

The Franklin Times

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LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Send Them To Hanoi

Four United States Senators signed an advertisement in Sunday's issue of The New York Times proclaiming their support for the "October 15" peace movement. Every American should remember the four names. Senator Charles E. Goodell, R-N.Y.; Senator Mark Hatfield, R-Oregon; Senator Eugene McCarthy, D-Minn. and Senator George McGovern, D-S.D. are the ones.

These men, honored above almost all others in this country, entrusted with the responsibility of upholding the traditions and the honor of the United States, have allowed their Vietnam dove-like stances to outweigh their better judgements.

They cry peace. They mean peace at any price. As they glow in the spotlight and pleasant living of a United States Senator, they betray the very things they were elected to uphold.

These four, not only by lending their names to Dr. Benjamin Spöck and other peaceniks, but by statements they have themselves made in public, would have this country turn its back on the 35,000 dead Americans, the half million servicemen still there and sell out in the name of peace—to the Communists.

All four of these Senators are old enough to remember Neville Chamberlain's fateful comment after confer-

ring with Adolph Hitler at Munich in 1939. "I bring you peace in our time", he said. Peace did not come and millions died.

If McGovern, McCarthy, Hatfield and Goodell are naive enough to believe that surrender today will bring peace tomorrow, let it be hoped that at least a majority of the other Senators have more sense.

We must hope that those who command the lives of our men in service will not follow the idiotic suggestions of the likes of these four. Their proposal to set a time for a full pullout is like announcing to the Viet Cong the date on which we will surrender. As long as the enemy can get support such as this from our Senators, there is little chance there will ever be a reasonable settlement. It is this attitude that has prolonged the war and cost thousands of lives.

Why shouldn't North Vietnam continue to fight? Every day some so-called leader of ours tells them, just wait, we'll get out any day now. Why should they negotiate, when waiting will better serve their purpose? After all, they've got more going for them in the United States Senate than they have in Vietnam.

Why not send this gallant foursome to Hanoi? Who knows, we might get lucky. They might not come back.



**CIGARETTE SMOKER'S
GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY**

JOHN J. SYNON

When I was six years of age, I used to hide away, crawl under our porch steps, to smoke cigarettes.

And I have been smoking them ever since; this is my golden anniversary. Moreover, the Good Lord willing, I shall go on smoking them another 50 years.

Just cantankerous, I guess. At six, seven, and eight, along about there, I was told smoking would stunt my growth; I'm six-foot-four. Then, when I got to playing baseball, I was told smoking would cut my wind, whatever that meant. I didn't believe that either though I did quit during the season—because I had pledged my word I would.

But I was soon back at it, when the summer closed, when I put my spikes away. And as anyone who had heard one of my intemperate orations can attest, incessant smoking of cigarettes has had no appreciably adverse effect on my lung power.

Now that I am grown old and gray—aye—they tell me cigarettes will give me lung cancer.

Perhaps. But you may bet I will go on smoking them. I have never yet stopped doing anything I wanted to do because I was told it was "bad" for me.

True, I stopped drinking booze 25 years ago. But that was because drinking booze—as I drank booze—was wrong.

I didn't need anybody to tell me that. The effects—homelessness—spoke with eloquence enough. So, I quit. But not because of the bluesoes and their wagging fingers. The wonder is that, with all their hissing good intentions, I did quit.

What of smoking? Beyond discoloring my tushes, I can detect no ill effects from the mountains of cigarettes I have smoked, do smoke; 50 a day.

True, my left big toe went numb, some time back, and that caused concern, got me to thinking. And a good thing, too; I changed shoe size, as a result of cogitation, and all came right with me underpinnings.

And riddle me this: Where is all this anti-smoking smoke coming from, and why? Who or what is inspiring attack on the industry that is of such prime economic importance to so many Southern people? Eh? The package of cigarettes beside me carries this notice: "Caution: Cigarette Smoking May Be Hazardous To Your Health."

Yes, sir. And so may crossing the street be hazardous to my health. Take it another way: There is a big, fat passel of booze bottles yonder in the cabinet, set there for visiting fools. There is no such "caution" notice on any of them.

Why isn't there? Rather, why are cigarettes singled out as being hazardous? Why not belching factory chimneys? why don't smoking chimneys have a label plastered on them? Why not women as hazards, if you want to get down to cases.

You say the answer is rate of incidence among smokers vs. incidence rate of non-smokers?

And I say tommyrot. Perhaps you didn't see the results of the recent twins study. If not let me tell you about it: There was no evidence to indicate that the twin who smoked was any more liable to lung cancer than the twin who did not smoke.

Cigarettes: Fish and tush. It's the booze and the women, boy, who should be labelled. Them and the folks who run around telling their betters what they should and should not do.

All my butts to them.

Checking Magazine Sales

Washington - The Federal Trade Commission is conducting a probe of door-to-door and telephone magazine sales. FTC chairman Paul Rand Dixon says complaints continue from irate buyers who report pressured and misrepresented sales tactics.

'It's So Good For You!'



-The Charlotte Observer

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

Freedom Or License

The Wilson (N.C.) Daily Times

You hear it said so often, when speaking of the government, "what can one person do"? This is what one person did. Madelyn Murray, the atheist who protested prayer in public schools has obtained 27,000 signed letters protesting the astronauts' reading the Bible from outer space.

She plans to present the letters to NASA headquarters, and to request that the astronauts be publicly censured.

Now we read in the Statesville Record and Landmark that some churches in Iredell County have printed in their bulletins a letter to be signed, if so desired, and sent to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. This is the letter which appeared in the Sunday bulletin at Race Street Methodist Church, evidently in Statesville.

It reads as follows:
Gentlemen:
"I (or we) personally appreciate and wholeheartedly support the decision of the astronauts to read the Bible in space as they orbited the moon."

"It should be the right of every human being to publicly express his faith in God and the Bible without fear of reprisal from government of any other power."

Sincerely, (with your name and address).

The article goes on to say the Family Radio Broadcast is asking for 100,000 letters commending the astronauts. The station is asking that if you feel so motivated to copy the above letter and mail it to NASA Officials, care of Family Radio, San Francisco, Calif. 94134. And the use of the Apollo 8 United States postage stamp, with the picture of the earth as seen from the moon with these words, "In the beginning, God" is also recommended.

It is unfortunate that such a question should arise and anyone go to such means to embarrass the brave astronauts who certainly had the right to read the Bible while on the way to the moon. Of course as far as rights go, Madelyn Murray has the right to go to the extremes she is taking.

But it is unfortunate she wants to embarrass the astronauts. She will not, they are stalwart in their belief, their faith has been tested.

These are the privileges under our government. And, as has been pointed out, freedom brings privileges but not license. There may be some disagreement here as to which it is license or freedom that is being exercised. But only in America does such freedom exist.

Improvements On NC-39

Henderson Daily Dispatch

With the taking of bids and probability of letting contracts Thursday of next week, the State Highway Commission apparently is ready to start work on improvements for NC 39 highway in Vance and Franklin counties. Earlier in the year the commission went through this detail but backed away later when it was said funds were not available in the fiscal year. There is little likelihood that what is happening now will be another false alarm.

If contracts are let next week, the projects will get under way as winter approaches. There will be periods when work can be carried on, but naturally at a much slower pace than in other seasons of the year. However, there will be encouragement in making a beginning.

Only a mile or so directly eastward from the city limits is up for letting on the Vance county side of the Henderson-Louisburg highway, while a good deal of the distance between

Louisburg and Ingleside is to be built or improved as part of the overall present project in the two counties. There have been hints that the stretch of road between the two points now to be built may be ready for letting by the time the present work is completed.

Henderson and Louisburg have waited long and patiently -- or at times not so patiently -- for this segment of highway to get the improvements so urgently needed, and there is consolation in knowing that a start is to be made in the immediate future. It is crooked, narrow and very hazardous at many points. It is little short of miraculous that there have been no more serious accidents than have occurred.

When the entire route has been relocated or improved, it will be a tremendous asset to this section of the State. It can be hoped that the weeks and months of waiting are at an end.



by frank count

It ain't often I go out with the little woman. If you've seen her, I don't have to tell you why. Of course, I'm just joshing. She is quite a sight. Leastwise that's what everybody says when she ain't around. Just the other day, I heard a woman say the little woman sure was a sight when she seen her.

But, being a kind hearted sort, I took her out the other day. That ain't exactly right. I'm kind hearted alright, but the real reason I took her out was that she threatened me. And since she is a mite bigger'n me, I let her have her way.

I took her to the supermarket. But, before I took her, she had to get fixed up. Goin' out always is a big thing for her. It ain't no big thing with me.

"Whatcha doing with them round things in yore hair", I asked. "I'm getting ready to go out. This is the style. Everytime I go to a supermarket, this is what all the women are wearing in their hair. It's the latest style, Frank. I borrowed them from Myrtle."

Well, whatever turns her on, I always say, but them rollers shore did look peculiar dangling from the top of her head. But that won't all. She covered them with a piece of my best fishing net. I got peeved at that and I told her so. But since it was her anniversary and I was gonna take her out, I just let it ride. I figured I'd be in enough trouble by time we got back without building up any more over a fishing net.

It shore was a big place and I ain't never seen so much stuff. Old Rob would had a fit if he'd seen all that stuff in one place. He ain't never had over a dozen cans a beans in his place in all his life and some of them been there since I was a boy.

Folks kept brushing by and I asked when somebody was gonna wait on us. "Myrtle said they don't, Frank. You wait on yourself, she says". Well, at least old Rob 'll wait on you. He will, that is, if he feels like it and if he ain't playing set-back at the time.

"Look over there, Frank. That sign says they's real bargains on that table. Let's git some before everybody finds out about it."

"We don't need no pocket combs woman," I said. "Don't make no difference how cheap they are. We just don't need none."

"But, Frank, they ain't but twenty-five cents a piece. We ought to git some before they're all sold", she said grabbing a handful. I didn't have the heart to tell her old Rob sold them for 19 cents.

"Look here, Frank. It says you can git free stamps with these bags of beans. What's free stamps, Frank?"

"I don't know, woman. But I don't expect the post office would allow this if they knowed about it. Them government fellows don't like nobody giving their stuff away. Better leave them beans be."

"Pardon me, sir. Wouldn't you like to try some of our fresh Tickle Tootie Tasty Toasties. They're on special. Only \$2.98 a dozen today only, sir."

Man, that was cute Tootie if ever I seen one. There she stood unsuspecting 'round that corner and bang I nearburt her right into her. I was about to buy me some of them--whatever it was she was selling--when I remembered it was the little woman's anniversary. The reason I remembered, she come up about that time and reminded me. Goodbye, Tootie.

I think the little woman enjoyed it though. Not Tootie, but the gitting out. When we finally got to the place you pay your way out, she has all smiles when the woman there told her how glad to see her she was. I don't know why she was glad, but she shore did say she was.

She told us we'd have to put the stuff up on the counter so she could check it. That's when the little woman had her troubles. Them breeches she borrowed with them curlers from Myrtle was a mite too tight in some places. They as made for standing up straight. They won't make for no bending over. I could a told her, but she don't listen too good to me.

I ain't gonna say what happened next, but she did finally git them 17 combs up on the counter and got them checked. I wanted to buy a pone of bread, but she didn't have enough money with her. She was too happy buying pocket combs. They was on special. Maybe I can trade a dozen of them to Rob for some corn meal. I can cook corn bread.

But she wanted to git out and I took her and I'm glad. Menfolks ought to do that kind of thing ever once in awhile. Makes the women think more of 'em--I think.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Thanks for inserting the notice of my daughter attending college in Houston, Texas but a mistake was made in the address, its Texas Bible College, 816 Evergreen Dr. 77023. She would love to hear from all her friends in Louisburg.

We always try to keep up with the Hospital news in The Franklin Times, its almost impossible to send all of our friends cards but you let them know somehow that we are thinking of them and wish all a speedy recovery. Give our best regards to all, we are proud of The Franklin Times, I take a copy to the Air Base, my friends enjoy reading it, we believe a paper is only as good as its editor so keep up the good work, excuse the paper, its all I had at the moment.

Sincerely,
The Strickland Family - Bob, Helen, Little Bob
Fairborn, Ohio



Dear Editor:
Just a few words to let you know we really enjoy reading The Franklin Times and keeping up with news of our friends in Franklin County and Louisburg. We are real

Human beings, for some reason, seem more interested in the mistakes that others make.

Expressing faith in your own religion does not insult those who disagree with you.

proud of the Louisburg High football team, you see I work with men from small towns in the State of Kentucky and they are always bragging about their Sports program and the fine football teams they have and boy! do I tell them that I come from Louisburg, N. C. and that I would match the Louisburg Bulldogs with any of their teams, so you see Louisburg is well represented in Ohio, we are very proud of them win or lose.

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