

The Franklin Times

Published Every Tuesday & Thursday Serving All Of Franklin County

Your Award Winning County Newspaper

Tuesday, May 27, 1969

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

"What Kind Of Lesson?"

Almost every weekend North Carolina counts its highway deaths in the double figures. It has become as routine as the weekends themselves. As surely as Friday precedes Saturday and Sunday follows, tragedy will strike nearly a score of homes with clock-like regularity.

This weekend thirteen persons lost their lives on our highways. In Wilmington, an eight-year-old boy stepped into a passing car and brought to an end all the joys of his parents and family. Here in our community, a 17-year-old high school senior died on a rural road and brought sorrow to citizens across the county and heart-break to his bereaved parents.

Of the thirteen victims of automobiles this weekend, nine were under thirty years of age, three were slightly older. What a waste of life. Young men and young women, in the prime of life—with their futures before them and in one fleeting moment it is all snuffed away leaving only agony and suffering.

If we could reasonably assume that the shock and tragedy of this past weekend would produce a lasting effect on others and that in their tragic passing, these poor souls had helped, perhaps, to spare other families from such torture, some solace might be found amid the sorrow. But, alas, as one friend of young people told it this week, there seems little chance.

He said the remark was made to a

group of teen-age boys following the death of their friend that perhaps they had learned a lesson from the lost. One of the boys, he said, replied, "What kind of lesson?" If he had to ask, it is a sure bet, he like so many others, hasn't learned at all.

What is the fascination of today's lethal machines? What is it about a four-wheeler that sends men, young and older, into ecstatic blindness? How can we continue to feel that it cannot happen to us when week by week and day by day we see it happening to others who had felt the same? Why are we willing to admit that automobiles will kill but are unwilling to admit that they will kill us, our friends or our loved ones?

In spite of all the publicized power and speed of today's cars, one simple fact stands out. Automobiles have but one purpose. They are intended to get us from where we are to where we want to go.

When we realize this and begin to approach this problem of highway tragedy with this in mind, perhaps the day will come when some, if not all, the agony and suffering can be reduced.

It is time, it would seem, for all of us to protest the slaughter on our highways much like some protest the killing in the war. Too many of our fine young people are losing their lives needlessly. Something ought to be done.

"I'm Sponsoring This Show, So Let's Watch It"



WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

Achieve Tax Relief

Oxford Public Ledger, Oxford, N. C.

The average working American has scant idea of the tax load he is bearing, even if he is aware that it is extremely burdensome.

Many of them complain and ask themselves how long the system can endure - more appropriately, how long they can endure as a tax-payer.

This year, every employed American will work two and a half hours every day, a total of 650 hours, to pay their federal, state and local tax bills.

The 10 per cent surtax last year accounted for a substantial increase in federal taxes. State and local taxes are continuing to climb, and federal corporate and individual income tax receipts are expected to reach \$122 billion in the 12 months beginning July 1.

In 1932, when Americans had less, they paid less. Receipts were slightly more than \$1 billion. By 1940 the figure had doubled. In 1950, federal income tax receipts reached \$26 billion and were \$54 billion in 1959. In 1968, receipts had nearly quadrupled the 1960 level . . . with no relief in sight.

What is the solution? One is to taper off and rid the nation of paternalistic wealthy, the poor and those in between and insist that more Americans live by their own means, their own efforts, and less at the expense of

the nation's tax-paying population.

The average American's tax load has increased drastically over the years. In 1902, all taxes - federal, state and local - came to \$18 per capita. In 1948, the figure was \$377 and by 1958, \$628. This year, 1969, the estimated tax bill, federal, state and local, will be \$1,230 for every man, woman and child in the United States, according to the Tax Foundation, Inc.

It is time to search, and search diligently, for fiscal sanity, and the place to begin is in Washington. There must be a continuous program of insistence on reduction in non-essential public expenditures at every level - federal, state and local.

The one and only way this can be accomplished is for taxpayers to demand action, and to keep the pressure on until satisfaction is received.

Society To Meet

The May meeting of the Franklin County Historical Society will be held Thursday night, May 29, at 8 P.M. in the Community Room of the First Citizens Bank Building in Louisburg.

A program of color slides showing old homes of Franklin County will be presented.

This will be the last program to be held before September and the public is cordially invited to attend.

Cuban Tobacco Low

Washington - The Agriculture Department has reported this country may run out of Cuban cigar tobacco in 1970. Many cigar smokers prefer cigars made from Cuban tobacco blends. The United States broke trade relations with the regime of Premier Fidel Castro and imposed an embargo in February, 1962. The supply was then about 49.5 million pounds.

A New Safety System

Detroit - L. M. Patrick of Wayne State University's engineering department told a meeting of the Society of Automobile Engineers of a proposed safety system for autos. The system is made of inflatable bags stored out of sight within the dashboard and back of the front seats which would inflate during a crash to provide a cushion.

TV Regulations

Washington - The question of regulating television programs was still unresolved at the recent National Association of Broadcasters Convention. Senator John O. Pastore (D-RI) repeated his proposal that the NAB Code Authority be given the power to pre-screen programs to eliminate excessive sex and violence.



Sometimes writing a column ain't easy. There's always some folks who want you to write everything you know and then there's others who don't want you to write nothing long's they're involved. It ain't easy writing a column and making friends at the same time.

For instance, I ain't going to say nothing about the Sheriff winning that color (?) television. It ain't right that I should. So I ain't gonna say nothing about it. He's my friend and I want to keep it that way. Beside, you don't ever know just when you might need the Sheriff.

And I ain't going to say nothing about the Mayor, who's keeping the Sheriff's secret, either. It ain't proper that I should comment on the Mayor's business. So I ain't gonna say nothing about that.

And if I ain't going to mention things about the Sheriff and the Mayor, it ain't right that I say anything about the local yokal who lost his false teeth and advertised for them on the local radio station. I ain't going to have no comment on the bird that said he could find them around a beer bottle in a local tavern, either. Nor do I intend to reveal that they was found in his refrigerator at home. I don't report such things as all of you know.



I am happy to report that a certain lady in the county brought in a five-pronged strawberry. It was a unusual looking thing and I enjoyed looking at it. I been looking at it for three days now and wondering why she didn't bring in a quart of the delicious things.

There's a whole lot of things I could report, but I don't. This makes some folks mad and other folks glad. Mostly, it keeps old Frank safe and that's the important thing. If there's anything more important than keeping old Frank safe, I ain't never heard of it.

For instance I ain't about to tell which one of the local policemen it was that sassed the little woman the other day. Her car stalled at the stoplight and she couldn't get the thing started again. Meanwhile the light kept changing from red to green to yellow to red and so on. The local corner guard strutted over to the car and acting like a comedian asked, "What's the matter, lady. Ain't we got no colors you like?"

The little woman was fit to be tied and since she ain't yet told me the ret of the story, I suspect she have tied one on to the comedian. I don't really think she did. I just said that. She's too chicken to hit anybody but me.

And I ain't gonna tell on the fellow out in the county who couldn't tell his two mules apart. He tried cutting the tail off one of 'em and the mane off the other and this didn't work. After suffering for quite a spell with this trouble, he woke up one morning with a real brain storm. He measured them. Now he can tell. The black mule is two inches taller than the white one.

Come to think of it, that's sort of a easy way to tell at that.

Russia & Space Lab Farm Income

Cape Kennedy, Fla. - American experts believe Russia will have an operational space station within two years. A leading Soviet space scientist has predicted that "the day is not far off when such a laboratory will be orbiting the earth with researchers going there to work."

The Agriculture Department has reported prices farmers receive for their products advanced one-third of one percent during the month ended January 15. Prices rose 5 per cent for necessary items farmers needed over what they paid the previous year.

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

TERRE HAUTE, IND., TRIBUNE:

"The Federal Aviation Administration's chief psychologist, Dr. John D. Dailey, propounds an interesting . . . theory as to what motivates those who hijack aircraft. Most of the hijackers, he thinks, see this conspicuous act of piracy as giving them one great moment of power and glory in a life of failure . . . The FAA psychologist suggests something else that might in the long run prove effective, however. He would spread the word that far from being considered a big shot in Cuba, many of the hijackers get poor treatment and may even wind up in jail. This appears to be true. Perhaps intensively publicizing it would persuade some would-be hijackers that they'd better look elsewhere for their kicks."

FOLEY, ALA., THE ONLOOKER:

"The driver does not exist who already knows so much about driving that he couldn't learn something that might save his life or the life of someone else . . . Highway safety, to a great extent, is up to us."

SIMSBURY, CONN., HERALD:

"A recent issue of Aviation Week & Space Technology magazine reveals that the Soviet Cosmonauts had to use capitalist-made ballpoint pens on their space jaunts. Russian-made pens will not function in the zero-gravity of space."



MU-HAM-MAD ALI AND THE CAVALIERS OF YA.

JOHN J. SYNON

There are few things in Virginia that the natives hold in greater veneration than Mr. Jefferson's school, known formally as The University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

The University of Virginia is some shakes. You can tell by looking: The students always wear coat-n-tie. They may appear in public, as they too often do, as drunk as lords, but always as coat-n-tied gentlemen. And the authorities who herd these tender sprouts, as one might expect, see that they are exposed only to the best, the very best in everything, including visiting lecturers. Particularly those lecturers: what a line up.

Take the one who graced the podium of University Hall just as the school year was closing. He was a real aristocrat, a cake froster with a five-syllable name, Mu-ham-mad Ali. The wheels outdid themselves with that one, I thought, though they may have struck a note below C above-High-C when they told us Mu-ham-mad Ali once called himself Cassius Clay. That, I thought, was a bit of a come down, took a bit of the tinsel off their guest. Cassius Clay is a prize fighter, or was until his un-American activities stripped him of his embellishments.

Mu-ham-mad on campus was an event all right, one to rustle the cloistered halls of The Cavaliers: the pearls of a box fighter.

And what pearls, Mr. Mu-ham-mad, Mr. Ali, Mr. Clay, or whatever his real name is, urged segregation of the races. "By feature", the versatile visitor to academe said, "blacks and whites are separate" and "you're fighting God's

law" when you try to mix 'em. Now, wasn't that thoughty; true philosophy? Here, speaking amidst the ivy of The University of Virginia, founded by the slave-owning man who wrote our Declaration of Independence and who, despite that fact, declared all men to be equal: here in Byrdland, the erstwhile home of Massive Resistance, we are given a thick-skulled speaker with a five-syllable alias to strut as the champion of traditional Southern mores. The new breed of segregationist.

You do know Mr. Ali. I take it, Mr. Ali, besides being a thump head, is the gentleman who has, time and time again, proved himself too dense to become a member of the armed forces. He just can't pass that mental test; man, all them numbers and them round circles and things. Not that he would serve his country had he passed. He has told them he wouldn't in so many words; he just ain't a going.

That is the gentleman who was invited to speak at Mr. Jefferson's school, just before closing, a clown to speak Southern thoughts in a Southern holy-of-holies. And, lo, Southerners all become clowns, their spokesman a draft-dodging dunce.

A person is known, as they

The Franklin Times
Established 1870
Published Tuesdays & Thursdays
by
The Franklin Times, Inc.
Market Blvd. Old 076-2183 Louisburg, N. C.

CLINT FULLER, Managing Editor
ELIZABETH JOHNSON, Business Manager
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION 1969
Advertising Rates Upon Request
SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In North Carolina:
One Year, \$4.50; Six Months, \$2.50
Three Months, \$1.00
Out of State:
One Year, \$6.50; Six Months, \$4.00
Three Months, \$1.50

Entered as second class mail matter and postage paid at the Post Office at Louisburg, N. C. 27549



"Hurry Marge, we'll be late for the theater."



gerry marcus