Rocket.

Tuesday evening was filled with an elegant dinner party, given to the group by General Bowers. Wednesday morning, following breakfast, the group toured the Artillery Museum on the base and saw mementoes of past days when Indians played an important part in the lives of those living in the Fort Sill area. Geronimo, the most noted of all, has a "cell" in the old stockade all to himself. There are relics of Wichitas, Comanches, Kiowas, Apaches and others. Finally, the motorcade moved to the Headquarters Battery, made up of men from the Louisburg area. They were waiting. Photographers snapped pictures, others interviewed or just visited the Guardsmen.

Guardsmen as the Honest John firing went off on schedule and although a faulty firing fuse caused it to miss hitting the bullseye, it was described as a "perfect shot" by most observers.

One newsman theorized that the reason for making the shoot so far from the base and in such isolated country was "They don't trust these North Carolina boys out here."

At the quarters of the Headquarters Battery, just prior to leaving for Raleigh-Durham Wednesday, the group talked with Sgt. Wyatt Freeman, Sgt. Paul Mullen, W/O Bob Cheatham, Sgt. "Winky" Ferrell, PFC Bland Pruitt and several others.

The flight back was almost as uneventful as the trip out. The road back was a little rougher, with "Seat belts fastened" instructions in effect most of the way.

In expressing our gratitude for the wonderful hospitality we remarked to one of the officers, "Either the Army has changed since our day, or the officers had it a lot better than we suspected." The group was given the VIP treatment everywhere it went. Some said that was because of the presence of the General, but we'd rather think it is always this way when one visits the Fifth Rocket Battalion . . . and we believe it is.

The business man who depends on luck finds that when he needs it most, he hasn't got much of it.

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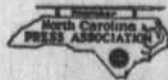
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