

The Franklin Times

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MEMORIAL DAY

Proudly We Pay Tribute

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Memorial Day: Freedom Bought

"All we have of freedom, all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us long and long ago".

-Rudyard Kipling

Friday is Memorial Day and Kipling's words—while not written with this day in mind—seem to be especially applicable for this time.

Truly, all the freedoms we today enjoy, our fathers and a thousand and more gallant men bought for us. All the freedoms we use. All the freedoms we know. For each and everyone, some patriot died.

As even now brave men die in Vietnam. They, too, are buying our freedoms.

Let others say get out. Give up.

The price is too high. I won't go. Let them burn the flag. Destroy their draft cards. Denounce their country. They will never know the admiration of a nation. Nor will they appreciate the meaning as the country pauses to pay its solemn respect. They know freedom and perhaps the day will come when they realize what price was paid and who bought it.

It is for the brave that the flags will fly; prayers will be said; mourners will weep. Because this is their country and they are our men.

So, Memorial Day, 1969. May each of us pause, pay homage to those who have made us custodians of the freedom for which they died—and may we, more than ever before, think about it all.

How Ridiculous Can They Get?

The United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare has come up with some unbelievable dillies in recent years and most people have long since become immune to its infectious stupidity. And yet, childish and unexplainable actions continue to come forth from this marble mecca of monstrous adjudications.

Witness the latest. Over at Duke where there has occurred some measure of militant protest and black demands for Afro-American studies, HEW has reached what might be called its high point in juvenile approaches.

Duke authorities, like so many other, university officials, have fallen over themselves in a mad scramble to obey the militant demands. In observing such obedience, Duke is attempting to establish what it likes to call an "Afro-American corridor" in a dormitory. One would probably be safe to assume that this includes black studies and its been publicly stated that Duke desires to set up portions of a dormitory to house black students participating in such studies.

Up to this point, one must note, Duke's only crime seemed to be its willingness to react to dictators demands. But, oh, the Methodists had committed a much greater sin.

Soloman Arbeiter, head of the higher education division of HEW, alert bureaucrat that he is, spotted the

sin immediately and gallant fighter for all that's right, as he also is, he rushed into the thick of Duke's efforts yelling and waving for all to come to a quick and sudden halt.

"If it develops, however, that the Afro-American corridor houses only black members, that practice would indicate that the housing is not, in fact, available to students of other races", Arbeiter said.

And he continued, "Given the number of white students at Duke, their failure to apply for such housing would, as a minimum, constitute an inference that they do not feel free to apply".

If Nobel gave a prize for utter nonsense, Arbeiter would win going away. What if no white students at Duke happened to want to study Afro-American stuff? What if no white students at Duke want to live in the Afro-American corridor? This is a violation of HEW's civil rights act?

It is reasonable to think Duke officials were given the impression that the blacks wanted to have their own quarters and their own studies. They almost tore down the university to make the point. Now HEW says no. If the blacks are to have their own courses, the whites have to take it too. To HEW, that's the American way.

This is a crazy mixed up country. And we've got a pretty good notion who's helping to mix it up.



"I wonder how far these guys will be stupid enough to carry us?"

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

The Warren Earl Burger Court

Smithfield (N.C.) Herald

President Nixon's appointment of Judge Warren Earl Burger as Chief Justice of the United States, coupled with the forthcoming selection of a successor to Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, perhaps foreshadows some ideological change in Supreme Court decisions, but probably not nearly so much change as doctrinaire liberals fear and ultra-conservatives hope for.

Mr. Burger, a Minnesotan who has served 14 years as a judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals in the District of Columbia, occupies a position on the socio-political spectrum that is to the right of retiring Chief Justice Earl Warren, but no one brands him a "Rightist." James Reston of the New York Times sees him as "a perfect symbol of the qualities and values President Nixon is clearly trying to emphasize" and calls him "experienced, industrious, middle-class, middle-aged, middle-of-the-road, middle-western, Presbyterian, orderly and handsome."

Neither Mr. Burger nor President Nixon's choice for the Supreme Court seat vacated by Mr. Fortas, whoever he is, will turn back the social clock to what many Americans call "the good old days." Inevitable social change requires changing ideas about the meaning of the Constitution.

The Nixon appointments, we may be sure, will not herald an effort to bring back racial segregation. President Nixon accepts the anti-segregation decisions of the "Earl Warren Court" as right and just. The new Chief Justice is regarded as a moderate on racial issues, which means that he accepts integration as the proper law of a land that is proud of its bedrock of democratic principles.

It seems unlikely that the "Warren Earl Burger Court" will reverse the "one man, one vote" principle, which has made legislative bodies more representative of the popular will.

Nor will the emerging conservative or less liberal majority "put God back into the classroom," since the Warren Court never took him out. While the Court led by Chief Justice Warren refused to sanction use of prayers prescribed by school authorities and established safeguards against sectarian Bible reading in public schools, it never handed down any decision forbidding study and appreciation of the role of religion in civilization—and it never took God out of the minds and hearts of teachers and students who felt moved to practice their concepts of God's will in the classroom and on the playground.

We may see a new Court majority tighten decisions relating to rights of criminals. Judge Burger has indicated his agreement with Americans who would place increased emphasis on protection of society against criminals. But we have no reason to anticipate that the Bill of Rights, as it relates to accused persons, will be set aside by a new Court shaped by President Nixon.

A warning from James Reston may be helpful. "The history of the Supreme Court," he said in the New York Times, "emphasizes the treachery of trying to decide how new Supreme Court judges will act on the basis of what they have said and in the past. The security and the majesty and the associations of the high court are such powerful influences that they make speculation about men's actions on the Supreme Court unreliable if not actually foolish."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

I have one question to ask of the citizens of Franklin County: Why do you people insist of taking your cats and dogs and driving along until you find a lonely road and you drop your animals off? Last night about dark, a light red volkswagon drove by my house and stopped at the bottom of the hill and put out their mother dog and her five puppies. These young men than came back and turned around in our drive and then continued on their merry way, leaving those puppies to wander on the road. (I might add we feel sure we know these young men.)

Mr. Editor, please educate these men to the fact that all they have to do is pick up a phone and call Mr. Tyree Lancaster of Centerville, he will come and get your dogs or cats.

If you don't have the guts to do that how do you have the guts to leave puppies on the road to starve?

Thank you,
Mattie Kemp
Rt. 2
Franklinton, N. C.



I'm always amazed at the things womenfolk do which don't make any sense at all. Most men already know most of the things I'm thinking about. Most women I'm sure don't know much about their doings so's they naturally won't know too much about why it is always a puzzle to us men the things they do.

You take them that are too bad off to get out of bed and cook breakfast gets awful well awful fast when their friends come by and say the magic words: Let's go to Raleigh.

And the same ones who grab at things on the special table 'cause they can't wait and shove us men out of the lane at the grocery store (where we're doing their work, naturally) are the same little darlings that go to the Governor's tea and stand in line with hats and everything else waiting to get where they think the action is.



That, one might say, ain't so bad. But, old Frank knows some that waited in such a line this week... yesterday to be exact... for more'n a hour and a half to get in Jessie Ray's mansion. Guess what was inside? Jessie

Ray, of course, a doughnut and a small (small) cup of something-or-other. What a way to spend a day, I always say. I hear they were strung out for miles. Them women psychiatrists (I looked it up) must do a land-slide business. If they don't, they oughta.

Then another thing that sends many men off talking to themselves is hair curlers. There ain't nothing... let me repeat that in case you missed a line... there ain't nothing cute, pretty, attractive or otherwise good about hair curlers. Now curly hair is pretty and I don't know how to get it unless you curl it... but there's got to be a better way than hair curlers. All in favor vote aye. The eye's have it.

But even if the things are necessary at times... and we ain't saying that they are, mind you... some women pick the curioousest times. A sweet young thing will come to town on Saturday and be seen by thousands with curlers poking out of her skull so's she'll be curly for just one old knot-headed boy Saturday night. Now I ain't saying there ain't some advantages to this arrangement. It's the hair curlers I'm agin.

Now this next part is rated "M". That's for mature adults. You youngins stop reading right here and go get up your arithmetic. Do it right now. I'm gonna talk about knees.

Now there's a subject and I ain't going to fool around with 'em much. I just want to do some men friends a favor and ask a question they been asking since Adam. Why's it a woman will wear almost nothing in the way of bathing suits and some so-called walking shorts and still rip the hem out of her short frock to keep her knees from showing when she sits down?

I'm reminded what Zeke's new wife said to him the other day. Zeke made the mistake of asking why women are so pretty and yet so dumb. He oughta spank her for her answer but I reckon he asked for it. She told him: Pretty so's you men would love us. Dumb so's we women would love you.

Come to think of it... you sure can't beat old mother nature for having her reasons and working things out, can you?

Do you get the blues when it rains, and do you feel on top of the world when the day is beautiful? There's a scientific reason for the variations of your mood with the weather, according to scientists. It appears that the weather determines the quality of the air that we breathe, and the air, in turn, affects the chemistry of the blood, thus making us feel depressed and worried, or exhilarated and happy. Other forces, of course, may modify the effects of the weather—such forces as diet, infection, and physical and mental activity.

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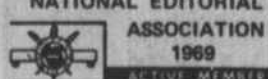
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