

# The Franklin Times

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## LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

### Keep Congressmen In Washington

This column has expressed disgust recently at actions by members of the General Assembly in voting themselves a retroactive increase in allowance. It is felt here that this was a flagrant slap in the face of the lowly taxpayer, struggling to make both ends meet at the supermarket with an outlook—after new taxes—of even bleaker days.

Our opinion has not been altered one bit by the recent disclosure that the honorables didn't intend that the hired help be given an increase, too. The Attorney General has ruled they are included. Might as well go whole hog, we always say.

But, as disturbing as this little episode is, the national honorables are making it look like peanuts. And—if you're counting peanuts these days—these surely should be counted.

Members of Congress, whom you may recall gave themselves a raise of several thousands of dollars recently—up to \$42,000 plus some very interesting fringe benefits, to be exact—are now returning from a paid vacation in Florida. Guess who paid the bill?

We'll end the suspense. NASA did. And this isn't exactly like the lowly taxpayer paid it. You see, the taxpayer pays to the tax collector who in turns turns it over to the Treasury who in turn does with it what the

Congress says which in turn does it out to agencies like NASA. In this case, NASA decided to use some of it—a nice chunk, we imagine—to give the national honorables a free trip to Florida.

The idea, of course, was to allow Congress to witness the historic lift off of Apollo 11. Obviously, on \$42,000 a year, the members couldn't be expected to own color TV and as busy as they are, they wouldn't have had the time. So, they shut up shop and with one guest each—NASA's allowance—they hustled off to that terribly hot, sticky and undesirable Florida sunshine. All on official government business, to be sure.

There has been a great deal said about the billions being spent on the space program. Most Americans are willing to finance such things. Surely, all have been thrilled by this week's accomplishments and even the feats of the past few years have made all proud.

We have no great argument with all this. It's alright with us to send men to the moon. But, keep the Congressmen in Washington. They're doing enough to us up there without hauling them all over the country.

Wonder if NASA has checked meat prices lately?

words rattled in his throat; 'and for that flag,' and he pointed to the ship, 'never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!' "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

## About NC 39 Improvement

Henderson Daily Dispatch

When the Legislature was pressured for an extra two cents per gallon tax on gasoline, it was said that the money was greatly needed for new construction and maintenance. Of course, there would be places and reasons for applying all the funds that could be provided.

What this area in particular is concerned about primarily, however, is the future of improvements on NC 39 between Henderson and Louisburg. Condition of that stretch of highway is atrocious. It is, as every one knows,

very hazardous by its countless sharp curves and the narrow pavement.

Some months ago it was announced that the route had been surveyed, that bids were called for and contracts let for a portion of the distance between Henderson and Epsom. Then came the word that the work had been held up for lack of funds.

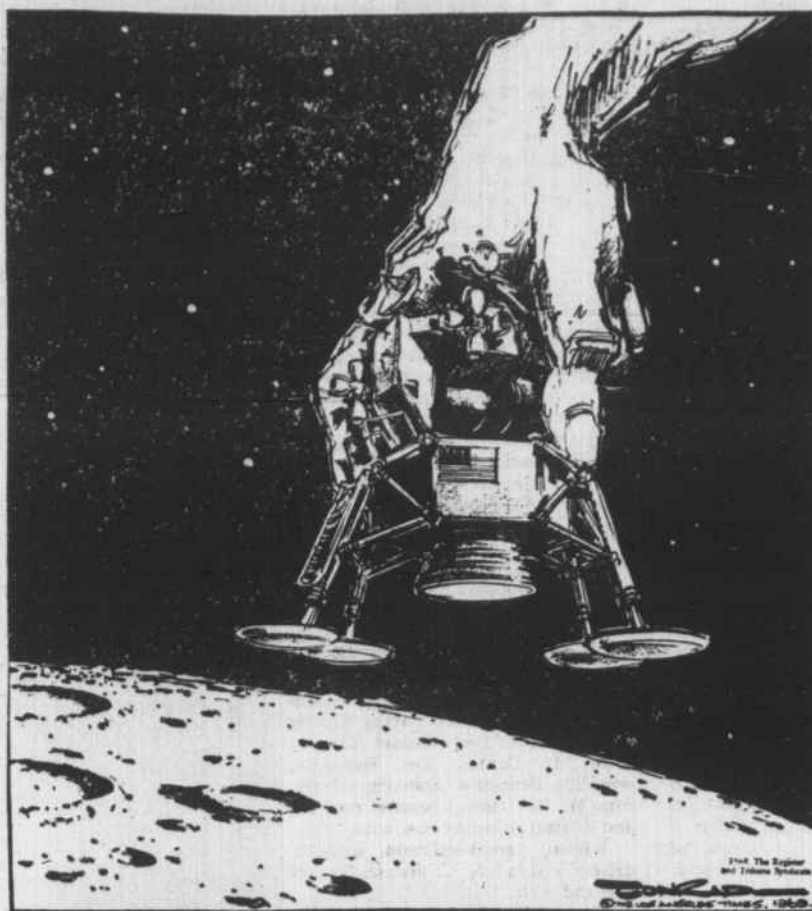
Even the segments that were involved consisted of only a few miles east from Henderson and about the same from Epsom back toward Henderson. There was still a substantial gap in between. And nothing was done about the ten to twelve miles from Epsom to Louisburg, a stretch in about as bad condition as from Henderson to Epsom.

Meantime, the State Highway Commission continues to call for bids and award contracts for work in other localities over the State. Whether these will be given priority over NC 39 is not clear, but if the funds are lacking for the work here, how will the new projects be paid for?

These are but speculation about what has happened and what highway policy is as to work as urgently needed as that which has long been sought in this vicinity, and which is still being delayed.

There is little that is definite about the NC 39 project, whether it is to be started reasonably soon or be further delayed.

## The Eighth Day Of Genesis



## WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

### The Mountain Man - Again

The Chapel Hill (N.C.) Weekly

A funny thing happened to Dan Moore on the way to the office. People stopped him on the street to ask him to run in 1972 for another term as Governor.

This gave Moore pause. When he was running for Governor in 1964 and throughout his term in office he had insisted that he had no further political ambitions. Nevertheless faced with the suggestion of another run in '72, he did not rule out the possibility. "We'll have to wait and see," he said. "That's a long way off. It depends on conditions at that time."

There is not yet a concerted drive or even a whisper of a draft for a Moore candidacy. But this small flowering of public sentiment ought to give pause to others, particularly those twenty or so tentatively measuring the Governor's chair. For, if conditions are to say whether Dan Moore becomes a candidate again; there are many reasons to believe they will be just as favorable in 1972 as they were in 1964.

Dan Moore first became a candidate and then became Governor largely because he happened to be in the right place, politically, at the right time. On the left was Richardson Preyer, Terry Sanford's appointed heir. On the right was Beverly Lake, the last wan hope of segregation forever. And in between was the broad middle-ground that Dan Moore was to occupy. Given the same tactical posi-

tion and the support of the same powerful forces, it would have been difficult for anybody to lose, no matter how hard they tried.

Perhaps equally significant among the conditions that contributed to Moore's victory was the Sanford administration. Terry Sanford had raised taxes, student demonstrations had reached a violent peak during his administration, and Sanford himself had been hyper-active as the chief executive. If he hadn't been guilty of over-governing, he seemed to have been, and the people were ready for just the sort of respite that Dan Moore, a conservative and deliberate sort, seemed to offer.

In his four years, Dan Moore built an admirable record that will in many ways stand with the best of this century. But he did it quietly, deliberately, without fanfare, and without any tax increases of any kind. Early in his administration he was referred to by some of the Capitol reporters as the 'invisible man.' Even after he had earned their respect, he remained opaque, unexciting and unexcitable, the father figure presiding at the head of a bland and unimaginative table.

It is doubtful that any North Carolina Governor—particularly one who fathered solid progress—left office with the genuine public affection and acclaim that Dan Moore enjoyed. He is remembered fondly as the one who kept the State on an even keel at the time of great national distress, and the one who did not raise taxes.

This memory of Dan Moore undoubtedly is growing fonder by the day with Bob Scott now in the gubernatorial saddle. Just as Terry Sanford did, only more so, Scott has raised taxes, has hammered his imprint firmly and deeply on State agencies, and has shown a fine penchant for staying in the public eye, sometimes like a cinder. Given another legislative session like the last one, Scott promises to wear out himself, the General Assembly, and the public, another case of seeming to over-govern, whether that is actually the case or not.

And following the Scott taxes and his let's-move style will come the gubernatorial race of 1972.

By then Dan Moore will be 66 years old, and even that might work to his advantage. To folks looking for a breather, age and a calm judicious temperament will be sterling virtues.

A College Poem: From the Claremont, Minn. News: "When I was a student I was quiet. I didn't protest. I didn't riot. I wasn't unwashed. I wasn't obscene. I made no demands of prey or dean. I sat in no sit-in. I heckled no speaker. I broke not a window. Few students were meeker. I'm forced to admit with some hesitation, all I got out of school was an education."



I hadn't seen old George all week but I didn't worry none about it. If I'd figured at all, I'd just have figured Myrtle had laid one on him and let it go at that. I hadn't seen George, but I figured he was still around someplace. I could hear Myrtle yelling at him. That's what you get when you live next door to folks who leave their windows up.

But, I knew that if I'd been out of sight for nigh on a week, old good-neighbor George would have come to see what happened to me. He don't actually care what happens to me so much. It's his curiosity. He'd die stone dead if anything ever happened to me and he won't be there when it did.



Well, figuring as how I am his neighbor, I thought the polite thing to do was to walk over and see about him. After all, he could be laid up with something awful—and I ain't talking about Myrtle, necessarily.

Myrtle was crying. She really was. There she set on top of the kitchen table crying. The legs was bent—no Myrtle's—the table's. After all if you had 270 pounds of Myrtle setting on your top, your knees would be bent, too. I won't sure if I felt sorry for Myrtle with all her crying or for the table with all its squeaks.

"Myrtle," I said, "I know something terrible has happened. As tore up as you are, please break it to me gently. I know it's George, ain't it?"

"Yes, Frank," she sobbed. "I'm afraid so. It's George."

"Well, come on woman, tell me about it. I ain't got all day. I got to go water my cucumbers."

"Oh, Frank," she said drying her eyes with the dish rag. "It's just awful I never should a done it. I should have knowed better. But, I felt sorry for him so's I let him off Sunday. I never should have done that."

Well, I won't sure what old George had been let off Sunday, but I ain't bashful so I asked. I wished I hadn't.

"I let him off from washing the dinner dishes. I never should have done that. First time in thirty years and you see what happened."

"Well, not exactly, Myrtle. Fact is I don't see nothing but a pan full a dishes that need washing something awful. Tell me about George. What's wrong with him?"

"I'm trying to tell you, Frank. I let him off from doing his housework so's he could watch the men land on the moon. He said he hadn't never seen that before and I believed him. That was my mistake. I should never believe him, Frank."

Well, I could tell my cucumbers was gonna dry up at this rate. I won't never gonna get the straight of the thing. So I walked on into the living room and there he set in that big old easy chair where Myrtle always sets.

"George, you don't look natural setting there. But I got to admit, you look good. You ought to have put your foot down years ago. You got a right to set in that easy chair once in a while."

George grunted. I could tell he won't his old talkative self. Grunts ain't George's thing. He don't turn on 'cept when he's talking. I flat out asked him what was bothering him and why I hadn't seen him for nearly a week.

I couldn't understand all he grunted but what I got was about as sad as anything I ever heard. He said he set down there Sunday and watched 32 hours of moon landing television and decided while he was there he'd stay put and watch the All-Star game. It was rained out but they showed some more moon stuff and so he said he just stayed there until they played the game the next day. Then he said he just hung on waiting for the splashdown.

When he tried to get up. He couldn't. He says his knees won't work and he can't move his eyes. He says all this ain't so bad. He's getting a lot of rest and Myrtle ain't never been known to hit a man who was sick.

"But, I'll tell you, Frank. I'm suffering mightily. I don't think I can stand it much longer."

"Why is that, George," I asked.

"Cause everybody I see is beginning to look like Walter Cronkite". And come to think of it, that's a terrible thing George's got. Just plain terrible.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Thanks The People

Dear Editor:

It is with much sadness that my family and I must relocate in New Bern, N. C. after having had six happy years in Franklin County.

Though I look forward to new challenges and new friends in New Bern, we certainly will miss all of you. The past six years have been rewarding and satisfying for us. You gave us many opportunities to serve and to be served. So many of you have expressed appreciation to us in many ways. We could not begin to say how much these expressions have meant to us. We will always have a

warm spot in our heart for Franklin County. As a matter of fact, we plan to come back as often as possible. During our stay here we have tried as hard as we could to make a contribution for the betterment of this fine county. Where we have succeeded in doing this, we thank you for allowing us the opportunity. All of you have an invitation to come see us in New Bern. Be assured that we will never forget you and all that you have done to enrich our lives.

Sincerely,  
J. H. Talton  
New Bern, N. C.

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