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LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Are The Chickens Coming Home?

It hasn't been so many years since the liberal-minded northern intellectuals were looking down their collective noses at the poor southerners and the solely-southern problem of minority demonstrations. These highly educated individuals spouted forth with encouraging words for the disruptors from atop their ivory towers. All was right with their world. All was wrong with ours.

They spoke with what sounded like a voice of authority as they promised the southern Negro citizen utopia without any effort being put forth by the Negro himself. It was all the cause of the unthoughtful white man that the South was in its terrible condition. True, there were many southern Negroes who listened and believed. Fortunately, however, there were more who knew that only by their own efforts could better things come. But, the lesser of the groups continued to sit down, march, chant and disrupt. All this was a pure delight to the ivory tower boys.

Many sent representatives to the undeveloped cities of the South to lead the blacks and to show the whites the way. This seemed to turn them on. The civil rights movement was their thing. Peaceful solutions were made almost impossible so long as the liberal intellectuals continued their charge.

Many things have changed in the South in recent years more in spite of rather than because of these people. While the demonstrations have made the headlines, prompted, perhaps by these same meddlers, by and large solutions have been found by responsible citizens of both races working together. There is no way of determining how much more might have

been done or how much quicker had the northerners tended their own store.

It is not so much that the South had and perhaps still has some faults of its own. It was the matter of the northern pot calling the southern kettle black. These holier-than-thou advocates have preached what they term as southern wrongs with a passion in recent years. And regrettably, they have had the power, apparently to ram it down the southern throat.

John J. Synon, whose column appears on this page today is a southern conservative if there ever was one. In one of his more recent efforts, he describes his fight at restraint in facing the latest disclosures that Harvard is now having its troubles. To quote Synon: "If ever in God's world there were an example of retributive justice, this is it."

While he musters the strength not to sing Hallelulah, we, too, will try a bit harder to refrain from the usual we-could-have-told-you-so.

Having been told for the past several years that belonging to a minority group, one need not be a responsible citizen, these militants have grown to believe it. They find no wrong in storming an administration building, destroying valuable documents, disrupting orderly campus activities. The liberals praised them for such actions when it was done in southern streets. Why shouldn't it still be alright. Only the location has changed.

However, the day is not yet. There is still disruption in the South and there is still encouragement from the northern intellectuals. But the time grows shorter. Could it be that the chickens are heading home to roost?

Everybody's Business

Franklin County has had its second highway fatality of the year. Until the fiery one-car crash took the life of a 21-year-old county man last week, the county had squeezed by for 97 days without a death on the highway. This was the second best mark in the past six years. In 1965, Franklin went 119 days without a fatal highway accident.

These are cold statistics and mean little unless they point out the need for continuous vigilance against high-

way accidents. Families and friends of those killed on our highways suffer whether the victim is the first or the last of a given year. Statistics cannot change this.

But the fact that an area could go 97 days without a fatal accident does indicate that the same area can do it again and perhaps extend the length of time.

Highway safety is everybody's business.

The Big Chief Simply Wasn't Wired For 220

W. E. H. in Sanford Herald

In south Florida recently, I noted couples in restaurants where the man was maybe 60 years old and his companion a winsome 20 to 40. Matter of fact, one sees these marriages all around. Some work out fine. Some don't.

In the latter category, I'm reminded of the story of the old Indian chief on an Indian reservation. Presiding and giving counsel was the Indian agent.

One day, the old chief approached the Indian agent with a strange request.

Said he: "I have a wife 40 years old. Will you give me your good wishes for me to trade her in for two wives 20 years old?"

The Indian agent was puzzled. But he had an inspiration and said, "Yes."

And so the trade was effected. But not for long.

One hundred twenty days later, the Indian chief appeared before the Indian agent again with this request. "Sir, I'd like to trade in my two 20-year-old wives for my 40-year-old squaw."

The Indian agent was puzzled; asked why. "Real simple," the Big Chief said, "I find I'm not wired for 220."

'Well, let's see... in my case he called for new leadership'



It'd been a long time since I'd seen him but nobody ever forgets "Forgetful" Moore once they've met him. He was walking along the highway when I spotted him last week, looking sorta tired and dusty where most everybody kept whizzing past him stirring up dust.

"Hey, 'Forgetful,'" I yelled, "Hop in, I'll give you a lift."

He hopped in and settled himself down, grunted a time or two—it musta felt so good to him to sit down --

"What's the matter, you're walking along the road Forgetful? Lose your car?"

"I don't think so," he said.

"You don't think you lost your car or you don't think you was walking this dusty road?"

"Yeah," he said, "That's right."

Well, I decided he hadn't changed a whole lot since I seen him last and I drove along without talking for

awhile. Finally, he grunted again and I figured I must be getting close to his house.

"Forgetful," I said, "Do you live around here?"

"Yep," he said.

"Well, when we git there, you'll have to tell me where to turn or stop. I ain't never been to your house since you moved over here. Been here long?"

"Yep," he said.

"Forgetful," I said getting a mite fretted, "Where do you live?" Don't tell me that you forgot where you live."

"Well," he said, finally breaking the silence. "Well," he said. Then he stopped. That's all he said.

"You mean you live where there's a well, Forgetful?" I asked.

"Yep," he said. So I just drove along. About ten miles later, I decided to try it again.

"Forgetful, you remember when we was boys how you'd always forget where you put things and how your mama always made you tie a knot of string on your finger and you couldn't ever remember what it was there for. Remember, Forgetful?"

"Yep," he said.

"Well, now look here, Forgetful, enough is enough. I been riding you for nigh on a hour and you ain't told me nothing. I got to git on home. Now tell me where you live so's I can carry you home and get on back myself."

"Well," he said, "I been thinking." Oh, boy, I thought, now he's gonna tell me.

"Well, I been wondering just why you picked me up back there a yelling, hop in and all that and gimme this long ride. I been enjoying it except you talk too much and ask too many questions: I been thinking maybe you ought to go see a doctor or something."

"Well," I said, "I ain't never. I pick you up along the dusty road and offer you a ride home. Spend all this time trying to find out where you live. Doing you a favor and all I git for it is a you-ought-to-see-a-doctor insult."

Gitting madder by the minute, I shouted, "Forgetful, if you don't tell me where you live right this minute, I'm gonna put you out right here and make you walk the rest of the way."

"Well," said Forgetful, "Why didn't you ask me. I'd told you. You know back down the road about fifteen miles, that big white house with the tree stump in the front yard?"

"Yeah," I said, "That was right there when I picked you up. I remember that place alright."

"Frank, I hate to tell you this but that's where I live."



WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

An Ill Guided Revolution

The Courier-Tribune, Asheboro, N. C.

We really can't think of anything constructive to say about student militancy that infects most college campuses these days.

Perhaps we're unenlightened of the underlying grievances see thing among the young but we know balderdash when we see it.

What else can you describe a demand for, among other things.

—An Afro-erican studies center leading to a specialized degree monumentally of little worth in an industrial society.

—An end to grading systems for supposedly educationally-repressed Negroes.

—Spending money, \$35 a week. So help us, that's what they wanted at State University College in Oneonta, N. Y.

Those young men brandishing guns at Cornell and Vorhees (Denmark, S. C.) College haven't put anything in writing yet, but we suppose they want shooting galleries on campus.

Seriously, the entire campus rebellion appears in a degenerative stage-sweeping unhindered from state to state, enrolling faculty, student, administration and townspeople alike in quarrels which have relatively little to do with higher education.

Now, we haven't heard of anyone seizing a college structure because,

say, the variety of advanced mathematics courses was limited or there weren't enough microscopes to go around in the laboratories.

As administrators capitulate one after another, the university structure sinks into a quagmire of student control, the wrong students at that. The Phi Beta Kappa - candidates are still at their books at last check.

What it all boils down to is a self-defeating militancy among those with the most to lose.

A Negro civil rights leader, Bayard Rustin, was as frank as anybody this week on the subject: "Educators should stop capitulating to the stupid demands of Negro students and see that they get the remedial training they need. What the hell are soul courses worth in the real world? In the real world, no one gives a damn if you have taken soul courses. They want to know if you can do mathematics and write a correct sentence."

Black students are "suffering from the shock of integration (and want) an easy way out of their problems," by demanding separate dormitories and special study programs.

He directed a few chiding remarks at the white liberals who have given in so easily: "A multiple society cannot exist where an element in that society, out of its own sense of guilt and masochism, permits another segment of that society to hold guns at their heads in the name of justice."

We could have said the same thing but the words of one of their own should have more meaning to raging Negro militants and their biracial sympathizers.

The campus should be a place of learning, not strife.

The goal of the militants is an ill-concealed attempt at takeover and when a college administration yields its functions it ceases to administrate at all.



HARVARD COLLEGE AND RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE

JOHN J. SYNON

It taxes me not to go higgledy-dee down the street, heels staccato: Harvard College, glory be, is getting it right in its mushy face and I shout Hallelulah.

If ever in God's world there were an example of retributive justice, this is it.

For, let us not forget, it was this once-noble institution that loosed upon the world the evil that now has it (the world as well as Harvard) by the throat.

Ah, yes. It was Harvard that spewed the oily Felix Frankfurter. And it was Frankfurter and that word spider, Harvard Alumnus Walter Lippmann, who, together, fobbed off the man Keynes and his egalitarian theories upon Franklin Roosevelt. And it was with the express approval of that conniving mountebank, FDR, that Frankfurter loosed his Happy Hotdogs, his own Old Blue trainees, upon an unsuspecting Federal government and upon an equally unsuspecting public. The prestige of Harvard both dignified and implemented socialism in this country.

From Harvard's specific acts

grew the domestic troubles we now know. These fabian fakers set the tenor of our times, softened our people, destroyed their independent, self-reliant natures, misled them, ripened them for the tragedy that has been overtaking us.

Harvard created this monster and the creature is now out of control; it is tearing its maker apart. And that is the best evidence that we, as a people, are passing the nadir of our dark night. For, if Frankenstein dies, can his monster be long alive? I don't think so. Therefore, in Harvard's travail, I rejoice. I hope it is fatal. I hope the blacks and their sympathizers take that foul place apart, brick by brick.

Tonight, my intelligence was insulted by the broad-A wail of the man, Nathan Pusey, Harvard's

president. On my TV, Pusey was bemoaning the day's events. As his unctuous words rolled out I felt an all-but-overpowering contempt for him and for all his kind.

For 35 years he and his cabal, aged Hot Dogs, now, have lent their prestige, their talents, every energy they possessed to the perversion of a nation. For 15 years they have led in the persecution of innocent Southern white people. Never a care have they had for the results of their efforts, for the destruction of a noble, if imperfect, system of living. It is these people, the likes of Pusey of Harvard, who have made a world-wide laughing stock of Southerners, made people all over the world think of Southerners as barbarians. And now the monster they created is tearing them apart. And I rejoice.

Were Harvard what once it was, a good, my reaction would be totally different. I would feel a deep sense of shock at its throes. But it is not a good. It is, as it has been for a generation, an evil thing and as such I hope it dies. It is not probable it will die, but I wish it would. I wish it were destroyed as was Sodom, utterly destroyed. I am sick to my vitals of both Harvard and those pudgy, milk-white, not-quite-grown, some-how-effeminate creatures, the sly schemers, who comprise its faculty.

These weaklings, the get of weaklings, have all but confounded our country. And to hear them yipe, to see them squirm from the brand they have heated does my soul good.

Yes, sir. If I could dance, I would dance. If I could sing, I would sing.

I can shout. So I shout, Hallelulah, suspecting better times ahead. I do, for the troubles of the Left, inevitably, are the opportunities of the Right.

That is a maxim you can believe.

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