

# The Franklin Times

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## LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Rest In Peace

They sold out in Chapel Hill this week. The cafeteria workers got what they asked for. This would have been an occasion for rejoicement since the home of the taxpayer's University has had its days of trouble recently, except for one little item. Over there they are calling it negotiation. Most other places it's known as blackmail.

The overworked Chapel Hill police force was removed from the UNC campus by town authorities, leaving students, workers, strikers and the public as targets for violence. The University and the citizens have expressed their distaste for State Troopers. So, the strikers—who had long since gotten away from the original purpose of the strike and entered into the same old black militant cries—used the hammer of violence to bring the cafeteria owners to their feet. Unless, they said, their demands were met by Monday, 3,000 militant Negro students would descend on the campus to join in a peaceful demonstration. The strike ended at 3:30 A.M. Monday morning.

Meanwhile, it is important to note that the University is committed to pay up to 62 of the cafeteria workers, slated to lose their jobs, until new employment is found by the University. Mention was made of non-tax funds in line with this agreement, but no mention was made of the taxpayer's dollar that will replace these nontax funds. And Chapel Hill is

faced with a \$16,000 bill for overtime police work and thus far nothing is being done about this. If the University can see its way clear to pay strikers for not working, it seem reasonable that the University should pay the overtime for these policemen? Tarheel taxpayers would prefer their money be used for this latter purpose.

It seems nobody has bothered to add up the total cost of the North Carolina taxpayer of all the disruption at Carolina in recent months. This is probably because nobody has the stomach for such disturbing figures. And more tax money and individual funds have been spent in Chapel Hill as a result of young hoodlums marching down Franklin Street and discriminately breaking out glass store fronts. And then there was that little fracas that almost wrecked the high school there some weeks ago.

Let it be hoped that this—for the time being—will bring to an end, the violence and disruption there. The good folks there have had enough, although, in fairness it must be noted much of this mess started in Chapel Hill. By mess, we mean the giving in to every militant cry regardless of how unfounded or unmerited it might be. Every cause is not necessarily a just cause. And as surprising as it might be, there are things in this world of much more value than being an ultra liberal.

May Chapel Hill rest in peace.

## Congressional contraption



HAND OF ESAU;  
VOICE OF JACOB

JOHN J. SYNON

When Vice President Spiro Agnew said "a small and unelected elite" shaped the news he pulled loose the thread that could unravel the whole of the collectivist skein.

The "elite" have denied Agnew's charge and there, for the moment, it all rest. But I don't think that denial will be the end of it. The "elite" know who is behind the attack and they won't let Dick Nixon off simply because he was away somewhere while his Veep was articulating the

woes of the nation.

No, sir. These gents, the "elite", know Esau from Jacob. Particularly do they know this Jacob, since their battle with Dick Nixon goes back a long, long way.

In the beginning, a person will recall, Dick Nixon came into national prominence through persistent digging into the communist conspiracy, specifically into the Chambers-Hiss affair.

For that bit of red-white-and-blue effrontery, Nixon got himself labelled for all time. In the eyes of the left wingers, the man who exposed Hiss is a no-goodnik. And he always will be.

That is why Nixon has never had a "good" press. That is why, at a particularly low point, in 1962, he told reporters they "wouldn't have Dick Nixon to kick around any more."

And it is why the scurrilous Hetblock of the Washington Post once drew a despicable cartoon, that of a heavily-bearded, chute-nosed Nixon crawling out of a sewer.

And times changed and Dick Nixon came topside and had at hand a man willing to speak as he, himself, and for whatever reason, preferred not to speak.

And out spoke Nixon's Nixon, as Senator Eugene McCarthy has rather aptly tagged the Vice President.

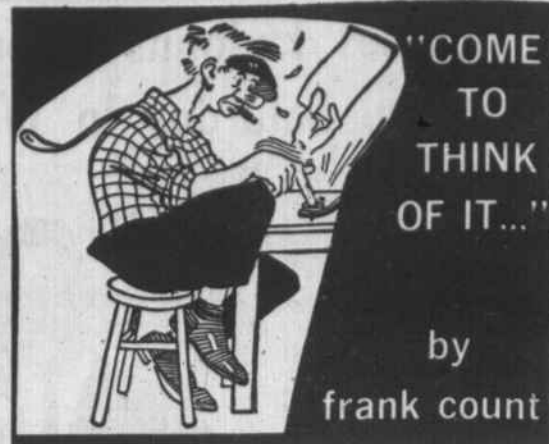
But it would be a mistake to think that Agnew's words represented nothing more than pique or vengeance on Nixon's part, payment for past political mistreatment. That would be to miss the point. For Nixon is too clever to disturb any political thing that lies at rest. Nixon knows nothing is at rest. He knows

the busy little beavers—the same little red beavers he uncovered almost 20 years ago—are still at work, still intent upon destroying our American culture. It is a sly, insidious design they have working and their principal vehicle, as always, is the news media they control. And since Dick Nixon, through a twist of fate, today is Numero Uno and sworn to defend this land, he must be destroyed; he and Agnew and all others who speak even softly for yesterday's values. So, the President has reason beyond pique in having Agnew take the hatchet to the "unelected elite". For Nixon, it is a matter of self preservation as well as his sworn duty.

There is no surprise in any of this—not to anyone with a memory—except in that Agnew went as far as he did go. At one point, he spoke of "a small and unelected elite", and at another he referred to them as being, in number, "about a dozen". In short, he did everything but names names and I held my breath while he fingered the edge of that untouchable quick.

Agnew didn't call names, of course. But I think that is what is coming next. It must, it seems to me, for these people have a curious oneness and they will not let Agnew alone, now, any more than they will ignor Nixon. They are, as a matter of fact, ping-pong both in myriad ways; some ways subtle, some not so subtle.

So, one hopes, we will soon learn just who is incorporated in the Dirty Dozen. And if that happens, the sky will fall, for they are the keystone of the devil's arch—as both Esau and Jacob know.



If they could keep womenfolk out of the stores, a fellow like me could git some Christmas shopping done. A man ain't got no business doing no Christmas shopping. Especially, he ain't got none this time of the year when womenfolk are all over the place.

They ain't got nothing for a man to shop for anyway. Everything is fixed to attract the women. Men got more sense than to buy most of the stuff they put out.

'Course I won't going to buy nobody no suit of clothes anyway, but I looked at some and I say it's downright ridiculous for them folks to wrap red bows and ribbons on men's suits. It was right funny. The salesman knowed I won't going to buy one. He just ignored me. He was eyeing that woman just come in the door. I admitted he had good eyesight. She didn't need no bows and ribbons wrapped on her. She was a Christmas sight if ever I seen one. But that won't what was bothering the salesman. He knowed she was coming in to buy some man a suit. You could see the dollar signs in his eyes.

I hung around, I hadn't never seen a miniskirt quite so many but I figured mostly I'd see how he used the old sales pitch on her. After a reasonable time, she decided her husband or boy friend—I never learned which—would look better in the suit with green tassles and blue stars. The salesman give her a lavender polka-dotted necktie to go with it. I thought it was a good combination.

I didn't stay long in that store after the miniskirt—I mean that woman—left. I wandered around the corner. Just looking, mostly. I went to another store and headed for the women's department. I thought since it was Christmas, I ought to buy the little woman something. I been wrapping up the same old coat every year and she's getting a little tired of that. The surprise done wore off. I never did understand it. I changed the color paper every year except two years I wrapped it in newspaper—I forgot to git any Christmas paper—but even then I didn't use the same edition.

The woman behind the counter asked if she could help me. I said I didn't know. I wanted something for the little woman and I won't sure what it was.

She wanted right off to know what size. I told her big. But she didn't think big was enough information. So I said real big. She picked up a curious looking white thing with strings or something. I said I didn't think that would fit. The strings was alright but I won't sure-of-the rest.

Then she brought out some other stuff. A whole lot of lace and bows and they didn't look like Christmas things. I turned them down. They didn't look quite proper for a man to buy. I was thanking her when five women—medium to large size, I'd say—come running up to the counter. I almost got killed. They'd heard something was on special. They begun tearing the place apart. They was looking for a bargain, they said. I asked if they'd help me fine one and one of them called me fresh and said she was going to call the manager. I left. I didn't have no business with the manager.

This went on all most all day. First one place and then another and everywhere I went, I got run over. I found three lost children. I asked one woman how come she left her youngin alone in that big store and she flashed me a mean look and said it was Christmas and for meto mind my own business. I found out later, it won't her youngin.

I finally found one shop where it looked like there won't nothing inside but men. I went in singing Jingle Bells. Everybody looked sorta strange at me. Come to think of it everybody looked sorta strange to me, too. It was the first place I'd seen selling anything that didn't have bows, ribbons or ice cycles hanging on it.

"Hey, Mister", I said, "Gimme me one of them, please."

"Sure thing, buddy," he said, "with or without onions?"

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"Gee whiz! It's just my unbiased opinion that we should not cut the oil depletion allowance."