

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Fine Young Men

At a time when most of the world's ills are being placed at the feet of the teenager; when long-bearded young boys are getting the play newswise; when there are demonstrations, disruptions and general disorder, especially now at some of our high schools across the country, it is pleasing to see a sight such as was witnessed here Wednesday night.

It was a time for celebration. It was the annual gathering of the elite of the Franklin Area Conference football players. Twenty-two young men met here to receive their gold football, symbolizing that each—in the game of football—was one of the very best.

They were well dressed. Their hair—longer perhaps, than older men would wear—was nevertheless groomed and neat. Their language was that of young gentlemen and each at the calling of his name marched—shoulders straight-up to the rostrum to shake hands with the Conference President and received his congratulations and the coveted football.

Back home, there were more. Other members of their teams, who for one reason or another did not make the all-star group, but fine young men nevertheless.

It has always seemed to us that a young man who plays on a team regardless of the sport involved or even to his ability to play well, reaps a reward which lasts him a lifetime. Seldom indeed does a member of a team choose to embarrass his teammates or coaches or school with the things that have marked too many young men and women in the past few years.

We congratulate the members of the All Conference team and their fellow teammates. We're proud of them—not only for their performance on the gridiron, but more so because they are the fine young gentlemen they are.

When this country's fate is passed into the hands of the likes of these young men, there seems little need to worry about the future.

Lottery Is Fairer

Very few things please everyone in the world, but the new lottery method of determining the order of drafting young men for military service should please most of those facing such service.

Naturally, a reluctant young male whose birthdate was drawn near the top cannot be overjoyed at his lot, but it certainly is fairer, by far, than the old method of selection.

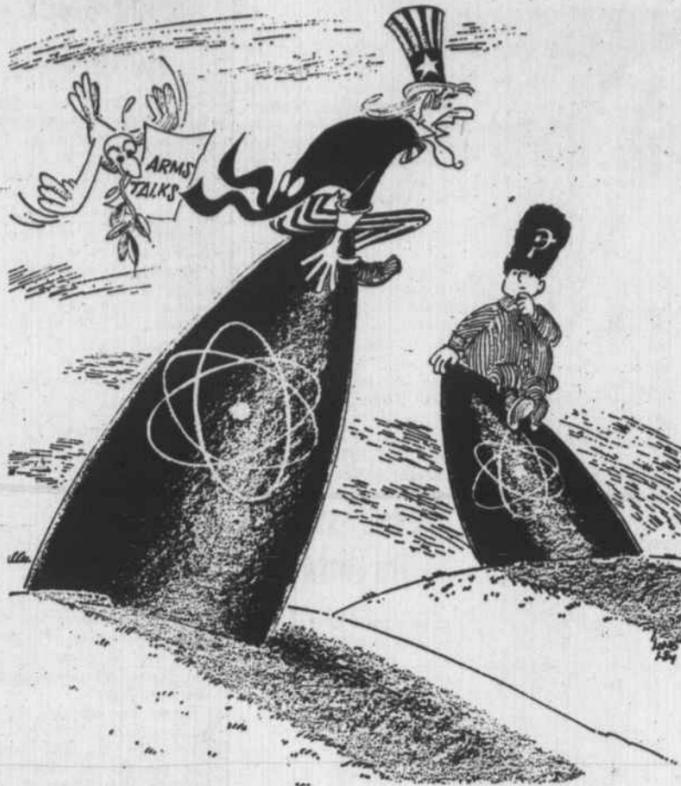
Young men just out of high school, facing the full brunt of adult life have in the past had to sweat out the draft until they were 26 years old or married or turned down. The new law

eliminates this seven-year sweat. Now, these young adults face a single year during which time, they are subject to be drafted.

Barring a national emergency, once they clear the 19-year-old hurdle, a man is free to pursue his career. This is the best way. Even those who will be called must agree. And seemingly, it frees local Selective Service Boards from the unpleasant task of actually choosing which men will go and which men will stay home.

It may not be perfect. Few things are. But the new law is far better than the old.

"This one could be converted into a hundred and four schoolhouses — how many would yours make?"



I thought it was a simple statement. I didn't know how much trouble such a little thing was gonna cause. All I said was I needed a new pair of britches. Actually, I'd rather have a new pair of overalls but the boys got so they frown on wearing overalls to the store meetings. They done this ever since Creech Gooch come south wearing pants with a belt. He didn't even have the decency to wear suspenders.

"Frank Count", the little woman said and I knowed she won't gonna approve. She ain't never been in favor a nothing if she

said "Frank Count" first. "You good for nothing bum", she continued—fact is she didn't really stop and she seldom does—"You don't a bit more need a new pair a britches than a 'coon dog needs butter-milk. You always figuring a way to spend money".

"I do so need a new pair britches", I said talking back. "These I got got a tear in them. They're wore out. And there's a rip and I gotta have a new pair."

"Well, you ain't gitting none", she said. "Them britches been good enough for pa for years and they was good as new when he give 'em to you. That's good material. You can't buy pants like that no more."

"Well, I might be able to git by a few more days, if I could git you to sew up the rip. It's right embarrassing and beside that cold breeze ain't doing my feelings no good."

"I ain't sewing no britches. I got to go git my hair combed", she said.

"Git your hair combed, woman. What ails you? You can sew up that rip and then git your hair combed. I can't be going around with part of me showing through my britches. Specially that part that's showing where they're ripped. Sew 'em up now or at least soon's you git back".

"I ain't about too," she said. "I might mess up my nails. You'll just have to make do. You might git a new pair for Christmas. I'll think about it. Santa Claus might bring you a pair. Ha, Ha." She always was one for humor. Christmas, Ha, Ha. Wonder what she thinks I can wear 'til Christmas.

Well, since I ain't never paid no attention to what she says anyway, I didn't this time. I headed for the store. I didn't want none of the old models like Rob sold, so I headed for the store in town.

"I want to buy a pair of britches," I told the clerk. He said to follow him and I did. "Would you like some of our pre-Christmas specials or would you prefer some of our latest models?"

Well, I wanted to git some good ones, I told him. I wanted some with a strong seat so's the wagon wouldn't wear 'em out so quick. "What's the difference?" I asked.

"This pile here is on special sale", he said. "They're all new but they're a little out of style. They're marked down and they'll make a wonderful Christmas present."

"I ain't planning to give them to nobody", I said. "I plan to wear them myself. How much are then blue ones?"

"They're a real bargain. They're only \$29.95 while on sale. They're marked down from \$39.95. I sold my brother-in-law a pair just like these yesterday."

Well, I won't exactly carried away with his bargains. And I cared even less for his brother-in-law. I knowed right off he was a nut. \$39.95 britches for \$29.95. No wonder the world is in such a mess. Ain't nobody making no profit nowadays, having to cut the price of their stuff so much to sell it.

"Then", he said, "over here, we have our last chance before Christmas pile of pants. They make a lovely gift. We, of course, can't alter them at these prices and we certainly can't guarantee them, but, of course, you understand all that."

"Yes, sir. How much is that blue pair?"

"Let's see. We've marked these down so low I hesitate to say the price so loud. Ah, here it is. These are only \$33.33. It's almost like stealing them, isn't it? We'd have to get a little more, but it's getting close to Christmas and we don't want to get caught with them after Christmas—maybe I shouldn't have said that, but I like to be honest with my customers. Can I gift wrap them for you?"

"Now, thank you. I think I'll just mosey on home. If britches is that valuable, I think I'll paint my underwear and git a few more days out of these. But, Merry Christmas to you anyway."



THE SEASON FOR HEROES

JOHN J. SYNON

This, it seems, is the season for heroes. Every morning I see the heroes, one every hundred yards or so, in their store-bought red caps, canvas coats, their sea-green coveralls, and buckshot shells all over; Pretorian guards, to the man.

These are the deer hunters, the last of the brave frontiersmen. There they are, yapping dogs and all, and I despise them every one.

Hunting deer with dogs. This is sport? Good Lord, deliver me!

About 400 yards from my rural Virginia home there is a road that runs a hair-pin course around a wooded area. Ours is deer country and that particular bit of low ground is a favorite haunt of the soft-eyed, gliding beauties. And well the accoutred heroes know it.

So, each fall at about this time, they come from God knows where, surround the place, send in their dogs and await the appearance of the frantic White Tails, and in time, it is Bang! Bang! Bang! And away limps another deer, trailing blood and entrails.

Drat it, another miss. Well, no matter—put the dogs through again.

What manner of people are these, anyway? I have tried to fathom them and I can't. It may be I am wrong; I confess there are chinks in my logic, but to my mind such people as I describe seem to me to approach the sadistic. The harmless beasts they kill don't have a chance for life. And the only risk these "sportsmen" run is that of a self-inflicted wound or a round of buckshot from their spangled neighbor, waiting

and dozing there on his soft-drink crate. And I could wish that risk were higher than it is; much higher.

I say there are chinks in my logic because my feeling toward duck hunters, while one of disapproval, is not nearly so intense. I don't really know why I feel differently unless it is that ducks, seemingly, have a chance, a slight chance.

So, I may be wrong about hunting deer with dogs. But I don't think I am.

Right or wrong, I have a suggestion for the likes of these nimrods. And if they will take it, I will doff my hat to them. Let them choose up sides and hunt each other. That, Old Boy, would be sport. And the way I figure it, if they would follow my suggestion, next year there would be only half as many sag-bellied, over-and-under heroes and twice as many deer. And the year after, a quarter as many, and so on. And soon we would have no hunters at all and plenty of deer, and that would be the way I would like it.

Why, I even see women out there, sitting and shivering on egg crates, waiting to shoot a benign creature. And what I would like to do is rip a slat off one of those crates and put it to good use. I'd warn them. But it would have to be a very broad and a very thick slat to get the job done.

One evening, last fall, my wife and I were returned home when the lights of our car disclosed a beautiful buck sprawled beside the road, gasping its life away, hind-quarters torn to buckshot bits. It must have been there for hours, thrashing so.

I thought to myself then, and I think it now, there are some things in this world I shall never do. One such thing can be stated: I shall never shoot at a deer.

Where the SPCA is I don't know, and these malmed animals all over the place.

CAP Marks 28th Anniversary

Civil Air Patrol, the civilian all-volunteer auxiliary of the U. S. Air Force, marks its 28th anniversary on December 1, 1969. To all members of the Franklin County unit of this hard-working and dedicated organization we extend our heartfelt congratulations. For some 28 years now this community has been extremely fortunate to have in its midst a band of dedicated citizens who maintain a constant vigil of readiness to help their fellow citizens by flying search and rescue missions throughout the nation, cooperating with Civil Defense agencies at all levels of city, county, state and federal government in national emergency training, and flying mercy missions to relieve people and communities stricken by floods, hurricanes and other natural disasters.

Civil Air Patrol was organized during the dark days of World War II, when our shipping lanes were being harassed by marauding enemy submarines. Volunteers, both men and women, licensed pilots and aircraft owners, voluntarily gave of their time, their services and their aircraft to patrol America's coastlines. C.A.P. pilots flew more than 24 million miles during this period and were credited with having bombed 27 U-boats or radioed the Army or Navy to make the attack. In fulfilling other World War II missions, C.A.P. personnel flew more than 500,000 hours. These WWII air operations claimed 64 lives of the C.A.P. membership.

C.A.P. has not rested on its splendid record. In the intervening years, it has grown and developed into a highly organized, efficient and potent force. Today, its trained and competent pilots stand ready to fly instant search and rescue missions; its nationwide communications network of more than 17,000 stations and teams of ground crews with some 3,000 surface vehicles all stand ready for call to duty.

The organization is unrivaled in its aerospace education program. Some 8,000 cadets and senior members were active in the summer encampments and special activities this year. Eighty-six cadets and senior members were awarded grants and scholarships during the year with a total dollar value exceeding \$41,000. During 1969, C.A.P. scheduled 137 Aerospace Education Workshops at various colleges and universities throughout the nation, and more than 20,000 teachers participated.

As this splendid organization enters its 29th year of valuable service to humanity, we join with all citizens in a heartfelt salute and extend to the members our sincere congratulations, and say we are proud to have a C.A.P. unit in our community.



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