

The Franklin Times

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LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Trust, Reason, Cooperation And Understanding

When the Senate passes the amended Louisburg annexation bill today, as it is expected to do, it should bring the heated controversy to a halt for the time being anyway.

The amended version represents a compromise and as is so often the case, this action will not totally please either side. There have been some harsh words and some misleading information spread around town for the past several days and some feelings are now in need of time in which to heal.

However, once the healing takes place and reason begins to rear its head, the entire matter should be worked out in an atmosphere of cooperation for the common good.

Opponents of the bill which would have given town councils, including Louisburg, absolute right to annex under certain conditions, have expressed a number of fears—some real and some apparently imagined. Little has been done by proponents of the measure to quiet all of these fears. It seems some fuller explanations on the part of the proponents is now in order and more understanding on the part of opponents would be advisable.

It would serve no purpose at this time to go into all the misleading statements and accusations heard and reported in the last few days. The

sooner most of them are forgotten, the better.

The accusation by at least two opponents of the annexation issue that this newspaper had been asked by the Town Council "to keep it quiet" is without any foundation whatsoever. The reference is to the request by the Council to have the bill introduced a couple of weeks ago. Not only was this newspaper not asked by anyone "to keep it quiet", it would not have done so had it been asked. Responsible people, paying any attention to this newspaper's record for the past 99 years would have discounted such a rumor at the outset.

So it is now time for reason to reign. As the Council moves ahead with its plans for annexation of whatever area it may first choose, the people of that area should be kept fully informed. The people affected should also withhold any criticism of the Council's actions until they have all the facts.

Trust, reason, cooperation and understanding can and should replace the arguments of the past several days. If they do, this community—including any annexed or unannexed sections—will be a better place to live because of it.

Senatorial Courtesy Should End

Hopefully the annexation fiasco will be settled today in the General Assembly. Whether or not it is, there is one aspect of this entire matter which should be.

Representative James Speed opposed the bill. He has a right to oppose or to support a bill as he sees fit.

On the other hand, Representative John Church, after first opposing the bill because Louisburg happens to be in Mr. Speed's county, later supported the bill. He has a right to change his mind and he, like Mr. Speed, has a right to oppose or support this or any other bill.

Senator Edward F. Griffin introduced the bill in the Senate as requested by the Louisburg Town Council. He has a right to do this.

However, there appear to be inherent dangers in the procedures followed by these three representatives the past several days in this matter. Some very serious questions beg for answers.

Did the Senator introduce the bill because it is the best interest of a sizable number of the people he represents? Or did he introduce the bill just because he was requested to do so? Once it passed the Senate, sponsored by him, did he have an obligation to continue support of it?

Did Mr. Speed oppose the bill because, while good for 93 counties,

he believed it bad for his district? Or did he listen only to those who supported him in his opposition?

Did Mr. Church oppose the bill because it was a bad bill? Would he have supported it from the beginning had it been applicable to his home county of Vance?

A compromise has apparently been worked out among these three gentlemen and it may prove in the days ahead to be a good one. There is nothing wrong with the three men working together in an effort to settle the issue. This is good.

However, there should no longer be a Rep. Speed of Franklin County and a Rep. Church of Vance. Both are elected by and represent the people of the Sixteenth District. Neither is a first man and neither is a second man. Both are voted on equally and both should represent all the people of the entire district. It should make no difference whatsoever where either lives.

The day of senatorial courtesy should be ended in the Sixteenth District. Having representatives from Vance and Franklin honoring this outdated practice should bring many a wrinkle to Warren County brows, the third county in the District.

Each should represent the entire district and if they happen to differ on an issue, so be it.

'Stop Shootin Back — You'll Spoil Everything'



WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

A Willingness To Do Our Part

VIEWPOINT
By Jesse Helms

The young Marine, writing to us from "near the demilitarized zone in South Vietnam," began with an apology for the smudged paper on which he wrote. "This ball-point leaks," he said, "and my hands are muddy and wet." He had just come in from patrol duty and, as he put it, "you'd better believe that it's dark and wet out there."

Such letters come to us now with increased frequency, and they are always heart-rending. These are the gallant men of the "younger generation"—and, in a tragic sense, they are the forgotten men. Never once do they complain about the sacrifices they are being called upon to make. But they resent—and they have a right to—the news they receive from home. They don't complain about their having been sent around the world to risk their lives for their country, but they do mind—and they have a right to—that they are being asked to fight a war which their country still does not intend to win.

The young Marine, writing to us from Vietnam, remember the June night two years ago when he was a member of the senior class of a rural school in Eastern North Carolina, and a fellow who does editorials on a Raleigh television station came down to deliver the commencement address.

"I remember," the young Marine wrote from Vietnam, "that you asked a question that night about the war in Vietnam. You said, 'Why not win? I remember thinking, surely we're not over there not trying to win'."

Then, the young Marine added, "I've been over here seven months, and now I understand what you were talking about."

Maybe you'd be interested in the remainder of the young man's letter: "I wish I were in a position to make a few statements on this war in Vietnam, and the so-called 'peace plan' which the present administration has put up. Please do not use my name—and you obviously know why."

"Over here," he continued, "you cannot find one Marine who supports the so-called peace plan. It is unanimous among us that the bombing of North Vietnam should be resumed, and this time bomb the right places. Right now, as I write this, I can hear the enemy mortar fire less than a-half-mile away. Their rocket fire has been increasing

steadily since the so-called peace plan was announced."

The young Marine in Vietnam continued: "Every man over here knows that the communists are using the time we are giving them by stalling, to build up their reserves. They are just waiting for the Americans to pull out, then they're going to really hit South Vietnam. Their objective is still the same—the complete takeover of Vietnam and then world conquest."

The concluding paragraph of the young Marine's letter brought memories of that sultry evening in early June, two years ago, when the piano in the school auditorium in a rural community not far from Raleigh burst forth with Pomp and Circumstances—and a line a fresh young faces marched down the aisle amidst the assembled proud but misty-eyed parents, and the scores of other relatives and friends. Was this young Marine—who today serves his country in the swamps of Vietnam—was he the tall boy that night with the wide smile? Or was he the heavy-set young fellow who appeared to have the makings of a tackle for the Green Bay Packers?

Never mind. It doesn't matter. What matters is that today he is one of those largely-unsung, gallant young Americans, one who willingly interrupted his future—and maybe even gave it up—to do his part for his country, leaving behind the long-haired and smelly characters who make the headlines at home. It seems an irony that he is on the other side of the world, fighting to preserve the liberties of that kind, also.

That last paragraph? Oh, yes: "Please, Mr. Helms, make our views felt back home. Ask the public to write their Congressmen and Senators and demand that those of us over here be allowed to 'win' this war and come home. Let us," he said, "have no more of this business of fighting and dying without meaning, and without hope of victory. If die I must, let it not be said that I died in vain."

The past two years have taken this young man from the commencement exercises at his rural high school in Eastern North Carolina to the swampy, steamy jungles of Vietnam. Let us hope that the next two years will bring him home safely, in victory, and in honor. He has proved his willingness to do his part. How about us?



I was getting along just fine last Saturday. There I was minding my own business, working in the yard, doing what I was told by the little woman. I was doing fine that is, until George come over. George, for the benefit of you newcomers, is my neighbor. And if you know George, you know he always comes over when I'm in the yard. He ain't got nothing to add and he don't come to get involved in the work. He just comes over to... well, come to think of it... I ain't sure what George comes over for.

"Frank", he said, "You ought not to be out here in the hot sun working. It ain't good for you."

"Aw, George, it ain't so hot. I'm doing alright. I got to git this yard fixed so's I can go fishing this evening."

"But, Frank", he said, "Don't you know it's supposed to git up to 97 today. That's hot, Frank. And you ain't got no business working out in this sun. Think of your age, Frank. You ain't getting no younger." Now, why'd he have to say that? Don't take no college education to figure I ain't getting no younger. The way I figure it, ain't nobody.



"George", I said wiping sweat, "I appreciate your concern. I know you mean well, but I was alright until you come over here talking about how hot it's supposed to git. I hadn't even thought of the heat!"

"Well, you ought to think about it, Frank. You ain't getting no younger and I hate to see you go too soon. I knowed a fellow back home once, won't nowhere's near your age that just fell over one day. Blop. He just fell over. Working in the yard. That's what he was doing when they come and carried him off. Won't this hot either, as I remember."

With that cheerful bit of news, George finally walked back to his chair under that big shade tree. He had done his good deed for the day. And there he set. In the shade. Just waiting for me to blop over. I wondered if he's help carry me off, if'n I did.

But I had to admit, George had something. It shore did get hot in a hurry. I decided to take a little break. I went into the house and pulled off my overalls and put on them shorts somebody give me last Christmas. The legs ain't nothing to look at, but the rest of me come on right strong when I checked the looking glass.

I got me a drink of ice water and went back to work. That sun sure was getting up there by now. It was hot. I took another break. This time I decided to carry my radio back in the yard. This way I could keep up with the temperature while I worked.

Then the music come on. Taste that beats the others cold. Cold. Man, that was a pleasant thing. I was getting thirsty and the music was playing. In the good old summertime. That was better. I like the good old summertime so I worked some more.

I was getting on fine again when Clyde come up. Now Clyde is new in my neighborhood. He ain't exactly a neighbor. Then again he ain't exactly not a neighbor either. I ain't figured out just what Clyde is yet. He ain't lived here but five years. He's still a outsider. He was a stranger until a few months ago. In my neighborhood, folks don't take to strangers and newcomers.

But, being the friendly sort, I tried to make Clyde feel at home in my neighborhood. I shouldn't a bothered. He's a busybody just like George.

"Frank", he said, getting down to a first-name basis, "You ought not to be out here working in the hot sun. It ain't good for you. You ain't getting no younger."

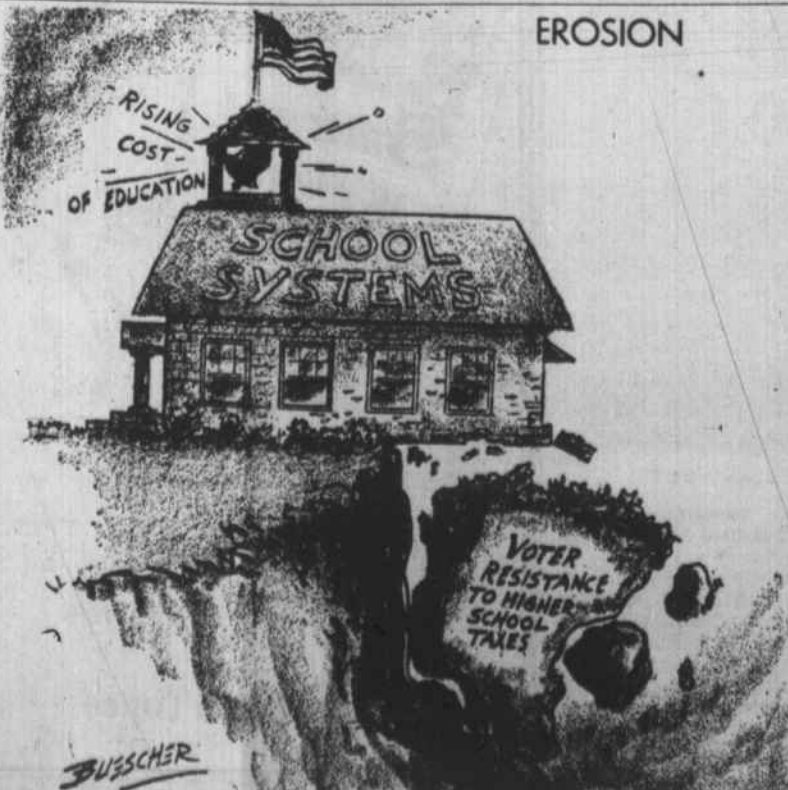
"Clyde", I said, "I wish you'd mind your own cotton picking business. I know I ain't getting no younger. You ain't got to tell me. And I know its hot. George done told me that"

"Well, Frank", he said sadly, "If that's the attitude you're gonna take I'll be leaving. But I knowed a fellow once who just fell over. Yes, sir. Blop. He was working in the yard and just fell over. He won't old as you are Frank and it won't as hot as it is today, best I remember."

Well, to make the long story short, I decided that it might be a bit too hot. I didn't have no business working in the hot sun. I won't getting any younger, you know. So, feeling all pooped out I went in and set down in front of the fan and started counting my days. I ain't getting no younger, you know.

Andrew Mellon, the famous tycoon, was once approached by an unbalanced individual who railed against the injustice of one man's having so much wealth. He insisted it should be more evenly distributed. Mellon cut him short by asking his secretary for a statement of his possessions and holdings, at the same time looking up the world's population. He made some notes, figured awhile and then told his secretary, "Give this gentleman sixteen cents. That's his share of my wealth."

Teenager writing home from boarding school: "Send food packages! All they serve here is breakfast, lunch, and dinner."



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