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LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

And Eat It, Too

It may be too early to assess the impact of the announcement that a new town is to be established in Warren County. The proposal by Floyd McKissick, formerly of Durham, leaves a number of questions unanswered, however.

McKissick, former head of CORE, a Negro rights organization, says Soul City is to be erected along US-1 just inside the Warren County line from Vance County and will eventually contain a population of 18,000 persons, most of whom are expected to be Negro.

The idea, according to the releases, is to establish a Negro-owned and operated community. McKissick hopes it will bring Negroes out of the northern ghettos to the southern rural countryside, to use his words.

Outgoing Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman was present at the news conference when McKissick made his disclosure. This means the federal government is in to the business knee-deep and this comes as no surprise.

Amos Capps, Chairman of the Warren Board of County Commissioners has said that he is "shocked" at the announcement. He knew nothing about it until the announcement was made. Neither, apparently did Warren's Industrial Development Director Frank Reams.

And according to reports, Congressman L. H. Fountain had little knowledge of the planned city. He called Capps to inquire about it. None of this is too surprising to southerners who have watched with a large degree of awe at the things that have gone on in the name of civil rights the past several years. The federal government, in collusion with any organization claiming to represent Negro citizens, has gone bullheaded and headstrong into any program, however costly, just so long as it was backed by a civil rights organization.

While McKissick's plan calls for involvement of a number of organizations and institutions other than the federal government, there is little doubt, based on past experiences, as

to who will pay for Soul City. Naturally, the University of North Carolina is included among those already offering assistance.

Needless to say, the plan is contradictory to claims of the past. Boycotts and street marches have plagued Warren County for several years as Negroes demanded what they called equal rights. Warren schools are faced with total integration this fall as a result of law suits brought on by the Negro organizations. Now, it appears, as Capps so aptly puts it, "They've been trying to get integration for 15 to 20 years and now it looks on the surface as if they are getting segregation."

It might be wise to encourage those living in overcrowded ghettos to move out and establish homes elsewhere and any sincere moves on the part of those trying to better themselves would be welcomed by most. However, the Soul City idea smells of a McKissick proposal to stir more trouble in Warren County. Local officials have been completely ignored and it is obvious that McKissick planned it this way.

Had he and his backers really been interested in helping the Negro, the four plants he claims are interested in locating in Warren would have been encouraged to do so now and not await the dream city. It is impossible to build a city made up of all Negroes and to shut it off from the county government or everyday life of the overall county.

McKissick's idea, emphasizes the fact that many Negroes want their cake and want to eat it too. McKissick would struggle for integration to share in the white community achievements while building a separate community to benefit only the Negro. It isn't going to work and even though the idea is wild enough to excite the federal bureaucrats, humans are still humans. It's tough enough for many persons of both races to adjust to today's new thing and to live in harmony together, in a closeness foreign to both. It is going to be impossible if such ideas as McKissick's are allowed to take hold.

Wise Men Of 1968

Viewpoint by Jesse Helms

This is, of course, the season for new beginnings. In a couple of days we will have a new Governor, and in a couple of weeks a new President. We already have a new year—ushered in, no doubt, with celebrations resulting in new hangovers and perhaps new resolutions of temperance and even prudence.

Semantically, we regard it as a sort of symbolic Alpha and Omega, a beginning and an end. Unfortunately, life is not quite that simple—and neither is human responsibility. The flip of a calendar page has never made history, nor caused a dream to come true, nor brought a nightmare to an end. These are achievements wrought only by the continuing struggle of men.

But if the turning of a New Year can provoke in men a psychological yearning to be better than they have been, then it becomes more than a notch on the yardstick of eternity. It becomes a challenge, an opportunity; a key of wisdom and worthiness to unlock that brighter tomorrow.

So men joyfully bid farewell to "the old year", and embrace the hope and promise of a new one. They make a mistake, however, if they fail to assess their miscalculations of the past, and if they fail to profit by their errors. Indeed, they merely compound their frustrations if they do not begin a new year with a determination to abide by truths and principles which have endured the tests of time.

The world was offered a lesson on Christmas Eve by the astronauts just beginning their perilous spin on the far side of the moon. Come to think of it, these were Three Wise Men—just as real yet just as magnificently symbolic as those men of yore, said to have ridden camel-back in pursuit of the revelations of a shining star.

Borman, Lovell and Anders—their names are now legend; we know them as scientists, as explorers, as courageous men who dared to imagine an impossible dream. History will record them well, but history will short-change future generations if it fails to capture that dramatic moment just before Apollo 8 slipped behind the moon on Christmas Eve.

The technical transmission of pictures and information had been completed, and

the voice of Frank Borman crackled clearly through space. "The crew of Apollo 8," Borman said, "has a message for all the people on the good earth." Mission Control, in Houston, hesitated only momentarily, then responded: "Go ahead, Apollo 8."

First there came the voice of Frank Borman, then William Anders, then James Lovell. One after another, they began to read:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.

"And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.

"And God saw the light, that it was good: and God divided the light from the darkness.

"And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night.

One can only theorize about the effect of the words of these men as they slipped into the darkness of the unknown. It should have been a cleansing therapy for all thoughtful men. For with these three astronauts rode their faith—their faith that there is a God, and that the universe is His handiwork.

Compare their declaration, if you will, with that of the communist cosmonaut of a few years ago, a young man raised in a society and among men who deny the existence of God. The Russian sneered, and mocked God—saying that he looked out of the window of his spacecraft and saw no God.

The communist cosmonaut is not alone. There are millions like him who cannot see because they will not see. Their minds and hearts are harnessed to the mechanical and meaningless existence of humanity without purpose.

There is hope for so long as there are men like Borman, Anders and Lovell. For in their faith, they have shown us how to dream an impossible dream—and make it come true. For they know what happened in the beginning—and they know the intended destiny of man. They are, as we say, the Three Wise Men of 1968.

DOWN WITH
THE
ELECTORAL
COLLEGE!



"It's some sort of radical teacher demonstration!"

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

The Decline And Fall Of The Tobacco Industry

THE CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY, CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

At the tailend of his administration, Governor Dan Moore presented four major study reports, on Economic Development, Higher Education, Public Schools, and Highways.

So exhaustive were those reports, so perceptive in defining today's needs and so far-sighted in projecting the needs of the future that they might very well constitute the greatest achievement of the Moore administration.

Now comes Bob Scott, and he too promises to set great store in planning. He says he wants our children and grandchildren in the year 2000 and beyond to be able to look back and say, they planned well for the future of North Carolina.

Taking Governor Scott at his word, we suggest that he acknowledge that the tobacco industry is bound eventually to become a quaint anachronism, on the order of wainwrighting, and begin planning diversification to take up the slack in North Carolina's economy.

Before you laugh at the suggestion that the tobacco industry is mortally ill, consider these findings from a study by *Business Week*:

In 1968, for the first time since 1964 (when the U.S. Surgeon General's report on the health hazards of smoking was published), the number of cigarettes sold declined, to 526.5 billion from 527.8 billion in 1967.

The number of smokers shows an even sharper decline. One expert estimates there are 1.5 million fewer smokers now than a year ago. Since there are at least 3 million more people of smoking age in the country, this also shows that the proportion of smokers has dropped again, as it has in each of the past 10 years. In that decade the

proportion of women smokers increased to about one-third of all women, while the proportion of men smokers dropped from 55 to 40 per cent.

The decline in smoking is taking place fastest among teenagers. The National Clearing House of Smoking and Health reports that only 3 per cent of high school students expect to take up smoking in the next five years, while 91 per cent are aware of a connection between smoking and health.

The awareness of a connection between smoking and health in time will become active concern. And that can only mean even more marked declines in cigarette consumption. There is hardly any chance that the Federal government, the Federal Trade Commission in particular, will retreat from its hard stand on tobacco products, or permit the industry to minimize the danger.

What this means for the tobacco industry is clear. The only question is how long it can remain vital while riding the decline.

What the fall of the tobacco industry will mean to North Carolina is equally clear. The most pressing question is whether we are willing to accept the inevitable and prepare for it.

The Governor who has the foresight and the courage to tell the people of this State what is going to happen and how the future must be faced—the one who does that instead of groveling before the tobacco interests and pretending that all will always be well—will be branded as an alarmist, a fool, or worse. But chances are that someone really will be able to look back in the year 2000 or beyond and say, he had vision and planned well for the future of North Carolina, or at least tried to.



You, of course, ain't going to believe this and it's going to be your loss. Everybody believes in something and UFO's are as good as fairy tales.

We heard this noise out in our back yard the other night and



"Where am I", asked the voice. "You're in Frank's back yard", we said, thinking it was one of our many practical joke friends.

"I can see you. My you look unusual", the voice said. "You look a mite unusual, yourself", we said as our eyes got used to the darkness and began to pick up a small vision which appeared mightily green to us.

"Where did you get that costume", we asked. "This ain't Halloween. Come on in the house and pull it off. I'm curious to see who you are", we joked.

"I'm from another planet", the thing said. "Nonsense", I said. "You can't be. That expert committee that investigated all the UFO's said you fellows are 10,000 years away. Come, now pull off that rig and let's go inside. I'm freezing out here."

"You are cold out here? I do not understand. I am very warm. Do you earth people often get cold this easily?"

"You dang tootin. And we earth people have about had your little joke. Now come on in where it's warm or take off, who ever and what ever you are. I'm going inside."

"Please, sir. Do not leave. I cannot allow you to leave. You have seen me and you must not tell that you have seen me."

"Look, friend. I seen you alright. Now come back when you get sober and we'll talk about it."

"You do not understand. I must take a sample of earth life back with me to my home planet. We are making a study of earth people and I will not pass my grade unless I get a sample. I must take you back with me. You are a likeness of all earth people, are you not?"

That one kinda stunned me for a minute. "Yeah, I guess I'm pretty much like other people. Yeah, I guess you could say that. Never thought of it that way before," I said, feeling kinda proud to be like other people.

"I'll tell you what", I propositioned. "If you want somebody to take off to another planet, I've got just the one. She's like all the earth people and she gets cold in July. She'd make a real good subject to study. You won't ever figure her out, but she'll make a good subject. I'll get her for you. Hey, little woman. Come out here."

"This here is one of my friends, playing like he's from another planet. He wants to take you away to study. I told him you'd go. So go. Play along with him. I want to find out who he is."

Zoom... the thing took off with the little woman. There may not be such a thing as UFO's... but I sure hope there is.

Presidents come, and presidents go...



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