

# Public Aroused, Finally

For two and one half years, The Times has been attempting to alert the public to the drug abuse problem in Brevard and Transylvania county.

But until recently, we have met with just mild success.

At times, we have felt like the little boy yelling "wolf".

We were beginning to think that we had said so much that nobody was paying any attention to what we were writing.

All along we have been saying that we have problems here, and we have been reporting what the law enforcement agencies have been doing about it. But nobody seemed to get excited.

That is, until we published a report of the Transylvania Committee

for the Prevention of Drug Abuse last week.

Then we were bombarded with comments from all sides.

We repeat our editor's note just for the record:

"We make no verification as to the accuracy of this shocking information. We publish it as a public service in the knowledge that, whether accurate or not, it depicts a dangerous situation that is fully possible; and in the knowledge that this might, in its brutal frankness, serve to alarm the public into community action that will prevent such things from happening if they have not already."

As we said in the beginning: After two and one half years, we are glad that we have alarmed many citizens to a bad situation. Maybe they will help to do something about it.

## Let The Student Decide

A House subcommittee is now considering the future of Federal subsidies for higher education. While enrollments have increased 270 per cent during the past 20 years, expenditures have increased 1,000 per cent. And yet, our institutions of higher learning are in serious financial trouble.

A basic problem is the improper pricing policy which results in average tuition costs considerably below the actual cost of providing instruction. This policy not only creates an excess demand for higher education, but subsidizes those students well able to pay the true cost of school-

ing as well as those from low-income families. It encourages enrollment of many students who have no strong desire for higher education and, through taxation, forces the young person not able to attend college to support those who do.

Some of the inequities of the present structure could be overcome by direct subsidy to students on the basis of need or by providing increased forms of student loans. This would give students a choice of schools, and institutions would then be forced to compete on a more equitable basis for educational excellence.

## One Moment Please!

Before we kick too much about telephones that don't do what they should, it is worth remembering that, measured by other countries, U.S. telephone service is still tops. Other countries have fewer telephones and far less reliable service.

A study was conducted in Moscow, a short time ago, by a Soviet newspaper to see if that city's telephone service is really as bad as the Moscovites say it is. To an American, the findings are almost unbelievable. At the information desk of the largest hotel in Europe, located in Red Square, it was found that three telephones were served by two girls. When there was no response to calls, an investigation revealed the telephones were off the hooks while the two operators argued over who would take the next work shift. The last telephone directory in Moscow was published two decades ago, and directories are not given away but sold in book-

stores. Moreover, it is nearly impossible to get through to information.

One thing revealed in the survey by the Moscow newspaper sounds like practical suggestion for irritated telephone users everywhere. "It has", says the Moscow publication, "become the fashion to put the phone next to the couch where you can lie down and talk."

## Paragraphics . . .

Folks with a lot of brass are seldom polished.

An antique is an object which has made a round trip to the attic.

This is the age of tension. Almost everyone lives in fear of bending an IBM card.

### A RARE SPECIES



### SENATOR

### SAM ERVIN

★ SAYS ★

WASHINGTON — The Senate bill to extend the draft presents the major issues of whether to extend the President's induction authority and, if so, how long.

I think that it is essential that the draft be extended, and that it should be for a period of at least two years. I have reached this conclusion not because there is some intrinsic value in the draft but because it is totally impractical to think that we can maintain military forces of reasonable size without it.

On the surface, this is what the debate is all about, but when one delves more deeply into the arguments of the opponents of the draft extension, it quickly becomes apparent that for many this is the convenient method to attempt to put restraints on the President's power to wage war in Vietnam. Others have chosen this as the time to establish an all-volunteer force, and some apparently believe that an all-volunteer force would accomplish both of these objectives.

While all can agree in principle that the Senate should be concerned about our foreign affairs, it seems to me that there is real danger in using the draft as the vehicle to alter the course of the President's Vietnam policies, or to adopt an unworkable system of procuring military manpower, such as the all-volunteer force.

The truth of the matter is that the vast majority of our military manpower is today produced by the draft, and I do not think it is presently feasible to talk about relying on an all-volunteer force.

There is much danger too in seeking to limit the Presidential authority — the authority to induct — in order to have an effect upon another — the authority to use men in combat. Actually, the extension of the draft deals with our national security for years to come and not just our ability to extricate ourselves from Vietnam.

The crucial factor in the strength of any nation is the belief by others that its military power is and will remain effective. The world is too insecure a place — from the harbor of Cienfuegos to the Near East to the international waters off North Korea — for us to be able to rely on the good will of others to maintain the peace. It is naive to believe that we can deceive the world into believing that undermanned and under-strength forces can provide credible military power. Ours, thankfully, is an open society, and this means that most of the deficiencies and problems of our military are public knowledge to the rest of the world in a matter of minutes after they are known to us.

In our weaker moments, we — Turn to Page Eight

## EDITORIAL PAGE

THE TRANSYLVANIA TIMES

PAGE TWO

Thursday, May 27, 1971

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Editor's Note: Letters must be brief, signed, typed or written legibly on one side of paper. We reserve the right to reject, edit, or condense. Letters should be received by The Times by Monday mornings.)

Dear Parents of Brevard:

What is coming off in this town? I use to have pride in Brevard, with its beautiful mountains and beautiful people; but has it changed! A useless disease has surrounded the entire community . . . "Paranoia". All of a sudden when the kids come home from school their parents start shooting questions at them, "Don't tell me that you've never seen these drugs, now tell me the truth, have you ever been in contact with drugs?" Parents, with such demanding pressures, what can your child say?

The answers are not to be found in these committees you all are forming; such as, Transylvania Committee for the Prevention of Drug Abuse, and Fact Gathering Committee, it's in the love and trust that we should all have of one another.

In the May 20th Times I read the drug article. I was quite upset with the data given. Nobody has the correct knowledge of the number of drug users or experimenters, and nobody will.

Ever since there was a football stadium in Brevard there have been students and adults staggering in and out of the stands, and not because of drugs, not to any extent; everybody's drunk! Some with the soc hops, everybody leaves to go to Hendersonville (or since this town has gotten bold enough, the Brevard package stores) to get smashed. Very, very, few students will graduate without having gone to Hendersonville for the sole purpose of getting

drunk during a Friday night ball game.

I really had a big laugh when I read that kids were escaping from their homes through basement windows to hop into an awaiting car, complete with your friendly neighborhood pusher, to go out and get stoned. I just can't believe that, no matter if J. Edgar Hoover told me!

It was the most ironic article that I've ever read or ever will read. I read the entire article, that was really kind of hard to swallow; then I came to the line that means that this article is over, but I kept on reading and I read, "When you think of prescriptions, think of Varner's advertising." You mean to tell me that it's bad for kids to do drugs, but the adults can do any drug and the reason behind it is a piece of paper the word prescription written on it along with a doctor's signature. And this is the adult world's reasoning and justification?

I, as a youth, am really ashamed of the adult world of today. I hope that tomorrow's world of adults have a better ability to reason and can love and trust their sons and daughters better than today's world of adults, because something has gone wrong somewhere along the line.

Hopefully yours,  
John Sterk

PS. Parents, try to love and trust your children, because in a few years they are not children anymore; and then we've lost, haven't we?

### Guest Column

## Nick Kenny Speaking

(Bradenton, Fla., Herald)

Susan Russell of 424 Adelia Avenue, Sarasota, a poet of no mean ability in her own right, sends in today's poem, "The New Kid," of which the author is unknown. It'll make you think.

### THE NEW KID

A new kid came to school today—  
A kid named Wilson Lee,  
And took the only empty seat—  
The one across from me.

He acted sort of shy at first  
But sorta friendly, too . . .  
I found myself alik'in' him  
But this would never do!

I felt a smile acomin' on  
But then I pulled it back . . .  
I mustn't smile at Wilson Lee  
'Cause Wilson Lee is black.

And colored kids are different,

Of course we mustn't hate;  
I could be civil to him, but  
I mustn't sociate!

I'd heard these things a hundred times  
But now I couldn't see  
How this kid was so different  
From other kids like me.

His face was clean and shiny  
And his manners so polite  
Before the day was over  
I forgot he wasn't white.

I'll never tell my daddy  
'Cause I know he'd throw a fit,  
But I finally smiled at Wilson  
And it didn't hurt a bit!

—Author Unknown

★  
DIDN'T a famous philosopher say, "Out of the mouths of babes," etc.?

## 'You Break My Heart'

The following piece is by Commissioner William O. Newman of the Kentucky department of public safety, and comes to us from the Mutual Reinsurance Bureau. Commissioner Newman has given blanket approval to anyone who wants to use his article for traffic safety purposes.—Ed.

Maybe you're one of them. Are you one of the people who calls me on the telephone or writes me a letter to tell me my troopers are stopping motorists and giving them tickets for "no reason at all"? I wouldn't know—you never give your name!

You tell me you're a good citizen and a safe driver just using Interstate #84 for what is intended — speed. And that "dumb crop" gave you a ticket.

You break my heart! I hope the next time you're tearing down the road at 85 mph that trooper catches you again. I hope he gives you another ticket, and the traffic judge takes your license away. I hope he catches you before you smash into a concrete bridge abutment at 85 mph and he has to help pry your lifeless body out of that crushed speed machine of yours.

I hope we can teach you a lesson with a ticket so maybe you won't cause a wreck and cost somebody else or her life.

You really break my heart telling me you don't have time to go to court about that ticket. I wish you could come with me to the scene of a wreck sometime. I wish I could make you stand and watch a man write in the gravel on the shoulder of a highway while he waits for an ambulance that will get there too late to do anything but carry him to the morgue.

I wish I could make you help scrape the bits of bone and flesh of a whole family off the asphalt and into baskets.

You'd vomit — just like my troopers do—but you'd think differently the next time you climb into that car of yours.

You said you were driving safely when the trooper stopped you. The road was clear and there was no harm in edging over the speed limit a few miles per hour, you said.

I'm really impressed with your ability to judge road conditions. I'm only sorry a trooper wasn't at that place a few months ago when a man with a wife and four children had a blowout at over 80 mph. He might have slowed down, and his children would still have a father, and his wife a husband.

Oh—am I getting you mad again? That man might have been mad if the trooper had stopped him. He might have written me a letter. But — he'd still be alive!

Your letter doesn't bother me, friend. What bothers me is that you apparently have not learned your lesson. You are probably going to get back behind the wheel of your car thinking you own the road and nothing can happen to you. You don't think about the other people on the road who want to go on living.

And who gave your kid driving lessons? You? Then he's probably gotten a couple of tickets, too. It's no wonder he weaves in and out of traffic, speeds, and leaves strips of burned rubber at stop lights.

I hope we can catch him, too, mister, before we have to call you and your wife to come identify his body at the morgue. I don't want to watch you crying and wishing you hadn't let him have a car until he learned to drive maturely.

And you say you want my troopers to let you off with a warning. What you really want is for us to stop doing our jobs! You want us to let you go until you meet another guy just like you — head on!

I wish you could come with me to a wreck and see the seared body of a victim after the fire department has finished its job of extinguishing 15 gallons of flaming gasoline. I wish you could go with me to her home and help me tell her husband that his wife isn't coming home because some idiot ran her off the road while trying to pass her.

I want you to help him explain why mommy won't be home.

You're mad because you got a ticket, and you have to take time to go to court.

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