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LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

If Freedom Dies

The Senate showed once again yesterday that this country is in the grips of the liberals. By a 52-17 margin, the upper house nullified an amendment to the HEW appropriations bill, already approved by the House. The amendment named for its sponsor, Congressman Whitten of Mississippi would have prevented the federal government from forcing busing to accomplish school integration. The House version would have returned some measure of free choice to the people.

Although the bill must now go to a joint committee for ironing out of differences between the two versions, for all practical purposes, the South has lost again.

It is interesting to note that members of the House who are elected every two years are more sensitive to the wishes of the people. Senators who bask in the comfort of six-year terms, continue to ignore the people's will. Congress, as a whole, continues to overlook the most democratic part of this democracy—the freedom of the people to choose.

The Constitution, like the Bible, can be made to say whatever the interpreter wants it to say. But, most Americans will agree that it was the intention of the writers of this great document that Americans be free to choose their own course and their own destiny.

The Senate's actions this week go far beyond the realm of integration. The Senators know that the present

setup is against every democratic principle and they know that small children are being mistreated, parents are being inconvenienced, and the rights of some are being denied while they piously proclaim to be protecting the rights of others.

A citizen can today choose to travel at unsafe speeds on the nation's highways. Although this could lead to death, it is allowed. The motorist has a freedom to choose.

A parent can select the doctor or hospital to which a child can go or indeed, as has happened, choose not to give a child medical treatment at all. While this could result in the child's death, it is allowed and the parent has a choice.

A United States Senator can choose—and can afford—to send his child to a private school. No one forces integration on him. But, a private citizen—burdened with heavy taxation—who cannot afford a private school has his choice taken away by the same Senators.

Those who now support the tyranny of forced integration will someday find the show on another foot. The day will come—as it must—when the tyrants must move to other fields. Freedom does not die in one clean sweep. It is slowly chipped away.

To paraphrase Kipling:
There is but one task for all—
One life for each to give.
What stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if America live?



'Happy birthday to you... happy birthday to you...'

Congressman L.H. Fountain Says:

Reserve Judgement On My Lai

Washington, D. C. — Whatever may have happened at the Village of My Lai in South Vietnam many months ago—and the facts are not all in—all responsible Americans join in condemning any wartime act of sickening, mindless violence.

But, should we not reserve judgment on this highly publicized affair until we have had a chance to sift through the conflicting reports and reach a sensible, reasoned conclusion?

It is well to remember that throughout all American history, we have never adopted the policy of sending our soldiers to slaughter innocent civilians. If innocent women and children have been shot down in cold blood, even in the midst of war, those responsible must be punished—although frankly I have difficulty in believing that some Americans have done this sort of thing.

In any event, the honorable profession of American arms, which is dedicated to keeping America free, has never condoned ill treatment of civilians in zones of war. On the contrary, the soldier's creed calls upon him to be the protector of the helpless.

The fact remains that terror is an instrument of national policy for the Communist enemy. Millions of South Vietnamese can attest

to this, because of unspeakable acts against members of their own families by the Viet Cong and the North Vietnamese regulars.

Hundreds of thousands of South Vietnamese, especially those in places of authority have been maimed, tortured or butchered in barbaric ways.

Who can forget the Hue Massacre during the Tet Offensive last year? The Communists held the ancient capitol of Vietnam for 25 bloody days. During that time they succeeded in murdering 2,786 people (maybe more), including 16 Americans and Europeans. Some victims were shot; some were buried alive. Members of the Christian Church were high on the murder list.

This was no isolated incident. Typically, the Viet Cong commit atrocities every day. If a villager is even suspected of communicating with South Vietnamese authorities, he is soon murdered. He may be impaled on a stake, or shot, or burned to death, or killed in an even more horrible way.

If a South Vietnamese villager balks at paying taxes to the Viet Cong, a hand grenade may be rolled through the door of his rude hut or a flamethrower may burn him out.

This is not a pretty war. No war is, especially when civilians become victims. But, in general, I'm satisfied our fighting men have behaved in exemplary fashion under the most trying circumstances imaginable. Let us hope and pray that if deliberate murder of anyone—especially innocent women and children in Vietnam—was committed, that it was as the President said, an isolated incident and that those proven guilty will be properly punished.

However, whatever happened at My Lai must be put into context. It was certainly not final and convincing proof of American degeneracy. Surely, we as a people should not suddenly assume a guilt complex and lose our heads, as too often we've done in domestic matters, involving such things as alleged racial discrimination.

Let us await the return of all the facts. And, in great American tradition, let's remember that anyone charged with a crime is presumed to be innocent until proven guilty.



I didn't know whether to tell it or not but I know I had to get some more information. I tried to think of the smartest one in the bunch but they all come up with a tie. But I finally settled on Zeke, mostly because he had at least seen Chapel Hill. None of the rest of the boys ever went to college.

Actually, Zeke never went neither. He got lost one day coming from Durham and ended up in Chapel Hill. He hadn't been snake bit, but I always suspected he was taking medicine for it when he got lost.

"Zeke," I said, "I come to you 'cause I got confidence in your judgment. And besides I know you can keep a secret and I know you ain't going to jump in ahead of me. I got a real good Christmas present if I can swing it."

"Well, Frank, I ain't got no money. Everything I got is in stocks and bonds. I wrapped up in my old socks and bonded together with a rubber band. That's a joke, Frank; just in case you didn't git it."

"Yeah, I got it, Zeke. But this ain't no joking matter. I'm serious. I seen it in the newspaper. It was stuck way back in little letters and I think maybe ain't nobody seen it but me. I ain't heard a soul mention it."

Zeke was getting curious. I could tell. He always blinks his left eye when he git curious. He saves his right eye for serious blinking when he winks at the girls. And that's a joke, folks, in case you didn't git it.

"Frank," he said, "I want to help you git yore Christmas present just so long's it don't cost me nothing. I'll gladly give you the benefit of my thinking. You just name it."

"I'm thinking about buying me a town, Zeke. You ever heard of Lorman, Mississippi? That's the place I figure on buying. It's for sale. The fellow owns it is asking a right big price but I figure I can git it cheap. Ain't much of a market for towns in Mississippi nowadays, Zeke, especially since the government done took Mississippi out of the Union."

"Frank, I reckon you'd better set down. Christmas is gitting to you, boy. You can't buy no town in Mississippi, Frank. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Just look at the advantages, Zeke. I could be the Mayor. I could stand on the corner ever Saturday, directing traffic and helping them young girls across the street. I could be the tax collector, Zeke. There just ain't no telling how much fun I could have, if I woned a town, Zeke."

"That's true, Frank. Hadn't thought of it that way. You might have a idea there. I reckon it would be a challenge to yore community service to help them girls across that street." His right eye was working overtime now.

"Yeah, I could git the money from the government, Zeke. I could git them to build me a swimming pool and a golf course and put in a water system and pave the streets. Then I could charge folks for all that and make a killing, Zeke. There just ain't no telling what a Christmas present like a town in Mississippi would be worth."

Zeke was scratching his head and I could tell something was troubling him. "Frank," he finally said, "It won't work. I hate to tell you this but it just won't work. Yore little woman couldn't never git it gift wrapped." He told me agin that that was a joke, like I didn't know.

I just flat out asked him, "Zeke, you gonna help me or not? If you ain't gonna help me realize my life's dream, then I'll go git somebody to help me."

"Oh, I'll help you, Frank. Seems like you got it all worked out. You say the government is gonna pay for it and you gonna collect the taxes and run things. I ain't quite sure what kind a help you want from me."

"Shore you do, Zeke. I got to git somebody to help me move it to Franklin County. I can't stand Mississippi."

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The Sizzling Sixties

(Continued from Page 1)

were at Berkeley. Here at home things went along at the same steady pace.

In 1961 the county celebrated the 100th anniversary of the raising of the Confederate Stars and Bars on the courthouse square. A cold rain dampened the gala parade, but thousands came to watch and hear, nevertheless. Just about everybody came—who was expected except Governor Sanford who failed to show up for the major address. Franklin has not yet forgiven him.

A pilot man was missing from March 31 when he traveled to Raleigh on business until April 8 when he was found in Oklahoma. He couldn't explain what had happened to him. His absence caused a great deal of concern in his community at the time.

The Louisburg Jaycees picked pretty perky Mary Conn as Miss Louisburg that year and the Louisburg Town Council—as it had and has done

for years—tackled the electric rate. The Council did the same thing in 1961 it has done since about the matter.

Hickory Rock and Justice schools were consolidated after supplying fodder for the news cannon for many months, keeping the schools in the news and General Ed Griffin, retired after 38 years of military service.

Franklin rejected the 10 state bond issues. Some said it was because Terry Sanford favored them. Joyner's huge wholesale building firm was destroyed by fire and a new food tax went into effect. The Board of County Commissioners agreed to build a Board of Education building and Dr. Cecil W. Robbins, President of Louisburg College, was named Man of the Year.

As 1962 came on, Louisburg College prepared to celebrate its 175th anniversary and announced a \$900,000 expansion program and plans were announced for a new men's dormitory—later named for the late College President Walter Patten.

It snowed in January—not an unusual event but in February there came a unique announcement. Sports wear would locate a factory here in Louisburg. The 14-year industrial drought was over. Before the decade ended, there would be 13 other such announcements and most would bear the fruit of actuality. The transition from agricultural to industrial had begun. The shot in the arm to the county economy could easily be seen as the soaring sixties readied to bow out.

The new Louisburg High School plant was dedicated in March; Nina Thayer was chosen Miss Louisburg and Shirley Carter was named Woman of the Year by the Woman's Club. The Board of Education moved to consolidate Justice School with Hickory Rock-White Level and renamed the

school Edward Best Elementary. And Claude Arnold and Brooks Young did an encore after their County Commissioner race ended in a dead heat. Arnold died in office and Young regained the seat in the following election.

Charles Green, prominent Louisburg attorney died in September; The Franklin Times changed to the new offset method of printing after 92 years of hot-type and Sheriff Joe Champion and his son-deputy Wallace were sued for \$40,000 by a Nash County man. Bland Pruitt, for his work in landing Sportswear, was named Man of the Year.

The county was shocked in January, 1963 at the death of its popular Superintendent of Schools Wiley F. Mitchell and the Board of Education took its time in naming a replacement. In April Warren Smith,

Principal at Edward Best High School, was tapped for the post.

NC-56 was slated for repairs early that year. It was slated for repairs every year thereafter. As the sixties die, NC-56 stills hangs on for dear life. Youngville's James T. (Joe) Moss was named Franklin County's Outstanding Young Farmer. He was also named North Carolina's Outstanding Young Farmer and to complete the set, he was named the Nation's Outstanding Young Farmer. Late in the sixties he was appointed by Governor Dan Moore to the State Banking Commission.

On Thursday, April 4, prayer books were read as Franklinton was threatened by a fire which for a time, seemed destined to destroy the entire town. Fire units from all surrounding communities and hundreds of volunteers joined in a monumental effort to



SCHOOL BOYCOTT 1963



FIRE THREATENS FRANKLINTON 1963

save the town. Hundreds of acres of woodland were burned and Franklinton citizens still recall the day.

A Louisburg College coed, Skyler Odum was named Miss Louisburg in May and political controversy arose when Rep. James Speed left Register of Deeds Alex Wood and his staff out of a salary bill in the House. A States Rights group was formed here but was shortlived as area citizens began to get disturbed over the national drama. That show had hit the road and things were getting too close to home. As the sixties ran on, it became apparent there was nothing locals could do.

Dr. I. Beverly Lake—a county favorite—came here in August for a political rally and the area was hit with a rabid bat scare. One 9-year-old boy was forced to take the shots, although it was not certain he was bitten and the bat later proved non-rabid.

At the start of September three members of a Winston-Salem family were killed in an auto accident near Bunn and Negro students boycotted Riverside School here and their parents formed a picket line. When the Board of Education stood fast on their demands, the students returned to classes. A squabble arose when a house on South Main Street burned here and the Louisburg Fire Department didn't attempt to put out the blaze. The Department explained it could not go outside of town without a contract but out-of-town newspapers criticized

the town nevertheless.

Edward M. Bartholomew, noted businessman and College Trustee, died here in October and the area was threatened for a time by a hurricane named Ginny. Gordon Zealand resigned his post as Industrial Development Director and W. J. Benton, resigned as Commission Chairman to accept the directorship on a parttime basis. A number of liquor stills were raided during 1963 and several cases of arson in the county were under investigation.

Then that Friday in November, President John F. Kennedy was assassinated in Dallas and while the young Chief Executive was not overly popular here, his death was nevertheless greeted with a sense of shock. Locals stayed glued to their television sets and watched the most dramatic event of our times unfold. Monday, the President was buried at Arlington and locals joined the nation in turning to Lyndon Johnson. In 1964, Franklin County supported the Texan in his own bid for election to the nation's highest office.

Rain spoiled the first Christmas Parade in years and a rash of robberies hit the area in December. The County Commissioners approved what later turned out to be a controversial free food plan and W. J. Benton was named Man of the Year.

TO BE CONTINUED