

LOCAL EDITORIAL COMMENT

Should Wait And See

In the reshuffling of the Highway divisions, Franklin has been removed from among the Have-Not counties of the old Fifth. It is now joined with the two large Have counties, Wake and Durham. With this new alignment comes Orange County—which could also be classified among the Have-Nots.

This arrangement places Franklin in a strange neighborhood. There is very little that Raleigh, Durham and Chapel Hill have in common with Louisburg, Franklinton and the rest of Franklin County. And this alignment makes it clear that Franklin will never again have—if indeed it ever did—any chance of a citizen on the Highway Commission. The old unwritten rule of exchange between Wake and Durham every administration precludes this miracle from ever happening.

On the surface it looks like more of the same for Franklin. But there are some signs that this does not have to be the case. Governor Bob Scott and Chairman D. C. Faircloth have both spoken of Franklin's highway needs

and Commissioner Cliff Benson has been encouraging in discussing Franklin's road future. These signs could be related into tangible actions and the new alignment could fade away into strictly administrative wilderness.

Franklin supported the Governor and Benson is expected to be one of the strongest members of the new Commission. Of course, Wake is about four years behind since Durham prospered under Gov. Dan Moore and Commissioner J. B. Brame. It may be too early to tell.

And if it is too early to make an intelligent appraisal of the meaning of this shuffling, it is perhaps wisest that Franklin take a wait and see attitude.

We are dealing with new people in what appears to be a new ball game. Let's wait and see what kind of curves they throw. It will be time enough to yell before the game is ended.

For the time being let's take the optimistic view. We are going to get some roads. We are going to get some roads. Keep saying that.

From The Cradle

Whoever said the government was headed toward a program of caring for us from the cradle to the grave was using a very polished crystal ball. In case there are some who might not have noticed just how true this prediction is, this latest little gem coming out of Washington should be enlightening.

Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, James Farmer wants to extend the unsuccessful Head Start program into the home. He wants to work with the three-year-olds. Since this anti-poverty brainchild has produced little, if any, improvement among school age children in the years it has been tax supported, some changes need to be made. Farmer's suggestion is to continue the program but to lower the age of the children it reaches.

If all the anti-poverty money were laid end to end, it would still be the greatest waste of resources this country has ever made. Just how many reports of out right theft, misuse of funds, money used to foster militant revolutions and disorders and to support otherwise worthless projects it is going to take to wake up the bureaucrats is unknown. They must indeed, be sound sleepers.

Farmer wants to go into the home where he says his program will aid the family. It is to use non-professionals. They are to be trained at taxpayer expense, naturally. Getting trained professional social workers would be too sensible for HEW and it might prove to be cheaper, too. This, of course, would never do.

The Westinghouse Learning Corp. Ohio University study found that Head Start children were not signifi-

cantly better off in school than other deprived children who did not participate in the program.

They know it. When one must wonder, will Washington find this out.

Some Tall Tales

Billy Arthur in Chapel Hill Weekly

Because I've been so involved this week with moon walking, if it weren't for the man who walks on the mountains I'd be lost for a Sunday offering.

I mean J. D. Fitz has come through again with some Morganton lovelies. For instance:

"The weather has been so dry in the mountains the trees followed the dogs around, undertakers had to prime mourners at funerals before they could cry, and office girls had to staple stamps on envelopes. One dust storm was so thick moles were seen burrowing 20 feet above ground."

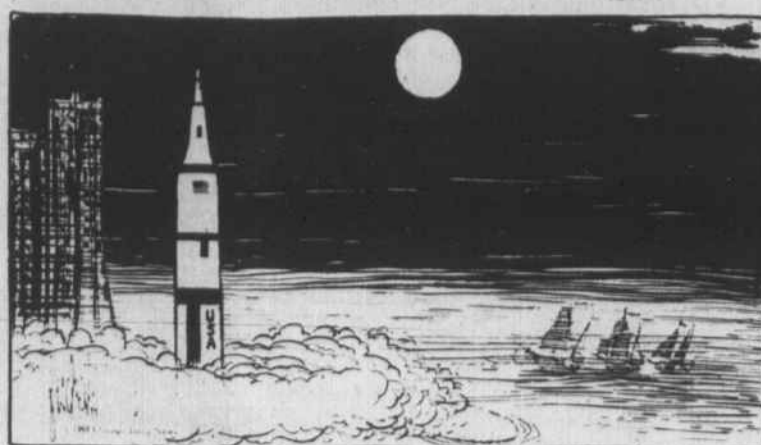
As if that tale isn't tall enough, there's the one about the city man taking his cronies on a wild boar hunt, led by an old native hunting guide, who regaled them with stories.

"I ain't impressed," he said, "with any of them tales about people hitting game from a trifling' 300 or 400 yards. Le'mme tell you about the day I was moochin' along a mountain road trail when these here telescope eyes of mine spotted a buck. I rammed a charge down the barrel of my gun, then some wadding and a couple ounces of salt. I shoved a bullet in on top of that. Then I let go! BANG -- and the buck dropped dead in his tracks."

One of the party asked, "What in thunder was your idea of putting salt in your gun?"

"Shucks," answered the old geezer, "that deer was so far off I had to do something to keep the meat from spoilin' until I could get thar."

Best Of The Moon Cartoons



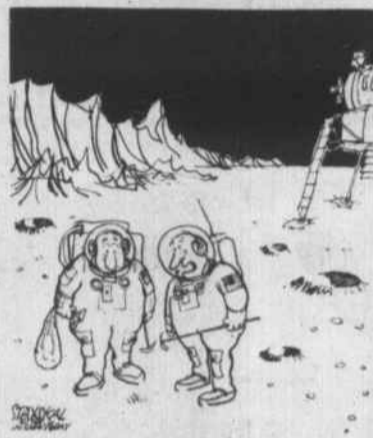
— BUT I HAVE PROMISES TO KEEP, AND MILES TO GO BEFORE I SLEEP — ROBERT FROST



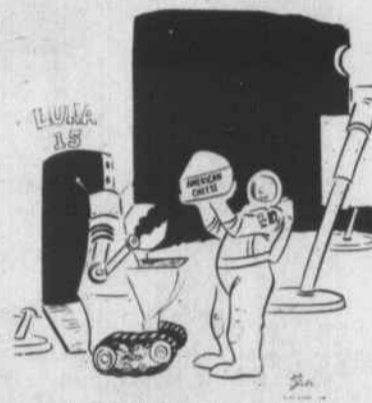
Dobbins, Boston Herald Traveler



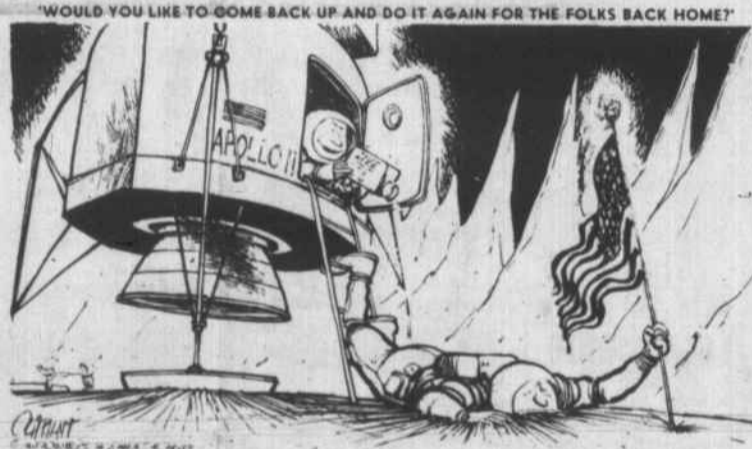
Taylor, Dallas Times-Herald



Stayskal, Chicago Today



Jurden, Wilmington Evening Journal



Why Are They Surprised?

The News Reporter, Whiteville, N. C.

The cost of medical care is soaring. The cost to the taxpayer who makes government medical-aid programs possible is soaring.

The wonder of it is not the high cost of medical care, but the expressions of surprise from those in welfare-social service fields and government. Medicare is now three years old. It pays hospital bills of people over 65. Medicaid is another program financed by Uncle Sam in cooperation with the states. It helps the poor of all ages.

While these programs were being contemplated, warnings were sounded loud and clear from many sources that the cost would soar beyond all expectations. The economic chaos of medical programs in Sweden, the agonies in socialized medicine in England, including strikes by doctors thoroughly exhausted by the demands on them, were cited.

All to no avail. Medicare went through, as did Medicaid. And now everyone is shaking their heads over the high cost of hospital services, snarls resulting from masses of paperwork and the probability that the costs are going to get much higher.

It has been shown time and again that whenever the federal government establishes any hand-out program, the innate urge of almost every individual, to cheat the government surges forward. This was and is true in agriculture and the many faceted program of government subsidies there. It is true in welfare and now it has happened again in extension of the welfare program—medical service to those unable to pay for it.

Doctors, fearful that their incomes

were going to be cut with the institution of a government medical program, hiked prices. Fires of inflation, always fanned by government spending, flared. Drug costs went up. Other related prices soared. Why not? "The government is going to pay for it." A corollary, in the private enterprise field, is insurance—particularly automobile and hospitalization. The holder of a policy always feels that an accident or stay in the hospital isn't going to cost HIM anything. The money is going to come from a magical far-off Somewhere as the result of his paying a premium every so often.

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare is now trying to stop rising costs with "new formulas."

North Carolina is one of the few states that is not in Medicaid, but under federal directive it has to come in by Jan. 1, 1970, if it wants federal help in medical assistance programs. This is expected to cost the state \$91½ million annually, about \$60½ million more than the present state program providing medical care for those eligible.

The federal people in Medicaid are now considering dropping some of the services which North Carolina would be forced to offer after Jan. 1, 1970 under the original plans for Medicaid!

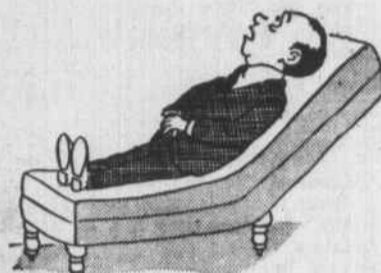
Regardless, North Carolina's costs for medical services to the poor will rise as the result of the federal big-spender forcing big spending upon us. Nobody will say no. Inflation continues to be the biggest culprit and still we have babes-in-the-wood who can't understand why medical costs are soaring.



Old Cussit sure was down in the dumps when I dropped by to see him the other day. He ain't never won no beauty contests but the way he looked he couldn't even have entered one. He sure was a sight.

"Cussit", I said, "What on earth is wrong with you. I ain't seen you looking like this since the teacher caught you recessing before the bell rung".

"Frank", he said, "I'm done for. I ain't long for this world. I feel awful and I know exactly what caused it. It's them cigarettes I been smoking. I see the man on television and he said if I kept on they'd kill me and I smoked another one without thinking. I'm a gone-a Frank. I might's well start digging."



"Aw, Cussit", I said, "You ought'n to worry about that. You been smoking long's I knowed you and you been doing alright. 'Course you got nicotine fingers, but who ain't. And they ain't never killed nobody."

"You're wrong, Frank", he argued, "You remember old Clem. Cigarettes killed him. Sure as you're standing there, old Clem would a been alive today if it hadn't been for cigarettes."

"Yeah, I know, Cussit", I said, "But old Clem died from a shotgun wound. He won't even smoking at the time best I remember. But, I got to admit he did have a piece-a-pack in his shirt pocket. Man did that blast ever strow tobacco all over the room. Made a real mess."

"Made a mess of Clem, too, if you remember, Frank".

"But this ain't the same thing, Cussit. Clem's old lady shot him. Some said he dropped ashes on the floor and that caused it but you can't blame cigarettes for that. He could just as well tracked in some mud."

"Frank, I been reading the papers. I know what they're saying. And I seen this man on television. He was hastling and fighting for breath and coughing. I took a good look at him, Frank. I knowed I wouldn't ever see him again. He is long gone, for sure. I ain't never seen nobody in such a condition."

"I know which one you talking about, Melvin—that's Cussit's real name, if you call Melvin a name—And he didn't die. I seen him the other night and he was doing fine. He was having a little trouble with his sinuses—they lit up like they had a flashlight in his head and his face turned black but he got over it soon's they give him some of them nose drops. Cigarettes didn't kill him, Cussit. His sinuses might a got him, but cigarettes sure didn't."

"I know you're telling me all this to make me feel better, Frank. But I need real help. The man said if I didn't quit smoking I was gonna die. He said my health got a hazzard or something like that and before I could think I lit up mostly 'cause he scared me to death."

"Cussit, if all that liquor you drunk all your life don't kill you, cigarettes sure ain't. And you shore ain't took no care of yourself either, Cussit. I know you been staying out late as ten o'clock most every night. That ain't good for you Cussit. It ain't cigarettes. Its this loose life you're living. You got to get out in the fresh air and exercise, Cussit!"

"You might be right, Frank, but I got to quit smoking. It don't hurt none to raise it and to sell it, but I got to quit smoking it. And I'm dying for a cigarette right now. How can I not smoke, Frank?"

"I ain't got no sure fire cure, Cussit", I said, "But since the government says you ought'n to smoke for fear of it killing you, you ought to check and see what the government will let you do that ain't harmful. Maybe they'll let you stop paying your tax in your final days. I got a suggestion, Cussit, but I ain't sure you'll take to it."

"I'll try anything, Frank. Just tell me what it is."

"Well, it's likely to make your hair grow long and it'll make your beard grow long, too, Cussit. And it'll make you not want to take a bath—'course, I don't expect that part to harm you none."

"Well, for goodness sake, Frank, what is it? Tell me."

"Cussit", I said, "We got to be patriotic. We got to do what we know our government wants us to do. We got to stop smoking tobacco. We got to start smoking marijuana—they ain't got no campaign against that."

Wish We'd Said That: Little Abner's boss, Al Capp, during a question-and-answer period following a speech on a college campus was faced by an unkempt student. The hippie type began his query of the cartoonist with a foul word. Mr. Capp quickly replied: "Now that we know your name, what is your question?"

The Franklin Times

Established 1870 — Published Tuesdays & Thursdays by

The Franklin Times, Inc.

Bickett Blvd. Dial GY6-3283 Louisburg, N. C.

CLINT FULLER, Managing Editor

ELIZABETH JOHNSON, Business Manager



Advertising Rates Upon Request



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Three Months, \$3.50

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