

## LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Slip Showing

The Democratic Party is likened to the stylish lady whose slip has been showing all day. She doesn't find it out until she gets home and her husband has the nerve to tell her. North Carolina's personable—and sometimes plain spoken—Democratic Party Executive Director Chuck Barbour has played the part, in recent days, of the courageous husband. In no uncertain terms, Barbour has told the national crowd what everybody else has been knowing for quite some time. The party's slip is showing and if it doesn't adjust the straps pretty soon, it's going to face disaster.

Flushed with the synthetic acceptance of all the liberal shenanigans under the Johnson Administration and with the bag still over the donkey's head, following blindly behind an even more liberal-minded Hubert Humphrey the Democratic Party—it seems to us—should have learned by defeat.

Whatever, National Party Chairman, Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma hopes to achieve by his more-liberal-than-thou approach to party pickles he is in for a rude awakening. He can write off the South—including Tarheelia—and he can just take a reading of the 1968 election returns. There'll be no need to go through the emotions of a Democratic campaign for national office.

Sen. Harris and other bigwigs of the party have lived in the ivory tower of Washington liberalism so long, their eyeballs have become dimmed to the light that shines across the horizon. Granted that voters breath only at the

direction of Washington politicians, there are those who have again and again pointed out that the natives are growing restless. A peek at George Wallace's vote—if Senator Harris hasn't the stomach for Richard Nixon's—should tell it louder than even friend Barbour.

This may come as a sudden and intolerable shock to those with blinders, but liberalism has about had it. The heyday of the Johnson giveaway programs and the Kennedy charm have—like the dinosaur, bigness and all—passed away.

Even those sincere voters who fell to the charisma of John Kennedy and were blinded to the chameleon character of Lyndon Johnson, discovered after seven years, that Hubert Humphrey was more of the same. The country—the South included—is tired of being told that the liberals have all the answers. Surprisingly, a number of folks are finding out they don't.

North Carolina—until driven out of the national camp last year—was as Democratic as any state in the Union. Folks voted for people they never heard of just because they ran as Democrats. Incumbents stayed in office for life and most just laughed off Republican opposition. Not any more. No, sir. Not any more.

If Senator Harris and other national Democrats didn't hear the word last November it is unlikely he or they will hear now, but Chuck Barbour is giving them some very sound advice. They ought to listen before the Democratic Party becomes completely undressed.

### Wolf at the door



## WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

### Overpaid, Underpaid, Who?

The Charlotte (N.C.) Observer

Life magazine has uncovered no great scandal in Aiken County, S. C., but the facts it printed about highway land transactions tarnish Sen. Strom Thurmond's halo considerably.

Thurmond is more than merely self righteous when it comes to the ethics of other public servants. Now it has been shown that he has feet of clay when it comes to getting top dollar from government once the right opportunity is at hand.

No violation of law was involved when Thurmond and his former law partner, Federal Judge Charles E. Simons, Jr., got \$492 an acre for 66 acres of land condemned for the construction of an interstate highway. Only \$32,472 changed hands.

But here's the rub. The Thurmond-Simons land was independently appraised at a high of \$192 and a low of \$130 an acre. Other less prominent landowners received an average of \$200 an acre for their holdings in the same general area.

Thurmond and Simons contend their land was a prime industrial site that would have brought between \$50,000 and \$75,000 in a private sale. This value is disputed by appraisers whose opinions were solicited by Life. And other facts in the case suggest strongly that the two men traded on their prominence in public life to get more than twice the amount paid to less influential property owners.

The record, to the degree that it is spelled out by the magazine, bears this out. Negotiation were carried on through the South Carolina Highway Department, although the U. S. Bureau of Roads pays 90 per cent of the cost for Interstate highway land. When Thurmond and Simons rejected the state's offer of \$200 an acre, the state arrived at \$750 an acre. It did so after weighing its chances with a jury in a possible civil action against Thurmond and Simons in Aiken County.

The Bureau of Roads balked at \$750 but agreed to settle at \$492 an acre before the case went to trial.

Legal all the way? Yes. But should we expect something more from a United States senator and a federal judge than a routine squeeze play on their state and federal governments?

We certainly should.

Unless there were some strikingly different characteristics of their land from that of adjoining property owners, Thurmond and Simons were overpaid because of who they were and what they and their legal counsel could wring out of that fact. If they were not overpaid, then Thurmond's fellow South Carolinians who settled for \$200 an acre got it in the neck.

Leaving aside for the moment Judge Simons' ownership interests in postoffices leased to the federal government, which is another, quite different question one would expect men of this prominence and reputation in the government not to put the taxpayers over this kind of barrel.

### No Substitute

The Ashboro (N.C.) Courier-Tribune

Rumors persist of financial difficulties facing many publications. When such respected institutions as the late Saturday Evening Post find it impossible to make both ends meet, people cannot be blamed for wondering if the written word is to become a thing of the past.

One authority gives an encouraging answer to the contrary so far as newspapers are concerned.

The dean of the school of journalism of a large university observed that, "Only the newspaper, of all the news media today, can fully live up to the challenge of providing the people with the news they are searching for. . . Nobody can fight City Hall — if City Hall has to be fought — like a crusading city editor. Nobody knows where the body is buried like a good reporter. Nobody can interpret the news in meaningful fashion like a good editorial writer. Nobody can be closer to understanding the impact of the news on the people of the community than a working publisher who is part of the life of that community."

The archives of the local newspaper constitute the only printed record of community life. Learning to read is a useful achievement—and will remain so.

taxpayer's best chances. Kipling wrote it.

"Hev it just as you've a mind fo, but—and here he takes command.

For whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns the land."

So, if you're not overjoyed next Wednesday when he cashier waits patiently for you to dole out a little more of your hard-earned cash, remember it's "Mus' Hobden" who owns the land—and it's the taxpayer who owns the vote.

### ASCS

(Continued from Page 1)

man, George D. Foster, Member, Gardner Dement, First Alternate, L. S. Neal, Second Alternate.

Harris: Raeford Baker, Chairman, Bobby Land, Vice-chairman, Harold



"You'll don't know 'Fuzzy' Fletcher. I ain't never discussed him with you in this column. I ain't never discussed him with you anywhere. Fact is, I ain't never discussed 'Fuzzy' at all.

"Fuzzy" left this section a long time ago. He come back last week. He's retired now. I don't know why and I don't know from what, but he says he's retired. The little woman says she heard he got fired but I don't put much stock in anything the little woman hears. I don't put much stock in anything she tells either.



"Fuzzy" been up North. He talks like Melvin Smudge did that time he got lost in Norlina and had to stay overnight.

I can't understand exactly everything "Fuzzy" says but I like to hear him talk. Sometimes he sounds like his old self and when he remembers he sounds like a boy I usta know in service. He starved to death. Nobody could ever tell what he was trying to say. We figured after it was too late that he was saying he was hungry.

I knowed that first night "Fuzzy" showed up at the store, he won't going to make it big with the boys. He started off trying to tell all his experiences since he left and how great New York was. Right off, Zeke asked him why he didn't stay up there. Then "Fuzzy" said he'd always wanted to come back to the land of his boyhood and Rob told him right off he was nuts.

We did find out, though, that "Fuzzy" worked in some kind of government job up north. This didn't set too good with Crech Goosh. His government welfare check hadn't come. Crech had even took the flag out of his window. He even talked of becoming a Republican if his checks didn't get better.

We figured Crech was just joshing. He's right patriotic. He even visited a Army base a few years back when they was having open house. He said he saluted the officers, but I ain't sure Crech knowed a officer when he seen one.

I think "Fuzzy's" main mistake was when he left his hair long when he come back. He was a swinger up north to hear him tell it, but he won't doing so good down here. Zeke offered to shear him, but it's been so long since he knowed what you shear, "Fuzzy" backed out.

After he left, we felt sorry for him. I told the boys won't no sense in making Fuzzy feel bad. He'd come back so he could spend his last days with the fellows he grewed up with and we ought to make him feel at home. Most of them agreed, but they thought there ought to be come changes made in Fuzzy. I was one of them agreeing to that.

I was elected a committee of one to go talk to Fuzzy. The store boys love to point committees and I always git caught. They say I got the most community spirit just because I keep my lawn mowed.

When I come up, I seen Fuzzy setting on his front steps holding his head in his hands. It was still stuck on his neck, a course. I just wrote it that way. Thought you'd git a chuckle out of it.

"Fuzzy", I said, "Whatcha doing setting there looking so down and out and how come you breathing so hard. How come you sucking is so strong?"

It took him awhile before he'd stop his curious breathing and answer me. "Frank", he said, "I'm smelling".

Well, he didn't have to draw me no picture of that. I could tell he was smelling when I left the store.

"To tell you the truth, Frank, I ain't really smelling. I'm remembering smells. That's what I'm doing, Frank. Remembering smells."

He kept on talking. "Frank", he said, "I can remember how a lightning bug use to smell when we'd put it in a hot jar. And remember how a new pair of overalls smelled, Frank? And a kettle steaming on the stove or a new fielder's glove just been oiled; or a new oil cloth on the table or tobacco in the barn. Remember, Frank, how ink use to smell when it come in a bottle and the old sticky fly paper? Remember the smell of a just fired shotgun, Frank, on a cold winter day in the woods and how it use to smell on the farm after a summer's rain? And, Frank, remember how them mustard plasters use to smell. Man, I can remember. And remember them old wool bathing suits when they was wet, Frank?"

"Yeah, Frank. I just been setting here remembering smells and it shore is good to be home."

Yeah, I thought, and it's good to have you, Fuzzy. There ain't nothing a committee ought to change about you.

### Borman's Visit

Moscow - U. S. Astronaut Frank Borman ended his eight day tour of the Soviet Union at a farewell reception after meeting with some of Russia's top space scientists. Borman said at the reception that his meetings were "very encouraging and beneficial when we think of cooperation in space."

### Humphrey & Senate

Washington - Former Vice President Hubert Humphrey said he is considering running for the Senate in Minnesota next year. Since Senator Eugene McCarthy, (D-Minn) said he will not run for reelection.

### OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE

JOHN J. SYNON

When you were little, did you ever play "wishing"? I did. All the time. Formally, sitting in a circle, outwishing the less imaginative; and informally, just in my head. And not only when I was little. I remember when I began shaving and wearing long pants, how I wished I had a girl.

And I am still at the wishing business, though, these halting years, I don't engage in the sport as often as once I did. But when I do wish, now, I come down hard.

Like today. It's Monday and around my feet are 50, maybe 75 weekly newspapers, all arrived today. There will be as many more tomorrow and then they will trickle off until by Friday the mail will bring but a delinquent six, maybe 10. All run Synon.

I go through them, confessedly, to see how and how often they play the column. And I can tell you, I am gratified — thank you, one and all — for the position mirdors accord this pillar of wisdom.

But what I wanted to say was this: If I had my days to go over, neither United Press nor a half-dozen dailies I could name would lure this one into their net. No, sir. By hook or by crook — probably the latter — I would get me a weekly, boy, and let the rest of the world go by.

That's my wish for today. Lordy, how I wish I were the one-a-week publishing Pooch-Bah of a community, say, of 10,000. Me and my circulation of 4,000. That's living.

Shuffle the pile a mite and there is a stack of Nick Murray's ray's ventures . . . four, five, six, seven of them. The one on top is the Poncha-toula, La., *News Herald*, with Synon sharing Page One with Nick's own mug shot.

Glory be, how they run on. Every last one of them doing the thing I should have been doing these frittered 30 years.

Well, it's not to be; I know that. But no harm done. As I say, I am just wishing, though "bemoaning" seems the better word.

And it is no vagrant thing, this particular wish of mine, not as my wishes were vagrant in the long ago. This wish is the essence, what I have come to know as the highest calling: To serve a community that is not so large as to be beyond one's comprehension; to fight for one's own people; to rejoice as they rejoice, and sorrow with them, too. Even to scrape, as most weekly editors do scrape, to pay the

printers, the newsprint people, and the installment on the press. That's living.

Some of my weekly-editor friends know I live on a point of land that overlooks Virginia's Chesapeake Bay. My home is a quiet place where fish, deer, pheasant, quail, mocking birds, and jack rabbits abound. Jack rabbits or bunny rabbits, I don't know the difference. And there are those among my ink-stained friends who think my rural home quite dandy and will wonder how I taken leave of my senses, writing so of the weekly field, of what they call "hard scrabble".

For doing so, I will get a few who-you-kidding notes but I will disdainfully toss them aside. I can enjoy an occasional aberration if I please. It's no skin off their thin noses.

All I'm saying is if I had to do over again, I'd be on the receiving end of these dispatches.

### Taxes

(Continued from Page 1)

tanks full.

All, however, is not yet lost. Thoughtful taxpayers can even yet beat the deadline. Cigarettes and soft drinks—unlike gas—can be stored. And twenty cents can still be saved on each carton of cigarettes purchased before next Wednesday and six cents can be saved on each carton of soft drinks.

Merchants will be required to pay the taxes on all cigarettes and soft drinks on hand at the close of business Tuesday.

The customer will not pay the tax as such when he makes his purchases. That is, the cashier will not ring up the price of the item get a subtotal and add tax. The tax will be paid to the state by the distributors. This cost will be passed on to the consumer. The

new increased price of cigarettes and soft drinks will then become subject to still another and more familiar bug-a-boo, the sales tax.

Again taking simple arithmetic, a housewife purchasing a carton of cigarettes and two cartons of soft drinks at today's price pays 10 cents sales tax. Next week, if she buys them together, she will pay 11 cents sales tax. Bought separately, she'll pay 12 cents.

Fortunately, the customer doesn't have to trouble himself with these technicalities. The merchants, the distributors and the State Department of Revenue will handle these little chores. All the forms will be filled out and filed by them. All the taxpayer has to do is what he does best—pay the tax.

There's an old saying—not generally in use nowadays—that sums up the

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Grinning up at me from the top of the heap is Bob Plowden's Prattville, Alabama, Sun. And next to it I see the spunky sheet Roy Ethridge publishes, *The Free Press* of Anderson, S. C. (Monday is deep-South day at the post office, I guess.