

# The Franklin Times

Published Every Tuesday & Thursday

Serving All Of Franklin County

Thursday, December 30, 1965

## LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Good Year

Only a few more ticks of the clock remain before 1965 becomes history. For many, it has been a year of tragedy. For others it has been a good year. For Franklin County generally, it has been a good year.

While farm income was off and many people had less to spend, the weather generally was good for the growing season. There were fewer major crimes in the county. Eight fewer people were killed on our highways.

A new bank gained approval to locate in Louisburg, and another opened a new building. One new industry was started.

The Commissioners granted a property value cut and revaluation wasn't the bug it was once thought to be.

Schools were desegregated for the first time in their history, but there were no incidents.

The Negro groups demonstrated and the Klan rallied and walked, with only a couple of minor incidents.

The hospital moved ahead with plans for expansion to better serve the needs of the community and the College continued to grow.

All in all, 1965 was a relatively good year for most county citizens. Whatever it might have brought you and your family, we wish for you and yours only the very happiest and most prosperous year to come.

### Wouldn't It Be Wonderful?

With the few ticks of the clock remaining in 1965, we naturally turn to the New Year with some anxiety. What will 1966 bring? Of course, none of us can tell.

But wouldn't it be wonderful if it should bring...Peace...Disarmament...A man on the Moon...A cure for Cancer...Less taxes...Safer highways...More work...Less poverty spending...

A shorter work week...More leisure time...and the money to enjoy it...Cleaner air...and purer water...Fewer beatniks...more young ladies and gentlemen...Less card burning and more patriotism...Less politics in government and more government of politics...

More interest in their affairs

By the public...Less secrecy by public officials...More daylight and less darkness...More Christians and less crime...More leaders and fewer followers...

Safer homes...More love...less bickering...More trust...less distrust. More understanding...Less criticism...More church attendance...less allying. More food for the hungry...Less waste in government...

Fewer broken homes...more happy ones. Cheaper cars...and safer ones...Fewer bills...and more pay days...and fewer colds and no hurting feet.

Wouldn't it be wonderful?

reason not to have a telephone extension in the bedroom is so that one can't be awakened by anyone who takes a notion to call day or night.

Another telephone mystery, in the business world, is why clerks and sales personnel invariably let the visiting customer be interrupted and wait, answering a telephone customer. There is no justification for the custom.

In summary, not only telephone extensions but telephones themselves can become a nuisance—if one doesn't exercise some control over this otherwise wonderful convenience.

head for the warmer states, such as Florida or California.

The point is that studies of the largest corporations, and labor specialists, prove that the worker who takes two vacations a year is more efficient in his work than those who get a break only once a year. The vacation in the winter need not be an expensive one. The idea is to get a break, or a rest.

Reading this, you are probably agreeing with the conclusion. But will you do anything about it? Make your plans now, if possible, to enjoy a break from the grind this winter.

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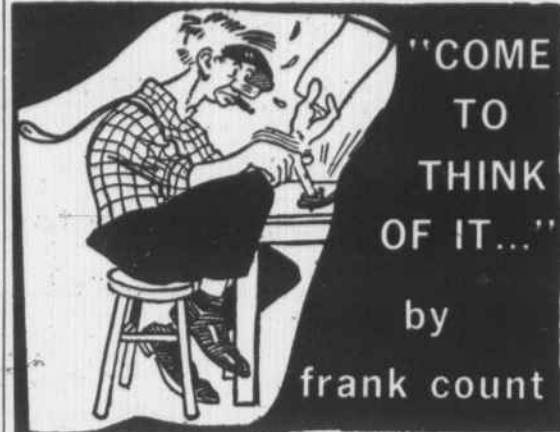
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## He Died With His Boots On...The Accelerator



ZSCHIESCHE GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS



This is the time of the year when everybody gets recognized for something or other. We don't want to be any different...so we hereby honor Twirp Tiddledee as the Forgotten Man of 1965....

During the entire year, Twirp didn't lose his raincoat once.... He didn't buy any men's perfume.... He expressed no opinion on Mr. and Mrs. LBJ firing their French chef.... He didn't join any book or record club.... He didn't subscribe to any magazine to help any youngster through college.... He fastened his safety belt occasionally...and he never jay-walked.

He bravely fought an urge to grow a beard...after seeing some.... He quit worrying about his kids watching too much TV...the programs got so bad even the kids don't watch anymore.... He tried an electric toothbrush once.... He displayed great will power in sticking to his same old knotty razor blades...and he remembered to wear a different necktie every day.

He didn't start any forest fires...and he got by without a bumper sticker being placed on his car.... He stayed out of politics by not voting either way on the roads and court issues....

He didn't sight any flying objects...except a few thrown at him: He shined his shoes at least once a week...and he firmly placed a 5¢ stamp on all letters. He also Printed Clearly his name on everything he sent off for....

He didn't trade cars...and he didn't miss but one house payment. He remembered his wife's birthday...but forgot their anniversary. He threatened to spank the kids at least once a day. He did it once back in April.

He gave his wife money each time she asked for it...one time in early June, he did so without grunting.

Our hats are off to Twirp Tiddledee...1965's Forgotten Man.... Who is he? Come to think of it...he could be any one of us.

## Viewpoint Another War On Poverty

By JESSE HELMS

More than 50 indignant citizens, at last count, have sent us clippings of a recent newspaper article which described yet another "War on Poverty." We judge, noting this reaction among our viewers, that there must be widespread resentment among the taxpayers, who are required to furnish the funds for a pyramiding number of absurd federal projects. But, alas, the country has apparently reached the point that its people have no place to turn.

The latest incident involves, of course, something in Harlem called the "Black Arts Repertory Theatre-School." This strange project has already received \$40,000 in federal funds. Doubtless it will receive many thousands more of the taxpayers' dollars.

And what is its function? For seven months, it has been teaching Negroes to hate white people. It is being operated by perhaps the country's most hate-consuming Negro, a playwright named Lerol Jones. The Associated Press reports that all of the productions at this government-supported project "seethe with rage" against "whitey," an all-inclusive term used by Negroes to label white people. And in the productions staged at Lerol Jones' "Theater-School," all white people are portrayed as degenerates and homosexuals.

And what does Lerol Jones have to say about all of this? "I don't see anything wrong," he says, "with hating white people. . .The force we want," he added, "is of 20 million (Negroes) storming America with furious cries and unstoppable weapons. We want actual explosions and actual brutality."

This, then, is part of what you are getting for your share of the taxes required for Lyndon Johnson's "War on Poverty." And when inquiry was made of a spokesman for the "War on Poverty," this was the response: "It (meaning Lerol Jones' theater-school) is creating a new cultural awareness and that is a constructive thing."

Twaddle! What this spineless bureaucrat really meant is that the legions of Lyndon Johnson are afraid to raise a finger, much less a voice, against anything that any Negro may want, or want to do. Lerol Jones may not be insane,

but he is performing like a madman. Worse still, he is encouraging other Negroes to adopt his own standards of obsessed hatred.

But the Lerol Joneses of America are not to be blamed so much as the politicians who are encouraging so-called Negro leaders to take the law into their own hands. There surely can be few politicians really so blind as to be unable to see the disaster waiting at the end of the road. But who, we might ask, is speaking out? Who is demanding that the President of the United States take action to right some of the wrongs that he has created?

Practically nobody! Not one member of the North Carolina delegation in Congress--to our knowledge, at least--has raised a protest against the allocation of 40,000 federal dollars to the "Black Arts Repertory Theatre-School" in Harlem. And what, by the way, has happened to the preachers and newspaper editors and television report-

ers, and other activists in the civil rights movement who have heretofore been so loud in their cries for "love" and "brotherhood?" Have they been struck dumb at the news of federal funds being spent to teach and incite hatred and violence? Does the "Christian concern" of these people travel a one-way street?

Some will contend that Lerol Jones' "Black Arts Repertory Theatre-School" will not amount to anything, and maybe it won't. But that is hardly the question. The real ques-

ing from the "impartial justice" meted out in some courts. Crime cautions are many and varied. Few, however, are more serious than misguided leniencies, including abuses of parole, probation, and suspended sentences. A young bank robber recently blamed such leniency for his turn to serious crime.

If this is the way our President intends for us to "come, reason together" then his War on Poverty may prove to be one clear reason why we may not be destined to survive. The Great Society is about to become its own executioner.



## A Greeting FOR THE New Year

We're wishing one and all a New Year bright with joy and peace, rich with many friends and full of good fortune. To all our loyal patrons: we're especially grateful for your confidence and good will. We shall strive, in the year ahead, to serve you well that our cordial relationship may continue for many more years.

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