

The Franklin Times

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LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

It's About Time

The announcement, today that Franklin Memorial Hospital will inaugurate a new system of visitor control later this month, can be viewed as nothing more than the application of common sense to a situation which for too long has been allowed to grow progressively worse.

It is past time when the general public needed to be told that persons hospitalized are in no condition to entertain friends and assorted passers-by.

One local physician reported recently that a patient of his received thirty visitors in a single day. Needless to say, his patient's condition worsened the next day. Hospital personnel have long known that most patients would be worse off on Mondays following the overload of visitors on Sunday.

The Hospital authorities have made

Give One To The Little Counties, Governor

Since Governor William A. Graham (1845-1849) pressed legislation to allow counties to build plank roads, highways have been an important part of every state administration. There have been some commendable-although weak-efforts over the years to move the highway programs from the fickle-fingered hand of politics. But, like avoiding death and taxes, the people are consoled that it will never be.

Governor Dan Moore had one of the largest Highway Commissions in history and a \$300,000,000.00 bond bonanza and yet failed miserably to satisfy the people as a whole or the state's road needs in particular.

Now the General Assembly has passed legislation to enable Governor Bob Scott to increase the membership of his Commission by nine members. And, incidentally, gave him the authority to fire any of them on the spot. The state will continue to be divided in the same Divisions as present. Some, however, will soon have two instead of one Commissioner.

We find no more fault with the Legislature's actions and Governor Scott's request than with the other fickle-fingered flummery that has accompanied every administration in this century. As a matter of fact, this action tends to flash a glimmer of hope where, for years, only darkness has shown.

In the past fifty-four years, which about covers the life of the organized Highway Commission as we know it, 171 men have served as members, 21 have served as chairmen. Asheville has enjoyed the greatest representation with ten representatives on the Commission. Raleigh, in our Fifth Division is second with eight, followed by Winston-Salem with seven, Charlotte with six and Durham, also in our Division, and Greensboro with five each.

In the Fifth Division, Franklin, Granville and Warren Counties have never-repeat- never had a representative on the Highway Commission.

it clear that the new system will not prevent the presence in the hospital of persons needed there. Husbands can continue to visit wives and wives can visit husbands at will and relatives can be near patients on the critical list. Ministers can continue their visitations. Beyond this, it seems there should be no need for visitors anyway.

We hope the hospital will enforce the new rules to the fullest. The public should recognize the purpose and not only be cooperative, but grateful.

Hospitals are for the care of the sick and medical personnel should have plenty of time and room in which to work effectively. Visits should be made after the patient has returned home.

We congratulate the hospital authorities on this move and wish them every success in its implementation.

Person County had one man serve two terms, Vance County had a member briefly and Durham and Wake have had 13 between them.

The listing of cities having members on the Highway Commission reads almost in exact order with their size. It is a point to ponder. Did the cities grow large because of good roads due to direct representation over the years or were the members appointed because they lived in large cities?

Asheville, for example, with ten is larger than Durham with five. Kinston with four is larger than Asheville with three. Rocky Mount with two is larger than Boone with one.

Boone, Sanford, Lumberton, Hickory and Jacksonville are larger with one than Warren, Louisburg and Oxford which have had none.

Good highways are not the only requirement for growth in a given community, but few have grown to any extent without them.

Now that Governor Scott has some extra seats to fill on the Commission, it would be a great service to the small counties if he were to give them some representation. This is particularly true in the Fifth Division where Wake and Durham have dominated the decision making and have thrived on the allocations.

There can be little argument against the appointment of one Commissioner from Wake or Durham since they are the population centers of the Fifth Division. However, it is an everlasting disgrace to the state and a discredit to any administration that the other five counties go on and on without adequate representation.

It is sincerely hoped that the Governor will give thought to the plight of the five smaller counties and name a second Fifth Division Commissioner from Warren, Granville, Vance, Person or even Franklin. These counties, too, have much to offer the state if given an opportunity to join the mainstream.

We know of no better time than now.

Hospital Striking 'Em Out



The Inquisitor



The Bed-Share



The Entertainer



The Bad News-Bearer



The Smoker



The Curiosity-Seeker



The Crowd-Bringer



The Food Deliverer



The Over-Stayer



The Home-Remedy Dispenser

The News Reporter, Whiteville, N. C.

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

DST Didn't Cause Calamity

The Southern Pines Pilot

The world did not end last year when North Carolina went on Daylight Saving Time.

Instead of calamity, a vast majority enjoyed it and want it again.

Rep. John Covington of Richmond County knew that he was not introducing a popular bill when he proposed last week that North Carolina get out of step with the rest of the country and stay on standard time.

Loud opposition to his proposal is already being heard.

Most people enjoy that extra hour of daylight at the end of the working day. Moreover, it doesn't make sense for North Carolina to be on one time schedule and the rest of the country on another. There is too much confusion in other areas of our daily lives to add the complication of a confusion in clocks.

Racial Myth Exploded

The Cleveland Times

Arizona Senator Paul Fannin is waging quite a fight to try to strengthen the laws against criminal use of deadly weapons in the District of Columbia. We hope that his campaign will be effective. It won't be an easy chore.

Because the racial make-up of the District is predominantly Negro, almost every effort to fight crime is attacked as being racist-oriented.

However, some facts entered in the Congressional Record by the former Arizona governor may well soften the complaints of the militants. The figures are taken from the pages of the Washington Daily News in what the paper calls its Crime Clock.

The Crime Clock for four days was published. The victims of robberies in these four days were in fourteen cases Negroes. Seventeen whites were victimized. In all cases the assailants were Negro. A lot of the victims of crime in the District are Negroes.

In the assault category, five Negroes were attacked, including two

women who were victims of attempted rape, and one who was raped. Again the criminals were of the same race as the victims. There were only four whites assaulted on these particular dates and one Chinese man was shot for no apparent reason. A man merely walked into his store, fired one shot into him and walked out into the night.

The crime rate knows no race, age or sex barrier. One Negro youth was robbed of thirty-five cents. The boy was thirteen years old. Lawlessness is not an issue of civil rights. No civil rights bill is going to solve it. Only strong measures to find and punish the guilty will work, and the sooner this is recognized, the sooner we will be able to cope with the problem. A lot of decent people of all races are being abused and killed in this most serious battle. Let us get on with it and stop the alibing. We're wasting time and valuable lives -- black, white and yellow.



"Is this the Internal Revenue Service office", I asked the pretty little thing at the desk. "Yes sir, it is. Did they send you to clean the floors?" she replied jerking on her short skirt. It needed jerking. It needed it, that is, if she expected it to cover anything at all.

"Well, no mam, they didn't", I said. "But I'd be happy to help you soon's I see the man in charge". She jerked again.

"Whom do you wish to see?", she asked. "I don't rightfully know", I said. "Just the man in charge".

"We have Mr. Winetaster in charge of tax shelter deductions. We have Mr. Liverwurst in charge of standard deductions and we have Mr. Dumpstall in charge of suspicious deductions. Now, if you're not interested in deductions, we have Mr. Thawitout, whose in charge of form review, and Mr. Nixonsbrother whose here to protect the government's interest".

"Mam," I said, when she had to take a deep breath. "I just want to see the man that sent me all them papers last Christmas and said I was to report them here today. I brung them all back and I ain't dirtied a one."

"Surely, sir", she said. "You don't mean to tell me that you haven't filled out your form after all this time". Well, now I didn't mind looking at her form even though she didn't do much of a job of covering most of it, but when that little upstart began talking about old Frank's form, well I'd about had enough of that. After all, I been on vitamins for years and except for a little ridge or two here and a wrinkle or two there, I'd match forms with the best of 'em.

But I didn't say nothing to her. I figured to just let it pass. Finally this tall boy came in with a sachel and wearing a coat. He was wearing his other stuff, too, but I always mention a coat. I learned a long time ago to be careful of folks wearing coats and ties. Some of them are sneaky. The short-skirt told him my troubles and he said, "Walk this way". I couldn't. He was walking like he was trying to keep from stepping on the beans in the middle row.

"I come to see about all these papers you sent me. I appreciated your thinking about me but I didn't need all these papers. I started to give some of them to my neighbor but he said you sent him some, too. You said send them back by April 15, and here I am. I brung them."

"But you haven't filled them out. You have to file your 1040 and take off your deductions and you might get a refund. Hurry, you haven't got much time".

"Youngin", I said. I was mad now. "Youngin", I said, "I'm as filled out as I expect to get. I ain't taking off nothing and I don't want no refund-whatever that is. I just want to get rid of these papers".

"But, sir, you can't do that. Here, let me ask you a few questions. It'll only take a minute or two and you can be on your way. The law requires that you file this report of your earnings for last year and that you pay taxes on it".

"How much did you make?" Well now, he was getting some kinda personal, but I figured it was the government so I said, "About forty gallons, more or less". "No sir", he laughed -- and I didn't understand that. "I mean how much money did you make?"

"Very little", I said. "Ain't hardly worth mentioning".

"Well, how many's in your family. How much money did you give away and how much interest and taxes did you pay?"

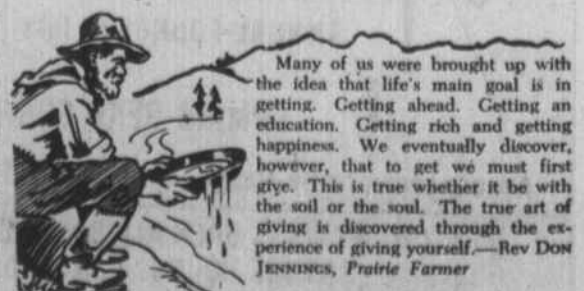
"I ain't got the slightest idea what yore talking about and I ain't got time to set here a listening to all them foolish questions. I brung you them silly papers like you told me. I never did know why you sent 'em in the first place. You could a kept them and saved all that trouble. Look at the money you could a saved by not sending them. If you wanted them back, you ought to have kept them in the first place."

"But sir, if you don't cooperate, you can be arrested. You have to give me the information so I can execute the forms. Today is the deadline. There'll be a penalty tomorrow".

"Young fellow", I said--wore plumb out with his high and mighty stuff about what I had to do--"I ain't the least bit interested in what's gonna be tomorrow. I'm gonna be plowing and when I gits through, I'm gonna be resting. I ain't gonna help you execute nothing or nobody. And it ain't no need of threatening me. I done what your letter said. Plain as day it said these must be returned not later than midnight on the 15th. I'm here and it ain't midnight. And I'll tell you something else", I said heading for the door....

"Yes, sir, what's that?", he yelled.

"It ain't no use sending me no more papers this year 'cause I ain't gonna bring them back."



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