

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Tuesday, March 28, 1967

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Those Kids At The Beach

"In the Spring", Tennyson wrote, "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It could reasonably be assumed that, so too, does a young woman's. If this is true, it makes all the more difficult any explanation of the behavior of some college students on the beaches during the past weekend. Fortunately, this behavior does not reflect the attitudes of all students, many of whom managed to find more civilized ways to spend the holiday. But, in a world where the good get overlooked and the bad stand out, it is the students who threw rocks, damaged property and get themselves locked up, who have brought disgrace upon themselves, their parents and their schools. We can remember when kids visited the beaches with their parents and some manner of discipline prevailed. It is puzzling to us just how so many thousands of students manage to converge on beaches hundreds of miles from home. Where do they get the money? How do they travel? Who relinquishes the responsibility for these youngsters?

Or is it, perhaps, that once they become college students, they are no longer responsible to anyone? Wonder what would happen if pop suddenly decided to cut off their allowances or take away the car. What if parents suddenly decided to take charge of their children again? Surely none will deny that these are still children. It would be a shame indeed, if anyone called them adults. We wonder, too, if most of those involved in the fracas at the beaches aren't cut from the same cloth as those condemning this country's efforts in Vietnam; the draft; and everything else that requires any responsibility? We favor kids having fun. Too soon they will be swamped with day-to-day problems associated with being an adult. During these best years of their lives, they should be allowed to enjoy them and to do so at the fullest. Along with this privilege goes the responsibility to respect others and to act their age and their ancestry.

North Carolina newspapers are taking their lumps these days from educators. In Chapel Hill several days ago, East Carolina College President Leo Jenkins accused editors of "slandering" his outfit in the public print, a neat trick for even the most intrepid newspaper. Dr. Jenkins made it clear that he had special reference to the Raleigh News & Observer which circulates heavily in the

vicinity of ECC. Since the News & Observer considers the East its special province, Dr. Jenkins found the newspaper's opposition to separate university status an exceedingly unkind cut. Then a few days ago in a civic club address at Greensboro, Chapel Hill Chancellor Carlyle Sitterson scored the State's newspapers for "missing" stories. Among the stories the Chancellor figured the news-

papers had missed were the high caliber of students at the University here and the fine relations between UNC and Duke. The Chancellor seemed to be particularly piqued because of what he thought was undue newspaper coverage of peace-niks picketing Vice President Hubert Humphrey's recent visit here. "There were also 3,000 gentlemen, courteous students who listened to him," the Chancellor pointed out. "Those covering the story lost their sense of perspective." Dr. Jenkins' "slander" charge was so general as to be virtually unanswerable. It amounted to saying that "newspapers are liars" and "editors are scoundrels," both of which might be true on occasion. But the charge does not constitute proof or even cite particulars. Dr. Jenkins apparently was unwilling to make specific charges, in which case he would have done better to suffer in silence. Chancellor Sitterson's criticism indicated only a startling

innocence of what newspapering is all about. To carry his idea of "perspective" and balanced news coverage somewhat further, you could expect to read headlines out of Chapel Hill to this effect: -UNC student commits suicide. More than 13,000 do not. -Carolina beats Duke, 50-0. Friday and Knight shake hands, laugh and tell jokes. -Chemistry professor makes major discovery. Other faculty members discover nothing. You could also reasonably expect to read a story about the professor who went home at night and didn't kill his wife. These carping criticisms are not likely to distress the State's press and they shouldn't. But they do indicate a need to remind Chancellor Sitterson, Dr. Jenkins and other educators of something they apparently have forgotten, and that is - North Carolina's newspapers are among the best friends they've got. They would do well to remember it.



"DOESN'T THAT BRAT EVER GO TO BED?"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

On Law School

Letter To The Editor
Warrenton, N. C.
March 21, 1967
To The Editor:
I have noticed in the State Press that the Advisory Budget Commission provided no funds for the continuation and support of the Negro Law School at North Carolina College in Durham. I think such action constituted a mistake on the part of the Advisory Budget Commission. I am fully familiar with the history of the establishment of this Law School. I was a Member from the House of the Joint Appropriations Committee when funds were provided for the establishment and support of this Law School. North Carolina College, as we know it today, was largely the creation of the late Dr. James Sheppard, an able and wise Negro leader. I knew him well. In achieving his ambition to create and develop North Carolina College he was ably assisted by such outstanding Negroes as the late John Merrick and the late Dr. C. C. Spaulding, together with many other outstanding Negro and White citizens of Durham. When I served as a member of the Advisory Budget Commission I had an

opportunity to visit this Law School on two occasions. True, the School was small at that time. However, an acorn does not grow into a towering oak tree in just a few years. The University of North Carolina opened its doors with only one student on hand. This Law School fills a distinct need in the field of Higher Education in North Carolina. In addition, its existence is a source of pride to our Negro citizens in this State. They feel that they need this School and I do not think access to this School should be taken from them by liquidating the School. To me it seems the better part of wisdom to continue State support. Because a school is small or its enrollment moderate is beside the point. In the language of the late Daniel Webster in his argument before the Supreme Court of the United States in the celebrated "Dartmouth College Case" when the continuance of Dartmouth College was at stake, "It is a small college but there are many who love it." I hope that my friends and those Members I do not know in the present General Assembly will see the wisdom of continuing adequate State support to the Law School of North Carolina College. Respectfully,
John Kerr, Jr.

Letter To The Editor
March 20, 1967
Dear Sir,
I read your column entitled "About The Bombing." Yes, it was a great morale booster to us here in Vietnam to know the people of Franklin County are supporting the bombing of North Vietnam. I am a resident of Franklin County and I am very proud of its people. Since my arrival here in Vietnam, I have witnessed mortar attacks, received sniper fire and I know the meaning of war. The last mortar attack was March 14. Thirty were wounded, four were killed.

From the beginning I was drafted and stationed in Korea. Prior to fulfilling my military obligation, I reenlisted and volunteered for Vietnam. Before coming to Vietnam I believed in the war and what we were fighting for. Now I have seen it face to face and I support it more than ever. I can explain my feelings better by asking one question: Isn't it better for the little Vietnamese children to stand up in church and sing "Jesus Loves Me," rather than to stand up in some state building singing some song praising communism?
Sincerely,
Sp/4 Dillard P. Hart
Vietnam



AN ANCHOR TO TIE TO

JOHN J. SYNON

Communities, by their nature, have many anchors. Which anchor do you suppose has the greatest value to you? There was a day when I would have answered, the church—collectively. But that day has passed. In the main, our churches have embarked upon a program that leads away from the spiritual, so that lets them out. No, sir. My choice as the most valuable adjunct to the American community is the weekly newspaper. You might argue, if you will, that the bank or the utility is a more meaningful presence, or the hospital or the grocery store. But you couldn't argue with much conviction. I concede, you could argue with conviction that certain dailies—those that withstand pressures unknown to the weekly—are even more praiseworthy. But dailies are in cities and I am talking, now, of small towns.

every one but your community newspaper. That they cannot touch. I would like to say such un-touchables have not joined the march into "equality" simply because they are wiser than the rest. They may be wiser (they run my stuff) but wisdom is not the principal reason for their fidelity, not the way I see it. Here is why: Of all the anchors in a community, only the weekly newspaper is without strings that lead elsewhere. The same cannot be said of your church, your school, your hospital, your radio or TV station, or your bank. Only your weekly newspaper reflects the essence of your life and nothing more. Its interests do not go beyond your line of sight. It is totally dependent upon your welfare for its own well being and because it is, it guards your town and your interests with a tunnelvisioned, jealous eye. It is not possible for it to play a two-faced game and survive.

As even the least knowing among us has come to realize, there is afoot a worldwide effort to make each of us the same: "equal" is the preferred word. And by "equal", the remakers of this earth include the liver-lipped Ugandan no less than the smirking collectivist who spends his time in some bureaucratic warren dreaming up such tripe. It isn't that these schemers seek to change themselves into the likeness of the smalltown American. Hardly. It is the other way around. The equalitarians mean to cut off your past, to destroy your heritage. They mean to make you forget who you are and where you came from. Having done that, they mean to set you adrift in a worldwide environment of their devising, sans pride, sans patriotism, sans everything. Such people control our government as they control nearly every government in the world. They are minuscule in number, when compared to the whole, but their power is frightening. By its use and in an effort to control your mind, they have inserted their tentacles into every phase of your community—into

Sometimes I wonder about smalltown editors, what makes them tick. Look at them. Look at them in November, loaded with gear like Teddy Roosevelt on safari, sloshing around, covering their high-school's football team; big deal. Trotting a mile—they can't run—to get the story. Or squatting on arthritic haunches, camera cocked, awaiting a picture that never comes. Aging, the most of them, without a muscle in their pot-bellied, nicotine-soaked bodies, sniffing, shivering, sure to catch Old Ned from a disillusioned Mamma once they get home. Or riding a lonely night watch in town council; or ferreting a \$4.00 swindle—"something's funny in the clerk's office"—and I wonder. Not so much about them, I suspect, as at them. Small town editors are the conscience of America. They are more than that. They are the marrow of its bones. And their product in your home, each week, is the best insurance, the very best, that America will remain as you would have it. They are, indeed, an anchor to tie to.

Chub Seawell On Liberalitus

Viewpoint
By Jesse Helms

Cousin Chub Seawell, as we were saying yesterday, has been prevailed upon again to prepare another series of commentaries, as he consents to do from time to time, and which he calls "skitches." Today, we present the second of this series, as prepared and put on video tape by this widely-known attorney, philosopher, student of politics and government in action, and—most of all—this dedicated Christian layman. Here, then, is our fine friend from Carthage, North Carolina, Mr. H. F. (Chub) Seawell, Jr.

give the country to some other country that ain't got no country. This is what has put me in such a dither about Cousin Dan Klan. Only a few days ago he went up to Washington and only stayed about two days and came back home loaded down with liberalism, the Johnson Fever and the new arithmetic. After you get Johnson Fever, two and two never equals four any more. It always equals just about whatever a null and void Congress wants it to equal. What gave me the swinney in the left clavicle was the fact that Cousin Dan Klan had hardly landed back here in good old North Carolina before he went right up to the Legislature and asked the gentlemen to give him two billion and seven hundred million dollars so he could reduce taxes. He

had hardly uttered this profound request before my old friend, Cousin Terry the Terrible Sanford, high up in his ivory towers in the Billions and Billions and Trillions building on Fayetteville street in dear old Raleigh uttered a roaring "AMEN" louder than Martin Luther King at a Black Power Reception for Adam Powell. In the meantime the weeping tax payers and the liquor-loving liberal brown-baggers are singing that old familiar spiritual which goes in part like this: Paul and Silas bound in jail, all night long, O, who will deliver poor me? Call your next case. Mr. Seawell will return in the next few days to "call his next case." We invite you to join us then.

On A Tax Boost

If business continues to be slow, Administration sources report that President Johnson may reconsider his request for a tax boost July 1. Policy advisers, however, stick to the officials forecast that the 6 per cent surcharge on income taxes will be needed.

Cheaper Money

The Treasury Department reports it is saving money on the cost of printing it. More than 2,000,000,000 bills were printed last fiscal year at a cost of less than nine-tenths of a cent per note. Fifteen years ago the cost was almost exactly one penny per note.

Will Rogers said all he knew was just what he read in the papers. I read in the paper a few days ago where our great Vice President, Sir Hubo the Humphreyite, made a visit here to North Carolina and carried on with all his full effervescent liberalism and finally kissed and hugged everybody at the airport and flew back to Washington, which was certainly all right with me. I think that our beloved Governor, Cousin Dan Speaker Ban, Mountain Man, Economy Plan Moore, is one of the best Governors we ever had, but when I see him hob-nobbing and nose-rubbing with Sir Hubo the Humphreyite I begin to stand in great doubt of him. Cousin Dan ain't exactly the effervescent type. He doesn't bounce and bubble at all like Sir Hubo but still you don't have to bubble and bounce to come down with the liberalitus and catch what is known as the Johnson Fever. When a man first catches liberalitus it makes him feel like he owns the world in fee simple and has a right to give away everything, especially something that doesn't belong to him. When a man is suffering from liberalitus like Sir Hubo, the very mention of the word "save" runs him sort of crazy, like offering water to a mad dog or a pickle to a man with the mumps. After liberalitus has run its course, Johnson Fever usually sets in. All folks suffering with the Johnson Fever get to feeling like they own the world and have a one-half undivided interest in the moon. Sir Hubo reminds me of the reefer man in the old Cab Calloway song. Cab used to say that if he tells you he is from China and wants to give you South Carolina, you may know you are talking to the reefer man. When you get a good dose of the Johnson Fever, all you want to do is just sit on your rear-end and



"You're disappointed in me, aren't you?"

'Giddup, Please!'



TOWANDA, PA., REVIEW: "There should be no question: The REA, established to bring electricity to farms remote from existing power lines, has outlived its usefulness. More than 98 per cent of the nation's farms are now electrified. . . . The Rural Electrification Administration has served the farmer well. R can, and should, retire with honor. But it won't— not while our Planners can use it as a tool in building a nationwide, subsidized, federal electric power monopoly."

The Franklin Times
Established 1878 — Published Tuesdays & Thursdays
The Franklin Times, Inc.
100 N. W. 4th St. — LOUISBURG, N. C.
CLYDE FULLER, Managing Editor
ELIZABETH JOHNSON, Business Manager
Advertising Rates: Single Copy 10¢
Subscription Rates: One Year, \$1.00; Six Months, \$0.50; Three Months, \$0.25
In Advance, Please. Send all notices and postage paid at the Post Office at Louisville, N. C. 27804.