

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Nixon: A Change In Position

About a year ago (September 13) presidential candidate Richard M. Nixon said in a speech here in North Carolina: "It is my view there is too much of a tendency for our courts and federal agencies to use the whole program of what we call school integration for purposes other than education."

Last October, this column asked the vice presidential candidate Gov. Spiro Agnew in a Raleigh TV interview to "make compatible, Mr. Nixon's criticism of federal agencies that try to act like school boards and his statement that there was nothing wrong with these same agencies using their powers to prevent communities from operating their schools under a freedom of choice plan."

Mr. Nixon made it clear in his Charlotte interview that he would favor freedom of choice as a method of school operations. Mr. Agnew made it even clearer that it was his belief that freedom of choice would be the accepted thing under the Nixon Administration. In private conversation, Mr. Agnew was even more outspoken on the question than in his on-the-air statements.

Congressman L. H. Fountain, who has been scraping HEW for some time now in behalf of beleaguered school boards in North Carolina's Second District, reveals in his weekly column from Washington today that the Nixon Administration is now bent on killing the Whitten Amendment to the Higher Appropriations bill which would insure that federal funds would not be cut because of freedom of choice plans.

To spotlight the ever changing Nixon stance, the Congressman reminds his readers that the Administration did not oppose the Amendment in the House. Pressure from civil

rights groups have obviously gotten to him and his equally changeable HEW Secretary Robert Finch. The Amendment is for all practical purposes doomed now in the Senate where it was given only a slim chance of passage without Nixon opposition.

Gradual and orderly desegregation of southern schools isn't enough for the liberals and the civil rights advocates. There seems to be an intense feeling that some type of forceful revenge must be a part of the transition. Too many of these people cannot stand the fact that disruption has been kept at a minimum in most school districts.

There has never been a better phrase with which to describe the conglomeration that in America. The freedom to choose sums up every worthwhile thing for which this nation has stood over the years.

What a shame it is that Mr. Nixon—always adept at changing his colors when it suited his political purpose—has sold out not only his personal honor but the nation's standards as well.

Just another example of the difference between what a politician says and what he does once the people elect him. The people may one day correct this policy, but in the meantime, personal freedoms and the education of this nation's children must play second fiddle to these people who seem to have an uncanny knack for pressuring even the most powerful politicians.

It's sort of disheartening to discover that, after all, Richard Nixon is no better than Hubert Humphrey might have been. At least Hubert said he wouldn't change things. In this, the man must be given a high mark for honesty. Maybe that's something.

As The House Begins To Rock

It seems to me the gate may be open for the entrance of a stout-hearted man.

I say that because of the near panic that seems to be gripping the integrators.

Have you noticed Bob Finch's didoes: Poking his nose right past the Justice Department lawyers in an effort to undercut his subordinate, James Allen? He did. Finch has asked the courts - the Federal courts, of course - not to do what was requested by Allen; Finch wants the courts to slow down.

For those who came in late, Finch is Dick Nixon's long-time toady, now serving as HEW secretary. And Allen is the Typhoid Jimmy of the educational world. His title is Commissioner of Education. Together, they make a very odd couple.

Allen, it seems, had the Big Equalizer all ready; he meant this fall to integrate Mississippi's public schools, top to bottom, highwater or low, right now, next month. When Finch came alert to

Allen's intentions and to the consequences of such rashness, he flew right past Typhoid Jimmy, without any sort of a by-your-leave, and requested the courts not to do any such thing; for the Lord's sake, take it easy.

That two elements of the same governmental agency could get so out-of-phase looks like panic to me; rock-head confusion, to say the least.

What caused the confusion, panic, or whatever it is, I suspect was Nixon's appointment of Warren Burger to the post of Chief Justice. That plus Nixon's more recent nomination, that of the South Carolinian, Fourth-Circuit Chief Haynesworth to fill the seat left vacant by the "retired" Abe Fortas.

Why not? As memory will tell you, many, many Supreme Court decisions, these recent years, have been ludicrously rendered by the narrowest of margins, 5-4.

And many of them have dealt, peripherally at least, with race mixing. Allen knows that; so does Finch.

Now, then. Since the Black Monday Decision of 1954 came as a result of trickery - it did, in one degree or another; the NAACP concealed available evidence, for one thing - and since that decision in a legal sense is a thoroughly rotten decision, it seems to me Allen must figure the jig is up. So, he wants to barrel in, like a too-eager burglar bent on really cleaning out the joint, and Finch is concerned lest Allen's heavy-handedness wake up the household.

What I have in mind as an antidote for such unseemly brigandage is an individual, some chairman of some board of education who will stand on his hind legs and say, "You have taken too much already."



Good grief, Samson! Just because we've trimmed you a bit over the years?

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

Ridiculous Situation

Henderson Daily Dispatch

Status of the public schools in Warren county, as the result of court decrees forbidding the separate Warren district as authorized by the State Legislature, is both deplorable and ridiculous. It is regrettable because of the young people who will suffer for the loss of a year, or part of a year, in school. It is ridiculous in that the courts, under control of the supreme tribunal in Washington, are wrecking the schools in the name of integration.

Spokesman for Health, Education and Welfare have frankly admitted that their objective is to mix the races in the classrooms and not primarily education of the children, whether black or white. A good question is as to which is important in the estimation of the bureaucrats, whether education or integration. Is it more desirable to educate or to integrate, the latter, of course, with the sole objective of votes at the polls?

Residents of the town of Warren, and those in Scotland Neck in Halifax, by any stretch of the imagination, have the right, under the

American system, to establish schools to their liking. But the tyrants in Washington decree otherwise. They want and are determined to have their way and to force the issue, no matter who agrees or disagrees, whether white or black.

Gentlemen in Congress are not ignorant of the situation, but the majority of them lack the moral or political stamina to halt the bureaucrats in virtually making law to suit plans and purposes.

As it now is, many families in Warren county are enrolling their children in schools of Henderson and Vance county. In doing so, they are compelled to provide transportation for the children over long rides of many miles every day to reach their classrooms. The same authority which orders procedure forbids use of State buses to arry the children.

It is a harassing condition the Warren county people are facing. And there ought to be authority somewhere along the line to stop the dictators in their reckless program.

TAX

TREADMILL

THE NEWS REPORTER
Whiteville, N. C.

If you feel as though you're on a tax treadmill, don't worry about it. You are.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States observes that the federal government is spending tax money a lot faster than you can earn it or send it in.

If it takes you an hour to fill out your tax return—and most people struggle with it longer than that—the government will spend \$22 million in the same amount of time, before you even get the envelope stamped.

The calculation is based on the federal budget for fiscal 1970, which proposed outlays of \$192.9 billion—\$100 billion more than 1960, just 10 short years ago.

Because the total figure is so large as to be almost incomprehensible, it may register more clearly in terms of spending speed. Counting every day and every hour during the year, including weekends and holidays, the spending pace is:
\$22.02 million per hour.
\$367,000 per minute.
\$6.116 per second.

No wonder taxpayers are beginning to question why they should pay higher taxes, when the federal government keeps spending more and more.

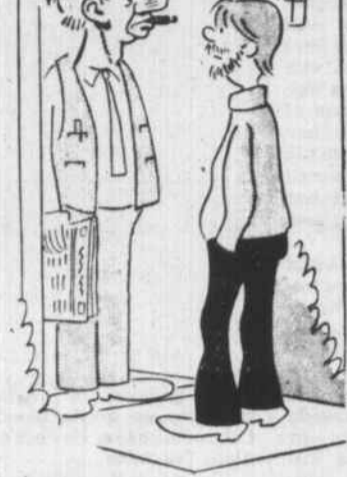
It's not too late to ask for a slowdown. Congress has just begun to act on fiscal 1970 appropriations bills. The national chamber is urging further reduction in spending plans for 1970. Taxpayers should ask their legislators to insist upon significant cuts.



Melvin's boy—Hot Rod Smudgen—was over home the other night and me and him got to talking about things going on in the world today. Hot Rod always liked to talk to me mostly, he said, 'cause I understood him.

Well, I ain't no sigh-kye-a-trist, although Hot Rod needs one if anybody ever did—I do try to put myself in his place. It gets sorta hard to do sometimes. I ain't never had long hair and I ain't never had no Fu Manchu mustache or Ho Chi Minh goatee but I try to put myself in Hot Rod's shoes.

Hot Rod had been away for a spell, Melvin explained. So he's brought him over, to get caught up on the news.



"What's new, Uncle Frank?" he asked. He always called me Uncle Frank. I didn't never like it much but Melvin's old lady thought it was cute. She ain't no kin to me and neither is Melvin. I thought one time when the youngin was little, I'd smack his jaws and maybe stop him from it, but I hesitated and next thing I knowed he was six foot or more and weighed nearly 200 pounds and I give up the idea.

"Oh, ain't nothing much going on, Hot Rod," I said. "A few arrests here and a few shootings there. Same old thing. Nothing don't never change around here." I told him.

Then he asked me if I'd seen his new car and I said I hadn't. He said he wanted me to take a ride in it and I promised I would. "Let's go", I said, "I'd like a nice ride so's I can cool out. You got air on it?"

"Man", he said. He ain't never called me that before. "Man", he said again, "Its got air and four-in-the-floor and the really biiling engine, racing tires, no hubs and it's ready to roll, Man, roll."

Well, I could tell he won't exactly right. Hot Rod ain't never been nobody's clever boy. Melvin hisself ain't the brightest I ever seen. Me and him went to school together. I decided it might be best to humor the youngin. "Hot Rod", I said, "I ain't sure I understand all you're telling me, but I sure would like to see your new car."

He took the hint and said come on outside and I did. There she set. Red as a fire engine and all shined up. She was pretty alright. Had a few dents here and there in the fender and the tires was worn nearabout slick, but she was a pretty one. It sure did look better 'n Rob Blind's old Essex and that was the class of the neighborhood. Best looking car I ever seen except for a Edsel a traveling man was driving one day but he was just passing through. Fact is, he didn't git quite through. He hit Zeke Potter's mule and run off into Snake Endergrass's porid and won't never heard from since.

"Well, Hot Rod, I'll go to ride with you if you promise not to run it fast. I can't stand it when you youngins start driving forty-five and fifty. It makes me nervous. Promise?"

"Sure, Uncle Frank. I promise I won't run no forty-five or fifty. But I can't take you to ride right now. I'll come back and git you about midnight. I want you to see what this buggy will do."

Well, I said I don't quite understand this youngin and I sure couldn't understand what I could see better at midnight than I could see in the broad open daylight. So I asked him.

"Well, I'll tell you Uncle Frank, some folks don't understand these new cars. They need plenty of room and the air is heavier at night and the roads are clearer and you can really put it in the wind. I might run up on somebody who thinks his'n run faster than mine. Now if I do, you know I got to show him better. It's a principle with me, Uncle Frank. You know how it is. I got to protect my four-in-the-floor's honor."

"Tell you what, Uncle Frank. I'll pick you up right here about 11:30 and we'll go down to Centerville where it's quiet or we might cruise over about White Level where there's challenging roads are. You'll like it, Uncle Frank. It's a whole heap of fun."

"You did say Centerville and White Level, didn't you, Hot Rod? I thought you did. Well, son, I hate to be a spoil-sport, but you see, son, I done seen Centerville and White Level both. And although I ain't seen them at midnight, I'd just as soon not. Think I'll just set this one out, boy. Think you might ought to do the same. Like I always said, a body could git killed hot rodding at Centerville or White Level."

HEAVENLY BLUNDER

A Baptist minister in Raleigh has disclosed that members of his congregation are concerned over chances that astronauts on some future interplanetary journey will blunder their way into Heaven. He has undertaken to ally such fears with the explanation that Heaven is beyond mortal reach.

We won't presume to argue the theology of such a position.

Until very lately, though it hadn't occurred to us that a mortal could reach the moon.—Norfolk (Va.) Virginian-Pilot.

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