

Tuesday, June 10, 1969

## LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Something To Think About

Franklin County experienced its second drowning of the year and the second in 47 days last week when a 12-year-old boy perished in a farm pond. Like so many such tragedies, there wasn't much anybody could do. Many other areas of the state have had similar tragedies. It's that season of the year.

There have been twelve drownings in Franklin County in the past five years. Half of this number were adult men, two were young male adults and four were young boys, three 14-year-olds and now a 12-year-old.

All of these twelve deaths took place in farm ponds. Unguarded and many without any life saving gear, these ponds present a real hazard to young boys. They are convenient cooling off places after a hot day in the field and many youngsters do not realize the danger. Parents and friends should constantly stress to young children the ever present danger of water. Children should never swim alone. Some capable swimmer, preferably an adult, should always be on hand.

Four of the six adult victims in the past five years were operating boats. Boating safety is certainly something that should be studied before taking to water, even on small farm ponds.

Accidents happen and often times they are unexplained and leave questions as to what might have been done to avoid them. The current highway toll is a tragic example.

However, twelve deaths are tragic and even though water danger is not perhaps as evident as that of highway traffic, it nevertheless is great enough that all should pay attention to it.

Children should be taught to swim at an early age and should be constantly reminded of the dangers faced in the water. Adults should know and observe every precaution when boating, fishing or swimming. Water sports are fun and they should be encouraged, but all of us need to take note that twelve persons are dead in just five years from drowning in farm ponds in this county alone.

It's certainly something to think about.

### Do For All Alike

They renamed D. C. Stadium Sunday in honor of the late New York Senator Robert F. Kennedy. Appropriately enough, it was done on the anniversary of his death. And it was accomplished with the solemnity befitting the occasion.

The youthful Senator's death was indeed an American tragedy. Like him or not, no man should be taken by assassination and the country mourned his passing.

It would appear that now, twelve months since the fatal shots were fired and millions witnessed the long funeral procession from New York to Washington, that the shock would have worn. It would seem that those who tend to martyrize the Senator would realize that after all, he was nothing more than one human being. The fact that his death was more tragic than hundreds of other Senators in our history is not enough to single him out for laurels which have not and never will be given to so many who are far more deserving.

There were many things for which Senator Kennedy should be noted. He was an outstanding successful campaign manager for his brother in the 1960 presidential elections; he was an adequate Attorney General although many differed with his policies while in that office. His magic name, the tragic death of President Kennedy and his father's money made him a Senator. Had he been poor, had his brother not been President, had he not possessed the Kennedy name, chances are that he would have been struggling in the practice of law.

Honoring him is, of course, something every American would want to do. He was a United States Senator and a prominent figure. But beyond this, what actually did Robert Kennedy do for his country?

Without any desire to strip away any of the things for which he should be remembered or honored, the question remains unanswered as some of his followers continue today in their attempts to make of him in death something he never was in life. Undoubtedly, he was a fine, well-educated man and devoted husband and father. But to tack greatness on him is grossly unfair to so many other Americans.

For example, North Carolina has had several United States Senators who served their country—in our mind—far more than did the Senator from New York. Hoey, Broughton, Scott, Smith to name a few.

Although not particularly popular in this section of the country, the late Ohio Senator Robert Taft, by any measure, was a far greater American than Senator Kennedy. Tennessee's late Estes Kefauver was another example. There are many others.

D. C. Stadium is now the Robert F. Kennedy Stadium and we can live with that provided the efforts stop there.

One passing note of interest might be included here. As with the Senator, a great cry went out last year to name a number of things for the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Other suggestions for honoring the late civil rights leader were also advocated and many are still insisting that more of this be done. The interesting question in this case is why the FBI found it necessary to plant a bug on King's telephone from 1964 to 1968, if he was serving his country so well? And you may recall that flags were flown at half staff when he was killed. They were American flags. Tapping his phone in 1964 would have been one thing but surely, the FBI found something of interest to have kept it tapped for four full years, if one is to believe the latest reports.

King, like Kennedy, was well liked and even adored by some followers. They, like everybody else, have the privilege of holding their own memories of the man. Let them both be honored where honor is due them. But, let's be gone with this business of changing the name of just about everything when some prominent citizen meets with tragic death. Let's honor Americans for what they do for their country and let's do it for all alike.

### Raid

(Continued from Page 1)

lons of non-tax-paid whisky, about 5,700 gallons of mash, about a ton of sugar and 500 pounds of "ship Stuff" used in making mash.

Officers pointed out that the big operation actually made use of four submarine type stills, two of 1,550-gallon capacity each. The liquor tank used to catch whisky as it came from the distilling operation was described as of 500-gallon capacity, enough to handle approximately one day's production capacity.

Fifty-gallon barrels were in use as still caps and doubler equipment with the plant fired with bottled gas. Officers said they seized 19 gas cylinders, along with a gasoline pump.

Other equipment seized or destroyed at the site included about 100 cases of one-gallon plastic jugs, 38 cases of half-gallon glass jars, and two radiator-type condensers.



"When I said, 'Senators have to eat, too,' I didn't mean like common folk."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To The Editor:

We all know the old expression "Everybody is talking about the weather, but nobody is doing anything about it." This adage might be adapted for our purposes in discussing an observable human phenomenon in that it appears that everyone is talking about community problems, but very few people are doing anything about them. We all get together on the job, at church, at social events and on street corners to mouth the standard woes about the kids going to the dogs, the price of living and taxes going up, people not being neighborly like they used to, parents not setting right examples for their children, too many drunks being on the streets and highways, kids marrying too early, too many people on welfare, couples who cannot make a go of it in marriage, the government telling everybody what they can or cannot do, and so on and so on. We usually end up saying, "If something isn't done about the mess, I don't know what the world will come to." In terms of responsibility for doing something we usually refer to "they". By "they" we all too often are referring to any one other than ourselves, and are

usually implying that responsibility lies with the "government" even though in the same breath we condemn that same government for its interference in our affairs. Very seldom do we find community people coming together to evaluate community problems in any purposeful or systematic way to really identify the real "down to earth" issues and problems that are tending to overwhelm individuals and communities and producing unhappy, unproductive or even disturbed persons. Very seldom do community groups organize to discuss and devise some simple, practical beginning steps to solve or modify some of these problems. How often do we hear people asking such questions as these: What can I as an individual, What can we as a church, What can we as a club, What can we as a community do to make the lives of the elderly less lonely, to keep kids supplied with useful work or recreation, to prepare young people to be better parents, to determine why people wish to escape so often in a bottle, to find out why people place so much emphasis on materialistic rewards, to insure that our children have the education

suitable to equip them adequately to meet current demands as well as to fulfill adult roles?

We would probably agree that such questions are not asked often; yet when any significant change for the better comes to a community, it usually comes as a result of community people, in some degree of desperation, resorting to their own talents, resources, and ingenuity to do those things which have to be done or to seek any necessary source of assistance to supplement local efforts.

If community groups can be made aware of the self-help potential existent in their own neighborhoods and be trained to organize and systemize their methods of identifying problems, discussing solutions and implementing program activities, the resulting insights will not only be reflected in increased personal growth and usefulness, but will result in group action toward solutions to human living programs having community wide impacts.

Sincerely,  
Talmadge Edwards, Jr.  
Route 1  
Louisburg, N. C.



A whole heap of you folks can remember when we use to walk to town on Sundays and watch the trains come in. Man, wasn't that exciting, though? Well, that's been some time ago, of course, and trains don't hold no interest for most of us nowadays. Besides, there ain't been a train come in these parts in some time, interesting enough to turn your head let alone walk anywhere to see it.

But, I found me a new thing. It's called golf. Now don't go getting excited, I don't play it. I just watch them that does.

And if you liked trains coming in, you ought to see some of them golfers when they come in.

I found out about it purely by accident. I nearly run over one Sunday. He was standing in the road trying to hit that little white ball which was knee deep in the weeds beside the road. I thought he was a horse when I first seen him. He was too big for a deer and them short britches didn't help his legs neither.

When my bumper hit his belt button and his eyes stopped dilating, I recognized him. I never would have. Not on a golf course. He ain't done that near like work since I know him almost thirty years. And amazements of all amazements, he was sweating. Now, you doctors know how valuable that stuff is, if you could of bottled it.

But, even though I didn't believe it, there he stood. Old Fatso Bean, with his stomach hanging almost to his knees and covering more of him than them shorts.

"Fatso", I said, "Them other fellows are playing over there where the grass is. Won't they let you play with them?"

He didn't answer the question. "Frank", he said, "You almost run over me. Man you could a kill me. You ought to watch where you're going."

"Don't get so excited, Fatso", I said. "You was standing right smack dab in the middle of the road. Now, I ain't no golfer, a course, but, this here's a highway and I ain't sure you got no right playing in the middle of it. Besides, Fatso, I knew I could stop. All I did was skin your belt buckle. If you'd a sucked in a little, I'd a missed you altogether."

"I declare, Frank", he said mopping his brow, "You done upset my concentration. I don't know if I can even hit the ball now."

"Well, Fatso, I don't mean no harm by it but you didn't do to good hitting it before I killed your concentration from the looks of where you're standing. Any snakes in that patch?"

Man, I hadn't ought to have said that. If hitting him with the car upset his concentration that little remark shook his shorts. He jumped six feet high—and that ain't no mean task for a man who can't weigh on a penny scale. He has to go to a meat market and let them hang on one of them that goes over 300 pounds.

'Bout that time I really though I seen a black one but I was scared to tell Fatso. Then, I think he seen him, too. He started beating away at them bushes like there won't no tomorrow. One of his buddies was standing on the smooth grass saying, "Two strokes, three strokes, four strokes". That was before he started counting faster, of course.

Well, to make the long story short, I gotta tell you that Fatso won't be the only weird thing I seen Sunday. There was some with hats. There was some with caps. There was some bow-headed. There was fat ones and skinny ones and some carrying heavy bags over their shoulders. In 98 degree weather, but they's alright. If ain't nothing wrong with them. I asked one fellow and he said there ain't nothing wrong with them. He said a bug had bit 'em. He said ain't none never died from it.

So, if you're looking something to pass away a Sunday afternoon and you don't mind the heat as some pretty curious language at times and if you ain't scare of that bug biting you, go watch the golfers on a Sunday. It beats watching trains coming in by a mile.

have "cried" every day of the 15 years since that Black Monday ruling.

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Nobody I know wants Nixon's judicial appointees to be segregationists any more than anybody I know wants them to be integrationists. What my kind of person wants as his judge is an impartial arbiter, an intelligent, honest-minded man who will decide cases on the merits, that is, according to the Constitution. Nothing more; nothing less.

The *Brown* case comes first to my mind as an error the Burger-Court-to-be can correct. Perhaps there is some Warren-Court error that bothers you even more than *Brown*. That is quite probable; there are many such. Let your mind run back, then, over the years. Trace, if memory holds, our slow descent into this day of riot and violence, how we have come to this sorry pass and know that every knot tied by the stupid, the venal and the malign, every knot can be untied by an honest-minded court.

Think and you will understand why I lend such weight to the Burger nomination. It is a meaningful portent.

## The Franklin Times

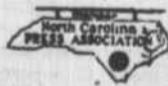
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Other things press for space, but, for the life of me, I can't get out of my mind Nixon's nomination of Judge Warren E. Burger to become Chief Justice of the United States. It could prove to have been the most momentous single act of this age.

I say it could. If Dick Nixon spoke from a solemn and truthful heart when he told reporters of his philosophy as it pertains to the judiciary, if he did, gentle reader, we are on the road back.

The President said he will be governed in his nominations to the Federal bench by how the prospective appointee regards his role as an interpreter of the Constitution. If it is not as a "strict interpreter", so the implication was, he will be passed over.

That attitude is close to perfect.

What keeps hammering in my head, you see, is the method that the fabians—Roosevelt through Johnson—employed to work their misbegot magic on the American people. They relied, in the main, on a Supreme Court that would "legalize" their novel, unconstitutional concepts; their court appointees debased the Constitutional phrase, "general welfare". Anything, pillage to



### ANOTHER THOUGHT ON JUDGE BURGER

JOHN J. SYNON

arson, under a liberal interpretation can be construed to be for the "general welfare". And if one will but read the Constitution, the common sense of it wherein that phrase is employed, the extent of the perversion of today's Supreme Court will become apparent.

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And now President Nixon says, in effect, he is going to put a stop to that. That is what he implies. He will have to do it, actually, before I become a believer. I have too many scars to be taken in by the first rose of summer. But with the nomination of Judge Burger, Nixon has in fact given us a rose of no mean essence. As I say, I can think of little else.

Think with me, then, what this nomination, and successive nominations of a like order, can mean.

Take that notorious *Brown* decision, the one that forced integration onto our public-school systems, integration now descending into academic chaos. It was achieved through trickery, you know, the NAACP played a trick on the Court. The late Federal Judge Sidney C. Mize, in the *Evers* case—on rehearing the evidence presented (and not presented) in *Brown*—said the facts (i.e. the trickery employed) "cried out" to be reheard. But the judge himself lamented, what if they do "cry out", so long as the Supreme Court refuses to listen, the facts will "cry" in vain. As indeed they are "crying".