

Thursday, June 12, 1969

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

If It's Good Enough For Others, It's Good Enough For Us

In recent years a number of situations have arisen which have indicated that Franklin County has been snake-bitten. This old saying, usually applied to those who continue in the throws of bad luck or misfortune most assuredly can apply in many cases to Franklin County.

Often times it was an industry that decided to locate elsewhere. For nearly thirty years, it was highway improvements that went someplaces other than Franklin. Political appointments and promises seemed to evaporate when Franklin was mentioned. Isolated incidences where they would be a discredit were blown out of proportions and the good things have too often been overlooked.

Where Franklin has been referred to as a "Have-Not" county, it can also often times be correctly referred to as the "Left-Out" county.

For reasons best known to those directly involved, Franklin County, over the years, has been excluded from a number of laws passed in the General Assembly which have applied to the majority of the state. It is doubtful that any would ever admit it as a reason, but it is a good bet that there were—and still are—locals who do not want to relinquish their power over the activities of the county.

The most recent example to come to light is the 1959 law which allows municipalities in 93 of North Carolina's 100 counties to annex outlying areas under, of course, certain legal procedures. Those who represented the county in that session of the legislature apparently felt that officials in Franklin were not as capable as those in the 93 counties included. This or the power reason are the only two that can hold water. What other reason could there be for excluding Franklin? We like to think that offi-

cial of the town of Louisburg, Franklinton, Bunn, Youngsville and Centerville then-and now-are every bit as capable of making this type of decision as like officials in the other counties of the state. If the law is good, why can't Franklin municipalities participate? If it's bad why are 93 counties covered by it? And we note, with interest, that no Franklin delegation member has introduced a bill to repeal the ten-year-old act. Thus, is it not reasonable to assume our representatives believe it to be a good law? If not, why not? If so, why not Franklin?

The Louisburg Town Council in 1967 and again two weeks ago officially requested that a bill be introduced amending the law to include the municipalities in Franklin County. In 1967, Louisburg's, and a similar request by Franklinton officials, was ignored by the Franklin delegation. Last week, such a measure was introduced in the Senate by Senator E. F. Griffin. It now rests in the Local Government Committee.

Some seasoned political observers say it is going to die there. It should not. The Senator and Representative James Speed of Franklin and Rep. John Church of Vance should all push to have Franklin included in the law or they should push to have the law repealed.

If it's good for 93 percent of North Carolina, it should be good enough for Franklin County. It's time Franklin was counted in. For too long, and in too many ways, Franklin has been counted out. It is time to bury the negative approach and turn our thinking more to a positive one.

Leadership should be exerted by our elected leaders and there is no time like now.

Is It Surrender?

No crystal ball was needed to predict beforehand that the meeting between President Nixon and President Thieu would result in the withdrawal of 25,000 American troops from Vietnam. It was clear from the start that some troop withdrawals would be announced.

Most Americans are happy to hear the news. The thought of American men coming home is heartening. It's a pity it doesn't ring true.

The withdrawal of these troops is no more advisable in light of today in Vietnam than it was twelve months ago. It represents another step in a retreat from there by this country. Every concession granted at the Paris peace talks has been a one way affair. We have given in to the Communists. Even this has not halted their acts of violence in Vietnam. The war goes on. It will go on after we have weakened our forces.

While we rejoice for those being returned let us weep for those who must remain. They will be weaker.

Their task will be no less difficult because Washington wants to make a show to appease those who for reasons of their own, refuse to fight for their country.

An end to the war in Vietnam would be exultation to us all, but we have never won a war by withdrawal of troops and we never will. Neither will we strengthen out bargaining positions in Paris.

The enemy understands only one thing and that is power. Until we convince him that we intend to win this war on the battlefield or at the peace table, we aren't likely to see the end.

If the President in making this transparent show, speaks for the draft card burners and those crying for surrender, he speaks not for us. Nor, we suspect does he speak for the survivors of the 30,000 men who have given their lives for far more than a surrender.

Somebody needs to speak for them. Surely, they did not die in vain.



WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

Who Wants This Job?

The News Reporter, Whiteville, N. C.

Would you like to be a policeman, a sheriff, deputy sheriff, highway patrolman, G-man or some other type of law enforcement person?

Perhaps so, you may agree, and just so long as you are not called on to face the business end of a gun barrel with another fellow's finger on the trigger.

The life of an officer of the law may look easy and a good way to grow thick around the middle. But it is not altogether this way. When duty calls, you know . . . and the man with the badge must take risks with his life that would make the rest of us hie off like a scared rabbit.

"They have it made," most of us assume when a patrol cruiser rolls by with a couple of lawmen on the inside. "That's the kind of job I want?" But do you?

While out on the beat, some hold, he's overpaid and it's a waste of money. When he picks you up for violating the speed law, he's the worst skunk in the land. When he interrupts your operation down by the creek, he's an enemy of private enterprise.

But when your home is invaded and prize possessions taken, when a fellow makes off with the only one and the best car you own, or when some vagrant accosts you in the dark with a switch-blade demanding your

wallet or your life, then, and right then, the officer of the law is sorely underpaid, nothing is too good for him and you are his friend for life.

But the human makeup is a fickle quantity. It all depends on whose life and property are at stake.

Some days past two convicts escaped from prison and in their dash for freedom they invaded a private home in Robeson County. For 18 hours they held the family under threat of death and during the long period of bondage the two violated the sanctify and honor of one member of the family.

This could have happened to your family or mine.

But the law took over. It was surrender or shoot it out. One of the desperadoes chose the former, coming forth with hands on his head. The second held out for some hours.

Finally, one brave officer, knowing full well the second escapee was well armed and could take his measure with one shot, stripped off his belt and weapon and walked to the house. He went in and came out with the object of his act.

Is this the kind of man we say is overpaid, is a skunk and ought not be allowed to wear the badge of a law enforcement officer?

Would you like to have his job?

Curious Lesson In Freedom

VIEWPOINT By Jesse Helms

Former State Senator Tom White, by making sense himself, has once again emphasized the functional absurdity of the back-slapping mutual admiration society known as the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina.

It is scarcely a matter of Mr. White's seriously expecting that his fellow trustees will follow his-or anybody else's-lead in the establishment of practical, workable policies for the well-being of the university. The name of the game, insofar as certainly the majority of trustees are concerned, is don't-rock-the-boat.

Through the years, Senator White has observed countless startling defects in the operation of the university-defects which, by and large, could have been corrected with relative ease. Many a headache might later have been avoided by the simple application of reasonable rules and regulations.

Last Monday at Charlotte when the trustees gathered for a regular session, Senator White decided that it was time for the boat to be rocked. It had come to his attention that student newspapers on the University's campuses at Chapel Hill and Raleigh had developed a fetish for the use of barnyard language. Senator White thought that this business ought to stop and, since the University's administrators had done nothing about it, that it was the duty of the University's trustees to see that it was stopped.

So he proposed a resolution. First of all, the resolution would have the trustees "deplore" the use of such language, and call for an end to it. Secondly, the Senator proposed that students no longer be forced to subscribe to the campus newspapers. As matters now stand, every student is required to subsidize, through mandatory student fees, his campus newspaper.

Senator White's proposal last Monday caused squirming throughout the room. There was embarrassed silence, until State Senator Bill Saunders of Southern Pines gamely seconded the motion by Senator White. Then began the typical backing-and-forth, the hedging, the pious declarations. "I'm sure," said one trustee, "that everybody in this room deprecates the use of such language." Then the other shoe fell. "But"

there is always that inevitable "but"—"But it would be better if it can be worked out through the publications board."

Where, in the name of old Ned, has the "publications board" been all this time? How long must one wait before somebody in authority warns the immature little boys with the nasty minds—the ones who have been writing and publishing the obscene campus editorials—that this kind of irresponsibility will not be tolerated? This is a decision that any publications board—and certainly the president of the University—could have made over a five-minute cup of coffee. The point is that getting, to this good hour, has been done.

So Senator White's proposal went down the drain. No instruction by the trustees, to the president, or to the publications board. The trustees did manage to muster the courage to say they don't like obscenity.

The larger question, of course, involves a bit of freedom that ought to be accorded every student attending any college or university. If campus editors are to feel no restraints upon their conduct, and no disciplines, then why should any other student be forced, against his will, to subscribe to the campus newspaper? What could be a greater example of freedom than to allow each student, according to his own choice, to decide whether he wants to help finance the publication of, for example, THE DAILY TAR HEEL at Chapel Hill or THE TECHNICIAN at Raleigh? Why not require the editors and staff members of these newspapers to get out and sell subscriptions?

That, apparently, is carrying freedom too far—in the eyes of the trustees of the University. Thus the prevailing notions of "freedom" will continue at the University—the kind of freedom that embraces the concept of captive audiences and subsidized editors. The young people at Chapel Hill and Raleigh who happen to dislike four-letter words in their campus journals can like it or lump it. But, thanks to the trustees of the university, and despite Senator Tom White's best efforts, the students apparently will continue to be forced to subsidize what they may not like.

It is a curious lesson in freedom.



'Y'all remember about this time last year, I told you I had got me one of them riding lawn mowers? Y'all might remember I had quite a time starting it until the neighbor's little girl come over and jerk the rope? Well, things ain't got no better. No, sir. Not nary a bit better.

I been letting the little woman drive the thing. It gives her something to do. It gets her out in the outdoors and that's good for her. It's good for me, too, especially when I'm indoors and she's out—well you get the idea.

Now I ain't one of the folks that believes that in-an-i-mal objects got a personality. No, sir. I don't believe in spooks and I know full well lawn mowers ain't got no sense. Mine ain't, that's for sure. That's what I keep telling myself. My lawn mower ain't got no personality. It ain't got no sense. It can't talk and it can't think for itself. That's what I been telling me all day. And you know what? I ain't believing a blame bit of it.

I took me a notion to hose down the garage yesterday and I had to move the mower from where it's been sitting for nigh on two weeks. The little woman didn't want to mess up her hair. Fact is she's lazy. That's why she ain't been cutting the grass. She used to say every day, "Frank County, you sorry no-good rascal, if you'd buy me one of them riding mowers like everybody else has got (she always says that. Everybody else in the whole wide world has got everything we ain't) . . . If you would buy me one, I'd keep this yard mowed." That's what she said and that's what I done. I should a known better. She said "I do" once but it ain't done that neither.



Anyway, when I tried to move that blame mower so's I could wash the garage, it didn't want to move. I jerked and pushed and pulled and talked to the thing. I think I hurt its feelings. It finally moved, but I could tell it didn't want to and just as soon as my back was turned, the blame thing headed right back in the garage. I threw a chair at it. I think I hurt its feelings agin.

Then when I got through washing me and the garage, I decided to wash that danged mower. The more water I poured on it, the more it kicked off. I just figured it was the oil on it but I ain't sure.

Anyway, just to be contrary, I left the blame thing out in the hot sunshine to teach it a lesson and then last night come the order from headquarters: "Frank County, you no-good rascal, if you don't mow that grass . . . bla, bla, bla". To get away from the blas, I decided to mow. That was a mistake.

I pulled until my shoe strings come undone and the thing wouldn't start. I took the spark plug out and soaked it in gas. I pulled some more. I ain't never seen such a contrary machine. It kept popping back at me. Good thing it was a rope and not a crank or I'd be picking this with no fingers.

I outdone it. It took nearly a hour, but I outdone it. It give up and started. I floored it and shot all the loose gas out of the thing. It bucked and I fell off. I begun to suspect something right then. That crazy lawn mower was trying to tell me something but I wasn't listening.

It stuck me twice in the ditch. It threw me off one time and it knocked off two-or-three times. When I'd jump off to start it agin, it'd start up and leave me standing. I had to run and hop on like I seen Hoot Gibson do one time in the movies.

Now I can live with all this. I figure I'm as tough as any mower alive. Especially this woman loving four-wheeler of mine. Why it caters to the little woman's touch rather than mine, I'll never know. I know I made it mad when I give it a bath, but it won't no excuse for what it done to me.

No, sir, when it stole my glasses and chunked them up that tree I'd had a plenty. Didn't find them 'til the next morning . . . hanging there on the limb. That blame mower has got to go. Yes, sir, I'm gonna put it out of its misery. Today. Yes, sir, today. I'm gonna shoot the blame thing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

No offense to you or any reporter for you are only doing your job in reporting the news. Keep up the good work.

We can't pick up a paper to read or turn on a radio or T.V. to hear the news but what some are talking about the need of an increase in taxes. Maybe we do need an increase in tax. I don't really know.

The support of our county or any county should be the duty of every citizen. There was a page and a half of names in the paper last week just as it is every year of those who have not paid their tax. I believe it to be the duty of every citizen to help support our county and one way of doing so is to keep your

tax paid. Franklin County is not perfect but neither are the other ninety-nine that should not give anyone a feeling of non support for our county.

I believe it to be the duty of our county commissioners and any other officials needed to get themselves busy and find ways of collecting those back taxes instead of spending their time figuring on ways to increase them—for those who will pay their tax. This is aimed at no one person or persons but just to remind everybody of their duty to help support our county by keeping their taxes paid and not depend on just a few to do so. Let's all work together—it's easier that way!

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