

The Franklin Times

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LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Is There Any Wonder?

Today marks the beginning of another school year for most youngsters in this area. Others will be starting in the next few days. This is true across the country. Another step in the educational lives of millions of children is ready to be taken.

-In Washington, notice has been served on 121 Southern school districts that they cannot continue to operate as they have in the past. "The Justice Department is going to be moving against 40 or 50 of them in the near future", says Leon E. Panetta, Chief Civil Rights Officer of HEW.

-While in Mississippi, HEW has requested federal judges to delay an integration order until December.

-Meanwhile, back in Washington a group of Justice Department lawyers—termed by one reporter as "ideological liberals"—are threatening to resign because the Nixon Administration is not pushing integration hard enough to suit them. Most are Johnson Administration left-overs.

-In Louisiana federal marshals escorted six Negro teachers to a predominantly white school after they were blocked from their newly assigned jobs the day before by a group of irate white parents.

-Here in North Carolina, in Halifax County somebody attempted to burn the Aurelian Springs school building following a two-judge federal panel's decision against separate district schools in Halifax and Warren counties this week.

-In Hertford County, vandalism resulted in considerable damage to school buildings and busses.

-In Charlotte, over 800 Negro parents are staging a school boycott against the bussing of their children to predominantly white schools.

-In Wilson four out of an expected 123 white youngsters showed up for enrollment in Barnes Elementary School this week. School officials said parents "may be awaiting the outcome of a current court decision".

-Meanwhile back in Washington, a group is organizing a nationwide boycott of schools which do not have a free food or reduced lunch program. The boycott is to come in October, according to reports.

-In Durham, this week, a group of black students held the County School Board virtual prisoners while making demands that they be given more control of the schools.

-Also in Durham, the City School Superintendent was subjected to shouts and verbal abuse in a confrontation in his office with black students this week.

-And at Durham's Southern High School, the school mascot emblem—a Southern Rebel—has been painted over both in the gymnasium and on the football field. The Negro band director will decide if "Dixie"—the school song—may be played.

-And needless to say, there are many, many more disturbing reports on schools.

The widespread notion which has existed for many years, that youngsters don't want to go to school, is more acute now than ever. Is there any wonder?

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

Bureaucracy Rumbles On Despite New Government

The Courier-Tribune, Asheboro, N. C.

THE POWER of the bureaucracies is weighing in even on the Nixon administration which is burdened with a tightly-scheduled school desegregation program slated to accelerate in fall, 1969.

In a larger sense, the administration has shifted the school mixing attack to the courts which does indeed promise beleaguered school administrators a respite from immediate compliance with guidelines established by the Health, Education and Welfare Dept.

Under this plan, the entire State of Georgia is facing a federal court suit, but it carries with it the promise of delays to confront this overwhelming social problem.

But a more immediate problem faces school districts which over the months had agonizingly hacked out areas of agreement with HEW's guideline policy which more-or-less is still in effect.

However much the pulling and tugging within the administration for an integration slow-down (and a speed-up on

the other hand by White House liberals), the fact remains that the bureaucracy grinds away, implementing agreements already in hand despite the change of administrations.

Leon E. Panetta, director of the office for civil rights of HEW, was quoted only this week as saying "if the plans work out as submitted we expect the rate to double."

There apparently is no widespread revolt in the south against compliance this fall, so the bureaucracy's juggernaut moved ahead unimpeded.

The gain percentage—wide of Negroes enrolled in formerly all-white or predominantly white schools came primarily from plans and policies made by the Johnson administration and the federal courts and Panetta's office has adhered to these outlines, or in some cases, court rulings.

What is not changing—and shows no sign of changing—is the adamancy among whites at integrating formerly all-Negro schools with white

students. This isn't involved in the vast majority of cases where compliance has already been achieved. In most cases, the Negro school was merely closed where threatened with the possibility of use by both races.

So when Panetta, or other federal managers, speak of a "gain" they are speaking of a continuation of this trend which isn't entirely earning praise of pro-mixing officials. The forty percent integration of schools, as decreed in 1968 by the Johnson administration, follows this pattern which has proven the easiest to implement and administer.

Under a hostile administration, the pattern might involve greater usage of formerly all-Negro schools which would have incurred greater popular resentment among white southerners; and been doubly difficult to accomplish.

As it is, what will take place in the south's schools this fall is an outgrowth of the federal bureaucracy, as inexorably functioning in one administration as the succeeding.

TOBACCO AND LIQUOR

This is a lost cause, but the continual bounding of tobacco as a menace with no, or almost no, reference to the menace of alcohol is ridiculous. Not only does the US Surgeon-General keep quiet about the liquor industry, but naive newspaper and TV reporters compound his bias by keeping quiet, too.

But every smoker and drinker in America is aware of the fraud, because they have to live with both habits.

And they know very well that liquor and fortified wines directly or indirectly kill off more innocent citizens than tobacco. Whoever heard of anyone being charged with causing a highway death because he smoked a cigarette?

Whoever heard of a man puffing a cigarette and then going home and chopping up his family? Whoever heard of a cigarette emboldening a punk to shoot a merchant in a hold-up? Whoever heard of a family broken up because of smoking? Whoever heard of a man insulting his guests because he picked up a cigarette?

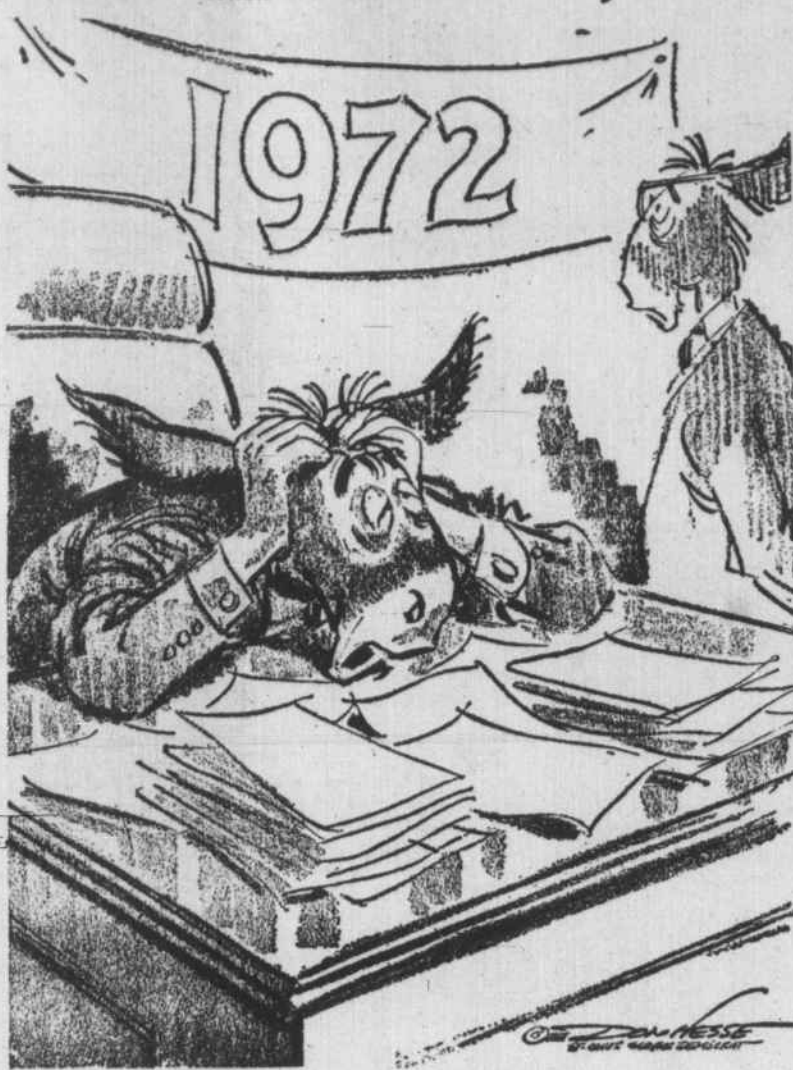
But the point is even more acute. It doesn't

take a lot for these disasters to occur. Very often it is the "moderate" drinker whose fuzziness leads to auto accidents. A person might smoke 4 packs of cigarettes in a day without them appreciably affecting his behavior. But a few drinks—even one—can easily turn him into a killer, an irresponsible driver, an insufferable host or guest, an inadequate employee. How many people ever saw a man smoke a pack of cigarettes, and then stop off at a tobacco shop and spend all his week's wages treating his friends to smokes? How many people ever saw a man smoke a couple of packs of cigarettes and as a consequence losing his job?

But liquor does all these things—and to millions of Americans. By comparison with alcohol and narcotics, tobacco is benign, even if all the things said about it are true, ten times over.

The liquor people must be very grateful to the tobacco industry for becoming the shipping boy of the Surgeon-General. The campaign gives them more elbow room and a longer life. —The State Magazine.

'Stop Saying — We'll Cross That Bridge When We Get There'



THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS

JOHN J. SYNON

Earl Warren's resignation became effective two months ago, June 23.

I have waited these days without comment much as a man hesitates to pronounce as successful the excision of a cancer. But time's up, now. It looks like Warren is gone, for a fact. Perhaps, then, it is safe to write his political obituary.

What a public life: Earl Warren, so far as I have ever been able to learn, cannot lay claim to a single act of a creditable nature. This, after 50 years at the public trough. In 25 years of following his career and of being in the orbit of those who have known him well, I have never heard mention of a charitable act ever being performed by Earl Warren.

I do have memories of another sort, distinct memories. I will tell you of two.

I once had a friend named Clinton Duffy, who, when I first knew him, was warden of San Quentin. I remember, late of a summer's afternoon, sitting on Clint's front porch and listening to him spin prison tales. And what tales he told; he was born at the place, son of a deputy warden, as I remember.

Inevitably the talk turned to death row and, in turn, to the governor—Earl Warren. I wanted to know of the Great Man's clemency.

Clint Duffy told me, in effect, Warren had none: "Nobody will ever know", this famed penologist said, "how many men have been put to sleep in the Green Room because of the implacable, unbending nature of Warren. Men who should have been reprieved."

Clinton Duffy told me that.

And I remember the story told me by a man who, to the best of my knowledge, today is a member of the California judiciary but who, during Warren's tenure as governor, served Warren as extradition-and-clemency secretary.

I got to know this then—young man because he continued on in the same post when I served in the governor's office as an aide to Warren's successor.

"There was this fellow scheduled to die," my friend told me. "I had given him execution papers to the governor for review—that was my duty—some days before. And they didn't come back and they didn't come back."

"Clint Duffy kept calling about what to do; whether to make preparations for the execution or not. I told him I couldn't tell him anything. Warren hadn't let out a peep."

"As time passed, I became frantic. I didn't know what to do. The staff was deathly afraid of Earl Warren and none of us ever entered his office unless sent for. Even with a man's life hanging there, I couldn't screw up enough courage to ask for an interview."

"But I did, finally, when the execution was but a few hours off. And I will never forget standing in front of Warren's desk. I began to stammer out why I was there and I made a hash of it. When the purpose of my visit finally got through to him I could see the blood begin to rise out of his collar. It crept past his wattles but I couldn't stop talking. Finally, he was livid and I shut up. And there I stood. Warren's pale eyes glowed. I will never forget what he said: 'When I want advice from a secretary, I will send for you.'"

"I crept out of there."

Dwight Eisenhower, unknowing as always, appointed this man Chief Justice of the United States and never denied the widespread story of a comment he reputedly made about that appointment: The appointment of Warren, so they had like saying, "... was the biggest damn fool mistake I ever made."

Shakespeare said: "The evil men do lives after them." I hold there is no American alive but suffers because Earl Warren once was Chief Justice of the United States. And that should be his epitaph.

Fighting Outfit

Potomac in the Progressive Magazine

Remember the 9999th Air Force Reserve? It was a fighting outfit, composed of Senators and Representatives under the dashing command of Major General Barry M. Goldwater, that bolstered the nation's defenses a few years back. While piling up promotion points and military retirement benefits, its members stood ever-ready to take off on flying junkets on a moment's notice in the name of active-duty training.

Former Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara abolished the 9999th and similar Army and Navy-Marine units based on Capitol Hill in 1965. He doubted, somehow, that the Congressional reservists would actually be available for call-up in the event of emergency.

Now Barry Goldwater is back in the Senate, and he is trying to bring back the reserves. The Pentagon is studying his plan to constitute a special combined service unit—the only one of its kind—that would once again allow Congressional reservists to qualify for promotion and retirement.

"Instead of being parochial, with their own service, they would get briefing and training from all branches—learn about the military across-the-board," a Pentagon official says. "They wouldn't have field exercises or anything like that, of course."

Of course.



It ain't like everyday is a big thing down there in that section of the county. That section will remain unnamed mostly because to name it might be hazardous to my health. But when word got out that a real live Congressman was coming it did stir some kind a commotion.

Rob Blind swept out his store for the first time since the boys convinced him Calvin Coolidge was coming through on the train some time back. That took some real convincing seeing as how the nearest train track was forty miles away. But that crowd that hangs around the store will tell you most anything so long as it ain't neighboring to the truth. They once convinced a traveling man that he was in Texas by tying some deer horns on a Labrador retriever. 'Course Zeke Potter had to wear his old lady's straw hat which looked the world like a ten-gallon cowboy lid. ... specially after Zeke took the flower pot off it.

Zeke's the one I want to tell you about. He hadn't never seen a real live Congressman and I reckon Zeke got about as commot over the commotion of the Congressman coming as anybody.

Zeke heard some of it on his transistor radio. He carries it in his back pocket. He hadn't never seen a transistor radio till he won it on a punch board. He was trying to win the old lady a box of candy suckers and he was some kind a disappointed when he got the radio. But he learned to live with it although carrying it in his back he still gets a scare at times when he thinks somebody is behind him singing or grunting, depending on which is on the one station he can et.

Soon's Zeke heard that a real live Congressman was coming, he left the mules in the field and run to the house to tell Lizzie. Lizzie... that's his old Lady. His mules named Liza and Lena. Some folks sometimes gets the three mixed up. Ain't never heard of Zeke doing that though.

He was out of breath when he told her to go to the smoke house and get his suit. She brought back a forty pound ham and after Zeke bawled her out, he forgave her. Zeke's that way. He ain't one to hold no grudge. He decided to get her out of the house. He thought the fresh air would clear her head and do her some good. So, he sent her to fetch the mules. That Zeke is thoughtful. I got to say for him.

It didn't matter none that the suit was a winter tweed. Zeke didn't care if it was hot. He almost decided to wear his necktie but he come to his senses before he did. The suit, Zeke told me later, was a little uncomfortable to sleep in but he wanted to get a early start next morning. He hadn't never seen a real live Congressman.

He left the house about 5 o'clock walking and he got to the store about eight-thirty. It won't far.

He hadn't hardly got there when this big black car drove up and tooted the horn. Some of the boys was gathering, too. Zeke run out and jerked the door open and helped the Congressman out and told him how glad he was to see him. Zeke even asked him to have a drink. This didn't seem like Zeke when I first heard it. Fact is, it don't seem like Zeke since I heard more 'n one time.

Right off, Zeke started telling the man how he didn't think nothing of taxes. Zeke was informed. You could tell that. That back-pocket transistor had give Zeke a wide outlook on things. He liked to hear folks say he was well versed. He didn't know what it meant but he said he liked the sound.

Well, Zeke was all over the fellow's car. He pumped gas. Rob didn't mind. If you don't wait on yourself at Rob's you go without. Zeke cleaned the windshield and swept out the front floor and all the time he was talking.

One of the boys said something about how smooth the Congressman's hands was and Zeke defended him by saying that if he didn't have no more to do than them Congressman, he'd have soft hands, too.

Well after Zeke had hogged the whole show and not let the boys hardly get even a handshake, the man in the big car said it was time for him to go.

"Mighty nice to see you, Congressman", Zeke said. "It ain't every day that we gets such a pleasure down here. You're the most excitement since Bird-Brain Bailey come through here with the House of David."

"That's very nice of you, neighbor", the man said. "Could I interest you in the latest thing in my line?"

"Line? What line?", Zeke yelled. "Let me show you the newest models. Your wife will love these high-top button shoes."

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