

## LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Give It Some Thought

It is expected that results of Monday's County Commissioners meeting will reveal some plans on the part of the Board as to what it intends to do with the money received if the local option sales tax is approved. The people will want to give careful consideration to these revelations.

In this day and time when every service rendered by government continues to increase in cost and when demands for more and better services are heard, it must be realized that somewhere funds must be found to finance this growth.

Property owners have been carrying the entire load in county taxes and the sales tax could ease this burden. It is expected that the Board's announcement will so state.

Before the meeting adjourned Monday, there was serious discussions on

the possibility of applying half the expected funds to the county tax take and reducing the property tax by that amount. Until the vote is counted on November 4, nobody can say, with certainty, just how much this will be. It depends on how many—and what size—counties approved the referendum and take part in the program.

With the voting only two weeks away, Franklin citizens will want to give serious thought to the equities of a sales tax where everybody contributes to the financing of the county and surely, every citizen will want to study carefully, the proposals of the County Board.

Just being against all new taxes is not enough. An intelligent consideration of this proposal could mean money saved in the years to come. Give it some thought.

### Group

(Continued from Page 1)

was not necessary to strengthen some rules, be more specific in others and throw out those known to be obsolete.

"But I hope you'll keep in mind that the basic plan must be good or it could not have survived this long," he emphasized. "For that reason, I would urge Commission members not to scrap every paragraph just for the sake of writing a new one... don't make proposals which would benefit one group at the cost of another... and don't discard a good proposal just because it doesn't fit into your plan of how the Party should be run."

Scott said he hoped to meet with Commission members from time to time to discuss various proposals and exchange ideas. He said through such an exchange he was certain the group could come up with a plan acceptable to all.

### Cases

(Continued from Page 1)

court adjourned at noon Friday included:

Louis Harris, n/m/20, breaking, entering, larceny and receiving. Not less than 18 months nor more than 24 months in prison, suspended for three years and placed on probation; not violate any penal laws of any State or Federal Government, immediately pay into the Clerk's office \$138.00 restitution for Strickland's Electric Company, pay the \$150.00 judgment for attorney's fees and costs of court.

Adrian Craig Whisnant, w/m/17; Bruce Patton, Jr., w/m/18; William Horton, w/m/17, breaking, entering, larceny and receiving. Judgment for each of above: Not less than 2 years and not more than 3 years in prison, suspended for 3 years and placed on probation; to remain of good behavior and not violate any penal law of any State or Federal Government, pay

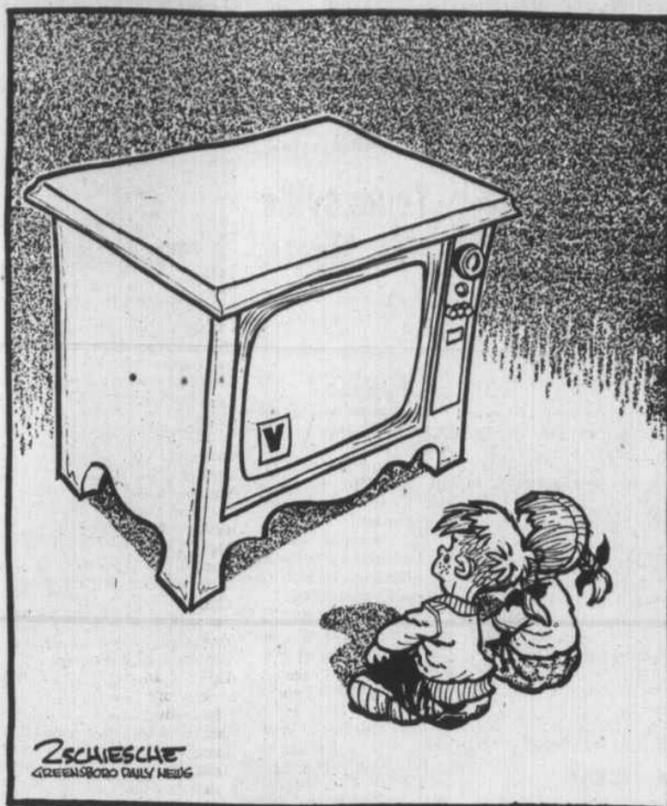
\$4.00 each for restitution; each to pay \$100.00 judgment for attorney's fees and costs of court.

James Wrenn, w/m, possession of material designed and intended for the purpose of unlawful manufacture of intoxicating liquor. 12 months in jail, suspended for 3 years; defendant to remain of good behavior, not violate any penal law of any State or Federal Government and immediately pay a fine of \$500.00 and costs of court. 1955 Studebaker truck seized in this case to be delivered to the defendant.

Charles Howard (alias James Scott) 2 cases of forgery. Not less than 2 years and not more than 3 years in State prison.

Alex Frank McGeachy, n/m/23, breaking, entering and larceny and receiving. Not less than 2 years nor more than 4 years in State prison.

## Rating of the National Commission on Violence



ZSCHESCHKE GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS



I ought to have had more sense than to go by the fire station in the first place. But every once in awhile I like to see how the rich folks live so I drop in. Mostly the boys are playing set-back and drinking cold drinks and joshing one another. There really ain't a whole lot to learn by hanging round there.

But there is one thing you can always bet on. You'll see old Radclift there. He's there every night and most days, just hanging around. Fact is he's there just about all the time except on Thursday when he has to pick up his unemployment check. But he's got a buddy staked out to bring him up to date when he gets back.

I hadn't hardly got in the door when Radclift come running. "Come on Frank, let's go. There's been a terrible wreck. Hurry, Frank. We got to go."

"Well, wait on a minute, Radclift", I said, "There ain't nothing me and you can do about a wreck. We ain't got nothing to do with it. Maybe we ought to stay away and let them what's got business tend to it."

"Don't be ridiculous, Frank. Everybody's going. Come on. Hurry before they git ahead of us."

Since he had hold of my arm and won't gonna turn it loose, I figured I might as well go along.

"Slow down, Radclift or we'll be in a wreck. Ain't no need of you going so fast. We ain't no rescue squad and we ain't no doctor. We ain't even a law man. You're gonna git caught for speeding," I said when the speedometer reached ninety-five.

"Don't worry, Frank. This is the way everybody drives going to a wreck. You got to git there fast, Frank. You got to try to git there first. You don't want to miss anything, Frank."

"Radclift, don't you think we ought to slow down and pull over and let that rescue truck git by. They might be able to help whoever's in the wreck?"

"Naw, Frank. They'll pass if they're in a bigger hurry than we are. It ain't much they can do anyway. It takes them so long to git there, Frank. That's what I mean by gitting the jump on 'em. What if I'd listened to you back there, them rescue trucks would have been in front of us, Frank and we might a missed something. Git there first, I always say."

I made me a mental note not to go to the fire house no more and if I did not to listen to Radclift no more. I made me the mental note just in case I got home without being killed. Ain't no sense in going round curves at ninety-five, even if you are trying to keep ahead of the rescue boys.

"Look at all them people, Frank. Didn't I tell you, you got to hurry. We oughta drove faster. We might a missed something. Come on let's ask somebody."

I was first to git to the officer so I asked, "How bad is it. Know who they are?" "Naw", he said, "Just got here myself. Looks like a bad one. This ain't my territory. I just stopped by."

"Pardon me, ain't you on the rescue squad. How bad is it. Know who they are?" "Naw", I said, "I ain't on no rescue squad. I just got off work so's I could come see what happened. Looks like they run together. Looks bad."

I could see they run together. Any fool could see that. I could see it was bad, too. Everybody was just looking. Some folks was yelling at other folks to move over so they could see. Won't nothing to see except two smashed vehicles. Won't nobody doing nothing.

Here come Radclift with a rope. "Hey, Radclift", I yelled, "What you doing with that rope. You ain't no officer. You ain't no rescuer. You ain't even no fireman. Better leave that alone."

"Got to move these people back, Frank. They can't git up so close. They might git hurt. Somebody's gotta do something."

"Yeah, Radclift", I argued. "But there ain't nobody up close except you and the police and the rescuers."

"Got to git them back, Frank. They might git hurt. Make way. Step back please. Move back behind the rope. Somebody might git hurt. You, too, Frank. Move back. You ain't got no business here in the first place. Move back before you git hurt. You rescuers move back. You firemen move back. You patrolmen move back. Got to make room."

Radclift always was a take-charge guy. Folks is real lucky to have a fellow around who knows what to do in a time of emergency. He was right. I didn't have no business there. I moved back.



### A VISIT FROM THE PIED PIPER

JOHN J. SYNON

One recent day, a visiting fireman stood on my little pier. For a moment he took in the whole broad sweep of things - from Ditchley to Chesapeake Bay - then with a sidling glance, remarked, "Quiet, isn't it?"

And I said, "Yes, it is". And if it hadn't been for the wheezing gulls and their raucous cries, my spit would have been perfectly quiet.

It was a trite bit of colloquy but there was more to it than triteness.

My visitor had memories of another day; we had mutual memories of many other days, when political events beat around our heads with a staccato rattle and neither of us dreamed there was a quiet haven anywhere on this earth.

And now, to earn his keep, my friend sits ensconced in Washington, put there by his constituents, and I watch the tide come in and the tide go out. And he is full of honors and of things "the President said", there amid the rattle, the pomp, and the ceremony. And all I am full of, beyond the serenity my home holds for me, is a set of not-quite-clear plans; I plan on whipping Watie at golf this afternoon. That's my world: Beat Watie. Beat his brains out.

My friend said, once the session adjourns, he plans to visit a number of countries. He said he wants to get more first-hand information on things that "pertain to his field of interest". And I thought his choice of words a mite stilted. He said there will be a spot in his entourage for a "political expert", etc.

And I said we are putting in the back nine, now, over at Indian Creek.

We talked on the Pied Piper and me. Late into the night we talked, there on my front porch, with the water reflecting a muted moon.

There was talk of San Francisco and Sacramento and Washington, and of other times and places.

And things grew rosier; there was talk of Thailand (my friend will be there before Christmas) and of Bombay (there, too) and of what he expects to find in Greece.

"There are so many political systems and all of absorbing interest - don't you think?"

I said I did think so. At breakfast, my friend wanted to know if he were losing his mind: "I could swear, about three o'clock, I heard a flock of geese".

And I said, no, he was sane enough, I had heard them, honking like crazy; they were geese all right. I said my front yard and the water beyond serve as a major rest area for such feathered friends and that over beyond, there in the corn field beyond my land, thousands of geese, soon would be settling. I said I had learned the leader would not let his charges gorge themselves but, after a decent meal, would force them up-and-away, as they say in other circles. He would do that for their own good and for the good of the geese coming after.

"How interesting", my friend said.

And I agreed for I have learned that other things, things outside the world of politics, can absorb one. There is more to life than rattle-de-bang. Geese, for instance. And the singular of geese is goose, and my mind came back to Watie.

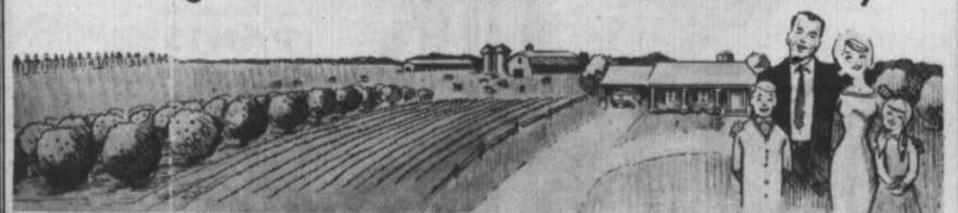
As I packed my friend into his car, he politely asked if there was anything he could do for me in Washington. I said, yes. Please, I said, pass a law that will make it permissible for me to shoot hunters. My friend left, then. Bemused, I suspect.



Spectators Flock To Accident Scene

Staff photo by Astor Bowden

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