

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Demand The Facts

The report of an alleged massacre of women and children in the Vietnamese village of Song My is one of the most disturbing things to come out of the long and difficult conflict. It is unbelievable that American troops could line up civilians and mow them down in gangland style. The seriousness of the charges now lodged against a young Army officer and others demands a full disclosure from the Army and the government of every detail of this incident.

It is understandable that the massacre, if indeed it occurred as reported, is embarrassing to the United States. It would be. But it is nevertheless necessary that proper light be thrown on the matter and that a clear explanation be given—if there can be an explanation for such alleged actions on the part of some troops.

The fact that the Army seemingly is trying to quiet witnesses and to shut off the public's eye to the trial and investigations raises more questions.

Those accused deserve a fair and impartial trial. No one man seems able to have committed this atrocity and it

is hoped that no one man will be the scapegoat. If civilians were slaughtered, something is very wrong with our military system and it should be corrected at once.

Innocent civilians have been killed in every war since time began. Think of those slaughtered in air raids or artillery bombardment. They are, of course, no less dead and perhaps the suffering was more acute than in the case of those mowed down with M-16's, but there is a very decided difference and everyone should be aware that there is.

It is hoped that further investigation will disclose that the incident did not occur, although reports now indicate strongly that it did. In the absence of this, it is hoped that a full and straight forward disclosure of the whole mess will be forthcoming.

It's bad enough to send sons off to fight any war. It makes it even worse if the likelihood exists that they might return with a murder charge hanging over their heads.

The American people should demand all the facts.



'I told you they'd be back...'



I thought it was a very simple request, myself. All I was trying to do was buy a turkey for today's dinner. I thought everybody got a turkey for Thanksgiving. I knowed you didn't go out and shoot one like we used to do. I knowed there was laws and besides a body could spend his whole Thanksgiving without shooting a wild turkey. And I hear tell that them farmers that got tame ones frown on folks taking a shot at them.

I tried old Rob first. I knowed he had everything in his store from button hooks to baby diapers and I still think I was in line by expecting that he'd have a turkey.

"Rob", I said, "I come to buy a turkey for Thanksgiving. The little woman is tired of middlin' meat and fried turtle and she thought we ought to have us a turkey. Just in case her folks come in. What size you got?"



"Frank", Rob said, "You ought to know I ain't got no turkeys. How you expect me to sell a turkey way out here in the country. Everybody got plenty fresh meat. Most folks just killed hogs. Nearly everybody is got chitterlin's and sausage and tenderloin. It's just like you, Frank, to come in here and ask for something I ain't got. I got canned chicken I bought off a fellow last spring. Your old lady wouldn't never know the difference, Frank."

"Rob", I said, "You know full well a dead chicken in a can can't gobble like a real live turkey. Now I admit my old lady ain't heavy in the brain department, but even she'd know there won't no turkey in that little bittie can. I know what you're trying to do, Rob. You got stuck on them chickens and you want me to take some of them off your hands. Well, I ain't gonna do it. I ain't got over the pickled goat brains you sold me last year yet. The little woman still don't know how to cook them things. You ain't sticking me with no more fancy canned goods, Rob. No, sir."

I caught a ride into town with Zeke. He said he was going after some hog casings to stuff his sausage in and he'd be glad to drop me off. He said he'd wait for me, but that's another story and I ain't got time to go into that one right now.

I seen that pretty little lady at the money box again. I'd seen her before when I tried to get some food stamps but she didn't remember me. That, I thought, was a blessing.

"Mam", I said, "I come to buy a turkey. My little woman said she's tired of middlin' meat and fried turtle and she's afraid her folks might drop in for Thanksgiving dinner and she loves to show off. She read somewhere that all the high society folks have a turkey for Thanksgiving. I come to buy one. You got one in this here place?"

"Yes, sir. I think so", she said ever so polite, "Just go back there and ask the meat man."

I didn't want to show my ignorance, but what's a meat man? Used to call them butchers in my day and they wore a straw hat and a apron. The fellow I seen looked more like a doctor just come out of the operating room. Fact is, he had blood all over him and I had to ask him, "Cut yourself, young fellow?"

He got a little red in the face but he changed his tune when I told him what I'd come for. "I want to buy a turkey. You got one?"

"Yes, sir. What size do you have in mind?"

"Well, young fellow what size I got on my mind and what I got to pay for is two different things. I got two dollars. How much turkey will that buy?"

"It'll probably be mighty small," he said but I told him I was tired a messing around and to go on and git me whatever my money would buy. "Tie him up good and stuff his mouth. I don't want to disturb Zeke on the way home. Be sure you wrap him tight. He did.

He took my money and gimme the package. He was right there won't much to it. But I had to admit that he knowed how to bundle up a turkey. I didn't hear a peek out of him.

I ain't telling how I got home but my problem is bigger now than it was. I got to git a ride all the way back to town. And when I git there, I'm going to kick that meat man where it'll do the most good. The very idea. When I got home, the blame turkey not only was dead but he was hard as a rock. Rigor Mortis had already set in. And if it's one thing I ain't gonna eat, it's a dead turkey.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

On Peace Demonstrators

To the Editor

It is gratifying to note that, according to one Louisburg College student, "Franklin County is no longer isolated—

Teachers

(Continued from Page 1)

Techniques of Teaching in the Elementary School will be conducted in June, 1970, by East Carolina University. This course will make a study of effective teaching techniques used to direct learning in the public schools.

When these courses are completed there will have been a total of 11 units of credit offered to the teachers within a year. The courses will carry a monetary value of \$4000 but have been offered free of charge to those teachers interested in participating. A total of 211 teachers will have been enrolled in one or all of the courses by the time the last one is finished.

It is the basic objective of the program of in-service teacher education to modernize the content and upgrade the teaching in the various areas of the curriculum. Recognizing that the achievement of this objective depends upon the work of the teacher, the in-service program provides for teachers to gain greater depth of knowledge and understanding in academic and professional subject areas so they are better prepared to help the child.

ed—a hiding place from the outside—the life of reality in the United States today." (Time- 20 November 1969) Of course it wasn't really necessary for those people to lie around on the cold damp ground to illustrate this. Any native of Franklin County could have done this by pointing out the proud history of Franklin County, by showing them our recent progress, or by showing them our present troubles caused primarily by outside interference. But maybe lying around covered with sheets was appropriate, all things considered. At least the sheets covered their faces.

Seriously, it was nice to see some of the student comments. These, as well as the small number of demonstrators, showed that the majority of LJC students do not support such activities. The Viet-Nam veteran is almost right when he says these demonstrations are what the Communists are praying for. To whom would they pray since the Communists do not believe in God? He is totally right however, in saying that the Communists want these demonstrations. If anyone doubts this let him read the last five or six weeks of the

"Daily World," the official Communist newspaper. Banner headlines almost daily, along with several stories in each issue applauding the "peace" that state which exists when all resistance to Communism is wiped out—in other words, when we are all slaves.

I trust that the good citizens of Franklin County will not be misled by this handfull of misguided dopes. And equally important, they should not be fooled into blind support of our present Viet-Nam policy which does not allow us to win. Our failure to employ the simplest, most effective, and least costly military tactic, a Naval blockade of the harbor of Haiphong clearly demonstrates this. Let the dopes lie on the ground in peace. Perhaps they will catch colds, or with luck, pneumonia. They do little harm. Those who sincerely want peace should demand of our leaders that we WIN in Viet-Nam and then get out. In the long run this is the only road to real peace.

Sincerely,
Richard W. Alston
RFD 2, Box 321
Louisburg, N. C.

Notices Mailed

Notices of 1970 cotton allotments and projected yields were mailed November 26, 1969. The projected yields as shown on the notices will reflect a reduction in projected yields for next year.

Referendum notices including ballots, envelopes and voter instructions will be mailed to all known eligible voters on November 28, 1969. December 5 is the last day on which ballots may be postmarked or returned to the County ASCS office in order to be counted in the national cotton referendum.

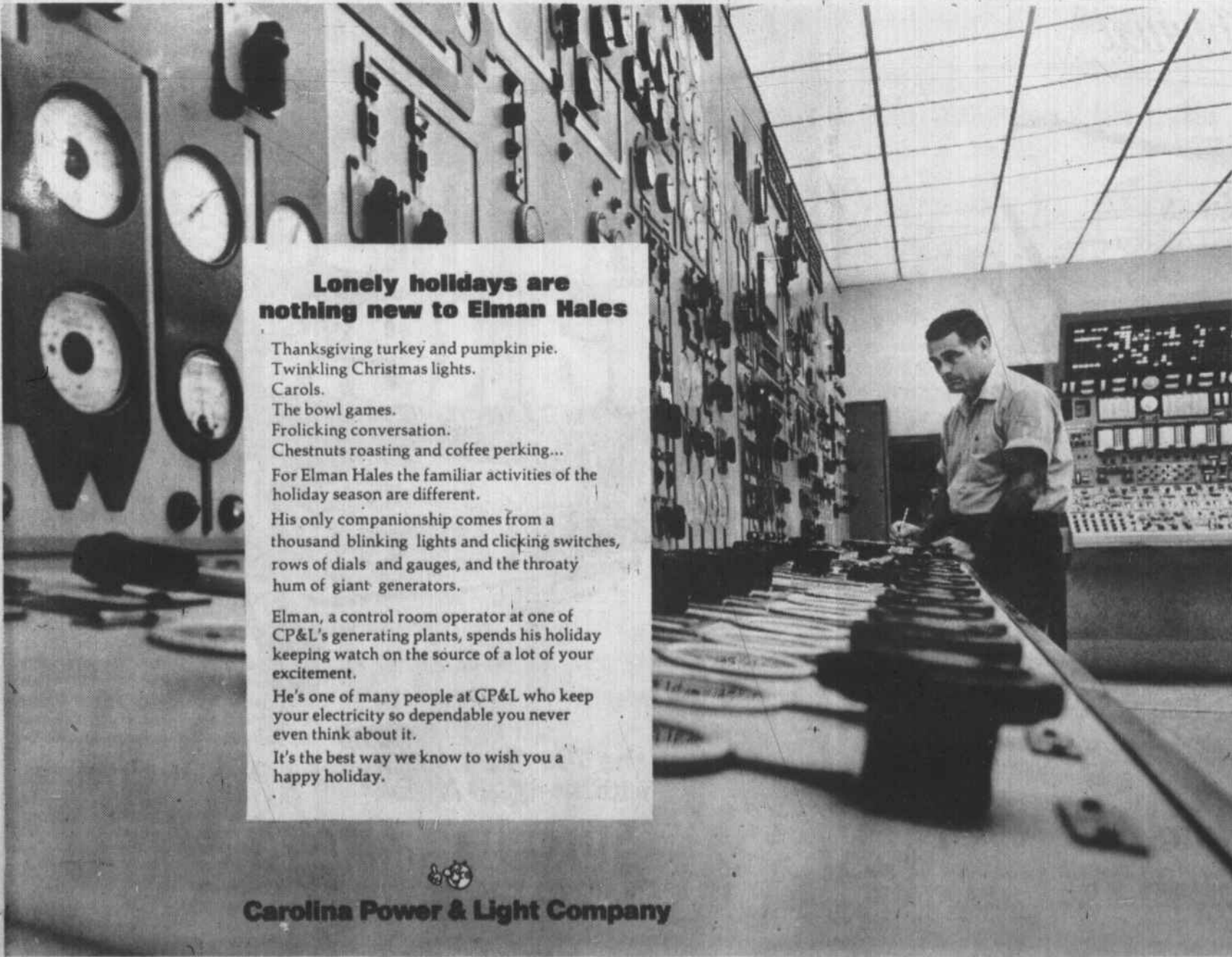
The referendum is being held December 1-5, by mail, to determine if cotton marketing quotas will be in effect for the 1970 crop. If two-thirds or more of cotton growers voting in the referendum approve quotas, price-support loans and payments will be available, and penalties will be applied on cotton grown in excess of allotments. If quotas fail to receive ap-

proval of two-thirds or more of those voting, no penalties will be applied on cotton grown in excess of allotment. No price-support payments will be available.

Price-support loans at 50 percent of parity will be available for producers who do not exceed their cotton allotment.

If cotton marketing quotas are approved, the national average price-support loan rate for Middling 1-inch cotton at average location has been set at 20.25 cents a pound for the 1970 crop. The price-support payment rate will be 16.80 cents a pound on acreage planted within the domestic allotment which is 65 percent of the total farm allotment.

Both loans and payments will be available to cooperators who sign up in the upland cotton program for 1970 and comply with its provisions.



Lonely holidays are nothing new to Elman Hales

Thanksgiving turkey and pumpkin pie.
Twinkling Christmas lights.
Carols.
The bowl games.
Frolicking conversation.
Chestnuts roasting and coffee perking...

For Elman Hales the familiar activities of the holiday season are different.

His only companionship comes from a thousand blinking lights and clicking switches, rows of dials and gauges, and the throaty hum of giant generators.

Elman, a control room operator at one of CP&L's generating plants, spends his holiday keeping watch on the source of a lot of your excitement.

He's one of many people at CP&L who keep your electricity so dependable you never even think about it.

It's the best way we know to wish you a happy holiday.

Carolina Power & Light Company

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