



LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

We Kid Only Ourselves

The headline reads: President Withdraws 40,000 Troops From Vietnam. The thought persists: 30,000 have been withdrawn before. The 30,000 who have been sent home in boxes.

Can we really imagine the magnitude of the suffering 30,000 deaths have brought the people of this country? Before midnight tonight 19 wives or mothers will get the word—he's dead. He isn't coming home. He isn't ever coming home. Not today. Not tomorrow. Not ever.

He may be a fuzzy chinned youngster, fresh out of high school. Or he may be a college man. A farm boy. A promising doctor. A minister. Or maybe he was none of these. Maybe he would have been a bum. But this

should have been his privilege. He should have been given that opportunity.

And when circumstances dictated that the United States could not afford the luxury of giving these young men a choice in life, surely this country owed them a reason in death.

And now that over 30,000 have given their lives for whatever lame excuse the existing administration might have given at the time, how can we, in good conscience, give up the fight? How can we gradually surrender to those who killed so many of our own men? How can we sit at a table

and talk peace with men whose countrymen are slaughtering Americans by the hour?

Americans are sick of the war. That's what is being said. Every public poll tells how large the percentage is of those wanting to get out of the mess. Political pressure abounds for some solution to the war. Have we found the solution? Is the solution surrender?

Troop withdrawal carried to its ultimate goal will get us out of the mess alright. Surrender is one way to end-for now—involvement in Southeast Asia. But we will never again be able to call ourselves a proud nation. There is nothing special about surrender. There is nothing special about betrayal of our dead.

The McDowell News of Marion, North Carolina reported recently of the arrival home of a dead soldier. The News reported that the casket was not draped with the flag, although an accompanying soldier wanted to pay his comrade this honor. When the plane landed, the cheerful and alive passengers strolled off the plane in the bright sunlight of a free America first. After they were gone—and only after—the hero's body was taken off the opposite side of the plane and taken through a side gate.

Has this country stooped so low that dying for it is no longer an "in" thing? Does it have to protect the people from the distressing sight of a hero returning to the land he loved? When did we reach the bottom? When did the people tell our leaders that this is their will? Where have they gone—the men who put first things first?

It is well and good that American servicemen return home. Never has there been a war that men did not long for home. Nor has there been one that those waiting at home did not long for their return. Vietnam—at least in this respect—is no different.

The difference lies in the attitude of the leaders of this country. The last four Presidents are guilty. Each has continued the faked-up state of

emergency which gives to them the powers to cause the deaths of 19 men a day. There has been no national emergency save that which we face for the lack of leadership. Our troops were ordered to Vietnam not by the Congress as called for in the Constitution but by an ever-increasing power grasping executive branch.

Most agree that we should never have gone into Vietnam in the first place. And we shouldn't have. But, we did. And we committed over half million men to the fight. And over 30,000 of them have died. Many of them have died in recent months because we did not halt the war in the early years. After eight miserable years of fighting, we are no nearer to victory than when we started. The United States almost single-handedly whipped Japan and Germany in far less time. And they had a head start.

Our leaders have never wanted to win. They have been satisfied to play world politics and now appear ready to throw in the chips. Just how many more young Americans are to be sacrificed has not—and will not—be announced. But quietly and tragically, an officer will tap on an unsuspecting front door with the word. He'll do this 19 times today. And with the withdrawal of another load of troops, the numbers will likely increase.

If North Vietnam wanted peace, it could have had it years ago. If it was sincere in its negotiations in Paris, the war would have been over last year. If it appreciated the bombing lull, it would have slowed the pace of the fighting.

We need today what we have needed all along. We need to say to the enemy we are through playing your game. Unless you agree to a cease fire and an honorable end to the hostilities by a certain date, we will win this war. We need to tell them and to show them that the mightiest nation on earth will not fall to a second-rate power. We need to tell the world that while we want peace, ours is not a peace-at-any-price policy.

In this manner we can save some of the values for which 30,000 Americans died. Anything less and we kid only ourselves.

PRIZE-WINNING PICTURES by Catherine Leroy, a French free-lance photographer, show a Navy Corpsman working with a dying Marine during the heat of battle in Vietnam.

The series, which was distributed by the Associated Press and won the Sigma Delta Chi Distinguished Service in Journalism Award and the George Polk Memorial Award of Long Island University, shows:

1(BEYOND HELP — A Navy corpsman tries to bandage a dying U.S. Marine as their companions swarm over Hilltop 881 in hand-to-hand combat with entrenched North Vietnamese. The hill, near Khe Sanh at the Laotian border of South Vietnam, was attacked and taken by Marines of Golf Company, Second Battalion, Third Marines.

2(SILENCE AMID THE SOUNDS OF WAR — As the battle for Hilltop 881 rages around him, the Navy corpsman listens in vain for a heartbeat.

3(HE'S DEAD! — The Navy corpsman looks up in anguish. His efforts had failed. He now finds he is caught in crossfire of North Vietnamese machineguns on Hill 881.

4(DIVES FOR COVER — The Navy corpsman dives for cover, leaving behind the Marine he can help no longer.

Come To Think Of It

By Frank Count

Long about this time ever year, some folks go off to college to get a education. Now, I think that's fine for them that needs one. But I told Melvin the other day he was wasting his money sending his boy off for a education. He could a got one right here.

I ain't knocking all that stuff you can't git 'cept at Chapel Hill. I know blame well that youngins are learning things over there they can't learn here at home. I seen boys that ain't never had a drop of likker in the house and right off they learned to drink like folks. Then I seen some didn't know no better than to git a hair cut every couple a weeks. They went off to school and right off they found out you don't have to git a hair cut. Some of them learned they don't have to take a bath. Most all of them found out their maws and paws won't educated.

Well, they may be learning all these things from them big books, but you can't beat learning some common sense. And if it's something common you want to learn, there ain't no place like the country store ever night after supper.



Of course, you got to go over night. Miss one and you have to drop back a class. But it's kinda like drinking water from Tar River, once you do, you keep going back for more.

Rob Blind was telling one the other night about a Sheriff—he didn't say what county. Rob said this fellow he knowed was making a little moonshine. There he was firing up kettles when he noticed somebody come up behind him. He didn't bother to turn around. Rob said the man thought it was a neighbor who sometimes helped him with the still.

"You making likker", the sheriff asked. "Ain't making water", Rob's friend said. "Going to sell it?", asked the sheriff. "Ain't gonna give it away", the man replied looking around. He seen it was the sheriff. "Great day in the morning", the man said. "It's the sheriff!", "It ain't the preacher", the sheriff said. "Gonna take me to jail", asked the man. "Ain't taking you to church", said the sheriff.

I asked Zeke Potter what he'd do if he suddenly found a million dollars. I just asked to git something going the other night. Zeke said he'd stop working and fish much as he wanted to long as he lived. Bout that time Melvin spoke up and asked if I wanted to know what he'd do if he had a million dollars. I didn't want to know—not really, but I let on that I did 'cause I knowed he was dying to tell me.

Melvin said, "Frank, if I had a million dollars, I'd keep farming 'til I used it up."

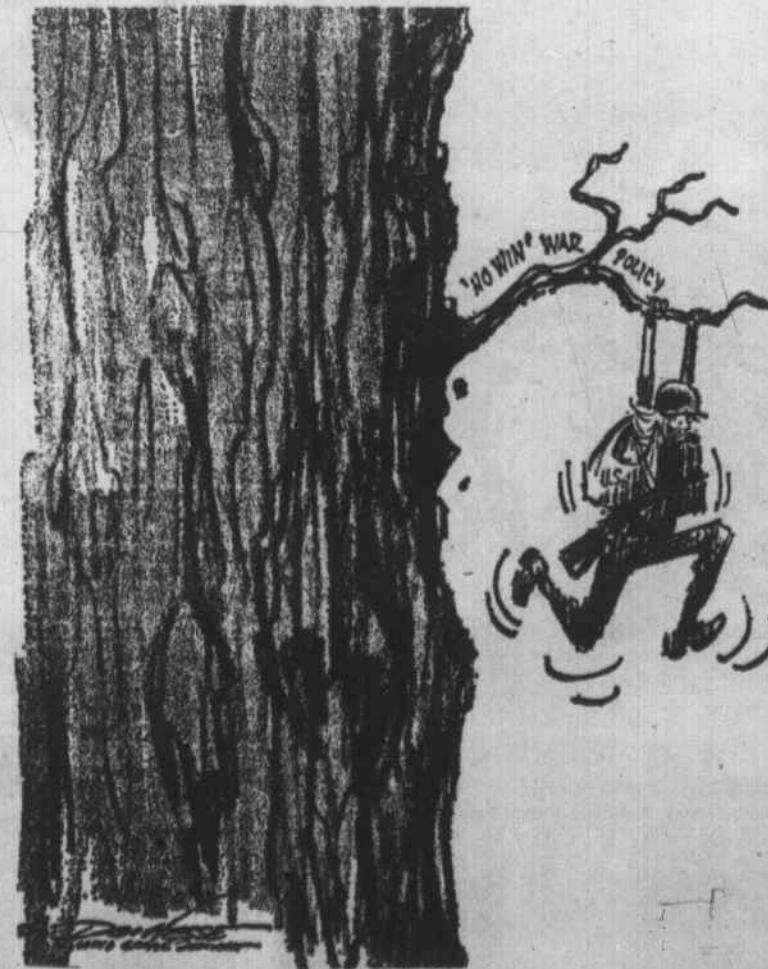
While we was mulling over Melvin's answer Claude Whipper come in. Now Claude could be a absent minded professor if he'd a ever got out of the third grade. One time Claude forgot to leave school when the bell rung. He stayed put 'til the next morning and when the bell rung to take in, Claude took out. That's one of the reasons, he couldn't git to the fourth grade when us bright ones did.

Rob was trying to wait on Claude and everybody was waiting so's we could git on with the conversation. Won't no excuse for Claude coming to the store in the first place. He knowed we was setting around discussing the news of the day. He could a waited 'til the next day. He didn't have to have no light bulbs just 'cause it was night and his'n was burned out.

Well, it took some time and Rob Finally come back and set down. "Sell Claude the light bulbs?", I asked—same as anybody would ask a fellow how's business. "Naw", said Rob. I could tell he was a mite disturbed. "Why come?", I asked.

"Frank, you ought 'n to ask such foolish stuff. I spent nearly half hour with Claude and you know why he didn't buy them bulbs. He couldn't remember whether the fellow on TV told him to buy them from his favorite dealer, his neighborhood dealer or his friendly dealer, and since he won't sure which one I was, he decided to go home and watch television in the dark."

You got to admit. You don't git that kind of stuff at Carolina.



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Chicago Tribune Apologizes To Dixie

John J. Synon

Here is an interesting editorial from The Chicago Tribune: "Dear Dixie: Can you possibly find it in your heart to accept our sincere apology?"

"When there was race rioting in Little Rock, Arkansas, we were convinced that the cause was callousness. Our public officials and our press in Chicago insisted that the only reasons for Negro restiveness were your segregated schools and your stubborn Governor. We in Chicago with integrated schools and a very liberal Governor are now writhing with agony of race rioting. And as we seek to set our house in order, we hope your headlines will be kinder to us than ours were to you.

"And when a Mississippi Negro boy was found drowning, we in Chicago called this the inevitable result of a white supremacy tradition. Now a Negro girl, 14, and pregnant has been shot to death on the front porch of her own home in Chicago - and we are confused and ashamed - and frightened.

"What are we doing wrong that has made eight square miles of our city a battleground? Help us, if you can find it in your own heart to help.

"And Alabama, when your State police were photographed subduing rioters with night sticks, Chicago bold-faced, front pages condemned you for indefensible brutality. Now Illinois State police have resorted to ar-

mored cars and cracking skulls and shooting to kill. "Your Governor has alleged that Communists are fomenting this strife." We scoffed.

"Now 13 Negroes on Chicago's west side have been charged with plotting treason. We are sweeping admittedly Communist literature from our littered streets. Forgive us for not knowing what we are talking about.

"Georgia, when you were photographed in the act of turning back crowds of marching children - we could not control ourselves. The very idea, the Chicago press editorialized, that youngsters should be considered a menace sufficient to justify the use of tear gas.

"Now in our own asphalt jungle, we have seen Negro youngsters of 9, 10 and 11 years advance on police with drawn guns or broken bottles - screaming, kill Whitey!

"And we used gas and clubs and dogs and guns and God forgive us, what else could we do? Can you, Georgia, forgive us, too?

"We tried the patience we had preached - honest we did. We tried so desperately that seven policemen were shot the other night, two of them through the back. So, in the end, we resorted to methods more brutal than yours. But, don't you see, we had to.

"Dear Dixie, perhaps we have not yet learned to appreciate what you have been trying to do to defeat revolution - but for whatever be-

lated comfort it may be, from our glass house we will not be throwing any more stones."

Well siree, Mr. Chicago Tribune, that's real noble of you, the mea culpa bit. And we do accept your apology as sincere. And there, sir, you are forgiven.

But there is more to it than that. There is this new word we have learned, "reparations." You know, like the \$6 billion or so the blacks are demanding of the churches for the past "mistreatment" of Negroes by whites; that sort of reparations.

You admit to having maligned us, and you have. And you promise not to throw any more stones and for that we thank you.

But are you going to sit quietly in your glass house? The brigands are on the march, you know. How many Chicago policemen dead; seven? And two shot in the back.

Won't you lend your weight to the good fight; being passive won't get the job done. You ask us, the injured party, for help. Try this: Help yourselves. Specifically, lend your editorial weight to Stanford University's Dr. William Shockley. For some years now, this Nobel Laureate has been beseeching the National Academy of Sciences to make a study of racial differences, and all he ever gets back is his own echo. That would help. Actions, as they say, speak louder than words.

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